



CANEWS

December 2005

EDITOR'S CORNER

THANKS FOR THE ARTICLES!

It's nice to see a variety of contributions to this edition.

DON'T FORGET THE WEB SITE – the event list is kept up to date and the notice board, trip reports, etc. are there for you to fill !

www.ringwood.canoe.btinternet.co.uk

+ - the photos are in colour – by the time this has been through the photo-copier it loses so much!!

NEW FORMAT AND AVAILABLE ON-LINE

Apologies, but I have decided, at long last, to simplify things and produce this *Canews* (and future editions) in A4 format rather than A5 Booklet form. While perhaps visually less attractive it does make editing and production simple. Issues will be available in Acrobat pdf format for download direct from the web site (right hand click and select save as)

CAPTION COMPETITION

Visit the web site for the Caption Competition



"Call that an RCC member?!" (Nick L)

Elliot knew Debbie had an invisible friend, but could never have guessed he was a naked giant! (Mike F)

Barry's entry (below) was disqualified - entrants are not permitted to modify the image before they caption it!!!



Merry Christmas & a Happy New Year

1-3 STAR OPEN CANOE TRAINING/AWARD WEEKEND – AXEMOUTH-

GEORGIA'S PERSPECTIVE

It all started on the Dart Estuary trip, when Dot and Mike paddled into the flamboyant character, Bob Otterly of the Canoe Association, He informed them that there would be a 1-3 Star course and assessment running at Axemouth on the weekend of September 24-25. With very short notice Dot rustled up enthusiasm from some of the Ringwood contingent, who had over heard the information. Dot had us filling in forms, sending off cheques, while Mike feverishly tracked down as many canoes so all could paddle solo (7 in total, Marion, Trish, Georgia, Annie and Dave, Dot and Mike). A BIG THANK YOU! To those of you who lent out canoes. Anne booked those of us without the luxury of a caravan into Beer Youth Hostel (We were very attracted by the name of the town).



Dot and Mike travelled down Friday night, caravan in tow, so that they could have tea ready for the rest of us when we arrived early Saturday morning. Our convoy of canoe laden vehicles squeezed through the narrow campsite entrance into a field located next to the Axe estuary. My first impression was of a mass of white caravans. On closer inspection the field was a hive of activity, as 30+ canoeists downed their breakfast in order to meet the 9:30 start time. I had been warned that the Canoe Association was a highly organised group and that events ran like a well greased machine. They were certainly greasing themselves with cooked breakfasts! We were divided into groups of 1, 2, and 3 star paddlers and introduced to our respective instructors. The next activity required careful team work as we lifted what seemed to be an infinite number of canoes through the barbed fence, over a raised ditch and across a pit holes bank. A bit like canoe steeple chase! Thankfully this all went off without injury and we finally boarded our vessels.

Despite the weather mans attempts to dissuade us from such waterborne follies, the sky was promising glorious weather, albeit a little wind. This made paddling solo in some of the canoes an exercise in correcting trim, or paddling in never ending circles.

Georgia, intent on swimming and getting rescued went straight in at the deep end for the Three Star. This group of motley paddlers made their way upstream to a bend in the river that provided some protection from the wind as well as space for 10 canoes to maneuver. We quickly ran over the 1 and 2 star strokes, before being introduced to the 3 star cross what's it, pivot'ty sweep, bow/stern cut, and paddle ya canoe on its edge strokes. A full and correct list of the names can be found on the BCU website.

Marion had superbly taken care of all our needs and packed the lunch barrel with a very satisfying assortment of lunch

goodies. Marion and Annie were the first to arrive at the lunch spot and were concerned that they might not meet up with the rest of us. Thankfully we eventually did all arrive at the same very dodgy, ditch ridden island(s) lunch spot.

More paddling and some poling was done in the afternoon, with the finally for the day being solo and X rescues. (See photos). There was a highly amusing moment when one member of the Ringwood club achieved the tricky maneuver of solo rescue only to fall right over the other side of his canoe plunging back into the brine. ☺

Wet and sore we made for the campsite. With the tide now out our canoe steeple chase course had just been made more challenging. Covered in mud we made a bee line for Dot and Mikes tea shack, where we were also served one of Trish's special cakes. YUM!

