

Treasna na dTonnta

"Across the Waves"

Newsletter of the Irish Sea Kayaking Association

No.25

Eileen Murphy

"Lumpy, bumpy, humpty dumpty seas, fair wee seas, roly poly, rock n rollin seas". Subjective descriptions with a touch of the fairytale/fantasy or true reflections of a windy reality?. Add a dollop of objective fact and the picture becomes clearer – cool bright and blustery force 4-6 north westerlies occasionally backing westerly. Roll all of these conditions into a unique sea kayaking weekend package and what do you get – a lively and challenging weekend at sea with a pronounced north west flavour.

Driving north on the bank holiday Friday night, there was a distinct feeling of travelling "up" to Donegal. As we passed under bare Ben Bulbin slopes, gale force winds hit us head on making every mile towards our destination at Gartan feel like a monumental uphill struggle against a very determined north westerly. It seemed to be telling us in no uncertain terms – "I am dominant in this part of the country and you sea kayakers from the tame East Coast had better accept my all powerful influence over your sea kayaking activities this weekend".

And the question – "Will we, won't we get to Tory?" was being definitively answered with every passing mile so much so that by the time we reached Gartan, there was an unanimous if not disappointing acceptance that this was one trip that would definitely not feature on any trip menu.

Base camp at Gartan was an ideal venue in terms of access to the island dotted coast of Donegal, with each trip to the coast proving more scenic than the last through the deeply incised and glaciated valleys of the Derryveagh mountains. The very distinctive North East to South West trend of these valleys laid down during the Caledonian fold mountain building period all those hundreds of millions of years ago makes for a very interesting system of interlinking roads which follow the line of least resistance through these valleys. **And sure**, if you do not fancy sea kayaking, there are endless hill walking

opportunities with the great quartzite cone of An Aireagal, Mucais, Sliabh Sneacht, the Poisoned Glen where that toxic plant, the Irish Spurge was once a resident and of course the Glen Veagh National Park which occupies the most pronounced valley in Donegal.

There were healthy ranges of options on offer for Saturday. The choice – a sheltered trip down Mulroy Bay and Broadwater, surfing at Machaire Ui Robhartaigh, rolling at Gartan Lough or a more exposed trip out from Doire Beag to Gabhla, Inis Meain and Inis Oirthir. Time to check out Gabhla and investigate its recently acquired popularity in climbing circles! Sean Pierce decided that a lively trip north with tide against wind was the perfect recipe to challenge the troops and having allowed some time to ascertain the standard of the group, he gave the go-ahead to move towards the pier on Inis Meain. Ciaran Smith of greyhound racing fame just couldn't resist the temptation to announce a countdown towards the start of a race. He gave it all he could but faced with much younger opposition in the form of a strong Northern contingent, the Connemara hare himself and an anonymous female late entry, he was forced to acknowledge defeat.

Now I know that some people would say that any kind of competition is totally, absolutely and completely against the ethos of sea-kayaking but that is a debate that I would not dare embark upon here!. The combination of healthy competition, lively seas and strong appetites made for an interesting and garrulous social dynamic over lunch.

Where were the quiet group who launched at Doire Beag earlier that morning?. It was decision time – having witnessed through binoculars big seas on the NW side of Inis Meain, it was decided to head over to the reef on the east side of Inis Oirthir. Then, with some of our group tucked safely inside the reef, the sea appeared to have a sudden change of mind and started dumping breakers without mercy onto the reef. "A fair wee sea" commented Enda Cummins from the wee North.

Seeing this sea state of manic confusion, the boss ordered a retreat of all troops and a quick turn-around surfing back towards the east beach at Gabhla. The opportunity to explore the interior and inspect the climbing opportunities on the sea cliffs could not be resisted. What more could a climber ask for?. Fabulous climbing of various grades on sandpaper-like red granite crags, the machair ablaze with sea thrift and the air alive with the musical variety of bird song.

The short trip back against a side on wind and tide proved to be the most difficult paddling of the weekend for me. The fact that my skeg had locked in upright position did not help. By the time I reached the pier, I had convinced myself that nothing short of an elbow transplant and a rudder system would solve my problem! Are there any other non-golfer canoeists out there suffering from a severe dose of "golfer's elbow" who can advise me?

The usual analysis/discussion and embellishment/ dramatization of the days paddling activities took place in the pub later on that night. But before all that, a very welcome barbeque dinner served up by friendly Gartan staff, a raffle for endless spot prizes and a

most interesting slide show by Mike McClure of his sea kayaking adventures with a group of school students amongst the orcas and grizzlies of Vancouver Island.

By Sunday, the wind may have died down very slightly but Balor's breath was still strong enough to deny us a chance at our "piece de resistance ". Like Praeger in 1910, Toraigh or towery, the rocky island abounding in tors would prove elusive and defiant. The trip to Inis Bo Finne (Inisbofin), Inis Duiche (Inishdooney), and Inis Beag (Inisbeg) looked like a challenging alternative. The plan – paddle north from the pier at Machaire Ui Robhartaigh on a flooding tide on the sheltered east side of this group of islands, turn around the north most point of Inis Beag and return via the exposed west side back to base.

It was developing into a pleasant day at sea – lunch on the beach at Inis Bo Finne admiring the distinctive profile of Tory on the northern horizon whilst the corncrake croaked away in the background and exploring the maze of sea caves on the east side of Inis Duiche. Our group had relaxed in to a nice and easy paddling rhythm, chatting together in small groups and enjoying the scenery. As we headed further north past the east side of Inis Beag there were signs of changes to come. Even though, we should have been expecting it, it was still a surprise when suddenly all hell broke loose.

The old Irish proverb to be taken by surprise "Thainig se aniar aduaidh orm" literally translated as "It hit me from the north west" immediately came to mind. We still had not rounded the northern tip of the island but conditions were deteriorating fast and it was time to make some quick decisions. Before we get to the point of no return a few paddlers were sensibly advised to turn about. It is always interesting to analyse the process by which these decisions are arrived at. In hindsight, this was the right decision, the only decision that could have been made in the circumstances.

As the sea conditions deteriorated further, it was every man/woman for themselves. Just as I was contemplating how one could possibly perform a rescue in these conditions, there I saw it in front of my very own eyes - Stephen performing a classic x rescue. Why didn't I have a video on standby to tape this!? How many more of us in the group could have done the same??. The big distinctive hulk of Tory mocked us from the North West horizon.

"You may not have made it to my shores but you'll know all about the waves of Tory before this day is out". A full force 5 north westerly hit us as we rounded the point where the sea crashed furiously against the cliffs causing a manic and totally unpredictable clapotis. Lumpy, bumpy, humpty dumpty seas!! The waves of Tory rolled in relentlessly from the North West. Our anxious group danced their way delicately and silently towards an escape route back through An Caolas Beag to the sheltered eastern side of Inis Duiche.

The real ceilidh dance on terra firma in Tory will have to wait for a more appropriate occasion! Having re-grouped and checked our numbers, one could sense anxiety/tension give way to a palpable sense of relief. And so a relieved and satisfied group made their way back to base and a welcome pint in Falcarragh before the drive through Muckish

Gap and back to Gartan where there was still more action in the form of a treasure hunt and a midnight paddle. The treasure hunt was dominated by the Pierce boys who cleaned up in terms of prizes whilst the midnight paddle would probably not have happened but for the persistence and enthusiasm of the unstoppable Maura Creedon, one of the many recent "Foot and Mouth" recruits to sea kayaking.

Another lively paddle on Bank Holiday Monday in the Marble Arch area. The winds, force 3-4 north westerly backing westerly with a big residual swell. Roly poly seas!

