



CANEWS

July 2013

EDITOR'S CORNER

A BIG thank you to the contributors

Barry D, Jake D, Dot, Simon B and Cindy

RCC HISTORY

Old issues of Canews are available to download and savour. See some real old school paddling!, find out what happened a decade or so ago, and for those RCC long-timers, relive some memories and cringe at what you, or others, said at the time.

CAPTION COMPETITION



'See this rope !!! somebody tripped my boat up'

Mike W

No really, I'd have been fine, but these new super-buoyant shoulder pads got in the way of my cross-deck support. Barry D

I'm sure at lunch break they attached this piece of string to my boat bung. Cindy B

At times of danger, Mike had an inbuilt reaction that caused his suit to inflate, a useful safety feature.

Anthropologists have dubbed it "The fear or fart response" Mike F

JAKE'S ADVENTURES ON THE NILE

Jake Deakin gave a fantastic talk and slide show of his recent kayaking trip on the Nile at the last AGM.

You can see Jake's account by clicking on this link, or Copying it into the address bar at the top of your browser:

<http://jakedeakin.blogspot.co.uk/2013/06/white-nile-uganda.html>



OUR DEAR FRIEND GLYN

Glyn had been battling cancer for a couple of years. Someone with a more optimistic outlook it should be hard to imagine.

He told me that there was a 25% chance of surviving it and that he felt sorry for the other 75%.

Having such a physical job, it must have come hard to be struck down by this disease but he never let that stop him. All the time I knew him he had such a can do attitude. Even when that meant a swim on white water. I used to tease him about his swim record and he used it as a brag, 'swam on that one' he would say with a cheeky grin.

The last time I paddled with him, I picked him up and we met Captain Worth just outside Weymouth. We had planned to paddle up the Fleet and BBQ some sausages for lunch.

The weather had other ideas. We could hardly make headway against the wind and getting under the causeway was a major struggle. It was obvious to Mike and I that it was going to be to much of a battle for all of us, so we headed back and meandered around the breakwaters and took a look at the newly built marina. We had a pub lunch instead of the planned BBQ and took a tour of Portland.

A kind lady took a photo of the three of us stood on the Headland, near the Lighthouse. What it doesn't show is Captain B####rd Worth, got Glyn and I to stand and pose for a pic, only to get soaked by the next huge wave...Grrrr.

Glyn was a lovely guy, with a kind nature and a great love of life.

He will be missed by so many of us.....Dot



Memorial Paddle for Glyn

On May the first 2013 Glyn Long, a paddler and past club member, passed away after living with cancer for several years. When we heard this sad news Nichola and Cap'n Worth thought that it only appropriate for the club members to celebrate having known him with a paddle around Poole harbour, one of the local locations of one of Glyn's many paddling epics.

The plan was to meet up at Lake Pier on the evening of his memorial service. As the week started the weather forecast started to look a little dubious and on Tuesday morning I picked up a forecast that made me think we would need to replan. Although it was looking to be a blue sky day they were forecasting rain, gales, and potentially snow in the south west and across the country.

Still we had made a plan and were sticking to it.

That evening Nichola dropped her boat off and it felt as though the gale was upon us. Through Wednesday the outlook seemed the same from within the glass box of an office building and Cap'n Worth was subject to hail stones at the boat yard.

Five pm came and time to leave work – still looking a little iffy with regards rain but we said we were paddling so off I went.

At Lake Pier the weather started to look better, sky was blue on the whole although there were some rain laden clouds passing over the harbour.

After a small amount of faffing (almost forgetting to put a beer in the boat) we were on the beach with our boats and trying to remember how to put the split paddles together – for some it had been a long time since the sea kayaks were in salt water.

Paddling plan was discussed and safety check for whistles and lights duly made in true Ringwood style (Plan – paddle on water, Whistles/lights – “sure I have one somewhere”) and off we went with the last hour of the falling tide.

Plan was to paddle in the harbour, enjoy the evening reminiscing and pitch up on an island to raise a glass in memory of Glyn. We struck across the harbour to Round Island and Arne, Nichola and I taking more westerly course than Cap'n Worth and Dave, we thought they were being lazy and wanting to miss out a circumnavigation of Round island – we later found out their planed route would have been a good idea. Having managed to keep our course and thereby encourage Dave and Cap'n Worth to join us we passed between Round island and Arne and were rewarded with the brief company of the Seal that likes to reside in that part of the harbour.