By the time we had found the YH, showered and made our way back to the pub we looked in no fit state to drink. Our legs giving way under us, bruised and aching limbs from the days activities we were a motley crew very much in need of hot food and alcohol. After two of us fell asleep at the table it was decided that bed was the next port of call.

On Sunday we got up and did it all again.

As I sit here and write this I am still very much suffering from the effects and can barely walk.

Georgia

1 STAR – MARION AND ANNIE'S PERSPECTIVE

Early one Saturday morning in September having been coerced, in a moment of weakness and probably drunkenness, into taking part in the OCA 1-3 star open canoe training weekend we suddenly found ourselves about to set sail from the banks of the River Axe. Marion and I had decided to play the chicken option and only go for the 1 star, hoping against hope that it didn't actually mean getting into a boat and getting waterborne. Unfortunately that failed and we both had a few tremulous moments trying to get the things to go in a straight line so that we could catch up with the rest of the group.

After a lengthy discussion we decided that the boats were at fault (it certainly was not our lack of technique and experience) and did a quick change around with Marion having my boat, me having Elliott's boat (yes, sorry, she did let it go Elliott but I did look after it) until such time that our instructor, the infamous Bob, decided that he wanted my boat and that Marion should have his boat.

Once we were all happy in our various craft we proceeded upstream with a variety of classic open canoe strokes ie anything that gets you forward without too much effort and without a continuous pirouette. We were put through our paces on the basic strokes like the bow-rudder-forward-j.stroke and the injun stroke along with reverse double pike swivel stroke with a twist and the upside-down-help-me-out stroke and also had a go at poling which turned out to be a real joy and much easier than actual paddling.

At some point after our lunch time meet up with the other groups we all headed out again to undertake some more arduous tasks required for 1 and 2 star awards. Some in our group wanted to do the 2 star and volunteered for rescue services. I thought I would have a go and merrily jumped out of the boat only to find out that it was a lot more difficult than it looked to get back in! Eventually I managed it but it was all to no avail as I only got my 1 star award and that only with the

sympathy vote of the instructors!

We both very much enjoyed the day and were pleased with what we had learned and the confidence that we had gained. We were also definitely glad that we had not ventured into the 2 star group. Having managed to wade through the mud back to the camp site we enjoyed hot tea and cake before trying to stand up and make our way to the Youth Hostel at Beer. Having fought with the showers and got changed we then made our way back to the pub for a dinner that none of us could really stay awake for. Night time was a mixture of grunts, groans and ouches as we all suffered when trying to turn over.

The instructors were much kinder to us on the Sunday – again paddling upstream using all the strokes we had learned on the Saturday. They then showed us a few more to practice and then spent a long lunch time chatting on the bank before paddling ever so slowly back to the camp site where the boats were carried for the last time over the hurdles of deep mud, ditches, holes and barbed wire fences. We then spent hours washing and polishing Elliott's canoe so that he wouldn't moan at us and hopefully let us take it away again.....

Certainly a worthwhile course but, oh, how we ached and hey, look at the bruises.....



Annie

2 STAR OPEN CANOE – DOT'S PERSPECTIVE

Dave R, Trish H, Mike and myself decided to go for a 2 Star training and assessment weekend with the OCA at Axemouth.

After a short paddle, our instructors started to put us through our paces, and showed us several ways of moving our boats through the water. Some of them were quite hard to get the hang of, particularly the pry stroke but we all got the hang of it eventually. We were glad to stop at lunch time for a rest, as various muscles were already starting to complain. Over lunch we discussed some interesting topics, and our assessors asked us general canoeing subjects, and gave us a few tips including the right way to choose your paddle length.

The bit we were dreading came later when after practising recovery strokes, we had to jump out of our canoes into deep water, then attempt to get back in totally unaided. This was far more difficult than I thought, after getting to the point of balance only to lose it and drop back into the water and have the Canadian turn over on top of you. Mike put such effort into getting back into his boat that his efforts catapulted him out the other side, much to everyone's amusement. On Sunday we tried poling, and to our surprise found it quite enjoyable, we also lined the canoes up and down the bank, and went back over the things we had learned on Saturday. It was a good weekend, and there were smiles all round when we got our certificates.