A group of 6 head straight into the wind and tide across Cuan na gCoarach to explore the caves on the east side of Horn Head. Here, we encountered two local fishermen proudly displaying their catch of baby shark. As they had no intention of hanging around to "meet the parents" they struck up their engine and headed back in the direction of Dunfanaghty shouting words of advice and caution to us as they receded into the distance. The thought of such an encounter were enough to send our small group surfing back past Marble Arch caves to the relative security and calm of Marble Cove.

And so it was time to travel back "down" our beautiful hawthorn clad countryside to the tame east coast. Time to reflect on new places visited, new seas paddled, new friendships made. Time to say thank you to Mary Butler and her group of helpers and trip leaders for organising a great weekend.

Clifden May 2001 - Impressions of the uninitiated

Maura Creedon

Mild murmurings of "what the **** are we letting ourselves in for?" turned into silent anticipation as we arrived into Clifden just in time for the last pint on the Friday evening. The four of us travelling down to the Come and Try it weekend had a total of about 20 days kayaking experience between the lot of us.

The knowledge that we were leaving ourselves at the mercy of an unknown band of seriously experienced paddlers for the weekend did give rise to some mild apprehension, or at least speculation as to which of us would be the first to capsize – involuntarily.

Landing into Clifden and spotting the first kayak-carrying car somehow eliminated all our fears, leaving us with a sense of growing excitement. It seemed as if the streets of Clifden were gradually being taken over by a silent army of sea kayaks, poised to attack

come the following dawn. Trooping home from the pub on the Friday night was an obstacle course past the hordes of kayaks piled up on cars, vans and trailers.

Standing for roll call on the Saturday morning, apprehensions start to rise again, as we watched the weather beaten sea kayakers line up with that unmistakable aura of experience. Will we be able to keep up? how far will we have to go?, how manic are these people? (Who are these people?), how good are we supposed to be?.....

At the end of the first day, all such fears, and indeed most of our preconceptions about ISKA, had been completely exploded. Our expectations of a bootcamp with obligatory capsizing to start of the day were gone within the first 5 minutes, as the friendliness and warmth of the group we were with became evident.

It was one of those weekends that leaves you with a general sense of blueskied nostalgia - Talking about the weekend since, we sound like our Grandmothers "it was always sunny back then". Every sandy beach beckoned as kayakers rushed ashore to tear off as much clothing as was decent. Some more enthusiastically than others, as Nora tore off her wet suit stripping down to jump into the inviting water. The intermediate group definitely seemed like the place to be, with a great sense of unity, and a very healthy attitude to beaches.

Ongoing historical commentary (are those bones *really* that old?) visiting the remains of an excavated church (been there for centuries, and just about to be destroyed by a couple of climbers) and playing with the seals are the memories of the day. Having meandered at a gentle pace around the islands, surfed a few impressive waves, and watched Michelle masochistically trying a full roll, we were happy to be able to take the lazy option and drive back down the Sky road to Clifden.

Watching the advanced group from the heights of the Road, as they paddled the last stretch of what must have been a very strenuous trip, we calculated contentedly how many pints ahead we would be by the time they got back.

By 3am on the Saturday night when Michelle and Sara stumbled back to the hostel, I think we had met pretty much everyone in the group – as far as we remember that is.... And felt completely at home despite our inexperience.

On the second day we moved upmarket courtesy of Marc Jegou to try out some seriously impressive boats, monopolising most of his fibreglass fleet. The major learning point of the day was "do not put your lunch in an unsealed bag into a brand new fibre glass boat". When we pulled in onto a stunning rocky lunch-stop, and tore open the lunch bag, we discovered that the sandwiches we had lovingly prepared that morning had turned into a fibreglass flavoured cocktail, which even the most ravenous kayaker could not digest.

Funnily enough, in those glorious surroundings, after a balanced and healthy lunch of cigarettes and chocolate, we were back up and paddling with as much energy as ever. We paddled on around the headland exploring almost every cave, wandering into places more

awe inspiring than any cathedral I have ever been in, and visiting secluded beaches at a leisurely pace. Again, I have clear memories of blazing sunshine, clear blue skies, and happy increasingly sunburnt faces.

By the end of the second trip, we had mentally spent thousands between the four of us, as the attractions of fibreglass kayaks became more and more appealing as the day wore on. Our life plans became more and more radical, as we mentally sold cars and houses, abandoning jobs and any other commitments to spend the rest of our lives paddling freely around the West Coast of Ireland. Tempting..... Not sure how comfortable kayaks are to sleep in...?

The most difficult part of the weekend was tearing ourselves away from the final pint stop in the mellow evening sunshine of a Cleggan pub, to face the long drive back to Dublin – already looking forward to meeting everybody again at the Symposium, and experiencing again the magic freedom and beauty of the sea kayak.

So congratulations to the organisers on a phenomenal weekend – the sunshine and wind conditions must have been quite difficult to plan to that degree of perfection. We were all deeply impressed by the overall organisation.

On the trips, there was a strong sense of safety, but nonetheless a laid back and unintimidating approach to leading the group. The gentle coaching and the enormous encouragement we received from everybody we met were the final steps in ensuring that a new addiction was born. I only hope the same people are in charge of organising the weather on the Symposium weekend! Having mortgaged the house in the interval it looks like this particular passion is here to stay.

Atlantic Challenge

Chris Howell

Progress Report: August 12, 2001

Latitude: 54 44.36' N, Longitude: 027 09.52' W

Calm Before a Storm

Over the last week or so favourable weather conditions have allowed Peter to put in some long hours in the cockpit. He was able to paddle for up to 14 hours a day on six consecutive days in light winds and relatively benign seas. It was becoming important that the weather gave Peter the opportunity to get in some hard paddling - the steady drift northwards caused by the winds and currents was beginning to threaten the possibility of landfall in Ireland. Over the last few days he has been able to move steadily south and east and is now close to getting out of the influence of the Icelandic current which has been pushing him northwards. Unfortunately, the forecast for the next few days is not good. Gale force winds are expected and Peter reported today that the predicted south westerlies have veered to the south - we hope that the southerly progress he has worked

so hard to achieve is not lost again to the almost relentless winds he has encountered during the Challenge.

During his six days of hard paddling, Peter developed severe pain in his upper left leg. Our standby doctor, Bob Mark from Frontier Medical diagnosed it as muscular pain, probably caused by Peter paddling for so long in one position after spending so many days cooped up in his cramped living quarters. With rest out of the question, the doctor suggested that Peter should try to adjust his paddling position. Peter managed to improvise stirrups for the rudder controls which allow him to vary his position while paddling. The pain has eased and with daily doses of painkillers the condition has not reduced his ability to make the most of the good paddling conditions. Peter's only other physical problems have been a few skin sores and blisters on his hands. He took with him a good supply of Lotil (a protective skin cream supplied by Fenton Pharmaceuticals) and he swears by it, and covers his entire body with it every day.

We have had a number of questions from supporters which I thought I would answer here.

Satellite link up.

E-mail to and from the kayak has been limited. Rough conditions for much of the trip have made safe use of the laptop impossible and the almost complete lack of sunshine has meant that battery power has been at a premium. We keep in touch mostly via a phone using the Iridium satellite network. We have been asked about this because it was widely reported that Iridium had gone out of business - yes they did but Canadian communications company, Stratos, have taken over the Iridium satellite set up and can now offer direct satellite links using lightweight handheld phones from anywhere between the polar circles. (Stratos provided and fitted all Peter's comms equipment and have monitored the kayak's signals 24 hours a day since Peter head out of St. John's.) We can contact him from any land line and Jim often phones him from the Land Rover using a standard mobile phone.

Food and water supplies.

Peter has been out for 49 days and his food supplies should last him a further 40 days +. His water supply is produced by reverse-osmosis filtration of sea water and addition of G-Push high energy supplements provides vital minerals.

Sleeping.

Peter uses a Snupac sleeping bag which he highly recommends.

Wildlife.