Once the the seal got bored of us we proceeded to paddle around the island. As we got closer to the southern end of the island we realised that perhaps we should not have waited watching the seal for so long. While the sea birds were still swimming their toes must have been brushing against the mud. Still we persevered and kept going, as the tide continued to fall faster than we paddled it was getting a little dubious as to whether we were going to be able to get out. Just as I started to think that I would need to sit out the tide and crack open a beer where I was the water got a little deeper and progress improved, for a little while.

Having thought we had successfully negotiated the shallows I started to realise that the seagull I was paddling towards was actually standing on the bottom and so the hard work began again. This time over a sandy seabed rather than muddy, In some ways this was easier for punting but the sand does not seem to let the boat slide as well as the mud did and we each came close to getting out and walking but no-one wanted to be first. Eventually we were in open water again set course for Pottery Pier.

We landed at Pottery Pier and as Cap'n Worth set up his brewkit for a soup a few beers were cracked open while we watched the sun descend through a near cloudless blue sky (while behind us a very black rain cloud passed across the Hills and Sandbanks). Glyn's memory was toasted with the assistance of a nip of Black Grouse whisky curtesy of Cap'n Worth.

Our time on the beach was determined by the positioning of Cap'n Worth's boat at the waterline.

Knowing that the tide was rising the ancient mariner placed his kayak in the perfect position such that when it was time to leave it was almost afloat and took no effort to launch. The less experienced members of the group however had to drag their boats back to the waters edge having severely over estimated the amount the tide would rise.

The journey back to Lake Pier was straightforward with the tide carrying us along nicely and we were ashore before we knew it. The four of us had had a surprisingly pleasant evening on the water with weather which had become clear and dry for us, although a little nippy once the sun went down, and were therefore pleased that we had stuck to the plan. We each felt that we had given Glyn a send off in a manner we hope that he would have approved of, even though there were no swims.

Simon B

TRYWERYN, NEAR BALA, SNOWDONIA – SPRING BANK HOLIDAY

Well I thought it all went swimmingly-for some of us more literally than others.

The team was Nichola and Jake W our skilled leaders, Gary a dependable and supportive (with some good tips) backmarker. Wesley and Gareth. Lisa with Charley in her open, Guest appearances by Ross Levine and Horatio. I knew I was the weakest link but had that feeling I was in trouble when they said I was the entertainment.



Camping in Snowdonia over a bank holiday weekend had seemed 'just the thing' to put me off future club trips and the loss of work for me that entails.

However, white water in summer was a temptation too strong so I belatedly signed up.

Wales was unrecognisable from my childhood holidays-, bathed in hot sunshine with little wind for 2 full days. We arrived via different routes and times of departing on the Friday with surprisingly little traffic problems overall. The Old Vicarage campsite, just

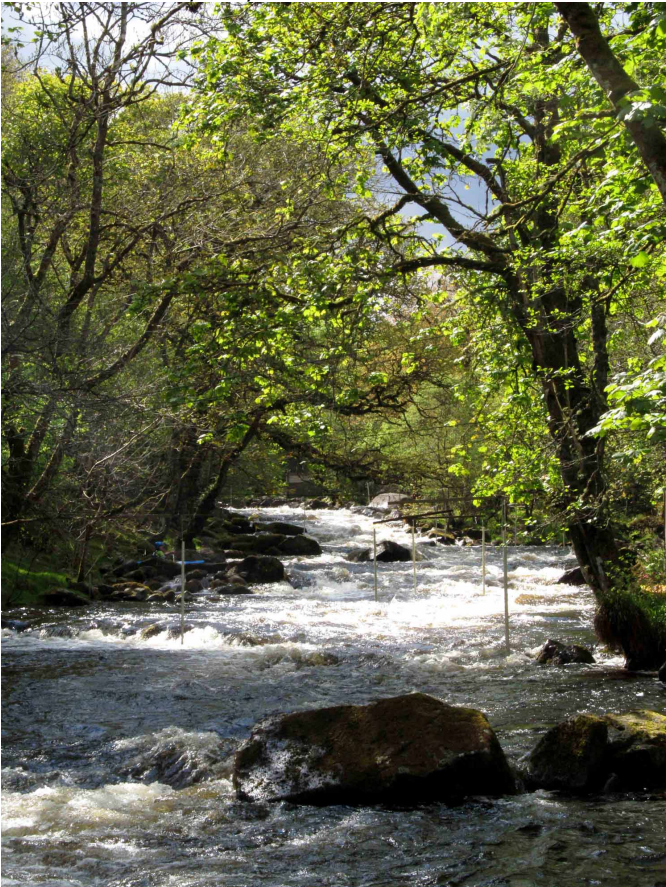
outside Frongoch, Bala, was small and in a beautiful setting (slightly primitive facilities as a fair trade off).