Dot

POOLE HARBOUR PART TIMERS

Bev and I went for a quiet mid week paddle in Poole Harbour in September (yes, one of the joys of us part-timers!). We saw thousands of waders, a kingfisher, and all the usual sights, but we also saw a few unusual ones. We paddled our sea kayaks from Rockley, across the Wareham channel to Arne, then up the Middlebere and Wych channels as far as you can go at high spring tides. We returned past Brownsea Island with a tea break on the pottery beach, then back to the car along the Hamworthy shore.

We spent about 10 minutes watching a seal that seemed quite interested in us but didn't come closer than a few boat lengths. It is the first time I have seen one in the harbour, but then I don't go there very often so they may be common. Does anyone know?

We had lunch in the marshes at the top of the Wych channel and were joined by a big carp, about 2 feet long. We got good views of it because the channel in the marsh was very shallow and narrow – only just big enough for the kayaks. I didn't think they lived in salt water but perhaps it had escaped from a pond and was OK in the brackish water in the marsh. Does anyone know?

As we went back down the channel on the falling tide we saw, in several places, tracks across the mud, that I think must have been made by an otter. The tracks were very distinctive and I couldn't think of anything else that might have made them. That area is very quiet and it is hard to get to the water from land because of the marshes and mud along both sides of the creek. It would seem a good place for shy wildlife but I hadn't heard of otters living there. Does anyone know?

Barry.

BEAULIEU RIVER 10-04-05

Saturdays weather was pretty dire with rain and strong winds, so on Sunday we headed for Lepe beach expecting few takers for the trip. Fortunately the skies had cleared and the wind had been dropping overnight, so the sea was fairly calm. We had a better than expected turnout with Dave & Annie, Bev, Georgia, Ros & Dave, Sally & Ian all up for a paddle.

We paddled with the rising tide as far as Bucklers Hard, where we stopped for a coffee break, and were joined by a local guy who paddles the river on a regular basis, often camping overnight in one of the small creeks. Thirst satisfied we carried on up to Beaulieu against quite a strong headwind, and were glad to get out and stretch our legs and have a bite to eat. The Beaulieu River is a pleasant paddle out of season when there is more wildlife than river traffic.

Dot

FALMOUTH

We have covered this area before, but make no apologies for revisiting it. For anyone wanting estuary or sea paddling there is lots of choice. There are few sandy beaches so the area isn't swamped by the bucket and spade brigade. Part of its attraction is that some of the tributaries and creeks are only really accessible to shallow draught boats such as canoes. The River Fal is such a place, when we paddled it, our only company were Red deer grazing in the deer park. You have to get the tides right though or you will have a long wait stuck on a mudflat.



Another peaceful gem is the Percueil, [have an ice cream in the picturesque harbour at St Mawes first].

Paddling across Carrick Roads we came across the large coastguard vessel pictured, which we think normally covers the North Sea. A little further seaward we came upon a series of

small coves only accessible by sea where we stopped and basked in the sun for a while – who needs the Med? Carrying on out from the estuary we rounded the lighthouse at St Anthony's head, where there was a decent swell running and the rocks were home to a mass of young cormorants.



On the other side of the estuary is the Helford River which is well worth spending a day on.

Dot

LIFFEY DESCENT 2005

Scrutineering – you have to arrive at the marshalling area well in advance to have your boat and essential equipment, such as air bags, helmets etc. scrutineered. A yellow sticker is then put on the boat to show that you have complied with the prescribed list. We had just got the boat down off Dave & Annie's van, and it was on its side while I applied the race numbers and Trish tied on the painter. Imagine our surprise when a hand snaked between us and left a yellow sticker to show we had passed the checks, particularly as most of our gear was still in the van! Still, that was the first hurdle passed. The long portage to the put in was completed without incident, and we paddled 1km upstream to the start. The previous year had been a struggle against an incredibly strong flow of dam released water, this year the level was lower and not as strong. We hung back as before waiting for the entire field of 850 to start, actually starting 849TH!

We shot Straffan weir easily, and headed for the section called the Jungle. There were a few swimmers in this section, and boats pinned in trees, but we negotiated it successfully. The weather was great, warm sunshine and a light breeze. The Liffey is a very pretty river, and we enjoyed the scenery as it passed by. Vanessa and Templemills weirs were shot without problem. Due to the lower water levels, the features were more pronounced, and more interesting than the swirling brown water we had paddled in 2004. Annie & Trish appeared, waving on various bridges and met up with us for the compulsory portage at Leixlip dam. The put in after the dam is straight into fast water with a bridge about 100 yards downstream. Although Dave and I paddled hard and lined up for the centre arch, we found ourselves being pushed towards the right hand pillar of the bridge, which already had a Canadian wrapped firmly around it. Two of the safety crew were hung from the bridge on belays, yelled at us to paddle, believe me, we didn't need any encouragement!