Dolphins continue to be regular companions. Sharks often swim around the kayak and Peter has taken to keeping a flare handy to deter the most inquisitive.

Map.

We are working on a map of Peter's progress to display on the website - with luck it should be up and running in the next few days.

Thank you all for your support and interest ,

Killer Whales (Orcas) are regularly seen in Irish waters but are not usually seen very close to land and only rarely have they been recorded entering estuaries. Two of the most recent sightings were a male in Lough Foyle in 1979 and a male and two females, briefly in Cork Harbour in 1974.

In the first week of June three Orcas were sighted off Roche's Point at the entrance to Cork Harbour. On Sunday the 10th June they made a grand entrance to the inner harbour area, in front of the town of Cobh.

Unfortunately it was a weekend and within a very short space of time any available craft was on the water to get a closer look. Over excitement, misguided actions and ignorance led to the Orcas to be chased all over the harbour. Many thought they were going to beach themselves and that every effort had to be made to "guide" them back out the harbour. These magnificent animals had no intention of leaving that quickly.

Despite the best efforts of boats of all sizes and menacing jet skiers the animals showed their power of speed and were able to outmanoeuvre the flotilla. The word spread fast and for the next six weeks Cobh and Cork Harbour became the focus of attention for tens of thousands of people who came from all over Ireland and abroad to catch a glimpse of these spellbinding animals.

This small pod comprised an adult female, adult male and what we believe was a teenage male.

On the evening of Tuesday the 12th June I counted 58 craft chasing the three animals in the water off Cobh. It was a relentless harassment of the Orcas. Everyone wanted to get just a little closer, resulting in the animals being closely surrounded on many occasions. Even after dark the boats continued to follow them.

At one stage the Orcas were trapped in the deep-water berth at Ringaskiddy and the navy had to force boats to back off to allow them to get out. That night the harbour commissioners invoked a 500 meter exclusion zone around the animals under the 1996 Harbours Act.

The combined efforts of the Harbour Commissioners, Navy and Duchas ensured that they were left pretty much alone for the rest of their stay. The spectacle of this whale-chasing flotilla was witnessed by thousands who lined the shore at Cobh and the irresponsible

behaviour of a few brought shame to the sea fairing community. Many of the people in the boats and yachts had no buoyancy aids and some felt indignant at the thought of the authorities telling them what to do on the water.

The three Orcas moved 2 km up river the following morning and a few days later, on the 15th June, they made a courtesy call to Cork City and even swam past City hall. It was a Friday night and hundreds of people pouring out of bars and night clubs in the small hours of Saturday morning could not believe their eyes when they saw three Killer Whales in the river Lee, their fins silhouetted against the reflections of the orange street lights.

All day they remained in the City Centre at Horgan's Quay where thousands of people were treated to the most amazing sight of the three Orcas moving up and down the river like strange oversized goldfish in a garden pond. The sight was totally at odds with the familiar TV images of Orcas catching seals on beaches in South America or cutting through still waters in British Columbia. That evening they headed back down river and eventually settled just to the east of the town of Cobh.

I was privileged to see them on every day of their stay except two. I am still recovering from the dawn rise before work to watch and film them. I have been watching wildlife for over 20 years and I was amazed that every time they surfaced I felt as if it was my first time seeing them, the excitement was so great. The only people as "mad" as me were a handful of whale watchers and canoeists and kayakers. They came regularly in small numbers from as far a field as Donegal, Antrim, Dublin and even England and Wales.

Watching from land meant the Orcas were easy to follow with binoculars and the naked eye and we learnt a lot about their behaviour. They hunted as a group and were regularly seen rushing along the surface of the water at high speed, presumably chasing prey. On a number of occasions two Orcas would move slowly along a corridor of water 200 to 500 meters apart. Eventually they would close in and one Orca, usually the adult Male or Female, would then circle slowly probably pushing fish closer together and then there would be a short period of tail flicking and tail slapping, slapping of the flippers and generally thrashing about on the surface. When not hunting they were regularly seen just lying still on the surface of the water (called logging). They were also seen "spyhopping", rising vertically out of the water, exposing up to two thirds of their body. It is thought that they do this to have a look around..

I went on the water once to see if they would come close. We drifted for about 30 minutes when the male started to come towards us. Emotions were a mixture of excitement and apprehension. The male surfaced within 2 meters, the spray from its blowhole covered us like a sea mist. It was an exhilarating experience I will never forget. It seemed as the fin, which was over 1.5 meters tall, took forever to come up out of the water and down again. I think they had a definite interest in small craft as on a number of occasions I observed one or other of them deliberately change course and surface near boats.

The sad part of the visit came when the female was found dead, floating at the mouth of the harbour one Saturday morning; the body was towed into Crosshaven. I managed to get over there to see the post mortem. I could not believe that I had been watching her hunting off Cobh at 5.30 pm the previous evening. She measured just over 7 meters and all her teeth were worn flat to the gum and a few had big cavities.

The results of the post mortem revealed that she died of blood poisoning and pneumonia as a result of an infection in her jaw caused by tooth decay. She must have been very old, possibly over 60 or even 70 years.

The male was an adult and could have been her partner or son and the young Orca was about 10 to 15 years, judging from its size and the fact that its fin was not yet fully developed in size.

I will never forget filming a canoeist floating on a flat calm sea in the morning sun hoping that one of the Orcas would surface in view. I waited and waited and then the male rose very slowly out of the water within a few meters of the canoe, its huge dorsal fin sparkling as it caught the sun light, its immense bulk dwarfing the nearby canoe only to disappear again without even a splash.

The harbour authorities were warning kayakers and canoeists not to approach the whales. There are no known records of Killer Whales deliberately attacking boats but from my own experience and watching others on the water with the whales I think it would be wise not to approach such large animals. If they come to you then that's OK but even an accidental collision could end in tragedy. After all you are in their domain and completely at the mercy of the sea and all that make it their home.

The Irish Whale and Dolphin group would always welcome records of sightings of any species of whale or dolphin that you might come across.

Pitching our tent in the pitch dark of the small hours of Saturday morning, directly under the no camping sign, I wondered with Karl and Eileen were we the only lunatics mad enough to brave the long drive from Dublin to Derrynane.

Despite my purchase resolutions after Clifden, and even more vehement decisions after the Donegal symposium, I had still not quite found the perfect kayak, and was deeply indebted to Ciaran Clissman for the generous loan of a sea kayak for the weekend.

Having hassled and harassed the entire seakayaking community to transport boat and self to Kerry, I did begin to question my own sanity – maybe it was time to develop an obsession with Golf – at least I could carry the clubs on my bicycle.

Waking up a few hours later on the Saturday morning to the gentle patter of rain on the roof of the tent, for a brief moment the whole escapade seemed crazy, but by 9am the mists cleared, revealing the beauty of the Kerry coast. The tiny car park filled up with cars carrying kayaks and sleepy

looking drivers. A small group gradually assembled albeit not fully awake, and the day slowly took shape.

After a lively discussion on the relative merits of Puffin Island Vs Deenish, (Puffin strongly supported by Peter and Vera, who had just completed the Deenish run on the Friday) consensus was reached in favour of Deenish which could be reached directly from Derrynane.

Heading off to the islands under the guidance of Mary Butler and Paul Durnan, conditions to me as a beginner were blissful in comparison to the challenges of Donegal 3 weeks earlier.

The merits of the Sea lion I had borrowed from Ciaran also became obvious, having traded speed for comfort and total stability. The constant apprehension I felt in Donegal, that at any second I was just about to capsize, was completely absent.

We paddled out to Two Headed Island without landing and then on to Moylaun Island on our way out to Deenish. Having lunched in Deenish we circumnavigated Scariff, taking the shortcut through Scarrif Hedges, past Deenish Point, and finally back home (insofar as a tent is home) to Derrynane.

