

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

Sundays

10.00am every Sunday: The Haven, Mudeford. Regular Sunday mornings unless a specific even has been organised somewhere else

Tuesdays

18.30pm every Tuesday evening: The Haven, Mudeford. Regular Tuesday evenings have now stopped - until the clocks go forward in the spring

Weekend 10-12th Nov.

Perth-Y-Pia: Paddling the Usk for more white water .

Sunday 19th Nov.

Exc Descent: Anyone with stamina to keep Steve company. please contact him

25th November

Club Pool Session: 6.30pm at the Ringwood Recreation Centre

Weekend 2-3rd

December

Canadian canoeing: At Delaware Outdoor Education Centre, Gunnislake: an introduction to Canadian paddling on the River Tamar (under expert tuition). Barry to make arrangements. The BCU are running instructor training courses at the same time here. if anyone is interested

Friday December 8th

Skittles night: At the Ringwood Football Club premises. Volunteers for catering required. Contact Karl

Saturday 6th January

Club Pool Session: 6.30pm at the Ringwood Recreation Centre

Saturday 6th January

Committee Meeting : The Inn on the Furlong (following the evening's pool session). Everyone welcome. Nick. has a room been booked?

Tuesday 9th January 1996

Beginners Course 2: every Tuesday evening. 10pm to 11pm. for 6 weeks (9th January > 13th February) at the Ringwood Recreation Centre

Saturday 20th January

Club Pool Session: 6.30pm at the Ringwood Recreation Centre

Sunday 21st January

River Barle: whitewater weekend. Limited to 8 people. (Possibility of extending to a weekend. paddling the Dart on Saturday?). Contact Pete Ambrose

Sat 3rd & 17th Feb

Club Pool Session. 6.30pm at the Ringwood Recreation Centre

Sunday 18th February

River Tavy: suitable for those with experience of whitewater. seeking an adrenaline rush!! (Possibility of extending to a weekend. paddling the Dart on Saturday?) Contact Pete Ambrose

Tuesday 20th February

Rolling Course: every Tuesday evening. 10pm to 11pm. for 6 weeks (20th February > 26th March) at the Ringwood Recreation Centre

Weekend 24-25 Feb

International Canoe Exhibition. NEC. Birmingham

Saturday 2nd March

Club Pool Session: 6.30pm at the Ringwood Recreation Centre

Sunday 3rd March

River Frome: whitewater day trip. Contact Pete Ambrose



CANEWS

Autumn/Winter 1995

Pool Courses & Club Pool sessions

Beginners Course 1995	Beginners Course 1996	Rolling Course 1996	Club Pool Sessions
<i>Tuesdays 10-11pm</i>	<i>Tuesdays 10-11pm</i>	<i>Tuesdays 10-11pm</i>	<i>Saturdays 6.30-7.30pm</i>
31st October	9th January	20th February	7th October
7th November	16th January	27th February	4th November
14th November	23rd January	5th March	25th November
21st November	30th January	12th March	6th January
28th November	6th February	19th March	20th January
5th December	13th February	26th March	3rd February
			17th February
			2nd March
			16th March

Pool Sessions & Courses

The Club is running two beginners courses and a rolling course at Ringwood Recreation Centre during the winter months - together with 9 pool sessions for club members: Dates are given above.

Thank You - Thank You - Thank You

Many thanks to all those who turned out to surprise us at our wedding. You looked ridiculous dressed like that in the middle of Ringwood and we loved it!

Thanks also to all who contributed to buying and organising the wonderful garden seat and pots. We are looking forward to another sunny summer to make good use of them. You are a great bunch and we are very grateful for all your friendship and support.

Bev & Barry.

New Addition To Club Equipment

Another plastic kayak has been added to the club's inventory. It is a Conquest, made by Euro Kayaks and supplied by D & S Marine at a cost of £300. It is a small white water kayak designed for paddlers weighing up to 10 stones.

Free: Surfing Supplement

With this bumper issue of CANEWS

Your very own pull-out *Surfing Supplement*. - Pete has provided all the information necessary to ensure that you catch that wave, avoid wipe outs and behave honourably and fairly in the surf. All those who were fortunate enough to be at Highcliffe on the 5th Nov. (and witness the 'broadside attacks') will appreciate the timing!