Our first swim came when we took Lucan weir on river right, which is less sheer than the left side where Mike broke his ribs last year. We had to laugh when we saw that the "safety" guy [ha ha] was sending people over the steep main weir face, guaranteeing lots of swims and entertainment for the crowd on the far bank.

The next swim was our *bête noir*, the infamous Wrens Nest. This is a big V shaped weir with vicious stoppers on either

side of the V. You have to line up on a gap of about 18" to shoot it successfully. We went past the gap on our first attempt, and had to paddle back for another go. We almost made it through but the boat got grabbed and tipped. We were right on the edge of the stopper, but not in it, we threw our weight over to try and right it, but were tipped up the other way, teetered on the point of balance for a second and flipped. Fortunately we were far enough out of the stopper, and neither Dave or I spent that horrible time in the green room that both Annie and Mike had last year. Our support crew were on the bank to watch and cheer, and help us sort things out once the safety divers had helped us swim the Canadian to the bank. A few more rapids and weirs passed till we came to Palmerston, an even bigger V weir. This was the highlight of the day for us. We lined up perfectly for the huge bouncy wave train, but the last wave was enormous, the boat seemed to shoot up and off the crest before slamming back down, Dave and I were yelling with the sheer excitement of it. Fantastic.

We paddled up to the finish at Phoenix Park, having moved up the field and had caught up with the kayak class ahead of us. We had knocked 30 minutes off the previous years time. Annie and Trish met us and we toasted the day with a pint, and sat in the sunshine eating the meal provided. Dave and I agreed it had been a superb paddle. 18 miles of challenging and interesting water, it doesn't get much better than this.

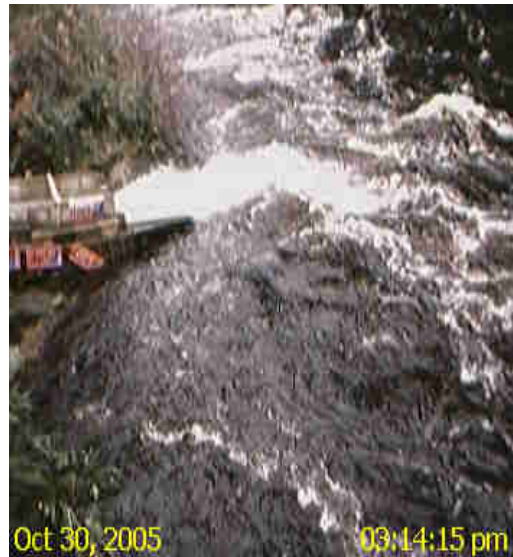
Dot

'A COMBAT ROLL AT LAST!' 30/11/2005

11 intrepid paddlers headed west for a Dartmoor white water trip with the intention of paddling the Lower Walkham and Tavy. After an exceptionally early leave we drove down to meet for breakfast at 08:30, the rain had been falling hard since Exeter which should have given us a clue to the river conditions which were high.

After a full English we headed across the moor to Bedford Bridge, all the rivers we passed were high with no sign of the ledge at new bridge and most of the tributaries on the moor were looking runnable. Once at Bedford Bridge the decision was made that the levels were too high for the group so we headed to have a look at the lower Tavy at Taverstock. After a lot of deliberating 6 of the group decided to run the river and were joined by 2 additional paddles who negotiated the inclusion on the trip by supplying the ferry transport. Of the 5 paddlers left on dry land 2 headed home whilst 3, including myself, stayed at the put-in watching the level drop in front of our eyes; 2' drop over 2 hours.

The group had a quick run down with no swims as I didn't run this part of the trip I cannot comment further. On their return an option was offered for the whole group to run the Dart loop, 7 agreed and headed off to collect their kit and drive back across the Moor to the put-in at Newbridge. It was, by this time, around 3pm – it would get dark by 5pm - a quick change into paddling kit was required and hence no time to inspect the level, I heard a comment that it was 'at the ledge'. When I finally got kitted up and made my way to the river, Graham looked at me and said 'Ledge, what ledge?!' (nearly the title for this report) a quick check of the river Dart web cam on my return revealed the level was up to the advertising at the time we put in.