We set off next morning for the 2-3 lower section of the Tryweryn (with a sprinkling of avoidable 4). It is a beautiful river and there was time to enjoy the scenery and birds whilst having enough features to give a number of laughs, thrills and spills.

At a sign near the end we pulled over to walk and inspect the Bala Mill falls. They have thoughtfully provided a narrow channel over some distance so these are easily avoided without portage. Self preservation being never my strong point, I followed the other Kayakers down. My elation on rolling back up after a lengthy inspection of the river bed flashed to horror. I was right on the top of the falls descending in front of a large (and now relieved) crowd. Well.....I can be such an attention seeker.

After this we drove to walk and inspect the upper section of the Tryweryn.



Whilst some of us counted our blessings and reached for the anti-inflammatories others set off for their preview run of the grade 3-4 rapids. They returned glowing with the excitement and a cracked helmet.....doesn't bode well.

A new day and all the kayakers returned to the upper Tryweryn for an action packed and at times, for some of us, aquatic run. I wish I could describe more of the features and more about the others but it all flashed past in a haze of spray, adrenaline,and riverbed. "All too soon it was over"



I was just telling myself (and was almost convinced) when some of the team decided to run it again. Mmm... gulp.....perhaps I'll be better second time down.

We were a smaller group as some had had to return South. That was probably a blessing as the river was now becoming very crowded. Jake performed an amazing rescue turning a pathetic roll up I was attempting into a success and we all got down with varying amounts of style. OK, hugely varying amounts of style.

After lunch it was off to the river Dee; also stunning scenery in a different way. We started from the left edge of Horseshoe Falls and headed to the Serpents Tail feature ('turn left before the big rock wall' -and, thankfully, we all did).



From there it was a scenic paddle down to LLangollen finishing with the Town Falls just before their main

bridge. These were a 'first' for all of us so the boulders sticking out half way down the falls (just like a ski mogul slope) added a final adrenaline boost . Fortunately the rocks were smoothly shaped so the water seemed to turn my kayak around them before I could think "5H1T, what do I do here?" and really muck it up. As Gary pointed out, it was truly beautiful looking back at these falls with all the spray ...off all the rocks...in the sunshine.



What a wonderful end to a great weekends kayaking.

Before writing this I looked on the internet to find out where we'd been as it had been such a wonderful haze. I read that the "joy of setting off down the Town Falls is always tempered by the worry of the weir just beyond the bridge".....Like they say, 'ignorance is bliss'.

The final day, after breaking camp, Wales reverted to its more familiar form of solid rain. We did a little sightseeing and attempted shopping before heading for home without a bike ride. It seemed that there's the potential to expand the weekend for biking, walking, sightseeing etc They have a variety of accommodation available .There is a static caravan and the Old Vicarage 'Ridleys Residence' can be B&B or hired as self-catering. Rumour has it 'with a drying room for canoeists'.

You can see that trying to put myself off club camping weekends didn't quite work.

My overriding memories of the weekend will be:-

Of following Nichola down rapids-her effortless style. I'm fighting grizzly bears and she in front, dry hair, making it look like a 'walk in the park'.

Of Jakes amazing, smooth, rescue of me mid rapids -saving me from (another) swim. I'll know I've made it as a kayaker if I can ever do that for someone.

How well Lisa handles her canoe after so little time on the water.

The bravery of Charley during a short, well escorted, dip (don't mention it to him-least said the better- but he was impressively calm).

How Wesleys ability is unrecognisable from 6 months ago.

How Gareth could be rolled back up before I knew he'd gone.

Of the skills of Horatio and Ross after so little experience on rivers.

Of Ross's rare talentto laugh at my jokes-I do hope he joins our club.

And ,especially, of rolling up to see Garys face radiating the delight and exhilaration I felt -I truly believe he was as pleased as I was at those moments and think that sums up the difference between kayaking at RCC and many other sports. Club members have been truly supportive, encouraging and enjoyed any success.

Many, many thanks to all of you for that.

I personally felt that at times I also shone.....like a lighthouse in the desert-brilliant but useless.