On The Edge At Dancing Ledge : Sunday 30 July 95

Pete Family and I arrived early at Swanage sea front. We were ready and waiting when Paul, Karl, Ros and Graham (G) arrived. It was already very hot and busy with divers, sailors, canoeists and "beach bums".

Paul sent me on to find somebody that knew something about tides. A coxswain of a boat of divers looked like an expert. Apparently it was "a double neap high tide at 10.00" (whatever that meant). I repeated it 'parrot fashion' to Paul.

We agreed to go from Peveril Point south to Durlston Head, then west to Dancing Ledge - and make it back after a couple of hours to play on the overfalls

It was good paddling. The sea state was pretty good, with a rolling swell, small breakers and very little wind

The coastline was fascinating with rock formations, caves and lots of seabird life.

It was at this early stage that I began to realise the mistake of using a fibre glass boat on a coastal rock-hopping paddle.

We all tried rolling to keep cool - I got a lot wetter than anticipated and, consequently, we managed a rescue.

Paul was the trips leader and he selected what looked like a nice flat rocky ledge to go in and have lunch. He landed with no problems and was out of his boat when I heard Graham say "go on in", so I attempted to ride in on the very small surf and turn in to where Paul was.

I was just reaching the flat bit when I looked behind me and saw a huge wave coming. I leant into the wave, using the high brace and

bongo-slid into the shore. It was rather like when a maths teacher says "you do this, this and this, except when" The exception being *Clapotis* - to the uninformed, where the wave is reflected back from a cliff wall.

I was tipped out - but thought I could stand, and so I grabbed the boat. The next big wave that came in took me and the boat around the rocks and into deep water (that was the mistake I made - in this particular case I would have been wise to let go of the boat and rescue myself - a lesson learnt).

I couldn't stand and was being pounded against some big rocks by some big waves - my sandals broke. I let the boat go and tried to swim out.

Paul then arrived in his boat and shouted "get on the front" - which I did, only to be lifted, with Paul, about 10 feet and smashed upside down against the rocks. To my amazement Paul rolled. I was so impressed that I forgot my dire straights for a moment.

By this time Ros was at the edge with my paddle in her hand, and Karl arrived and buffered me from the rocks. After all the intense action I was suddenly ashore, all the big waves had gone and I smiled - and everyone looked relieved.

I had well and truly lost contact with my boat but Graham had rescued it. I must admit that I thought it would be smashed, but there was very little damage.

We had a very quiet lunch and poked around the rock pools (seeing two guppies) After a successful seal launch we were back at sea and Paul seemed relieved that I was OK. I did a successful roll and felt good.

We took a leisurely paddle back. The tide was rushing out and Paul made the observation that the information I had got was "a load of bull". We played around and in and out of the caves.

I thought that we had lost Karl at one stage. He was at the mouth of a narrow hole and suddenly got taken on a wave into the cave - but, as Karl always does, he popped back out.

We stopped for coffee in Durlston Bay and were soon back at Peveril point. Ros, Pete, Graham and I managed to walk in the shallows against a very powerful tide, while Paul and Karl went out to the overfalls. We got out at a leisurely pace and landed.

Paul and Karl arrived smiling - so we knew that they had had a good time.

Mike Scott

River Dart: October 13-15Th

When Danny and I arrived in Holne on the Friday night many canoeists had already introduced themselves to the local beer - in fact, some were getting very well acquainted!!

Once back at the Barn the party was divided into two. The 'elite' members sleeping in the well heated penthouse suite, whilst us commoners settled for the general accommodation next door. In fact I gather we had the better deal as the 'elite' appeared to be the snorers, talkers and producers of other such noises that are socially unacceptable.

In the morning we all had a hearty breakfast (except Karl!) then we split into three groups and made our way to the river. Our group got accustomed to the river at Holne Bridge by

practising 'break ins', 'break outs' and 'ferry glides'. Elliott was the first of the day to go over but made an excellent recovery by rolling with ease.

Whilst we are on the subject, could I perhaps advertise the excellent rolling course held at Ringwood Recreation Centre during the winter, which would definitely benefit some!

