

NEWSLETTER of the



Advanced Sea Kayak Club

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



NOVEMBER 1992

EDITORIAL

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Here comes the last newsletter of 1992 and so I will take this opportunity to wish you all a HAPPY CHRISTMAS and an enjoyable paddling year in 1993.

I sent out renewal forms with the September newsletter and I am sending out one with this one. It helps if you renew promptly but I do not put out the 1993 ASKC Address List until after the Canoe Exhibition.....which is to be staged at PONDS FORGE INTERNATIONAL SPORTS CENTRE, Sheffield over the weekend of 20/21st February, 1993 - see you there.

You may recall that, in our last newsletter, I included Dave Gardeners' account of the Shetlands Sea Kayak week when a large group of us paddled the caves and coast of PAPA STOUR. One of the events planned for this event was a visit from the local coastguard helicopter. After a rather negative response they eventually agreed to take part; come the moment and they failed to show - their reason - it was too calm!! I quote, "the exercise was cancelled because of lack of wind. Unlike military helicopters, the contracted S61Ns have to fly under CAA rules. They are required (whilst practising) to be able to pull out of a hover with one engine. This aircraft requires 20 knots of wind to do that". When writing to H.M.C.G., Dace requested the answers to a few questions. You may be interested in them.

1. What is the correct procedure for the canoeist to adopt prior to rescue; i.e. when does he let go of the capsized kayak, or if he is not already capsized, should he do so on the approach of the helicopter, (the pilot said we should swim clear of the kayak to make the winchmans' job easier)?
2. Could you clear up the position regarding rafting up in an emergency and the placing of a casualty across the decks. I do understand that if a survival bag is used then it must be secured for safety. (The pilot reckoned the down-draught would blow the kayaks apart).
3. Could you confirm that a canoeist in the sea who would probably be suffering from hypothermia should be winched in the horizontal position?

Here are the Coastguards answers....

1. A capsized canoeist should remain holding onto his kayak. It is a good visual reference plus (providing) a degree of buoyancy. With the S61N I would only part from the canoe when I was 100% sure that the aircraft had spotted me and is making an approach for winching. The canoeist will need to exit the canoe prior to winching if not already capsized.
2. Rafting is a great idea for improving visibility to an aircraft. However, the down-draught from the S61N would make rafting for winching purposes virtually impossible and potentially very dangerous.
3. Everybody pulled from the sea will be lifted using a double helicopter strop technique (under arms and knees). This is to minimise problems with hypothermia cases.

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Now for a little detective work. A friend of a friend, not a paddler, was walking his local beach when he found a MINOLTA camera, complete with exposed film. He had it developed and I have the prints; they are of this years May Sea Kayaking Symposium on Anglesey. The camera is available to the owner from: Paul Maddock, 15, Lapstone Road, Millom, Cumbria (0229 770911).

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The B.C.U. S.T.C. Symposium at Calshot early last October was a success and I have published Ant Cards' letter which gives the 'bare bones'. I am hopeful that a more comprehensive report will soon be available.

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I completed my book on sea kayaking "Sea Touring". It attempts to be a full text on the subject, sprinkled with anecdotes - not all mine I hasten to add. You could do me a great favour and write to A & C Black, Howard Road, Eaton Socon, Huntingdon, Cambs, PE19 3EZ and ask them to hurry up and publish. Send me a copy of your letter and I promise you a copy of the book at cost when it eventually hits the shelves.

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SMALL ADS

Peter Knolles on 05396 20126 wants a second hand sea kayak, preferably an ALEUT SEA II

I've got a multi-gym worth nearly £600 going for £250. Its in excellent condition; give a call on 0942 842204.

From Robin Feloy, Prospect Cottage, Stapleton Lane, Ashburton, Devon, TQ13 7AE

Dear John,

I'm considering a paddling trip in Greece next spring/summer; either the Greek Islands or mainland Greek coast. I wonder if you have any general information of paddling in Greece or know of anyone who has paddled there I could quizz. We plan to paddle sea touring doubles and will be taking two small children so it will be a pretty slow and relaxed affair. I would be grateful for any information you have.

Sincerely, Robin

Ed. I am unable to help but I'm sure there is someone out there who can & will

From Andres J. Forno, P.O:Box 726, Punta Arenas, CHILE (Fax 56 61 224351)

Dear John,

I learned about you club from the Sea Kayaker Magazine and following the advise of my friend Dr. Joshua W. Smith, who accompanied me on a short kayak expedition within the Strait Of Magellan waters last March; I am glad to invite you and your Club members to consider Patagonia area as one of your future kayak expedition destinations.

I live in the city of Punta Arenas, located on the coast of the Strait of Magellan to the west of Tierra del Fuego. These latitudes offer many excellent routes for the experienced sea kayaker. An infinity of islands, fiords, glaciers, mixed with its varied fauna and flora makes it an immense territory for exploration and adventure.

Although most beautiful, it also a territory with demanding weather conditions. During spring and summer very strong wind storms are common, with periods of calm days which are ideal for paddling. Winters are mostly windless but cold.

In recent years some experienced kayakers have come here to practice serious kayaking, such as the trip around Cape Horn or other long journeys linking some of the few populated places.

Sea kayaking is almost unknown in Chile, despite having some of the best paddling waters. In Punta Arenas, which has a population of 100,000, I believe there are only seven kayaks.

I own a French Skimo single, manufactured by Feuillette, and I made a fibre-glass copy of it in order to realise accompanied trips. I learned the basics myself and later, when I had opportunity to meet other foriegn kayakers I learned other techniques.

If you come to Chile in the future, I will gladly act as you agent here to help you with all details necessary to realise a successful expedition.

Looking forward to hearing from you, I remain, With best wishes,
Andres.

A.S.K.C. SHOP

- Ties @ £6.50 each
- ASKC stickers @ 35 pence each
- ASKC letter headed paper (A4) @ 50 pence per ten sheets
- T shirts - small/medium/large/X large @ £6.00 each (yellow or black)
- Sweat shirts - small/medium/large/X large @ £12.00 each (yellow or black)
- ASKC ski hats @ £3.50 each
- QAJAQ - the book by David Zimmerley @ £12.50 each
- SEA KAYAKING by Nigel Foster @ £9.95 each.

Extract from the Editorial of H.M.Coastguard Magazine....

"The high level of radio traffic made the co-ordination of the many incidents difficult in the extreme. There is no evidence to suggest that this interference resulted from irresponsible misuse. But it is timely to remind all Coastguards of the neccessity to firmly and politely point out to radio users the requirement for radio discipline and brevity when using radio frequencies which are used for rescue co-ordination. One thing is sure. as the number of people

FOREWORD

The following transcript was made from cuttings pasted into a battered old pocket notebook which in the mid-1940s stood for many years on a book-shelf in Clyde Canoe Club room. The only alterations which have been made are to typographical errors and spelling where in doubt.