The rain came down in the early evening just after we landed, and half of the group crammed into the cosy atmosphere in the back of Karl's van, pasta bubbling away merrily in the background. We re-examined the attractions of Puffin Island, which was still gaining strong support from Peter.

Luckily several people had downloaded the relevant pages of Oilean, and the practical realisation that there was probably no feasible landing point finally swayed the discussion back in favour of the more amenable paddles around Valencia Island.

Experienced voices again won the day, and the proposal to paddle all the way around Valencia was quashed in favour of the more amenable wandering paddle from Knightstown to the nearby Begnish and Church Island.

Reading Oilean since in the comfort of my armchair at home, I began to appreciate the sense of that decision, as the circumnavigation would have clearly meant a very strenuous day.

Sunday morning brought blazing sunshine and clear blue skies. Having listened to Eileen raving on the subject for the last 4 months, we had to stop in Waterville for breakfast in the café "with the best carrot cake in Western hemisphere" – half an hour in that wonderful place, and any aches and pains from camping on the beach had disappeared under a barrage of cake and coffee. The "Bean an Ti" also bakes the best currant scones I have ever had – worth travelling to the ring of Kerry if only for that reason.

Beginish and Valentia Island

Photo: Sean Pierce

After the usual delay tactics – faffing about the pier for as long as possible, adopting a stray German tourist on a bicycle, who then meandered into our photo sessions, we eventually headed out from Knightstown to do a nice gentle expedition on the sheltered side of the island.

Any interest in a serious hard paddle which had lingered from the discussion of the night before, evaporated completely as the heat of the day rose. Any excuse to stop off and meander was legitimate, so we pottered happily around the lighthouse. It seems in retrospect as if the day was spent paddling gently in search of the perfect beach for a long leisurely lunchstop.

We found our deserted sunny beach on Begnish, and settled down to watch Paul cooking his lunch. Sadly any expectations that his kayak held dinner for eight were not realised. There was a distinct feeling of lethargy and unhurriedness, as one half of the group complacently remembered that Monday no longer meant having to face work – lucky teachers.

The final stop at Church island at the "sheltered rocks" seemed too much like hard work even to see the ruins of the old church. Only Eileen braved the landing, to come back with a report. Docking back in Portmagee in golden mellow evening sunshine brought the weekend almost to a perfect end.

As always at the end of a seakayaking weekend, it is however traumatic to admit that it is over, so having fallen among dangerous company including teachers on vacation, we finally left the Glenbeigh Hotel hours later, long after 8pm, to totter exhausted into bed at 2am. To dream of the next kayaking weekend....

Slieve League July 2001.

Martina Butler

"Low pressure areas are lining up to cross the country over the next few days" states the RTE Weather forecaster as he gives a sympathetic wink and a sincerely disheartened shake of his head. He makes me wonder if the long calendered Slieve League meet is going to happen at all this coming weekend.

By Thursday, however, there is a definite twinkle in that cut e eye of Gerry Fleming so that by Saturday morning a substantial group of 24 kayakers have gathered on Teelin Pier. Weather still not too kind. Heavy showers and blustery winds blow over the estuary. A shuttle must be arranged, as a same day return trip along Slieve League to Malin Beg and back to Teelin, is not everyone's fancy.

By the time the shuttle drivers return the weather has changed for the better as the wind has dropped, rain cleared and the sun shines from an increasingly blue sky. A group of

"definitely doing the double" trip are heading off on their journey while the remaining 14 are still launching. This second group is composed of a mixture of "maybe I'll do the double"ers and the more leisurely "pooterers". Not the best combination as it turned out and so it was eventually decided, at about one third of the way, to split up into just those two groups.

The journey along Slieve League is indeed a very spectacular one. Dizzy sights of waterfalls flowing down off towering cliffs and journeys into huge caverns cut deep into ancient rock. At the journey's end a meal as arranged for the group in the Glencolumcille Hotel in Malin Beg

It turned out to be a very nice meal in a very nice restaurant at a very nice price. A rink in the hotel lounge and a tired but well fed, watered and reasonably happy bunch of paddlers hit their respective hay clumps. Some chose the luxury of the hotel rooms; some choose the local hostel while others chose to camp. But even this option had sub options!! Some chose Muckross Head, others the area near the little pier below the hotel while others went for the "Oileain" option of an area near "the house with the three chimneys" close to the Silver Strand. All campsites afforded their lodgers a room with a view.

Sunday lived up to its name and a general plan to continue along the coast towards Glencolumcille was agreed. Some made it as far as Glencolumcille beach while others decided to swing a left and head for Rathlin O' Birne Island instead. As per usual over the weekend, no matter what option was chosen each was enjoyed....a bit of rough water reported at Rossan Point, beautiful beach at Glencolumcille, spectacular sea arch under the entrance to the Rathlin O' Birne island lighthouse.

Stan is looking at the camera in his hand. "I only took three," he says with a definitely insincere downhearted shake of the head. "Only three photographs," we say aghast.. "och nu"! Three rolls of film worth of photographs!!" he says with his usual grin. It was indeed a sea kayaking experience not to be missed and well worth several rolls of film!

Des Keaney

Beep beep, beep beep... my watch goes off at 0330. Despite the hour, there's no lethargy this morning - a combination of apprehension and anticipation makes sure of that! We're in Nigel Dennis's place just outside Holyhead and are hoping to paddle to Dublin that day. The 'we' are Stephen Hannon, John Mollohan, Seán Pierce and Fergal Trant and myself, Des Keaney.

We're going from Wales to Ireland, mainly because of tides. Anyone who has paddled the North and South Stacks and Penrhyn Mawr on the coast of Anglesey knows how big that water can be. Not a place to be after 16 hours. Much better to come into the more benign Irish coast which we know well anyway.

We'd been watching the weather for a month - there hadn't been even a hint of the necessary anticyclone. We needed a window of 48 hours of settled weather - light to moderate winds somewhere out of the East, please and thanks. In fact, the easterly gales of the previous week had burnt the leaves off most of the trees on the East coast. Sure, we wanted Easterlies, but a force 8? No thanks!

By late July, I was giving up hope, The solstice was a month past and we were losing daylight hours. It was hard to keep motivated. When the motivation was high, we were spending a lot of time on the water - a day or two at the weekend and a couple of evenings during the week. Our brownie points were being used up fast!

Monday the 23rd and the Medium range synoptic chart was showing a ridge of high pressure from about Thursday on. We risked another 5 day forecast from Met Eire ann. At £25 for a one page fax, it's not exactly cheap. How can a Government encourage water safety and charge so much for weather forecasts?

Wednesday afternoon and it was all systems go. A flurry of last minute preparation and we were off on the Friday morning ferry. Five kayaks on an elderly Range Rover was a challenge in itself! Mary Butler had taken time off from building her house in Donegal to do shore support.

Friday afternoon was spent at Nigel Dennis's, buying kayaks and doing the final trip planning. The total distance was 53 nautical miles or 61 statute. The tides were almost perfect, the southerly ebb starting at 0430, our planned departure time. This would carry us south of the direct line between Holyhead and the Kish light which is the main ferry route. There were two things which scared me about this trip and the high speed ferries was one of them. Fog was the other but more of that later.

Our course was almost directly west. Thus the tide would take us south for 6 hours, north for 6 hours and south for the remainder. It meant we would be fighting the southerly ebb again at the end but it was definitely the safest. A training run across Dublin Bay had given us a healthy respect for shipping, particularly the fast ferries.

Our training runs hadn't been without incident, at least for me. I had been having trouble all year with a muscle in my neck/shoulder area. We did a 40 miler between Wicklow and Skerries, lasting 11 hours, and I was in considerable pain at the end. A number of visits to the physio had helped a lot and I was hopeful it would last the trip. I was absolutely determined not to be the first sea kayaker airlifted from the Irish Sea because of a sore shoulder!