Over the two days the water was very low and much bumping over rocks was done. I don't know which I found more unnerving a fast full river or one with not much water in it at all. Debbie, on the other hand, appeared totally fearless and gave some good acrobatic displays whilst travelling downstream. At one point Mike decided to join her on a rock in a synchronized formation - it was very impressive. To close this double act Mike completed a beautiful roll. Oh dear - I've mentioned rolling again!

We arrived back at the barn to a very white faced Karl. He had retired from the day's canoeing early due to ill health and had left his boat on my car. When I got back there was no boat. He soon returned to his normal self, however, when the boat was returned, having been looked after by someone else.

Barry took us on a bracing walk across the moor to finish the day, which was followed by a lovely meal. During the evenings frivolities Ruth and Richard announced that they were getting married (congratulations to them both). The night was fairly peaceful apart from Albert and Steve talking in their sleep.



Sunday's trip from Buckfastleigh was just as enjoyable with an extra bonus of steam trains to watch as the railway line runs beside the river. We did not meet up with the other group until we reached Staverton where we all went down the water slide. Karl and Danny went down backwards and Danny went down once without his Kayak.

The only injury of the weekend was when Julian, who had successfully completed the canoeing part, hurt his foot whilst swinging on a rope.

Bev and I waited for the last possible minute to attempt our rolls so that we didn't stay wet for long. Anyway, my flask leaks if not kept upright. Oops! - rolling again!

The trip will be long remembered by some for:-

- the size of the party - 24!
- Debbie's 'volunteering' to cook Breakfast
- Nick's audible groans and yelps as he nursed his sparkling new Eskimo Diablo through the "rock Farm"
- Elliott's rocky descent of Abbey Weir
- Julian's Tarzan act in his thirst for an extra ounce of adrenaline
- The champagne celebrations of Richard & Ruth's announcement
- The *Murphys*!!

Thanks to all involved for a lovely weekend.

Mandy

Karl's Hallowe'en Burn-Up

Once again Karl excelled himself and went to great lengths to provide a really good evening. Karl likes to do things in a big way, and his fire, barbecue and shelter were BIG! Thanks very much for your efforts Karl from those of us who were there. For those who weren't - don't miss it if it happens again, it is one of the more impressive social events of our year.



Thanks also to Steve for an entertaining firework display.

Barry

Treasure Hunt: 16Th August 1995

Despite Bev's initial panic that no one was going to turn up for the treasure hunt, on the 16th August, there proved to be an excellent turn out. This was just as well, considering all the effort that Barry and Bev had put into thinking up the tortuous 25 clues that were given out.

While the two instigators (and Jake) supped ale (and milk) in the pub garden, the rest of us mugs traipsed around the village in search of shiny red buttons, inverted bricks and local saints.

The trick was to try to spot when other teams had successfully found the answer to a clue, while hiding the same from other opponents

It was apparent that some teams were having considerably more trouble than others - just by watching the number of times they circuted the village green (anti clockwise)

As the light was fading, everyone returned to the pub, commandeering the rear garden - all convinced that they had scored maximum points - and pondering how to best spend all that treasure

B & B had, however, asked all entrants to compile a story that included reference to all the answers - which resulted in minimal conversation and feverish scratchings.

Two entries are reproduced here (selected entirely at random) giving an insight into the warped minds of club members:-

"Once upon a time St Barry and St Boniface stood whistling in the green pastures of the New Forest. After a while, around 19:35 to be exact, Robin and Lily Langtree and six birds from the Women's Institute walked by. Lily spoke of wondrous natural things and

gave a talk to the others. With her pointer she demonstrated a Nuthatch, Pipits and a Finch. One of the ladies thought they saw a dolphin in the water trough but had clearly had too much export. One of the other ladies went to the garage rest facilities to put in her rollers. During this time, the others saw a dog soil the footpath - not a pretty sight for Queen Anne or any cherubs, so it is fortunate that they weren't around at the time". (Richard & Ruth)

"You have got to be kidding!" (Steve Sambell)

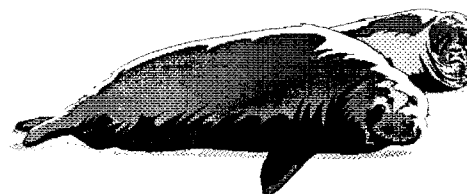


Ricc got hooked one Tuesday evening in the run at Mudeford - beware!