Knowing well most of the waters covered by these intrepid adventurers, it is amazing how much they accomplished so early in the history of canoeing.

A. G. C. Dunn, 1983

Canoe Cruise round Mull to Iona - "The Daily Mail" - 1st September, 1874

A cruise up the west coast of Scotland in a 10 or 20 ton yacht is always a little risky, even in midsummer, nearly sure to be uncomfortable, for, if the wind be contrary, night coming on, currents strong and anchorage far in the distance, what can a cautious Captain do but give the land a wide berth, or "lay to" all night, to keep clear of the many sunken rocks and ugly shoals, which are only too plentiful as a glance at the chart will show. To a canoeist all these dangers count as nothing. Six inches of water will float his boat over anything and if a gale springs up, he runs for the shore, where in some sheltered corner, a bit of turf 6 feet square can always be found to pitch his tent upon. Once inside, with dry clothes on and supper under way, he can laugh at the storm.

The canoes, Rambler, Monsoon and Lark started from Roseneath along with the "Club cruise", accompanying the "squadron" as far as Tighnabruaich, where all rested over the Sunday. The three boats were much the same in their dimensions - 15 feet long by 29 or 30 inches broad; and when they started, were fully equipped and provisioned for a fortnight's cruise. The amount of luggage which can be carried inside of one quite bewilders an outsider. Rambler and Lark had on board between them in excess of ordinary gear, and altogether out of sight, 3 portmanteaux, 2 large waterproof bags, 4 feet long (all full of clothes), 2 heavy rugs, tent, poles, and waterproof sheeting complete, spirit cooking apparatus, 1 gallon each of methylated spirits and water, 2 lifebelts, tins of preserved meat, biscuits, charts, etc., and the boats were not in the least heavily laden.

With the beginning of the week we started on our cruise and at Ardlamont Point, said farewell to North Briton, Annie, Bowieknives, Shirttails and Bothnia, who had all accompanied us so far. The day was lovely and not too hot but it was dead calm, so paddles were got ready and a bee-line made for Tarbet. As we got well across, the dark sails of the fishing boats could be discerned creeping out of harbour down along the shore, scarcely visible against the brown and purple background of the heathery hills beyond. Soon we were among them and near enough for their stalwart, bronzed crews to ask us, "where we were bound for?" and if we had room for any steerage passengers, a question always asked by fishermen and evidently thought to be extremely witty.

At the head of Tarbet harbour, our boats were beached and an appreciative crowd of juveniles carried them up on to the road, where they lay till carts were got to take them over the hill. The portage was easily managed and we had the pleasure of seeing them floating in West Loch Tarbet within the hour, none the worse of the jolting on the way across. Wherever one sees Tarbet or Tarbert on the map of Scotland, he may be sure that there

is only a narrow neck of land with water on either side and that it is a place across which his canoe may be carried: for the word is of old Norse origin and signifies "haul boat" or a place across which a boat may be dragged. The necks between Arrochar and Tarbet on Loch Lomond, East and West Loch Tarberts in Kintyre, Jura, Lewis, Ross-shire, etc., all bear out this meaning of the word.

We launched off alongside of a little jetty where the Islay steamer calls occasionally but the wonder is how she manages to get up so far as the whole loch seemed very shallow, the bottom being visible nearly all the way down.

Near the head are some little islands picturesquely wooded, others more rocky, and further down are noted resorts of seals. Ardpatrik, at the mouth of the loch was our camping place for the night. A bad beach under the lee of a little island, but smooth grass to pitch a tent on. Our spirit lamp had water boiling in a few minutes and the steward for the day produced soup and bouille for the first course, Liebig's extract (instead of tea) with biscuits doing duty for the second.

After a plunge in the water and breakfast over the next morning, we got everything made snug and rounded Ardpatrik Point prepared for anything. A few miles off, on our left, lay the low hilly Island of Gigha, with one little knob in the centre for its highest peak. But our course was northwards, across the bare and forbidding Loch Stornoway, more deserving of the name of a broad unsheltered bay than that of a loch. The coast all along was so rugged that not a landing place could be seen, even for a canoe, but at Kilberry point a small patch of snow-white sand was sighted among the rocks so enticing in appearance, that we landed at once for another bathe and lunch. It was rather exciting work running in on the crest of a big roller, and hitting the exact moment that your keel touched the bottom to jump out, catch the bow under your arm and run her up high and dry before the next wave overtook you: but we managed it without even getting wet.

By the time we got afloat again, there was a change in the weather and our oilskins were pulled out in readiness. The clear bright sky vanished, great banks of rain-threatening mist began to gather over the Jura hills and the dark cloud shadows crept stealthily hither and thither along the hushed surface of the water. The air felt close and sultry and no sound could be heard but the discordant cries of the sea birds making for the shore. A thunder storm was brewing and everything seemed to indicate that we would get the full force of it while crossing Loch Killisport. The distant peels of thunder were heard and we had a rain squall about our ears for half-an-hour or so, but that was all; Oban to the north got the benefit, as we afterwards found out. Loch Killisport, with its overhanging mountains and dark glens, was passed with a very superficial inspection for the islands ahead showed that we were nearing Loch Sween, by some considered the most interesting loch for canoeing on the west coast. The entrance is narrow, intricate and blocked with rocky islands or sunken reefs. For this reason, yachts generally give it a wide berth. Fishing boats being about the largest craft that are seen in it. Sunken reefs were no obstacle to us for canoes always take the short cuts; and if there is enough water to float the seaweed off the stones, there is plenty for you too. The islands are the chief attraction at the mouth of the loch. Innumerable sea birds of every species and variety go to them in the breeding season, for there they can rear their young undisturbed by man or beast. One high rocky island about 100 feet long, near the shore, was almost covered with the nests of the little terns which are very numerous here. The Lark put her crew ashore to inspect but had to run back in double quick time for his paddle to defend himself against about 500 of the little creatures which had swooped down on him whenever he went near the young ones. The nests are very rudely constructed and lay

about everywhere on the rocks, open and unprotected. In some were one or two speckled eggs and in a few the little beaks could be seen at work chipping the shells. Little, fat young ones, covered with yellowish hair, were scuttling about in all directions, trying to hide themselves among the short grey lichens and tufts of wiry grass, something after the ostrich's style - all was right if they could only get their heads pushed out of sight.

Leaving the islands behind, we scudded up the loch before a fine SW breeze for the grand old ruins of Castle Sween which could be seen standing out on a promontory straight ahead, covered with ivy but still sturdy and massive looking. We landed on the gravelly beach in front and in a short time had explored it thoroughly - for nothing except the walls now remain; but they are likely to stand long enough, being about 10 feet thick. The main court inside is about 60 square feet and in the centre is a deep well in perfect condition.