The river was running harder than I have seen before on my 6 or so runs down the loop and after a wobbly start I got caught on an eddy line due to a hesitant breakout. On my second attempt I rolled up and made it to the eddy, that 10 minute intensive rolling clinic last Saturday was already paying off (thanks Graham). The washing machine was executed without incident and the group headed off down the river. After attempting to cross an eddy line twice and having to roll up as a consequence some helpful advice was offered and gratefully received. Lover's leap was turned into a bit of a non event and we headed off to triple falls. The suggestion was that all three falls would form a single larger rapid. They were right and the third of triple had formed a great big wave which defiantly got the group's juices flowing, especially Elliott's. Another combat roll was required on the third of triple leaving me wobbling around on the eddy line.

The group just made it off the river before night fall and a memorable loop run was successfully completed.

Ross

Editors Comment

The loop was running at over 7' when we ran it that afternoon. As an indication of what this means:-

Over 6'6 the Loop goes out of grade. It's flood-stage now with the river into the trees on many rapids, and Zones of Funny Water abound. This is a wicked level if you're self sufficient, but it's time to get anyone who isn't bombproof off the river.

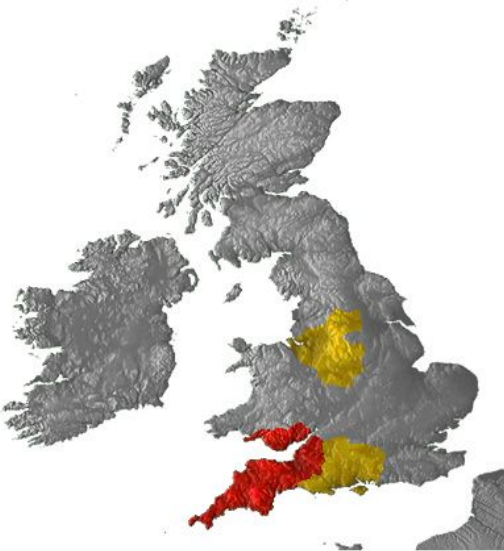
There was Carnage that day, loads of swimmers and lost kit reported by others. Ross (who had swam on the Loop 2 weeks previously in 'dog low' conditions when his roll failed) had just mastered his roll at the recent pool session. This was the day to check it out. Despite the less than friendly conditions the roll proved flawless.

Unlike the Loop, the Tavy in these conditions, while no harder to run, is more serious in the consequences of a swim. There are very few eddies and the few that exist are in the trees. Thanks to those that, in the interest of the group as a whole, agreed not to paddle the Tavy that day.

Sadly I forgot I had my camera stuffed in my PFD – but here is a snap taken by John Miles of www.dartphotos.com/ on the day.



AND THE FOLLOWING WEEKEND!
What a start to the season!!



Weather Warning Issued : 11:17z Sat 5 Nov 2005

Forecasters Warning Heavy Rain & Flooding –

Areas Affected: - South-west England, Southern England, South Wales, West Wales –

Further heavy and persistent rainfall is expected across the Southern part of the UK during the next 48 hours.

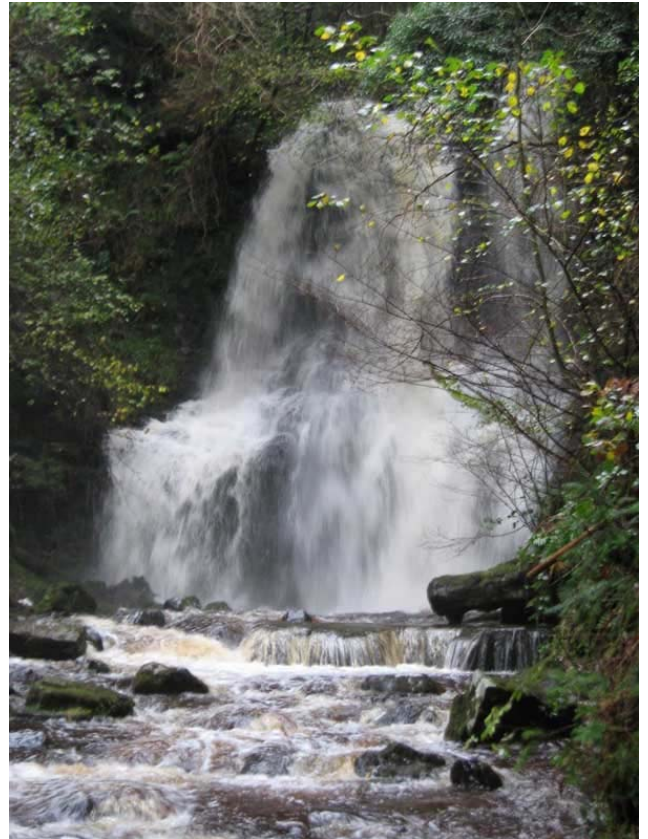
Rainfall totals between 50mm to 100mm are forecast during this period across South-west England and Southern Wales giving rise to a risk of localised flooded due to already saturated ground.