Devon Camping Weekend - A Young View From Barry's Nephew.

Barry, Bev, Paul, Jake, Mike, Nick and I, and a few other people I cannot remember the names of, paddled down the river at about 7 o'clock. Jake managed to scream all the way down to Sharpham.

By the time we had got to Sharpham it was



very nearly dark, so we lit a fire and put the tents up. By this time lots more people had arrived. We started to cook supper - sausages, onions and beans. Shortly after we had eaten, Ros, Karl and Albert arrived. Paul and I went to bed but there were still lots of people shouting their heads off around the fire.

I woke up at 5 o'clock in the morning. Paul was already up so I went to find him. We woke Barry up, lit a fire, and cooked breakfast. About three hours later the late risers got up and had breakfast. I went for a lovely paddle in Larry and Jaqui's canadian with Albert.

After about three hours of breakfasting we packed up the camp and loaded the boats. Now we paddled down past Duncannon and on down to Blackness point, where we offloaded lots of camping kit.

After setting up camp we paddled down to Dartmouth for the day. Not all of us went, Barry's family stayed at the camp and cooked. We had a nice paddle down to

Dartmouth, on the way we saw a seal lying around in the sun.

When we got to Dartmouth some people wanted to go out to sea and some people wanted lunch and did not want to go in the sea. So the sea party went out the river mouth and into the sea and the lunch party went into a little cove outside the castle. After lunch we went into Dartmouth and into a pub and filled up our water bottles whilst Mike got very attached to the barmaid. After a few drinks we hunted for liquorice ice cream that Mike claimed he had seen before, but could not find any. After an ice cream (not liquorice) we went back to Blackness on the tide.

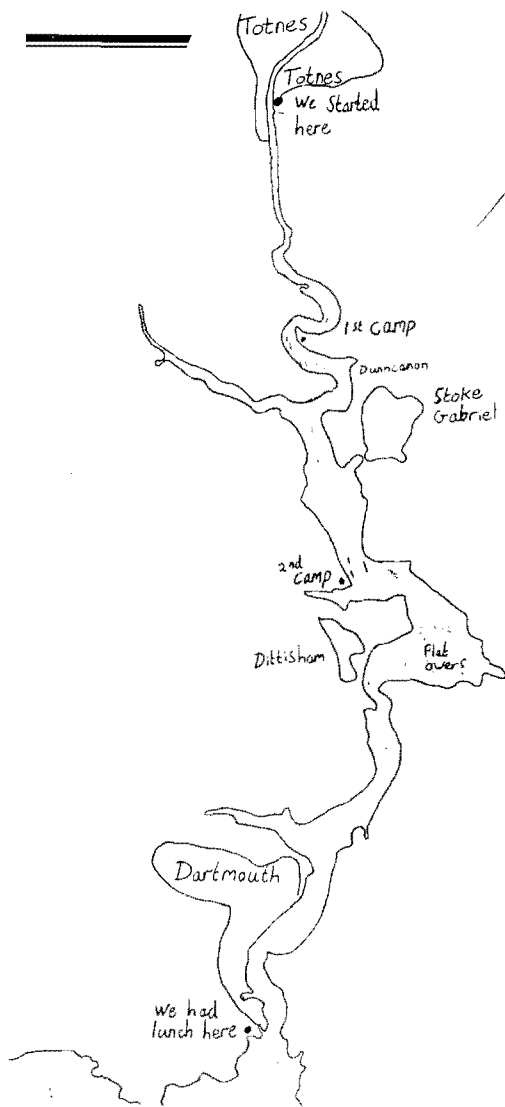
When we got back Barry and co. had made us a lovely curry. After supper we saw phosphorescence in the river and paddled out in the canadians to see it.

At about 10 pm Barry said it would rain in the night. The sky looked very clear and I didn't think it would rain so I took few precautions against it. When I woke up everything was soaked. At 1 pm it was still raining very heavily. By this time we had packed up all the stuff and were about to set off. Jake had slept all morning and did not seem to like being packed into his fish box and put in the canoc.

At about 2 pm we set off and 45 minutes later we arrived at Totnes cold and wet. In about a quarter of an hour we had broken up and gone our different directions.

All in all it was a very enjoyable trip.