Leaving the castle, we hoisted our respective clouds of canvas and sailed for Tayvallich at the head. Tayvallich is a small village at the head of one of the prettiest little bays imaginable. It boasts a small inn and while we were at tea there, the landlord got a cart ready to take the canoes over to the Sound of Jura, a distance of about half-a-mile. Only the two larger ones could be got into the cart, so the little Lark was left behind, to be taken over afterwards by some kind-hearted men standing about, who picked her up, packed with luggage as she was, and carried her across at the shoulder.

This short portage saved us nearly a day's journey, so with renewed spirits we pushed on against the tide to make Loch Crinan. The wind and the tide meeting made a most disagreeable sea to paddle against and it was with a feeling of great relief that we rounded Ardnoe Point into the still water beyond just as darkness was settling down over the hills. There is a little bay close behind the point, most admirably suited for camping and we were not long in hauling the boats up and having the tents pitched, dark though it was. Usually the tent pins were quite sufficient to hold it down, but the wind was rising and came whistling round the corner in angry gusts, so to make everything sure, we loaded the edges of the canvas all round with big stones and then after putting on all the extra clothes we had, turned in to sleep with a waterproof sheet below, rugs above and cork life-belts for pillows.

"How to get through the Dorus Mor", opposite Coiriebhreacain, was the first problem to be solved as we paddled out of Loch Crinan next morning. It wanted two hours off slack water, the tide still running out, so we made for the furthest up passage of Loch Craignish, thinking the current would be milder there. Somehow or other we lost the bearings of the place and got into the wrong passage, between some of the smaller islands below, which have very shallow passages between, and through which the tide rushes like a mill race. Things looked very lively ahead. Breakers curling and roaring straight before us, the seas all round being covered with a multitude of angry little three-cornered sort of waves, the most dangerous of all kinds, for a boat never rises to them, they are so steep. To turn back was impossible; on we went smash through it all. Now an eddy would suddenly slow your boat half round and the full force of the paddle would be needed to keep her straight. The next moment a great mass of black water, disgorged from some eddy below, would rise close alongside above the deck and disappear just as quickly, for you are whisked past it like a shot and soon feel yourself among the jumpy little waves at the bottom of the over-fall as it is called on the charts. We were now within 3 miles of the dreaded whirlpool but the wind was blowing away from us and no distant roar could be made out though we were on the alert. Avoiding the Scarba Sound to the left, we made for the narrow passage between Luing and Shuna; then across the lovely Loch

Melfort, encircled by its majestic mountains, to Seil Sound, one of the most curious and unique passages of its kind in Scotland. It is more like a river than an arm of the sea, for it is so narrow in one place. Maltmere is a single arch across it, with a span of not more than 30 feet.

A canoe was seemingly "rara avis" up here, for country folks seemed perfectly transfixed with amazement at the sight of such curious boats and stood in groups along the shore staring at us after we had passed them.

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From Ant Card, Isle of Wight.

Dear John,

Thought I'd write to report on the Calshot Symposium and to tell you about news on the Island since you left.

What a huge success the Symposium was! Sixty people turned up and the quality of the lectures was out of this world and everyone went away feeling that they had had a very worthwhile time. Noel Smith, I felt, had a difficult job to talk on your B.S.E.S. expedition to Russia when preceding him was Mike Bartles' lecture on his trip to Arctic Russia with lots of slides on icebergs with funny stories, amazing facts, etc. Noel made an excellent attempt and produced a very interesting and dynamic and well received lecture. Someone did say that the slide of you standing in a Russian town trying to organise people, the Russians and relocating your container, made you look like a tourist operator!! Other good lectures came from Duncan Winning on the history of sea kayaking in Scotland and Captain David Thompson - Principal Nautical Surveyor on Safety of Life at Sea. Davids' lecture was one of the funniest and most interesting I have ever heard.

Nick Padwick was given the opportunity to market Sea Tigers under the guise of Safety and Sea Kayaks, but I decided it was more fun to get myself lifted out of a kayak and dropped in the sea by a helicopter!

In the evening the Annual General Meeting of the Sea Touring Committee was held - and by the way, you were re-elected to the committee!

Some discussion ensued as to whether this should be held with the Symposium, restricted to one hour as it was. I think it was most worthwhile having the A.G.M. on the Saturday night as everyone gets to see the kind of work the committee does, its value and everyone attending gets to feel 'part' of it all. On the Sunday, conditions were such that a short trip up the Hamble was all we had time for. All in all a successful and enjoyable weekend.

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"The Arctic kayak appeals to us on an emotional level beyond that inspired by more prosaic items of material culture. It has a romantic image associated with fur-clad Eskimos silently gliding along, hunting their sustenance or playing like otters in the waves; it illustrates the artistry and ingenuity of man in fashioning a superior means of transportation in an unforgiving climate. But perhaps we relate to the kayak on an even deeper level — it represents a means of man becoming at one with the rhythms of the sea; and as a means of transportation, it represents a singular image of freedom"

An extract from QAJAQ Kayaks of Siberia and Alaska by David Zimmerly and available from me at £12.50 (post & pack inc).

OLD FAVOURITES - JANUARY 1992
by MARTIN BELL, CARLISLE, CUMBRIA

The plans had been set for a week's worth of paddling around the Scottish Isles over the Christmas period. This was my bid to avoid the inevitable gorging session and watching those "Old Favourites" on the box! The calm period the week before the planned departure day was unnervingly ominous. It was !! Force 8/9 gales ranged through as though they were going out of fashion.

I decided to hold tight and maybe go as things calmed down - yeah I'm a wimp I know. So several gales later and a dash fine gorging session courtesy of the lasses at the Rose and Crown plans had to be revised. It was Boxing Day now and I was fit enough to drive at the crack of lunchtime, if the police weren't about!!! Scotland was still being blow dried by gales, but the gales seemed to have gone out of fashion on Anglesey. This is where I would head.

When you think of Anglesey the Stacks or the Skerries tend to leap to the fore but I thought I'd look at some other parts of this place. The north coast looked pretty interesting and the tides were right for a trip from Point Lynas to Wylfa and back, but I'd have to get there sharpish. So okay I was late!! Two and a half hours of coast hugging got me up to "Middle Mouse". West Mouse Lighthouse winked at me invitingly but I declined the fight of the ever increasing tide. Negotiating the tide race round Middle Mouse I headed for home. This return took less than an hour and I wasn't even trying! For those that haven't visited this part it's well worth a visit. Wylfa power station and Port Amlwch won't make picture postcards but the rest is impressive with an abundance of wildlife about.