Mary pushed us off from Porth Dafarch in the early morning gloom at 0445. I was leading the first leg - we were rotating the lead in half hour stints. Staying on a compass course takes concentration, especially in the early morning when there were no clouds on which to take a line. The conditions were calm and I soon had enough light to navigate without a torch. It was warm, even before dawn. The cags came off - how hot would it be by lunchtime?

The sunrise was absolutely beautiful - a blood red orb rising from behind Holy Island and casting its light on the occasional ships further out to sea. Their engines were to accompany us for hours as we crossed the shipping lanes off Anglesey.

"I see mountains" says Stephen after about four and a half hours. We were 15 miles out, cutting through glassy calm water. Visibility was hard to measure - was that a fog bank or a light veil of mist further off? With no reference point, it was hard to judge. By the time I looked for the mountains, they'd vanished. "Go away outta that, Stephen, you're popping too many bananas!" But he was right - a couple of minutes later, they reappeared through the mist. It was hard to believe that it would take us another 12 hours to get there!

Eight hours gone and we were halfway through a huge southerly arc. The GPS was invaluable for giving us a position check. The tide pulled us south to a latitude of Kilcoole in Wicklow, about 12 miles south of our target. An hour later, we were still at the same latitude. The tide was obviously not behaving as expected. We changed course 10 degrees further north and began making our way back towards Dublin.

Soon afterwards, the bow wave of a powerful motor cruiser appeared from the direction of Ireland and roared past about half a mile away. We were having a break and probably looked more disorganised than we actually were. Stephen attempted to get in contact on the VHF but got no response. A shout over the rumble of engines of "Are you OK?" brought a flurry of waves and thumbs up.

He obviously hadn't met many sea kayakers on his travels across the Irish Sea as he seemed reluctant to continue. "Dublin Coastguard Radio, Dublin Coastguard Radio, this is MV Lamanos, are you receiving me, over?" "We have five canoes 18 miles off the coast. They say they're not in need of assistance but it seems a long way out"

Dublin C.R. "Roger Lamanos. can you give us a position please?"

Lamanos " 52 degrees 56 minutes North, 5 degrees 30 minutes west"

Ehhh???? That put us about 10 miles further south than we expected. Who was lost here?

Dublin C.R. "Thank you Lamanos, they're enroute from Holyhead to Dublin."

Long silence..... "Roger Dublin Coastguard. Out"

We rechecked our position and, satisfied that we were right, decided not to point out his error. After all, he was 'helping' us.

By this time it was really warm. We were stripped down to the basics, the sweat was flowing freely and the water consumption was rising. Even the Manx Shearwaters and Fulmars were resting on the smooth surface of the water. They prefer a wind to allow them to glide but we were very happy to see them stationary. Many's the time in the past I've been battling to stay upright on some western coast when they've effortlessly glided past with a 'how interesting' look at my struggling boat.

At about 10 hours out, I hit my low point. The GPS was telling us there was still 22.3 miles to go. Such awful precision. "Turn it off Stephen!" Another 6 hours... Jesus! And those mountains just weren't moving. Half the problems on a trip like this are psychological. I reminded myself of the positive points and felt better.

How many people ever got to see the Irish coast from this angle? "Savour it Boy, you'll never be here again." This came to mind again later when the Kish finally came into view. I'm used to looking at it with only the sea and sky as a backdrop - now however, it was *inside* Howth Head.

My neck was behaving. The frequent short breaks as we changed leader gave me time to rest and stretch. While I was getting stabs down both sides, it was manageable and I was now confident it would make it. That was my greatest worry out of the way.

"There's a change coming Lads" someone piped up at about 4 hours from home. Sure enough, there were fingers of a breeze darting across the water and cloud obscuring the sun. The wind picked up from the South and we knew we'd have wind over tide on the shallows of the Kish Bank, 7 miles off the Irish coast. And so it proved. Nothing big, but bumpy enough for cags and we were glad it wasn't there all day.

It took us an age to get south of the Kish lighthouse. Only 2 hours to go. Details of the coast were starting to appear as the sun dropped towards the horizon. I was glad I'd brought my sunglasses. We'd had our last food break by this time. On analysing our physical condition later, we agreed that it was best to stick to wholesome food for most of the trip..... sandwiches, pasta, rice, fruit cake and bananas being the most popular. Nothing too rich or strong. Chocolate taken too early was unhelpful later and those who had indulged suffered towards the end. I was very pleased with both my food and drink. I'd drunk about 4 litres of water, only had one pee and wasn't particularly thirsty at the end.

Pee techniques ranged from the macho, who stood up and straddled a couple of boats, to a more subdued shuffling with a bottle in the cockpit. This was the preferred choice of the camera shy.

We were four and a half miles off Killiney when we made calls to the shore team. I had a lump in my throat after talking to my wife, Marie. Due to other commitments, I hadn't

expected her to be at the finish but she was going to be there and it meant a lot to me. She'd been a 'kayak widow' during our training and I owed a lot to her support. Also, finishing this trip was a huge personal achievement for me. While I'd never regretted stopping on the 'Round Ireland trip in 1998, I'd worked hard on my skills in the meantime and had something to prove to myself. And now we are nearly there.

The group closed up again after we passed Muglins and entered the last mile. It was a beautiful evening, the familiar landmarks of Dalkey and Dun Laoghaire lit by the evening sun. We passed the Forty Foot bathing place at exactly 2100 and ran the kayaks onto the beach in Sandycove a couple of minutes later. "God, that's a beautiful sound!"

I was sitting on the back deck, sipping a cup of tea and wondering if my knees would work when Mark Hughes paddled up behind me in a river boat. He'd been rock hopping near Sandycove. "Out for the day Des?" "Yeah, you could say that Mark."

The sea let us pass and I was grateful.

Forty years ago, on August 16th, 1960, three teenage Courtown Harbour youths slipped quietly away from the beach at Ardmine at 11:15 p.m. in a 16ft two seater canoe – and into the history books.

The trio, home on holidays from the merchant navy, paddled their overloaded canoe from Ireland to Wales in an adventure which would do justice to a story from the pages of Joseph Conrad, famed novelist of the sea.

Landfall

Peter Sinnott and Peter Donegan from Courtown Harbour and Seamus Organ from nearby Riverchapel, paddled the canoe from Ardmine and made landfall at Strumble Head near Fishguard on the Welsh coast in just over 24 hours. But it was a miracle that they made the voyage in safety. It was the calmest 24 hours they have probably ever known. Even the slightest swell or choppy sea could have capsized the home-made canoe.

Their dangerous adventure was an historic achievement as it was the first and only time that three men had crossed the Irish Sea in a two man canoe. However, the discovery of their secret voyage when they were half way across the Channel sparked off a major air - sea rescue operation involving lifeboats, lightships and commercial sea traffic.

But let them start their story from the beginning. The trio had cherished a secret ambition to paddle from Courtown Harbour to Wales because it hadn't been done before. They had planned the voyage for some time. They borrowed the 16 ft canoe from the late Paddy Ryan, Enniscorthy, who had a holiday home in Ardmine.

Apart from three paddles and a sail, they brought a portable radio, compass, a camera, binoculars, and a quantity of biscuits, chocolates, sweets, some foodstuffs and bottles of drinking water.

Secrecy

Only two young friends – Gerard Bolger and Jimmy Kane, knew of the trip and they were pledged to secrecy.

It was only on the following day – more than 12 hours after they had set out on their paddle, that their two friends told of the voyage that hit the international headlines and triggered off the big air-sea search.

The crossing from Ardmine to the Welsh Coast is 85 miles and the adventurous trio calculated it would take them 21 hours. However, they drifted south and it took them just over 24 hours. Despite all the fears, there was a happy ending to the story when the trio came ashore at 12:30 a.m. on the following morning at Strumble Head near Fishguard.