As a postscript to this I went to visit Peter at Lovely Planet Kayak shop at Fordingbridge to see if he felt a new whitewater kayak would help me 'kiss less rocks.' I'd tended to end up lying on the back deck when I did roll over. He showed me his kayaks, talked me out of buying one from him and said "your boat seat only has a very low back and no back band. Try putting one in before you buy another kayak." He's never seen my kayak, which is a very old model, but he's exactly right about the design.

Cindy B

Julian Butler Memorial Race 2013

It was a beautiful evening for a paddle and 16 turned up to race this year, plus Greg who accompanied his young daughter Caitlin around the course. The results are given below, in order of finishing. The handicaps are the start times, with Caitlin starting first, and the most heavily handicapped 23 minutes later.

Jake was about to leave home to seek his fortune so this might be the last chance for us to race together and we teamed up in my open canoe. I wasn't sure what handicap we should have as there haven't been many tandem open canoe entries in the past. We had done it together once before but he was only 12 then and didn't have any muscles. The previous fastest time was 61 minutes by Mike & Dot in 2009 and I said to Jake "how much do you think we can knock off that?" We agreed to hope for 5 minutes and used that guess to set the handicap.

Some of the handicaps were a bit off. Ian apparently isn't the man of highly tuned paddling perfection that I thought he was, or his kayak is a slow one, while the Sampsons and Grant turned up too late to start at the times they should have, given their boat types and experience. Sorry folks. Zoe won the race by a huge margin last year and I increased her handicap, but this year she was 5 minutes slower. She said it was because Richard wasn't there to egg her on.

Annie entered for the first time, in a fast boat but I know she's not a fast paddler. I wasn't prepared though for her to sit on the start line after the "off" saying "Where do I go?" and then zig-zagging around the harbour trying to decide who to follow. Dot found her wandering aimlessly and escorted her round so now she knows, and next year we'll be expecting a fast time Annie.

Martin was trying out his Pintail sea kayak that he'd just bought second hand. I'm sure he'll improve on that time when he's got the feel of it.

As we set off with Mike Worth alongside he complained bitterly of the unfairness of a 2 man team having the same handicap as one. We might have had twice the number of paddlers Mike, but only the same number of blades. He'd made it clear that he wasn't going to take the race seriously and would paddle round with Dot, but this thought seemed to fall behind him, with Dot, as his natural competitiveness came to the fore. Bev also started with us, and found some competitive spirit from somewhere, not wanting to be beaten by us boys.

The tide was high but only a neap tide so, although the sandbanks were covered, the water was shallow and, as we ran over them it was obvious that the shallow water effects are much tougher on a canoe than on a sea kayak. We just seemed to grind to a halt under full power as they slipped ahead apparently effortlessly.

Mike and Bev sat comfortably on our tail all the way round as Jake and I strained every muscle to break away from them, then Mike employed his tactics and gamesmanship, wash hanging and pushing our stern around to try and gain some advantage, if only a psychological one. We never could shake them off though and with a little more effort their sleek hulls had some speed in hand at the finish, while we were always going as fast as a tubby canoe can go, and we were forced to watch Mike cruise over the line ahead of us without a bead of sweat on his brow. We took a slightly different route across the harbour to Bev, but crossed the line together. Happy families!

Jake Wiltshire turned up at the last minute in a relatively slow sea kayak, but he's a tough guy so I thought he'd be fine starting at the back. His time looks good but he admitted to cutting the course short so we'll have to watch out next year to see what he's really made of. Thanks to all who turned up to paddle, and especially to Claire Adams for being an enthusiastic and efficient timekeeper with a smile. Well done Mike. See you there next year.

Barry.

	Boat type	Start time	Finish time	Lapsed time	Position
		minutes	minutes	minutes	
Mike Worth	Sea kayak	15	70	55	1
Barry & Jake Deakin	Tandem open canoe	15	71	56	2
Bev Deakin	Sea kayak	15	71	56	3
Dave Ratford	Sea kayak	10	74	64	4
Martin Pollok	Sea kayak	20	75	55	5
Sheila Ryan	Touring kayak	10	76	66	6
Zoe Adams	Touring kayak	10	77	67	7
Caitlin Adams	Touring kayak	0	78	78	8
Ian Mercer	Sea kayak	23	79	56	9
Gareth Sampson	Short Touring kayak	10	83	73	10
Trish Sampson	Short Touring kayak	10	83	73	11
Dot Tilley	Sea kayak	15	90	75	12
Annie Ratford	Sea kayak	10	90	80	13
Grant Cole	Touring kayak	15	94	79	14
Jake Wiltshire	Sea kayak	23	79	56	*

Our Budding Photographer...