Gales loomed their heads on the forecast again so it was time to head for sheltered waters. The Menai Straits seemed to fit the bill! Either the Straits are really sheltered or those winds didn't appear as the paddle from Menai Bridge to Port Dinorwic at slack water low was almost glassy calm. The return trip was a different story as the incoming tide was revving up to its full 8 knots. Time for river techniques in a sea boat! Well if you can get the first two feet of it into an eddy you don't half breakout fast!!!! Submerged rocks in the Swellies provided some good sport as they kicked up standing waves about a foot and a half high - honest! The "YNYS" I paddle did a good job of sitting on these as I did very little work. However I was quite thankful when the waves were washed out as the tide rose higher, I could then head for the beach with a clear conscience.

Now wanting to try a totally new area I headed down the Llyn Peninsula, the Tudwall Islands as the objective. I woke after yet another night in the back of the car, my body protesting saying that it should be beside a log fire looking at photos of passed trips!! It was one of those mirror calm misty mornings when it would be criminal not to paddle - damn. So after spending ages trying to find the car park I set out toward those two large green dorman turtles. Arriving twenty minutes later I was greeted by the smell of stale seaweed and guano, yipee this'll be a good trip! Both Islands are pretty bland on the landward side but the seaward side hold steep cliffs pocked with caves which are much more interesting. East Tudwall is home to a small colony of seals who are shy but inquisitive. One, so keen to get water bourne caught its chin on the rock and performed the most graceful arching splat into the water I've ever seen. This turned out to be a great trip for pottering and peering into caves - well worth a visit, go there.

"A TRIP AROUND THE LIGHTHOUSE" - 2ND SEPTEMBER 1990
by NIGEL HINGSTON

Group members: Andy Stamp, Linda Geeks, Pete Rustage and Pete Brown

THE VOYAGER SEA KAYAK

It was with much interest several weeks ago that I had the pleasure of testing this craft.

One's initial impression is of its length, 22ft in all. However as this craft is a double canoe there is nothing unusual in this.

It is its length and general lines that make the Voyager a kayak fit for its purpose. With any canoe from the Kirton Kayak factory one naturally associates it with fast sleek racing lines. The Voyager is no exception, combining speed with good sea handling characteristics.

The designer has steered away from the more traditional Eskimo profile and chosen a forward section more similar to that of a K2 racer. In doing so its speed has been increased at the expense of its ability to shed water.

As one moves aft so the canoe takes on a more "standard" sea kayak form, e.g., small cockpits, high foreward decks, a wide beam and recessed mouldings for a variety of deck fittings. Steerage is gained via an over stern rudder linked by wires to the rear-mans footrest. GRP bulkheads, fore and aft, provide more than ample storage space. Deck mounted VCP hatches provide means of access to the storage spaces.

THE JOURNEY (OUTWARD)

For our test run we decided to go for a "trip around the lighthouse". This particular lighthouse in question lies some 10 nautical miles southwest of Plymouth Breakwater, The Eddystone Light.

Roughly a three hour paddle from the Breakwater and about the same time homeward, with slight tidal assistance. To compare the Voyager we took along three single sea kayaks, two Meridians and an Anuscuta.

Sunday, 2nd September 1990, 06.00 saw five bleary eyed canoeists (Andy Stamp, Linda Geeks, Pete Rustage, Pete Brown and myself) congregating on Phoenix Wharf. The shipping forecast some minutes previous gave a favourable report, the trip was on. 06.45 departure from the wharf and by 07.30 we were roughly two nautical miles out from Plymouth paddling past the Breakwater lighthouse. Somewhere in the distance stood the Eddystone obscured by a bank of sea fog. As time rolled on so the morning sun would burn off the mist, but for the first two hours reliance on our compasses would prove essential.

We arrived at 10.00, a "quick" photo session with the tower to prove our achievement and show the folks back home, and then a look around.

There was only a slight swell running so it gave us all a chance to get out and have "lunch on the stump". The stump in question was the remains of Smeatons lighthouse which due to sea erosion had been removed some years previous and all that now remained was 6 metre stump some 40 metres distance from the present day lighthouse.

Soon it was time to depart and although there was only a 2/3 ft swell running it had been sufficient to capsize my canoe. A swim, roll, pump out and we were off. Lunch we agreed would be well away from the reef.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE LIGHTHOUSE

The Eddystone reef has been the dread and fear of mariners for many centuries. It was not until 1696 that work was started on the first structure and completed in 1698 by Henry Winstanley. The first tower was modified in 1699 in an effort to withstand frequent coverings by storm waves. The alterations increased the tower from 80 ft (24m) to 120 ft (37m) and had a visual range of 10 nautical miles.

Almost of a pre-Heath Robinson design the Mark 2 version was adorned with davits, balconies, an ornate wind vane and all manner of additions. Constructed of stone and timber and illuminated by tallow candles the structure stood for five years until a storm in 1703 destroyed all including the unfortunate Henry Winstanley who was in residence at the time.

The next structure took on a much slender form, consisting of alternative granite and timber layers for roughly half its height. The remaining upper section containing four rooms was finished off in wood. The whole tower was encased by wooden planks, their joints caulked and all coated in pitch. This latter material would greatly assist in its downfall. The tower stood at 78 ft (24m) and could be seen for nine nautical miles.

Designed by John Rudyerd, work commenced in 1706 and was completed in 1709. In 1755 a fire destroyed the lighthouse. There is an interesting account of how the lighthouse keeper, Henry Hall, who upon discovering the blaze attempted to extinguish the blazing lantern cupola by throwing buckets of sea water (provided by the other two keepers) upwards. Quite an effort for a man of 94 years.

Obviously this attempt to put out the blaze was doomed from the start. Poor old Henry was found next morning together with his companions shivering on the reef by the rescue party. He complained that whilst throwing a bucket of water upward to extinguish the flames he consumed a quantity of molten lead. This statement was greeted with some disbelief and it was only after he had died 12 days later that a post mortem revealed over 7 lbs of lead, shaped to the form of the deceased stomach! The offending object may still be seen at the Royal Scottish Museum.

Work was soon started in 1756 to build a fourth lighthouse which was completed in 1759. Designed by John Smeaton it stood for nearly 125 years and would have most probably stood to this day had it not been for erosion which was taking place under its base.

Work commenced on a fifth structure in 1878 and was completed in 1882, designed by William Douglass; this is the structure standing to the present day. 168 ft (51m) high and visible for 24 nautical miles with an output of 570000 candle power (Winstanleys was a mere 67), it stands as a mammoth amongst lighthouses.

Notable points in its history, the construction of a helicopter landing pad (1980) and conversion to automatic operation (1982), exactly 100 years to the day since first inaugurated.

And what of Smeatons lighthouse? The structure was taken down in 1882 stone by stone, conveyed to Plymouth Hoe where it was rebuilt and opened as a tourist attraction. Smeatons Tower still stands on the Hoe, having survived the Blitz and the passage of time with the Eddystone Lighthouse clearly visible on a fine day on the distant horizon.

