



John Ramwell photographs

I must mention the hospitality and friendliness of the Adelaidians. Their enthusiasm for everything, including, of course, sea canoeing, was tremendous.

It must be the climate and the local wines. I was introduced to several of the wines produced locally.

At an evening spent at Adelaide University we consumed well over two bottles each. I don't really remember now. So much happened during our short stay in Adelaide, radio interviews, more sea canoeing and parties.

We set off back for Melbourne at 4.30 in the morning, having been to an all night party at the Adelaide Arts Centre. What a party that was, the long haul back to Melbourne, stopping only to eat, rest or change drivers.

We broke our journey at Ballarat to view the historical gold mine, where it is still possible to pan for gold, not that I saw anyone find any the day we were there.

One more dinner party in Melbourne before catching my flight back to London put the final touch to what was, for me, a remarkable

experience. I have mentioned one or two names only in this account. If I mentioned all those whom I met, who extended friendship and hospitality, I should have a lengthy list indeed.

Suffice it to say that if ever you have any doubts about human nature, then a visit to Australia will fix those doubts. I found such genuine and unaffected hospitality that another visit has to be inevitable.

Link to YouTube video on the Great Ocean Road:

<https://youtube.com/watch?v=TqVSoJmCvXE?si=87nMbdNqMc4ljnUT>

... our trip out to Kangaroo Island from Adelaide way back in the later 1970s?

It was the first ever unsupported kayak trip.

That's me on the left.

John Ramwell

Kangaroo Island, located off the coast of South Australia, has been in the news for various reasons. In January 2020 the island was ravaged by bushfires that destroyed more vegetation than any previous fires in the island's recorded history.

More recently, tourists have been asked to stop feeding Kangaroo Island's kangaroos after receiving reports that the animals were congregating near houses and causing problems for residents.

The year's plan

After the previous year's three weeks in Embrun we were wondering where we might go the following year and America and Corsica were mentioned but no decision was made. Then, while attending an ICU training course on the River Boyne in Navan, one of the gang (Justin) got talking to a German paddler who was over for a few weeks and, after a few pints and a few more rivers and then a few more pints of Guinness, plans for a trip to Germany were starting to fall into place. At first it was to be Justin and Larry who would fly in to Munich but we all know how these things tend to expand. Around New Year's Eve (which was a few months later) at an annual get together of Irish paddlers in Glenbeigh, Co Kerry, the home of some of Ireland's finest rivers, the crew for the trip had increased to six.

With the newly arranged crew and all the ifs and buts put into place all that was left was the wait.

All was not well

The moment of departure finally arrived on 21st June. We set off from Rosslare on Friday and arrived in Ingolstadt late on Saturday night. We were given a very warm welcome which included photos of the rivers and places we were about to encounter, a fine meal which was prepared by Marcus' mother and a few beers to contain the appetite which we built up looking at the rivers. Daylight came with an air of excitement and anticipation as the fun was about to begin. However, all was not well as it was raining incessantly but it didn't stop Justin trudging off in his shorts. We set off for Munich

The search for an oasis in a desert

Remembering the luck of the Irish in the Alps