Just thought it is worth a mention that Jake Deakin has a photo he's taken of fellow Kayaker on the Nile in Canoe Focus, the BCU mag.

Its on the Photo competition best April & May entries page 55.

Worth a congratulations

Cindy

Donation

A home has finally been found for the £200 donation we received from Fordingbridge Rotary, in recognition of the clubs help with the Annual Fordingbridge Duck Race.

It was decided that a fitting cause would be the Dorset Disabled Canoeing Unit.

For those of you with 20/20 vision or very good glasses you may be able to see the thank you letter we received from them below...



Dorset Disabled Canoeing Unit

Affiliated to Canoe England and Associated with Poole Harbour Canoe Club

Barry Deakin
Overthway
Godshill
Fordingbridge SP6 21X

Fionnuala Hough
74 Carroll Avenue
Ferndown
BH22 8BP

10 June, 2013

Dear Barry

On Behalf of everyone in Dorset Disabled Canoeing Unit, I would like to say a very special thank you to you all at Ringwood canoe club for your very generous cheque for £200.00. This will make a vast difference to our finances for this season. We cannot thank you enough for your support.

With kind regards

Fionnuala Hough

Fionnuala Hough
Chairperson
DDCU

Devon-Saunton Sands to Ilfracombe, Return 2013

The Morte Point (clue's in the name) Motley crew consisted of Mike, our Charming Chairman..... Burp.....; Barry our National Treasure(r); Nichola, our leader, dubbed 'Sexy Secretary' on emerging 'Goldie Horn -like' with tousled hair from her sleeping bag; Jake "You always know where to find him-he'll be in the most dangerous place" (quote Tim); Tim "inexplicably an hour late" (also quote Tim) and myself, from the Sarah Ferguson School of Packing.

Saturday began by Barry with his one small kit bag collecting me with 4 huge ones. Nichola (with 2 medium bags) was supportive, noting I hadn't filled an entire car - as I had for Wales.

We set off for the 'Meet' (and only) car park at Saunton Sands to be greeted by signs declaring 'No Overnight Parking'. Not the best news. We paid £6 to get in and, as suggested by the gate staff, sought the lady in the shop. After an unpromising start to the conversation she suddenly declared that as long as we paid both days (Sunday on the way out) and gave her our car numbers to let the owner know, we could leave the cars. Full marks to Barry for negotiating skills. Don't try it with too many cars though, she seemed swayed by the fact it was a small number.

With time on our hands and gratitude in our hearts we girls did what women have evolved to do over the ages and foraged in the shop. New kit was purchased including a very fetching pink drybag for Nichola. After a while Mike, Jake and Tim arrive together. We admired the scene, the dunes, the British enjoying the best of summer weather, the beautiful flat sands stretching along for miles and out for miles.....oh... darn!. 4 bags of kit and have I bought a trolley?.....no. Has anyone else?.....no. Nichola declared she was going to be alright as she could drag her boat (being plastic).... "and Dots" I added.

Much shared lugging (especially for those with 4 bags of 'essentials') and dragging later we were somewhere near the water with all of our kit, except Tim.



Those waves they were stand-up surfing on looked pretty high but I felt I could make it out through them. The sea mist cleared, the tide went further out, the waves

got higher. A knot of worry developed in my belly.....No Tim.

The sun rose higher in the sky, the day warmed up, the waves yet further awayand taller. We ate lunch, that knot began to tighten.....No Tim. The earth's tectonic plates have shifted, the Atlantic Ocean has widened, species evolved and declined, the waves are looking HUGE and two pythons are wrestling in my belly when Tim appears. "Thought you'd all be playing in the waves" he said cheerfully.I'm not even sure my boat will float with all my kit on board-hadn't thought of playing in the waves. Barry gives me some helpful hints - which tells me he also thinks I might well come to grief. Helpful but not reassuring. What will I do for the next 24 hours if I can't get out through the surf?

As it happened Barry's hints saved the day. By hunkering down with my paddle deep and vertical as a skeg through the big rollers I kept straight and emerged with the others beyond the breakers. Phew! First hurdle over.