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The Red Rocks of Eddystone : Fred Majdalany (1959)
The New Eddystone Lighthouse: William Douglass (1892)

THE JOURNEY (RETURN)

We departed just after low water at 11.15. The return was relatively simple, aim the boats at 35 degrees and with little tidal assistance we should hit the Breakwater Light. Conditions had been perfect, a light (Force 1-2) northeast wind with a slight swell (2-3 ft) from the southwest.

Paddling out our concentration had been channelled into finding a precise point, hindered by an early morning sea fog, which as events proved showed our navigation as being spot on. Upon return and subsequent land fall the Breakwater Light was about 400 metres to our starboard beams. A combination of a mid passage lunch stop (and subsequent drift), tiredness and subconscious knowledge that provided we paddled due north we would hit the coast compounded our error.

Our last 45 minutes was spent crossing The Sound. For anyone who has visited Plymouth and walked on the sea front (known as The Hoe), they will have looked out and seen the "Sound". The Sound is in fact a large stretch of sheltered water flanked on three sides by land, Mount Edgcombe (westwards), Milbay Docks, Plymouth Hoe and The Barbican (northwards) and R.A.F. Mountbatten and Jenny Cliff (eastwards). The water extends some two miles (E-W) and looking due south some three miles out Plymouth Breakwater which marks the seaward boundary. The Breakwater is approximately $\frac{3}{4}$ mile long. On its west end stands the Light, our start and finish navigating point for this trip.

THE VOYAGER (TESTED) CONCLUSION

Three of the group tried the Voyager out, two of whom paddled the full distance from the Breakwater Light to the Eddystone Reef. The text which follows is a conglomeration and generally agreed consensus of opinion.

The kayak looked fast and during the trip proved fast. On the outward section I tested its speed by racing in a single kayak. Throughout this last summer I've been competing in long distance sea races. On this occasion I didn't stand a chance! On the return leg as people became tired so the Voyager had a natural tendency to pull away from the group.

Conditions were fairly calm, although on a couple of occasions when cutting through the wash of passing vessels the front man did get wet. This gave an indication of the possible problem (for the front man) of staying dry. The Bushsport spray decks proved more than adequate with no sign of water penetration. All agreed the boat's turn of speed far outweigh the "dampness" problem and the front man would stay dry from the waist down at least.

The over stern rudder presented some problem, generally with the up and down haul lines when lowering/raising the rudder. This was an external design problem which one could not attribute to the kayak. Some thought should be given to the steering lines and their means of tensioning. The adjustment was a bit hit and miss, if not time consuming.

The deck compass is located in front of the rear man, due to its closeness there were complaints of nauseousness which could result in sea sickness and of the rear mans vision being obscured by the front man. The location of a compass (of the Silva 70 UN deck mounted type) fitted as far forward as the front man can read and transferring the steering link to the front position would overcome these problems.

Transferring the steerage to the front position could create other problems when taking novices out. Clearly the steering position will be dependant upon the Voyagers intended use.

Flexing of the hull was notable, whilst on no worry the possibility of sheer effect upon the three bulkhead positions could not be discounted. Use of foam bulkheads sealed in with a good salt water resistant sealer would alleviate any worries.

The kayak proved surprisingly stable. Rolling was easy, one person would take the lead and the second paddler followed through.

In conclusion of the test run The Voyager performed admirably, no major faults were apparent and of the criticism levelled most of the points were non-boat related, e.g., compass, steering, etc.

This kayak is likely to appeal to both the ardent expeditioner as well as the paternal canoeist who may wish to introduce his family into canoeing.

TECHNICAL INFORMATION

Our average speeds outwards and return worked out as 3.75 knots and 3.33 knots respectively. This includes short breaks (drinks, chocky bars, etc.) but excluded lunch.

Overall length:	22 ft (6.7 metres)
Beam width	: 24 ins (610 mm)
Height	: 14 ins (356 mm)
Weight	: 60 lbs (27.3 kgs)

The Voyager was designed by Robin Feloy and is manufactured by Kirton Kayaks Limited of Crediton, Telephone 0363-23295. Prices range from £804 23p for the basic model to £1014.00p for the expedition version.

Prices include V.A.T. and were correct at time of publication; however the manufacturer should be consulted for any price variation. All dimensions and weights are approximate.

P.S. The Voyager is now known as the Voyager Sea II.

A PEMBROKESHIRE SEA KAYAK ADVENTURE

by PETER OWEN, PEMBROKESHIRE

Friday, 23rd August 1991

Huw and myself had planned to leave from Dale this morning to paddle northwards as far as we could within the few days over this Bank Holiday weekend. However, it was raining very heavily this morning and there was a Gale Warning forecast for the Irish Sea area. In view of this dire situation we decided to postpone our departure until 14.30 this afternoon in anticipation that the weather would improve. By 14.30 the weather had improved slightly: the rain had passed over but there was still a strong wind blowing. So, due to the lateness in the day we decided to shift our departure point to St Brides, a small sandy haven with an old lime kiln and white cottages.

Upon reaching St Brides, by now late afternoon, we could see that the seas were quite large and crashing onto the cliffs at the other side of the bay, some 8-9 miles away. So, with gales still forecast, the possibility of having to paddle in these conditions in darkness and not knowing for certain what the sea state was like at the other side of the bay, we decided not to take to the water but to spend the evening camped at St Brides to await favourable conditions tomorrow.

So that we would have a fairly decent shelter for the night we dragged two wooden bench tables together and placed a large plastic sheet over them which provided us with a sheltered area to cook our beanfeast supper and something under which we slept quite comfortably that night.

Saturday, 24th August 1991

We both rose bright and early this morning eager to be on the water. After a quick breakfast and change into our canoeing gear we were finally on our way across St Brides Bay at 07.50. Under an overcast sky, a slightly moderated wind blowing a good Force 4 from the southwest and a moderate quartering sea, we made our way to our first challenge, Ramsey Sound. Good progress was made across the bay to reach the southern end of the Sound 1.5 hours into the southerly running ebb tide. A few minutes of strenuous paddling and we were soon out of the stream and into St Justinians Bay.

During our crossing of St Brides Bay we observed probably one of the few Manx Shearwater and Storm Petrels remaining this time of year, and Fulmars; also floating blue pods with little sails drifting effortlessly across the sea.

Our paddle continued in ever brightening skies along the Sound to Pint St John and then across Whitesands Bay to a confrontation with the race at St Davids Head. On a strengthening south running stream with a southwesterly wind blowing against it we had to struggle for every inch in these confused seas. We lost each other periodically in the large swell at this Head. As the sea picked us up we were propelled forward to settle in the troughs and then forced to paddle like fury to maintain our positions so desperately fought for, awaiting the next surge to edge us forward that little bit further.