While they had some difficulty in landing because of tidal problems, all three were none the worse of their experience. Overall their voyage proved uneventful – but it could have been otherwise.

When they arrived, they were fed by the local police in Fishguard and given a bed for the night. The trio wanted to paddle back across the Irish Sea but the authorities would not allow it. Instead they returned to Rosslare Harbour aboard the ferry.

But once in Rosslare Harbour, they decided to paddle the canoe the 50 miles by sea back to Courtown Harbour.

Heroes Welcome

They stopped off at Cahore Pier for refreshments and then continued to Courtown Harbour where they were given a heroes welcome. There was even a band to play them up the entrance channel as they paddled triumphantly into the harbour.

Thus ended an adventure which could have gone so tragically wrong. At the time, the Irish Sea – which can be so cruel – was described as being as calm as a ‘millpond’ for that 24 hours.

At the time, the daring and intrepid canoeists were dubbed the ‘cockleshell heroes’ after a wartime exploit by the Royal Navy to blow up German ships in a French port. Today, the heroes would hardly describe themselves thus.

Today Peter Sinnott and Peter Donegan are family businessmen in Courtown Harbour and Seamus Organ holds a degree in Social Science from Paisley College in Strathclyde in Scotland and is now a Drugs and Alcoholic counsellor in Paisley.

Amusement arcade owner Peter Sinnott told this newspaper that he would ‘not have attempted such a dangerous escapade if had thought seriously about it at the time’. ‘It was a once off effort... I would not go across the harbour in a canoe today. We lived on borrowed time during those 24 hours. It was pure luck we got across. If a wind had blown up, the three of us would have been swamped in a two-man canoe’.

Peter Donegan said he wouldn’t attempt such a hazardous trip today or even a few years ago when a repeat voyage was suggested. ‘There is no way I would do it now. It was a crazy adventure but we did not look at it that way at the time’.

Peter Sinnott and Peter Donegan settled down in their native village but Seamus Organ went on to lead an ever greater adventurous life from merchant seaman to Rhodesian policeman, soldier of fortune and Triathlon specialist.

Since 1980, he has cycled 3000 miles across the American continent twice – the second time because the US media would not believe he had done it the first time.

In 1986, he cycled into Colorado for the World Cycling Championships and met Seán Kelly. In 1984 he competed in the World Triathlon Championships in Nice and cycled home via Italy, Switzerland, France and the UK.

Tailpiece

The late Paddy Ryan’s canoe, used in the crossing, was built by Thomas Kehoe of Enniscorthy who disappeared attempting to paddle from the Azores to the U.S. back in the 1960’s.

IT’S GEAR !

Kevin O’ Sullivan

Here follows some pros and cons covering some of my collection of Sea Kayaking kit.

KAYAK : Romany explorer by Nigel Dennis Kayaks Anglesey.

Carbon/Kevlar Hull with Retractable Skeg plus a Keyhole Cockpit.

Why a Carbon/Kevlar hull ? In a word. ...WEIGHT.... or more accurately lack of it! Having joined the world of sea kayaking from surf skiing where heavy weights were never carried, coupled with a niggling back injury, I decided one of my priorities had to be a lightweight sea kayak. Since a lot of my trips are done solo (I've got my EPIRB for company) carrying my vessel is now almost a pleasure. Lifting onto a roof rack is easily done.

I bought myself a 'cosmetic second' from Nigel Denis and brought it back in the ferry. Price was well reduced to stg£800 from stg£1300 due to some small gel coat bubbles in the hull. The hull itself needs treating with care as it can easily shatter if you hit a hard object, however Kevlar is a very tough fibre and will stay intact after most impacts. My only reservation with the construction of the Carbon/Kevlar in the hull is that the clear Gel coat affords no barrier to sunlight. Originally this boat was bound for the U.S.market where the customer wanted his cool fibrous hull to be on display!!

The retractable skeg is also a useful extra in the Romany.... whilst it doesn't assist in manoeuvring in tight spaces as a rudder does, it takes a lot of the strain out of paddling at odd angles to wind and swell. My only reservation with this device is after beach launching it has jammed into its retraction slot ...and only after some jiggery pokery from an obliging fellow paddler has the problem been sorted.

The KEYHOLE cockpit was a real eye opener for mefor example it is possible with one of these devices to paddle towards the beach with both feet out of the kayak and just stand up when in about nine inches of water depth ... is that handy or what? Because of the flanges on the inside of the cockpit I have never felt loose or uneasy when rolling... a good deck cover is a must with the extra area to be sealed.

ISKA LIBRARY

The Library now contains over 70 titles on all aspects of Kayaking, Irish Islands, Weather, Navigation, Natural History, Shipwreck and Nautical History.

Contact: Des Keaney@hotmail.com

Contact: Des Keaney @hotmail.com

TRANSPORT: Primex of California. Kayak/Canoe Cart .

Most folk think of transport as a roof rack system to get you to the beach, whereupon you can oftentimes find yourself still faced with a considerable distance to get to the sea itself...ring any bells? To ease this particular type of pain in such situations I decided to invest in another set of wheels, namely a boat trolley.

Bought off the net (www.deluge.com) for about £130 it has already paid for itself. It also doubles up as a seat at the end of the day. It allows you to consider taking that extra bit of weight and also to have a casual chat as you cross the acres of dry beach to the ocean. A consideration would be to get one that fits into your kayak, mine only fits into the larger hatches of my two-man, and when using it with my single it lives strapped onto the deck.

Kayak carrier systems also do some carriers/loaders (www.kayak.co.uk).

You could also make one yourself and if my memory serves me an old copy of Sea Kayaker magazine contains details on how to do same. (Des Keaney has the copy).

Ericsson Mobile R310s

Alan Horner

Water, Dust Shock Resistant

You might have heard about this phone which is being marketed to the "out-of-doors" types... It has a goretex membrane and can actually be washed under running water when you drop it in the mud.

Features - Talk time 150mins, standby 120 hrs , Shock Resistant, Vibra Alert, Voice Activation, Data/Fax compatibility etc. etc.

Although it doesn't float, have a built in EPIRB and doesn't like sea water it's about the only phone on the market which can at least take some abuse.

Just received an offer for phone above IR£19 including connection to Eircell

Contact Croft Telecom at Phone 01 -4097007 or Fax 01 4500334 - Alisa Byrne / Selina O'Doherty for details

PS. I'm not on any commission but thought some of you might be interested

Forecasts get data boost

From the Irish Times of 8th May 2001

By Lorna Siggins, Marine Correspondent

Weather forecasts for the Irish Sea are expected to become more accurate following deployment of an offshore data buoy east of Lambay Island by the Marine Institute.

The weather buoy is the second in a series of five planned for offshore waters by the Marine Institute, Met Eireann and the Department of the Marine and Natural Resources. It was towed into position 20 nautical miles east of Lambay Island recently by the national research vessel, Celtic Voyager.

Information from the first buoy, called M1 and deployed 50 nautical miles west of the Aran Islands last November, is already being transmitted ashore. It is available on the Internet and on Met Eireann's weather dial fax. Vital observations on wind direction and speed, air and sea surface temperature, wave height and period and atmospheric pressure are updated hourly.

Met Eireann say the buoy will give "Unprecedented and valuable information about the marine environment" in the Irish Sea. It highlights the long-term benefits of continuous observations in relation to predicting extreme weather conditions. The Marine Institute data buoy website is www.marine.ie/databuoy

Why I love my Huntsman.

Tony Viney

Having attended a number of ISKA Symposia and Come and Try It sessions I am impressed by the number of paddlers who have fond memories and amusing anecdotes about The Huntsman(aka "The Handbag").