Not to be missed. Packing toilet paper in a dry bag (don't ask) it was back to Dartmoor, then – and everything was even bigger. I had hoped to run the West Dart but group dynamics and water levels meant another Lower Tavy run – but this proved ample. Within a couple of hundred meters of the get in (i.e. still in Tavistock) we had two swimmers, had lost 2 boats, 1 set of paddles and 3 of the 8 of us abandoned the river!

Fortunately both boats were found (by others) near the weir 12 kms. downstream and, by the time we reached the Denham Bridge get-out, had been reunited with their owners. 1 set of paddles and a few dented prides was a small price to pay for a days flood boating.

And that was the RCC Usk weekend!

USK FIREWORKS & FLOODS



The trend for RCC trips to become great social occasions, with more emphasis on the feasting than the paddling, continues. This time though, the rain swollen river was the main reason for the limited paddling. Nick surpassed even his own usual high standard of organisation this year, to ensure that everyone had a great weekend regardless of weather conditions and canoeing ability. Well done Nick and thanks, we all appreciated it.

If you haven't been on this trip before you have missed many treats. We usually follow a well worn routine of eating drinking and paddling, which would include sleeping if not for Nick's snoring permeating the structure of the Perth-y-Pia farmhouse, but you must expect to pay something in return for the benefits of having him along. The routine is obviously a popular one because the trip is always well supported, and I have been on it about 15 times without getting bored because every year there are surprise highlights and new experiences.

This year there was much trepidation among the more delicate members of the group because of heavy rains during the week, and several had talked themselves out of paddling the Usk by the time Dave arrived from his luxury B&B to clear the breakfast dishes away. The river is well known for its fast response to the weather though, and had dropped by Saturday morning to an excellent level. Plenty of water to cover the rocks and make the river a playground, but with no serious hazards. Annie and Trish were resistant to all encouragement to paddle it and supported each other's view that they would be happier with the peace and tranquillity of the canal. No rocks, waves, trees or unsympathetic men to trouble them there. That left two open boats, Mark in his long suffering Coleman and Jake and I in one of the club's boats, in the company of 11 kayakers. My perception was that Ross and Elliott were looking forward to some exciting play spots to turn their toy size kayaks on end. Mike Farnden, Nick and Dave were looking for some waves to surf, as was Paul Toynton, but with a bad

knee he was supposed to be taking it easy..... Georgia was looking forward to paddling a new river and Paul Beeston was a bit nervous because it was his first! Open boater Paul Kendall was looking forward to running the river again in his kayak, conceding defeat after years spent trying to convince a shopaholic that there are pleasures to be found away from the high street in winter. Bev and Ros were looking forward to finding a safe route down and some nice friendly eddies to chat in. Becky was looking forward to an intensive shopping trip with her mum. Poor Dot, having just had a week of intensive white water training at Plas-y-Brennin, couldn't show off her new skills because she was laid very low with a bad cold. All she could manage was a grade 4 dream after falling asleep in her car following an exhausting time sharing shuttle bunny duties with Becky (thanks ladies).

There were a couple of other groups launching at Sennybridge army base, and the congestion ensured that RCC didn't break with tradition or miss its opportunity to incur the wrath of the locals. I think Mike missed the fun this time, but Nick gave the unreasonable local as good as he got. I understand he was a bit more gentlemanly towards the armed military officer and no warning shots were fired.