A glance to the right to judge our progress and the fin and back of a Dolphin broke the surface momentarily, having its own little battle in these waters. Sometime later and perspiring profusely almost blind from sweat running into the eyes, we stopped to wipe our brows and

quench our thirst while watching a group of divers bobbing in the water waiting to be picked up by their support boat. A little further along the coast we saw what at first appeared to be a fin flapping in the sea. On closer inspection we were fortunate enough to observe and photograph a Sunfish, a rare straggler, probably from warmer oceanic waters to the south.

After a lunch stop and a beach-comb we paddled on to Abereiddi Bay and its now dis-used flooded quarry known locally as the Blue Lagoon; Ynys Barry its golden sands literally teeming with sun worshippers and to another short break at Porthgain, which is dominated by the remains of the old quarry buildings and crushing machinery from a bygone age.

We left Porthgain fully refreshed in glorious sunshine continuing northwards to Trevine and Abercastle with its tiny beach, holiday cottages and burial chamber of Carreg Sampson. At Abercastle we landed to listen to the 17.55 Shipping Forecast. From here on we had decided to look for a campsite for the night. It was to be another hour or so on the water before we reached Aber-Mawr, very unspoilt and quite wild, our resting place for the night. A quick carry of the fully laden kayaks up the steep pebble banks to a grass strip above the high water line; a change into dry clothing and we were soon making fast work of preparing this evenings meal, for today we had been on the water for eleven hours. This evenings meal was to consist of rice, beanfeast, luncheon meat and bread which was all demolished very quickly indeed.

Sat on the beach that evening sipping mugs of hot chocolate and chatting merrily we witnessed a most beautiful sunset not long before we stowed everything back into the kayaks and retired. This evening we slept in a tent with only the outer sheet affording us protection against the elements (and this was to collapse twice during the night) the edges held down by pebbles. This was a wise decision because we had rain during the night.

Sunday, 25th August 1991

Again up bright and early eager to get out of the damp sleeping bags to devour another quick breakfast. Everything packed methodically into the kayaks, we were on our way in slightly foggy conditions just after 8 a.m. The forecast for today was for a southwesterly Force 2-3.

Our only real obstacles today we thought would be Strumble Head and possibly a race from the promontory at Pen Brush a mile or so from the Head itself. Paddling along this rugged stretch of coastline to the Head the coastal fog of earlier this morning had already started to lift as we approached the point at Pen Brush. Looking ahead to the point before us we could see ever changing bouncy water immediately suggesting a race. A fishing boat came around the point with its complement of two just as surprised to see us as we were to see them. To our surprise and delight we found the race assisted our passage as we quickly paddled through it and onto Strumble Head and its lighthouse.

Upon approaching the Head we met a southwesterly running stream spilling out of Carreg Onnen Bay. Paddling through this with ease we passed Strumble Head with very little resistance at all. Huw and myself continued on our way to pass numerous bays and inlets and in particular Carregwastad Point where in February 1797 a force of 1,200 French convicts landed with the intention of marching to Chester. The undisciplined troops appear to have soon become intoxicated, and after some half hearted skirmishing they were rounded up for surrender on Goodwick Sands. We then paddled hastily across Fishguard Harbour mouth

to Penrhyn Point as the ro-ro ferry from Rosslare, Ireland, was bearing down on us.

The weather had improved greatly since leaving Aber-Mawr and now paddling in warm, still conditions, Aberbach and Pwllgwaelod were left behind as we rounded Dinas Head to paddle into Newport Bay. Needle Rock passed to our right as did Cwm-yr-eglwys with its ruined church looking out over a sheltered bay. The church, St Brynachs, was largely destroyed by a great storm on October 25th, 1859, when no fewer than 114 ships were wrecked off the Welsh coast.

Newport, a little town situated at the mouth of the River Nyfer and overshadowed by the rocky Carningli Common was next to be graced by our presence. We stopped here for a bite to eat and to replenish our water supplies in the town.

Newport Sands was evidently a very popular beach with people obviously out making the most of the fine weekend weather. A few inquisitive eyes glanced our way as we glided away from Newport and across the bay to a very beautiful stretch of north Pembrokeshire coastline. We passed "Seal Bay", very famous for its drug smuggling saga a few years ago, the Witches Cauldron a collapsed sea cave which can produce spectacular effects in heavy seas, Ceibwr Bay a small cove with folded and contorted rock strata in the cliffs and onto our resting place, this evening a narrow pebble beach not very far from the spectacular Cemaes Head. After another eleven hours on the water again today we quickly changed into more comfortable clothing and gathered a little driftwood, for tonight we were going to have ourselves a camp fire.

Our meal this evening consisted of rice, beanfeast, baked beans, sausage and tuna enjoyed in the splendour of another beautiful sunset.

During today's paddle we again observed many Grey Seals, Fulmars, Gulls, Cormorants, Shags, Rock Pigeon, Peregrin Falcon and Dolphin. A mug of hot chocolate later in the evening set us up nicely to sleep out under the stars in our sleeping bags, contouring the pebbles beneath us to the profile of our bodies lying either side of the fire which was still burning nicely as we sank into a deep sleep.

Monday 26th August, 1991

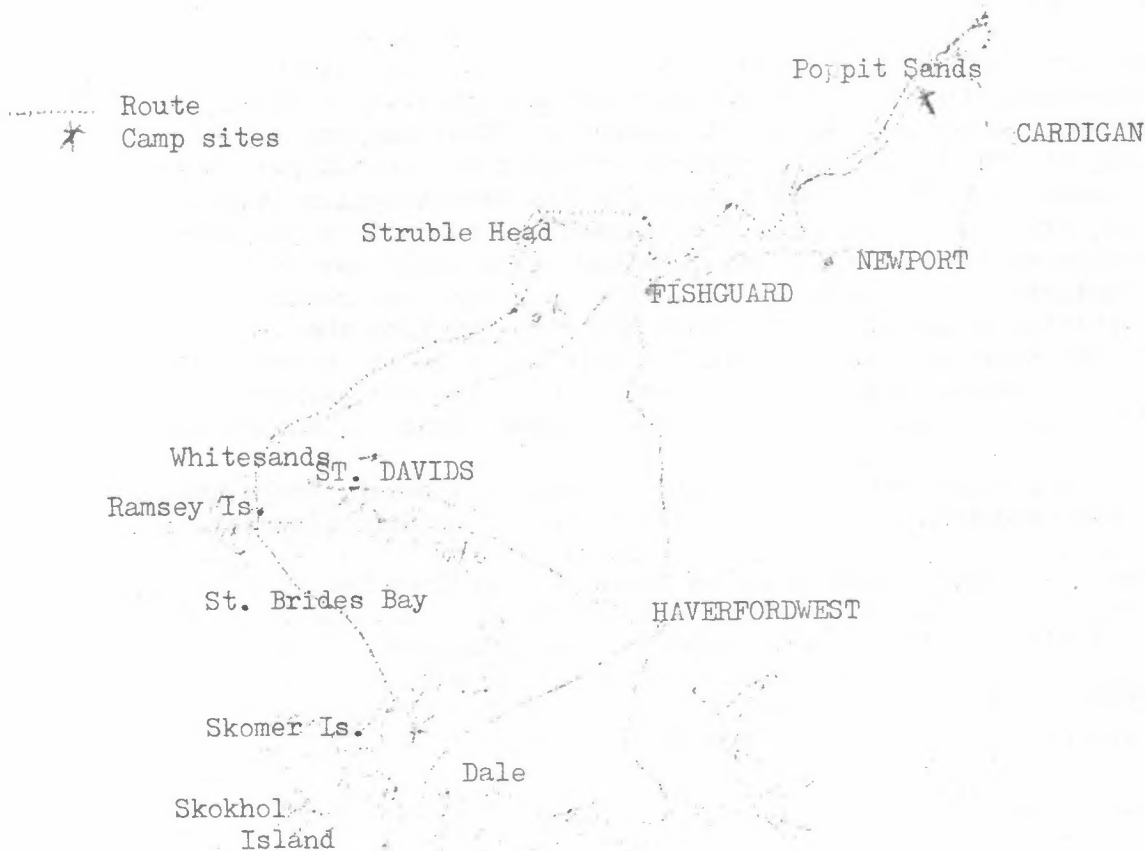
Yet another glorious day. We had only intended to have a few hours on the water today as we had to be back at Ceibwr Bay around midday to meet Deborah our pick up. This arrangement allowed me the remainder of the day to wash and clean everything as I had to be back in work the following day (Huw is a schoolteacher who would of course still be on holiday).