Well, what a fantastic paddle it turned out to be. Beautiful coastline, a good swell but gentle sea and a cool breeze to take the edge off such a hot day. Perfect.



We set off with the tide North along past Croyde and around Baggy Point -through only a little rough water. On past the huge sands of Woolacombe Bay to Morte Point (clues in the name). There was a long line of rollers right from the point way out past Morte Rock (Great playground for Jake and Tim). For the less confident of us, on paddling a little closer to see what was going on we found we were rapidly pushed by the tide into the 'mayhem'. Not much time to hatch a 'cunning plan' there then. Thankfully, it was less fierce than it appeared, much less surf than on the beach-conditions that day were very benign.

From here on the cliffs were a joy of angled strata leaving hundreds of dragons tooth rocks off shore. Jake and Tim soon led us in to games of 'follow-my-leader' and 'who can find the most tricky and narrow passage behind and between the rocks'. I think we all had funand a few 'lucky escapes'and one less lucky one.



On stopping for tea on a sharp angled beach (interesting approach through the rocks) we were hailed by an 'Ancient Mariner' –an octagenarian alone in a sea kayak –Cue albatross- (well there were Ganets ,Fulmars and an Auk).He was very impressed we'd rounded Morte point (oh,oh.... and I've got to get back round tomorrow) and told us he knew the perfect beach for us to overnight. It's a little further east with steps up to a pub. There was little enthusiasm for a pub or contact with civilisation at that time but we thanked him politely. Paddling on we clocked his beach just west of the main beach at Lee. With loads of time in hand we reached the outskirts of Ilfracombe but, having found nothing better, we turned back. Strangely, as the sun began to sink in the sky, that pub sounded a whole load more attractive. So did escape steps out of a bay with spring tides.

Lee village is as if time has stood still. I've walked through there on the coastal path in the past and always wanted to return. Our shingle beach was just out of sight of the village and had areas of it secluded behind rocks-dead useful for us girls .



By going up the steps, walking down into the village then hanging right, up the hill, the pub is along a footpath. It was very charming and had a garden to catch the evening sun (which the beach doesn't). I probably don't need to mention that Mike beat Tim at table tennis 3 times as I believe he may already have mentioned it to you....but, if I had placed a bet it would have been on Tim, so perhaps a gloat is in order.

The weather was so settled that even Nichola and I dispensed with the tents(but not my camp bed...steady on) and slept 'al fresco'. Next morning we all glimpsed a memorable dawn and sunrise before settling back for a few more ZZZZs.



To my dismay, with all my excess of kit to repack, I was beaten off the beach by a reformed Tim.AND he's been early TWICE since.

The return paddle was as lovely as the outward journey with more time to play and yet quieter conditions. Even I joined the 'lads' and surfed near Morte Rock (mmmm.....nearly got that wrong) We were back with the tide by lunch time but it felt as if we had really had two long days paddling covering 30-35 kilometers.

While most of us lugged and heaved our boats and kit up the beach to the half way point before collapsing for lunch, Tim balanced his on a sponge on his head and joggedyes, I did say jogged.....up the beach. Amazing.



Wild Campers of Devon 2013 in my Last Will and Testament I bequeath to you...

Barry:- a front bumper on that lovely fiberglass kayak for next time you meet a rock (split seam this time)

Nichola:- a non self-deflating Thermarest for a good night sleep.

Mike:- a new improved reputation- I didn't think you snored that badlyso WHO is it that does.....?

Jake :-g lives like a cat-as Tim pointed out, you may need them.

Tim :- that extra hour you always need whenever you need it.

To myself :- the ability to pack light.....and remember a trolley.

With thanks to you all, and the weather, for a truly great weekend.

Cindy B

The Fordingbridge Duck Race

The annual duck race at the Fordingbridge Summer Festival was well attended by club paddlers, to install and remove the booms and shepherd the ducks on their way to the finish.



This year was easier than most, partly because of the number of helpers, but also with lovely weather and preparation of the course in the morning by Lisa, Charlie and Lee, who removed a lot of weed that would have blocked the way.



The first race, with 87 "Corporate ducks" which sell for £25 each, is always an easy warm up for the main public race, where 2000 small £1 ducks are released and have to be collected again. With over £4000 raised, the duck race is viewed by the organisers, the Rotary Club, as their insurance against bad weather as

it covers many of the festival costs. They rely on us to make it work and it is good to be able to help, so feel free to join in next year if you'd like to.



Barry.