Milo.



thigh braces and a pound of sausages for a foot rest!

The main contingent of the party had all arrived within a few minutes of each other and so a fair flotilla paddled gently on the ebbing tide.

After only a couple of miles we arrived at our first campsite - an idyllic spot in a deeply wooded area overlooking a sharp bend in the river. Directly opposite was a picturesque boat house, complete with manor house above. With the evening light fading fast, firewood was quickly gathered and the camp set up.

As dinner was cooked over the crackling fire the only disturbance to our habit were the nocturnal disco boats boogying their way up from Dartmouth. Ros, Albert and Karl were the last to arrive - just in time for the last orders at Larry's bar.

Saturday dawned bright and mild. After a hearty breakfast, we broke camp and headed downstream once more. As the river widened out, we spotted a seal swimming nearby, it came closer and swam with us for quite some distance, diving and then resurfacing on alternate sides of the boats at such close quarters. It was a little unnerving as to where it would surface next.

We paddled on to pay a brief visit to the weir at Stoke Gabriel and, although it was only inches in height, it still stirred thoughts of Bradford-upon-Avon for me

The group then crossed the river to our second campsite near Dittisham. This was a large open field complete with a flight of steps down to the river. Tents were quickly erected and all the non-essential kit dumped, leaving Barry, Bev, Paul and Jake to settle in and we headed for Dartmouth.

It was good to be paddling an unladen boat again and we made good progress on the falling tide. We soon came across a small island in the centre of the river and there, stretched out on the mud, was another large seal - we passed within 20' or so without disturbing it.

As we approached Dartmouth, we passed the naval moorings, the ships rather dwarfing our efforts we carefully navigated our way passed Dartmouth and Kingswear towards the sea. At the mouth of the river the imposing castle still guards the inlet. As the wind picked up slightly, we split into two groups - those thinking of food and those dreaming of surf. We dined in a secluded but seaweedy cove with the surfing party joining us after a tour of the mouth.

Refreshed, we were soon back on the water, most of the plastic boaters trying their hand at rock hopping. Nick was caught by a large wave and, although he was quickly eskimo rescued, he sustained a nasty gash on his elbow from an unforgiving rock.

As the tide had turned, we paddled back in land to a slipway by the paddle ferry. As essential supplies were needed we decided to visit the nearest pub first! This was where Mike met Jane, the epitome of all good barmaids, the sparks flew at their first encounter and a comment about his 'babygrow' salapets left poor Mike lost for words and smitten.

Supplies collected and a fruitless search of the town for liquorice ice cream completed, we again donned buoyancy aids and headed back to the campsite - helped by the incoming tide and driven by the need for food. As we neared the camp the wind picked up, creating some interesting ripples on the wide river.

When we arrived back at the campsite, Barry and Bev had a delicious curry simmering over the fire on an ingenious rope system to regulate the temperature. A canvas canopy erected in the trees made an excellent riverside restaurant. As the wine flowed and the cuisine was sampled the tide rose steadily.

Rejuvenated by excesses of red wine it was decided that Myself, Elliott and Albert should try our hand with Larry and Jacqui's Canadian. As I knelt in the bottom of the boat I was amazed just how quickly one could sober up just by the fear of a rocking boat! By the time we had rounded a nearby head we resembled a mixture of the 3 wise monkeys and Hawaii-five-0, after some poor attempts at slalom, we headed back for dry land.

Sunday dawned rather damply. By 8am Mike and I had our own private river which flowed from one end of the tent to the other. Luckily, strong coffee was on the menu and with slightly complaining head, things didn't seem so bad. This morning would prove to be a good test for our cags, etc., as we stood in the pouring rain resembling new-age travellers in fancy dress. The tide turned just after lunch and we broke camp, packing the boats with a practised ease before launching upstream.

With the incoming tide we made good progress in the driving rain. There was something most serene in paddling up the estuary, the water only disturbed by the raindrops and crocodile of boats. The fact that we were getting wet did not seem to matter at all. Eventually Totnes was a welcome sign, although it seemed a great shame to have to return to civilization.

Tales Of The Riverbank

an 'ancient' account of the same trip!