Anyway, 9 a.m. and we had just passed Cemaes Head - high cliffed with spectacular folding of the rocks, making good progress towards Cardigan Island. A leisurely crossing of Cardigan Bay found us at the southern end of the small island. Paddling around the island in an anti-clockwise direction we were soon on our way back to Ceibwr Bay aided by a southerly moving tidal stream. As we had covered this stretch of coastline the previous day we decided to paddle in a wide arc, taking us well offshore and back into Ceibwr Bay. Always on the lookout for Dolphin/Porpoise we were not to be disappointed today. After hearing a blow we turned our heads to see a Dolphin swimming along majestically before us. We soon found ourselves back at Ceibwr Bay; Deborah was there waiting for us. Unloading the kayaks where we landed we carried them, in now scorching sunshine, to the waiting car.

Unfortunately all good things must come to an end and this was one weekends paddle which ended far too quickly, but I am sure that there will be many more to come.

The sea kayaks we paddled were an Islander and a Sea Lion, both completely different kayaks but both performing equally well in the conditions we encountered. For those of you interested, cooking was carried out on Trangias with additional equipment standard camping gear, if not refined a little.

We will be back again as the sea and all its moods and qualities are purely irresistible.



From C. G. Coward, 32 Risedale Road, BARROW IN FURNESS, Cumbria

Congratulations on the production of an excellent read, and thanks for all the hard work you put in producing the magazine.

A question! Can anyone give me some information about paddling around/in the area of Jura, Islay and Oronsay/Colonsay. A few tips, conditions to watch out for, good camping areas, etc., tides.

An answer! Regarding waterproof charts - I have found that you can get documents plastic coated/sealed between two sheets of plastic. The sandwich formed is done so by heat and provides a durable waterproof document - so far this has been limited to A4 size. Perhaps a local office equipment/services supplier may help?

From: Rod Slaughter, Newbiggin by the Sea.

On Saturday, 25th May, we left the north-east of England early in the morning to travel to the west coast of Scotland. We planned to spend the Bank Holiday weekend canoeing around the Islands of the Scarba area.

The group was made up of Geoff Woodman, Brian Athey, John Pallister, Malcolm Morris, Joanne Wilson and myself; all but one had canoed in the area before.

Before arriving at the launch site we stopped off at Lochgilphead to pick up last minute supplies. In the car park were other cars with sea kayaks on roof racks, one Baidarka I recognised it had a distinctive Aleutian Expedition sticker on the front deck, back in 1984 it belonged to Dave Raeburn but today it could be anyone's; on the dashboard of the car was a chart of Scarba so obviously they were either coming from or going to the same area as us.

Once back on the road we had a small journey to the small beach on the west side of the Craignish Penninsula; on arrival the beach was already occupied by the group we had spotted in Lochgilphead.

It was Dave Raeburn and Phil Walton with their families, people we knew from canoeing in the north east in previous years; the last time Geoff had been to the area was with Dave and Phil three years ago.

They were planning to cross to Jura and then head down the west coast to Islay, travelling back by ferry to the mainland. We planned to cross to Jura then head north returning by a different route to the transport.

Loading the kayaks didn't take too long and our group were soon on the water eager to get on; the others had transport to sort out for their return.

The weather reports before leaving were favourable with a high moving in slowly from the Atlantic, promising settled weather for the weekend and possibly into next week. What we had leaving the beach was low cloud and mist with visibility down to about a mile, but very mild.

This meant that Jura was hidden in the mist so it wasn't until we were half way across the Sound of Jura before we could see Jura, Scarba and the Gulf of Corryvreckan.

Due to the stop off in Lochgilphead and the meeting on the beach we were now two hours behind schedule and instead of going through the Gulf on slack water we were now going against an increasing east going stream.

Joining Jura's coast south of the Gulf we paddled close to shore following the eddy line until we were at Carrain Mhor, the most northern tip of Jura. Getting past here was a struggle, paddling against the main stream which was doing about 3 knots meant sprinting for about 20 metres; the odd person got the line into the stream wrong but after a while we were all around and back into eddies on the other side. If we had left much later I doubt if we could have passed this point against a stronger stream.

Moving on we came into the large west facing bay of Bagh Gleann nam Muc, the site of our first camp; paddling onto a wide sandy beach it was obvious we had company, other canoeists were already setting up camp. One of the lads commented on the tall figure with long blonde hair being a nice sight, but on closer inspection was embarrassed to find it was a bloke.

Once we had the tents pitched we joined the other group around the camp fire "Aah Naa Yee" said John, "You're that Bill Taylor fella that canoed round the country, av got ya book; if only ad fatched it yu cud av autographed it foris". Obviously in his travels Bill Taylor had experienced the Geordie dialect before because he seemed to understand; anyway, that set the scene for the night, with drinks and songs around the fire we exchanged canoeing tales till the early hours.

Sunday morning and we cleared camp and were ready to go for 10 o'clock, the weather was similar to Saturday, mist and low cloud, the tide in the Gulf had turned west and was leaving slack.

Following the west coast back towards the Gulf the sea was very calm for as far as we could see, Scarba was still hidden in the mist as we left Jura on a course crossing the Gulf to the south coast of Scarba; half way across the high cliffs came into view and going over the sight of the whirlpool in very calm conditions was a bit of a surprise as some expected it to be rougher.