The river level ensured that everyone found what they were looking for, and there was plenty of depth for Ross to practice rolling, which he seemed determined to perfect on this trip. There is a rock ledge early in the trip, with a tricky descent down a narrow notch after a very tight manoeuvre on its lip, or an easy plop over the ledge in mid stream. Each chose their route and made a successful descent, some more elegant than others. Mark tried to navigate his 17ft canoe around the required hard right, hard left manoeuvre in the 10ft space above the notch, descended it sideways and shortened his boat slightly in the impact with the rocks. Not one to be defeated by the impossible, he had another go, and shortened it a bit more. I think, with another 10 or so attempts, the canoe could have been made short enough to get it round the corner, but the group moved on so I'll never know. Bev had seen me put Jake ashore before I ran it and did the decent thing – kept him company on the portage.

The series of rock ledges on this part of the Usk make for some great photo opportunities with waterfalls against a backdrop of autumn colours but, after 15 years, our albums are full of the same views so I am not allowed to take pictures now. The last ledge can be a bit daunting with a hungry stopper mid-stream, and we lunched there to watch and chat to the other groups as they passed. This time I kept Jake company on the portage too. There were no sacrifices to feed the stopper, from any group, so we moved on again.

The second half of the trip has lower ledges and longer sections of grade 2 rapids, all with some great waves. While Ros and Bev caught up with the gossip and Scouting news, the others worked hard at surfing every wave in sight. Ross didn't hesitate when I suggested he might walk up a tributary that offered an extra 100 metres of continuous rapid, but no one else was tempted. He said it was worth it and, being relatively shallow, it gave him a break from rolling practice. Jake and I practised our reverse ferry technique, getting it badly wrong on one occasion, but on the grade 2 rapids there was really no serious penalty for the mistakes, and I don't think anybody saw. Paul B got my vote as star of the day, putting in a great performance, looking comfortable and with barely a wobble, on his first river trip. Well done to Ross too, for rolling up on his second attempt every time.

For me, insulated from the cold river water, cool afternoon air and drizzle, in my big boat and dry clothes, the take out at

Aberbran came much too soon. Unfortunately the soggy, tired, kayakers couldn't be tempted to go another 3 miles to Brecon, so we returned to base for tea and Trish's cakes. Trish and Annie didn't appear until well after dark when dinner was about to be served. We had visions of them lost in the canal tunnel, or worse, but they eventually breezed in, all smiles and with a spring in their step and tales of grateful young, handsome cyclists, the back of Annie's van, undressing, drinks,....oh yes, and they had a good paddle too.

Nick served up a huge, award winning meal of chicken and vegetable curries, dhal, rice, pappadums, (OK, I won't mention the cardboard Nick.) It was fantastic, despite getting an extra stir during a roll round Nick's car boot on the way up the 1 in 3 hill to Perth-y-Pia. We all struggled valiantly to finish it with 2, , or in Elliott's case 4, helpings then Becky produced 6 amazing desserts, including an enormous November 5th bonfire cake to celebrate Trish and Paul's birthdays. What would we do now? Well, we tried, but couldn't quite finish them all. I am enjoying the lemon tart as I write. Thanks Becks, you're a star. The next surprise was for Trish, with a personal firework display, belatedly in honour of the birthday she had tried unsuccessfully to cancel. Another detail of Nick's masterful organisation.

The rains came to the hills that night and the river overflowed its banks.



None of the rapids are visible from the roads, but the bridges were spectacular. Some kayakers were seen putting in amongst the floating trees, on the brown and still rising water at Talybont, but we were less adventurous. Instead we drove past the Talybont reservoir and walked up the Caerfanell, the river that feeds it. The waterfalls there were very impressive, and a local that we passed said that the river was the highest he had seen it. Now where have Bev and I heard that before? Oh yes, on most of our 'summer' holidays. Fortunately nobody fell in, (well not very much eh Nick?) the sun came out, and we enjoyed some great scenery while we debated the lines we would have taken if we could have been bothered to carry the kayaks up there. I promised those that had developed a thirst for more paddling that I would show them a great run down the Talybont dam spillway. We went there for more tea and Trish's cakes, but nobody was tempted to run the spillway. Something to do with the last little drop that couldn't be inspected they said. Maybe next time.



Thanks to everyone for making it a great weekend, and book me in for next year Nick.

Barry.



Mill Falls – looking particularly juicy this year

DART ESTUARY

Just a few snaps...