After a week watching the deteriorating weather forecast and also wondering how on earth it would be possible to get so much kit into such a small boat, it was good to launch off from Totnes Steamer quay in such favourable conditions and with everything aboard, including Mike's hiking boots as

In retrospect, it had been an excellent weekend - possible only due to Barry's local knowledge of the area and his careful planning, for which we are all grateful. For myself and the others on our first canoe camping weekend it was a great insight to living on the river

Graham Deacon

minute. The same principle applies to day trips, where transport, access and club equipment may need prior organisation, and we may opt to notify the Coastguard, in advance, of numbers on a sea paddle. Please don't turn up without notifying the organiser beforehand.

Barry

Event Bookings

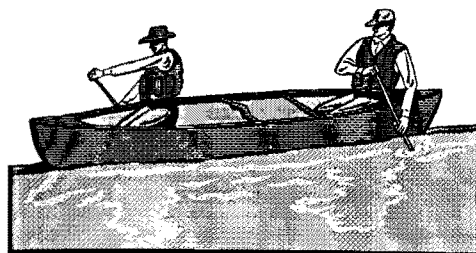
Whilst one of the delights of our club is the easy going and informal nature of the events, the larger number of regular paddlers makes it increasingly difficult to organise events away. It is no longer possible to assume that there will be space on a trip, and a place should be reserved well in advance, if only as a courtesy to those organising accommodation, access and food.

For the recent Dart white water weekend I booked and paid for access for 16 some weeks in advance. I had to request a further 7 the day before we paddled for those who had notified me that week, and when I arrived in Devon I found yet another paddler who had not booked a place at all. Fortunately the river was not fully booked, the accommodation was adequate and the food plentiful.

As I write this, three days before the Usk trip, I know of 20 people who think they are going, only 13 of whom have paid a deposit, to a venue which sleeps 16.

Please tell the trip organiser as soon as you decide to go, and pay a £10 deposit to me to secure your place. We can not always guarantee a place for everyone at the last

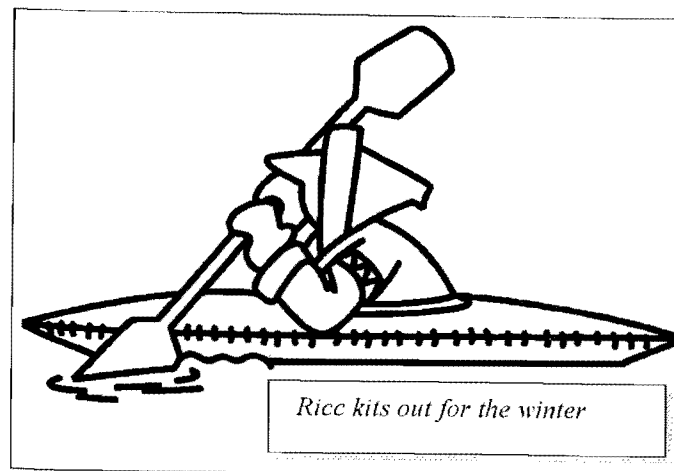
Mixed Canadian Canoeing & Kayaking Weekend



A booking has been made at the Delaware Outdoor Education Centre in Gunnislake for the weekend of 2nd & 3rd December.

The centre is in a converted school, and is holding a number of BCU training courses and assessments that weekend. The school will therefore be full of interesting and experienced canoeists.

We have a private booking for the old Headmasters House, which sleeps 18 people and has its own kitchen and dining area.



Ricc kits out for the winter

We have requested the use of their canadian canoes with instructors for one day of paddling on the river Tamar, which is grade 2 white water. This will add significantly to the cost but the trip will be subsidised by club funds.

On the second day we shall paddle our own kayaks on another local river.

The trip is suitable for anyone who wants to try canadian paddling under expert supervision, kayak some white water, or just have a good social weekend in the West Country.

The cost for accommodation, food, and instruction will be about £25 each. A deposit of £10 should be sent to Barry as soon as possible if you want to secure a place.

Baby sitters also welcome - contact Bev.

International Canoe Exhibition 1996

This is to be held on February 24th/25th at the National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham (anyone who turns up at Crystal Palace hasn't been reading *Canews*)

The National Boat, Caravan and Leisure Exhibition is taking place at the NEC at the same time - and your ticket for the Canoe Exhibition gets you free entry to the other.

Once again, thanks to all those who contributed to this Canews.