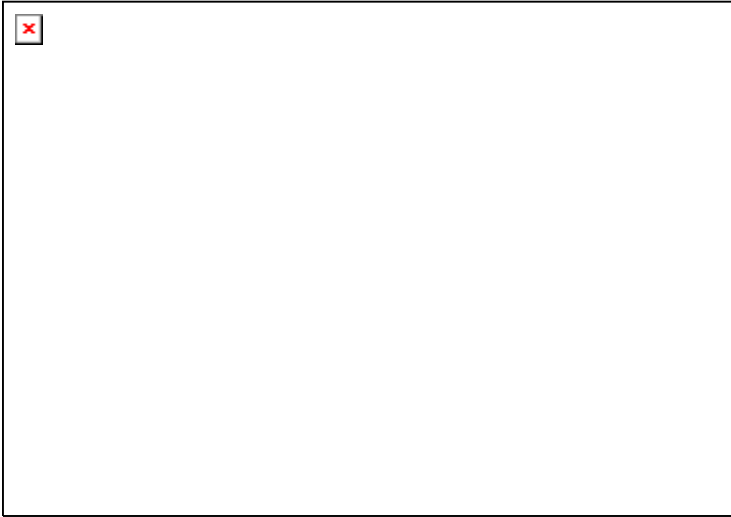
With this in mind I am keen to set up The Huntsman Appreciation Society.

Membership is only £10 per annum (£1 discount for ISKA members).

Who knows. If we get sufficient members we may be able to persuade the manufacturers to start reproduction. If it worked for the Mini motor car why not the Handbag?

If you are interested in joining contact

Tony Viney (address as in contact list)



More About Rudders.

Ciaran Smith

While directional control skills are extremely important any should be developed by all the use of rudders makes paddling enjoyable especially when kayaking in spectacular locations such as the west coast of Ireland.

This article is about adding rudders to any class of a kayak. The diagram above is of a rudder I made for the Legend kayak the main elements were machined from nylon block.

The existing skeg box was badly damaged by a stone. The bracket in which the rudder swivels is attached to the kayak by using the hole for the carry toggle and the nearest deck line screw point. This means that two screws are holding the assembly on to the kayak and can be quickly dismantled.

The left foot peddle is only shown in the diagram and the Tee Slot shape fits over the existing foot rest so no messing with existing arrangements.

The control cable's, which for the moment are strimmer lawn cutting cable, are inserted into pneumatic pipe with a 5mm outside diameter. The only holes drilled in the deck were to allow the pneumatic cable through. Adjustment of the pedal length is allowed for by adjusting the grip on the cable by a thumbscrew.

The rudder is extremely effective for a small degree of adjustment. The use of a rudder allows more balanced paddling and less strain on the back.

If I had it fitted for the Garten Symposium I just might have won that race to Inishmeane !

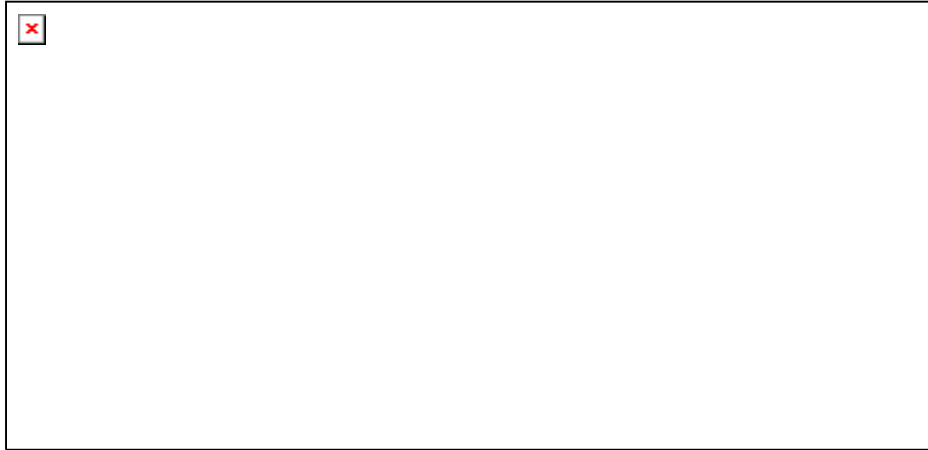
Come and Try It Weekend

Venue: Skerries Co. Dublin

Dates: 15th-16th September 2001.

This is the first time that ISKA has organised a "Come and Try It "event on the East Coast. Skerries and the North Dublin coast has a good variety of offshore island objectives and paddling conditions in a compact area. There is both archaeological and wildlife interest on the islands

- The autumn event will be based at The Skerries Sailing Club premises on Harbour Road.
- Briefings will be at 1000hrs in the clubhouse on both mornings.
- Meals are available on request from Sailing Club staff or alternatively in any of the towns pubs /restaurants.
- Camping is possible but rather public along Skerries main beach front and on Red Island. A serviced site is available in nearby Rush.
- Equipment Hire: £30 secures boat, paddle, cag, and buoyancy aid.
- Showers and Changing Facilities are available at the Sailing Club at a small fee.



Tollymore Mountain Centre, Bryansford, Newcastle, Co.Down

Tel: 028 4372 2158 Fax: 028 4372 6155

All prices in GB£

Email: admin@tollymoremc.com

Web: www.tollymoremc.com

Introduction to Sea Kayaking Expeditioning

Self Catering/ Camping 26th - 29th October £100

3 Star & 4 Star training (assessment available at end of weekend for those interested)

Self Cater / camp 7th -9th Sept £75

Sea Kayaking Expedition - Skye

Self cater / camp 25th - 31st Aug £290

Sea Kayaking Week

Catered/ self cater 5th -10th Aug £350

4 Star Assessment

Catered 9th Sept
£35

5 Star Training

Self Cater 5th - 7th Oct £75

Level 111 Coach Training

Catered 22nd - 24th June
£95

9th - 11th Nov £95

Level 111 Coach Assessment

Catered 22nd - 24th June
£95

9th - 11th Nov £95

Saoirse na Mara

Connemara Island Hopping week

Visit the spectacular Connemara islands with a guide who has spent many years paddling in the area.

Date: August 4th – 11th and August 15th – 19th (4 days)

All equipment supplied

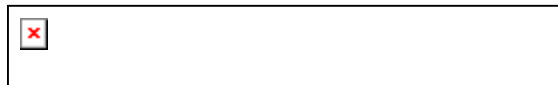
Groups by arrangement outside these dates.

Level 3/4/5 Courses and Assessments

These are held on request.

Contact: Stephen Hannon at Stephenh@iol.ie

Saoirse na Mara, 69 Manor Village, Westport Road, Castlebar, Co.Mayo . Tel. 094 27682



River Ocean Kayak will run courses for groups of 3 to 5 participants. Courses available include Level 2 & 3 proficiency.

Contact: Marc Jegou, 2 Muckinish West, Ballyvaughan, and Co.Clare

Tel: 065 7077043

Email: riverocean@esatclear.ie, Web: www.riverocean.com

18-19th August Killary Sea Kayaking Weekend

Galway £120

20-24th August Island Hopping Odyssey Galway £270

All of the above course fees include full board, accommodation, instruction, use of equipment, insurance.

Contact: Jon Hynes

Email: mail@tiglin.com

Web: www.tiglin.com

Tel: 0404 40169

Atlantic Sea Kayaking

Sea Kayaking trips take place every weekend. Give us a call if interested. Beginners welcome.

