CARBONOLOGY
SPORT

PE2EL SURFSKI CHALLENGE 2023

50th
Anniversary

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The Challenge may not be the longest race in the world, but it is no ordinary race. It is 250km of rugged coastline and an ocean that is renowned for its rapidly changing moods where a benign calm sea becomes a raging ocean with massive surf. It is regarded as **one of the toughest surfski races in the world** and those who have accepted the challenge and finished will cherish these memories forever. There are many tales to be told about comradeship, courage, and humor, which have become fireside folk law.

WHERE IT ALL BEGAN

LUCKY STRIKE

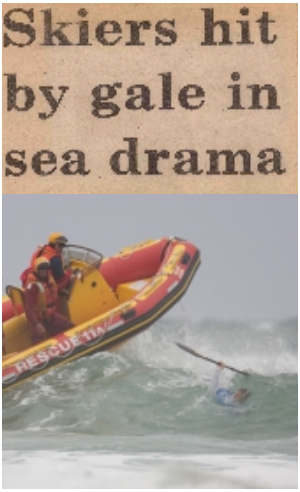
JOHN WOODS
PIONEER OF THE CHALLENGE

The Lucky Strike Challenge" race was originally an idea formulated to raise funds for a club by a team of skis (in relay) racing a team of runners (also in relay) from Port Eliabeth to East London. When it was heard that John Ball was to make a solo attempt on his record (run). Club Treasurer, Peter Kidson "challenged" Ball to a race on John Woods behalf. This idea snowballed and very soon **the race was on.**

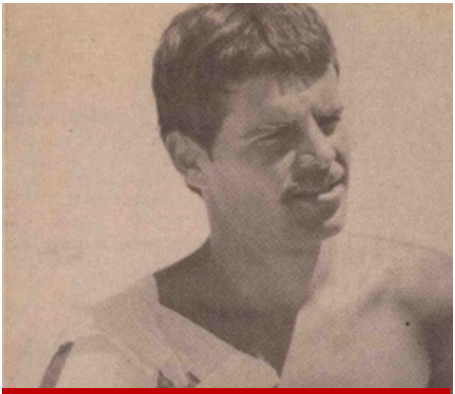
Rob Welsh

> "Newspaper reports say that John Parethyres sighted a basking shark and moby dick. Reliable sources confirm that he was trying to hitch a ride behind them"
> Dec 1972

Paul & Oscar



1986 Plascon Challenge: Woody Cape



Exhausted Pierre Jonker, who with his partner, overshot the finish at Woody Cape and were disqualified

MEMORIES, PHOTOS AND STORIES
OF THE FIRST 50 YEARS OF THE CHALLENGE

A coffee table book is in the process of being developed and one of the epic stories is told by a legend of the race, Boet O'Connor.

This story is from the 1985 Texan Challenge where the paddlers fought their way into a head wind which saw Boet and his partner, Skuse, taking 12 hours to reach Woody Cape. 9 hours into the race with the cliffs at Woody Cape still a distant mirage, Boet said he could hang in, but only if he had food. They headed for the beach after seeing a Landrover in the hope that there would be fisherman with food. The fisherman turned out to be farmers from Botswana sitting around a massive pot of boiling buffalo stew. The stew was being washed down by rum and coke and true to tradition, they had to drink a few glasses of the beverage followed by plates of delicious buffalo stew. Declining the invitation of a longer party, they set off again, and arrived at Woody Cape in good spirits, after a long 12-hour day despite blistered hands and tired bodies.

Its the memories you share that will make this coffee table book special. Please send your PE2EL experiences to **secretary@bordercanoeclub.co.za**

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