Approaching the shore we could see a lone figure standing on the lower rocks, getting closer it was obvious to me it was Peter Lamont. I had met him a few years earlier on Scarba where he is involved with outdoor pursuits courses. After a short discussion we left to continue around the south-west corner of the island.

Leaving the Gulf behind there was a stream running about 40 metres off shore with small standing waves. Brian and myself decided it was time to try some more interesting water so we paddled out to it, the others stayed close to the island. We found the stream pushed us along at a steady rate, without paddling we kept pace with the others; after a while the stream slowed so we joined the others to continue.

Moving up the west coast we were looking for a suitable spot to land, the main reason was to kill time. On finding a small storm beach we landed and had an early lunch. The mist soon started to lift and with visibility improving we got back on the water and hour and a half later. Paddling on north we were heading for the narrows between Scarba and Lunga which are known as Grey Dogs, the race coming through the narrows can match the speed in the Gulf but not have the danger of endless overfalls that occur to the west of Corryvreckan.

Conversation in the group now centred on the prospects of crossing Grey Dogs in the middle of the tide. Approaching the narrows it was easy to see the fast moving main stream, standing waves were in groups of three or more in different parts with small whirlpools appearing and disappearing all the time.

No-one was too keen to go first, so pointing out what looked like the best route I volunteered; the stream was about 80 metres wide so trying to avoid the bigger standing waves, I was off. The route I planned to take soon changed as in mid-stream you would find an eddy or a small whirlpool would appear and turn you in the wrong direction.

After a few heart stopping moments I was across to the Lunga shore, finding a small inlet where I could watch the others. One by one they crossed safely without mishap, each one shouting encouragement to the next until we were regrouped in the inlet. "Anyone want to do it again", I asked. "No" was the quick replies so with that we moved on.

Paddling along the west side of Lunga we came across another group of canoeists leaving the beach in the large bay of Camas a Mhor-Fhir; they were out for a day trip from the mainland. After a short chat they left at breakneck speed heading north.

The weather by now had cleared and the sun was high above us. We could easily make out the chain of islands to the west which formed the Garvellachs: they were the destination for the day. Crossing to the south of Eilean Dubh Mor the course was for the largest in the chain called Garbh Eileach. We knew there was a bothy not always occupied on the island with a small lawned area where we could pitch the tents.

Approaching the island we could see no sign of life around the bothy so we landed in the small bay close by and walked up to look around. The place looked like it had been deserted for some time so we carried the canoes up the short beach and started to unpack the tents. The grassy area was big enough to take the four tents and at the other side were some home made tables and chairs which, although made from driftwood and net, made this a near perfect place to relax in the warm sunshine with the beautiful view of the islands to the south.

Monday morning we woke to a warm clear day; originally we planned to paddle directly north to Easdale but we changed the route to canoe around the rest of the Garvellachs at a nice steady pace taking in the hot sun at our leisure. Stopping off at the ruined monastery on Eile Eilean an Naoimh we had an early lunch again before going round the southern tip of the islands and up the west side. Mull was out to the north as we paddled past the high sheer cliffs. By now the sun was becoming a bit uncomfortable as faces and arms were starting to burn - most were trying to cover up where possible.

Leaving the Garvellachs behind the next heading was for the islands of Belnahua and Fladda. By now the tide was picking up and as we approached Belnahua there was a strong race running north in the narrows. We followed the south moving eddies for a short while to prevent a tiring ferryglide across: once into the main flow we were pushed north at a fast rate and with little difficulty we were across to Fladda.

Once again we joined the main stream and headed across to Culipool, a small village on the island of Luing; here we planned to re-supply with drinks as the hot weather was making us drink more around the campfire at nights. Landing in the small harbour we moved the canoes up the beach then headed for the shop. After a short walk we came upon the local general dealers where we spent a lazy half hour basking in the sun on the grass outside before returning to the canoes. Due to the rush to land and find a shop we had failed to appreciate the speed of the rising tide and by now the canoes and some gear were floating in a few feet of water.

Back on the water and heading south Malcolm decided he wanted to try out a technique illustrated in a well known sea canoeing book, observing the sea bed from the inverted position; modifying the idea slightly, hanging on to John's bow, he capsized with swimming goggles on; after a couple of goes he offered the goggles to everyone else but we all declined, no-one fancied getting wet at this point in the trip.

Continuing down the west side of Luig we were looking for a suitable place to camp. I knew of a sheltered bay on the east coast just north of the Aird but convincing the others to continue for a few miles more was becoming hard work, explaining that a shorter paddle tomorrow to the transport could mean a good party and a lie in in the morning brought them round to the idea.

We landed in the bay to find cattle on the beach; once they moved back we moved on to a suitable pitch, being careful to avoid the cow pats left behind.

Once we had eaten and started to collect driftwood for the fire we found what looked like part of an aircraft; Brian being an ex-Navy storeman convinced us it was off a Sea Harrier, it was the right colour if nothing else so we tended to believe him.

Due to the high level of drink consumed that night everyone was a bit subdued on Tuesday morning: Brian who was normally very keen seemed to suffer the most so it wasn't until after 12 o'clock before we were on the water.

The weather was still sunny with clear skies, crossing the two miles to the Craignish Peninsula was taken at a very leisurely pace. Following the coast south we were soon back at the starting off point after what seemed like a long two hours paddling. Landing on the beach there were another two canoeists who were out for a day trip. In total we must have met about 15 canoeists over the four days paddling, and seeing another three or four from a distance.

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On reading Eric Totty's article in Newsletter No.90 brings to mind a close shave I had a few years ago. Before Poggies or Paddle Mitts were on the market I was out surfing at Newbiggin in the middle of winter with gloves similar to the type used by housewives for cleaning. They were a tight fit to the hands and cuffs and seemed to stop the cold wind.

After a couple of hours surfing, Michael, who was the only other person on the water at the time decided to land due to the cold. I picked up the next large wave to follow him in; capsizing in the dump I rolled up to find both spraydecks had burst off with the pressure of the wave. The next wave swamped the canoe so I thought it was time to get out and swim the short distance to the beach. My sleeves soon filled with water and the gloves ballooned, swimming was becoming more difficult and I soon tired with waves crashing over my head I had about given up. Rolling on to my back looking up waiting for the next wave, I saw the back of Michael's canoe come alongside. "Hop on" he said; catching my breath then climbing onto his back deck we caught the next wave into the beach. Once recovered I asked him what had taken him so long.

While writing this article it has just crossed my mind that I now own a Foster Rowe Sea Cag, for those who are not familiar with this Cag it has an open neck but with latex cuffs. I wonder if swimming in this Cag could be awkward with the wrists filling with water. Has anyone tried it?

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Can't wait for the new book.