Contact Jim Kennedy at 028 33002, Email: atlanticseakayaking@eircom.net

Web: www.atlanticseakayaking.com

Introduction to Sea Kayaking Classes

Suitable for beginners, Duration: 2 hours, Price: .£20 punts P/P (inc. equipment)

Half Day Sea Kayaking Expedition

Suitable for beginner and intermediate, 3 hours, Price £30 punts p/p (inc. equipment)

Full day Sea Kayaking Expedition

Suitable for beginner and advanced, 6 hours, Price :£ 40 punts p/p (inc. equipment)

Moonlight / Starlight Paddle

One of our more popular trips. Beginning at dusk we paddle right into the darkness, whether there is a full moon or a star filled sky overhead. Each has it's own special magic. Combine this with the phosphorescence lighting up the ocean and you have a truly remarkable experience.

Suitable for beginner and advanced, 3 hours, Price: £25 punts p/p (inc. equipment)

Full Day Expedition with Overnight Camping

(6p.m - 12noon following days)

.Minimum 2 days one night, Price: £70punts

Tents, cooking equipment and kayaking equipment are included in price, family and group discounts.

3 Day to 7 Day Long Expeditions

(Hotels / Guest houses and Camping)

Duration :from 3 days to 7 days, Tents, cooking equipment and kayaking equipment are included in price. Family and group discounts.

Student Camping Expeditions

(minimum age 15)

Camping trips designed for students and youth groups (Leaders must accompany teenagers) See camping trips description.

Kayak Surfing workshops.

The thrills and excitement of riding kayaks on waves rolling to the beach to release their energy should not be missed. We run surf -kayaking classes for kayaker who have some flat-water experience.

We teach safety and surf technique i.e. rescues, avoiding collisions handling the kayak on waves and how to enjoy it to the maximum.

Duration 4 hours Price:30punts p/p (inc. equipment & hand outs)

Expedition Planning ,Tides and Weather.

One day class suitable for kayaker and small boat users. (Practical and lectures.)

Duration:6 hours. Price : £35 punts p/p (inc. equipment)

Safety / Rescue Classes for Sea Kayaking.

Duration :6 hours Price £35punts p/p (Inc. equipment & hand outs)

Eskimo Rolling Clinics.

Learn the graceful art of righting a capsized kayak. (In the winter we use warm swimming pool, summer classes are held out of doors in the sea)

Duration: 3 two hour classes Price : Pool classes £60punts, outdoor classes £45punts

Sea Kayak / Small Boat - Coastal Navigation ,Weather forecast and Tides and the use of the G.P.S..

Duration :2 days Price :£70punts p/p (inc. equipment & hand outs)

Sunday Trip.

Each Sunday we do a different trip usually about 4 hours.

Numbers are restricted for all courses and trips.

Kayak & paddles: £10 per day

Sea Kayaking trips and classes are available all year round. (individual or groups). Private tuition is also available. We welcome enquiries.

Accommodation is available at Maria's Schoolhouse, Union Hall. A special deal is available to course participants.

Sea Kayaking trips take place every weekend. Give us a call if interested . Beginners welcome.

Contact: Jim Kennedy at 028 33003

Irish Sea Kayaking Association Courses

REC 3 First Aid

This popular course will be available again later in the year. Watch the web site or contact Mary Butler 087 6619347 for further details.

Cost: £50 Email: marybutler@hotmail.com

Trip Planning Course

This course will allow you to safely plan a day trip before you get on the water. We'll take you from zero to Level 4 standard in a day. This aspect of sea kayaking is vital to those do their own trips. It is aimed at beginners and those who want to improve or brush up on their planning skills.

Date: To be decided

Cost: £25

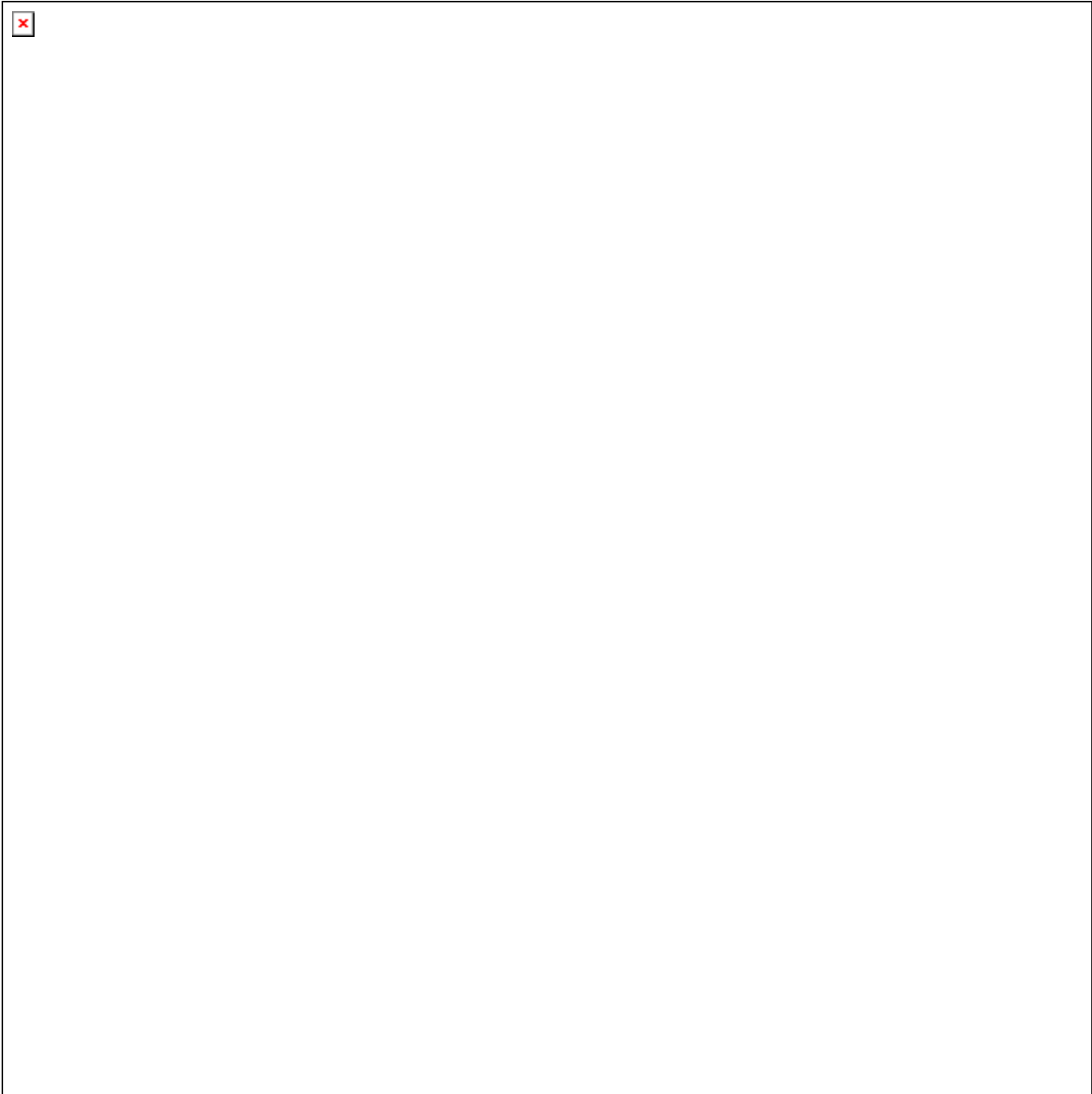
Contact Des Keaney at 01 2760263

Email: deskeaney@hotmail.com

VHF Radio Course

The details of this course are not available yet but it is hoped that SRC Module 1 run over two days can be organised in conjunction with BIM. This course will cost £65.

If interested in attending such a course, please contact Mary Butler Tel: 074 28177 or email: marybutler@hotmail.com



Skerries Winter Freeze

Series 2001

The dates of the forthcoming winter series of trips off Skerries Co. Dublin are as follows:

15th September

6th October

10th November

15th December

Meet at slipway next to RNLi Station Skerries 1000hrs.

Contact: Sean Pierce on Fri evenings