



CANEWS

June 2006

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!!

CANEWS IS AVAILABLE ON-LINE

This (and the last few) Issue of Canews is available in Acrobat pdf format for download direct from the web site (right hand click and select save as).

If you don't need a hard-copy posted in the future (and you feel like saving some forests and my time and costs on copying, envelopes, etc). let me know

CAPTION COMPETITION

Visit the web site for the Caption Competition



Mike keeps abreast of Heimlich manoeuvre

Nick L

EGM 11TH JULY 2006

Extraordinary General Meeting

A meeting in Highcliffe Sailing Club, adjacent to Mudeford Quay slipway, to discuss possible affiliation of RCC to HSC.

The meeting will be after canoeing so try out the showers, use the bar, and judge whether the facilities on offer are worth paying for.

An affiliation fee is likely to require an increase in annual subscriptions, so come along and have your say on this important decision.

STOPP'IN AT THE DEE

Don't let the stopper catch you off guard,
Point your bow upstream, and drive in hard.

Treat it like WHAT!
Pete's words crack a laugh.

Concentrate!
LOOK,
only where you want to GO
Keeping the down stream edge dug in low.

Glide in, triumphantly.....
"Hey look at Me!"
Hear John shout with Glee.

Uncontrolled rodeo,
Check out that flat spin!
Bow stall and stern squirt,
Up end, and **SWIM.**

Here in the washing machine
We rolled round and round.
Chris' old Boot,
Will never be found.

Top to bottom,
Bottom to top,
Pete, and Deano
Tirelessly saved us,
As out of our boats we did POP

Cos, we can get on,
we just ...well,
don't know how to make it all STOP.

A cheer from the crowd
Adrenalines HIGH
As the next kayaker,
Paddles offto REACH FOR THE SKY!

By Georgia Newsome

19 Feb. 06

Inspired by a fantastic week of Intermediate White Water kayaking at Plas y Brenin with Pete, Deano and the 'PANTS PADDLERS' (who almost ALL know how to Swim).



Georgia on the falls above Betsy Coed, N. Wales

POOLE BAY & SWANAGE BEACH REPLENISHMENT

During the winter of 2005/2006 approximately 1.1 million m³ (1.65 million metric tonnes) of sand dredged from Poole

Harbour channels and approaches was used to replenish beaches at Poole, Bournemouth & Swanage to protect them from erosion.

Dredgers pumped ashore 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, including Christmas and the New Year.

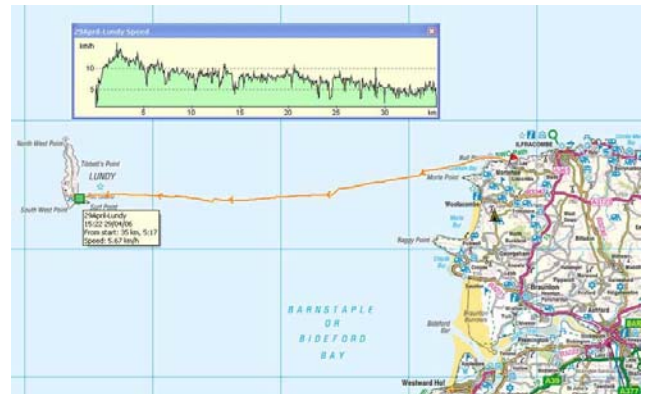
The contractors arrived on 22nd November 2005, and the beach at Swanage was replenished first

Work at Poole's beaches started in December and was completed on Monday, 16th January 2006

At Bournemouth the beaches between Hengistbury Head and Boscombe were replenished between 18th January - 18th March .

A second contract to complete Bournemouth's beaches during winter 2006/07 will replenish from Boscombe Pier westwards to the Borough Boundary with Poole, using beach material dredged from commercial sources.

LUNDY – WHAT COULD GO WRONG?



Bank Holiday weekend and I joined 10 others for a paddle to Lundy. A trip put together by Mark Rainsley (UKRiversguidebook). In Mark's words the plan ...

Friday night...we will journey to North Devon and camppresumably we'll arrive late and leave at the crack of dawn.

On Saturday morning, (29th April) if all looks good to go, we have to all be on the water and set off **no later than 10 am**. Lee Bay is a tiny launch point, so it'll take a while to get us all on the water (we'll have to carry each loaded boat across the road and launch them one at a time)...so actually, you need to be ready, packed and changed by **9.30 am**. ... There is good parking at Lee Bay.



The crossing...if it is good to go, I'll call the Coastguard and let them know what we're up to. If we launch and then decide that we don't like the conditions, we can still pull out and turn

back in the first hour or so if need be. However, if the conditions are good, then the actual paddle should be no big deal...just a mellow four hours of slow plodding.



Landing on Lundy... If we are lucky, the island manager will send a Landrover to transport all our gear the 4-500 vertical feet up onto the top of the island. If we're not lucky, then we've got a grim slog up the road carrying all our gear... The campsite is up on top of the island, as is the pub, shop, etc. In theory you can buy all the food and drink you need at these places.



Sunday. The ideal scenario would see us doing a paddle around the island. Obviously, if it looks like the weather will turn bad on Monday, we'll have to come back on this day.

Monday...the crossing back will need to either be done late in the afternoon (arriving back at Lee Bay at nightfall), or before the crack of dawn. We'll see how it all goes depending on weather, inclination, etc.



Disclaimer...obviously we'll look at the weather and plan as best we can, but be aware that there is **a small but notable probability that**

we'll end up stuck on the island due to the weather. In this instance, you have the option of either dumping your boat (back another weekend for it?) and taking the ferry back...expensive and entirely dependent on the captain's good grace...or of calling your work on Tuesday morning to explain why you are in the middle of the Bristol Channel. So...don't say I didn't warn you....

What can go wrong?

Mark Rainsley

What did go wrong?

1. Chas drove over to pick me up at 6:30pm Friday evening – anxious to get away, but he had forgotten his paddles and had to return to Barton of Sea.
2. On arrival at Lee Bay for the launch we discovered that the car park was closed. The consequent delay in departure would cost us a lot of energy later that day
3. Having enjoyed some interesting conditions through the races off Morte Point, followed by a relatively relaxed paddle $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way, the final hour of the 21 mile crossing turned to two as we lost all tide advantage and paddled into a freshening headwind. It took us close to 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ hrs to make the crossing.
4. In various states of weariness we unloaded our kayaks on the beach. Chas had just enough energy to utter some well chosen expletives when he found his sleeping bag was afloat in his leaking rear hatch
5. The island Landrover was conspicuous by its absence and we spent the rest of the afternoon lugging kit up 182M to the camp ground at the top of the island.
6. Chas still had enough energy to issue even more expletives when he discovered his tent was busted.
7. Huddled around the VHF the following morning we listened to the forecast Force 5 or 6 winds due that afternoon or evening, with more lousy weather into the next day. It meant a return by Ferry on Sunday or Monday evening
8. I was with three others that, not relishing the prospect of getting home at 2am Tuesday morning, negotiated passage on a chartered ferry on Sunday, sacrificing a paddle around the island for a poorly considered work ethic!

What went right?

1. At least the conditions proved 'good to go' (if not come back) – it could easily have been otherwise
2. With the exception of the last couple of hours, the crossing was fun – both the races and the subsequent leisurely paddle assisted by the spring tide, with the sun up were great
3. The camping ground on Lundy is excellent – and only 50M from the Pub
4. The pub serves a good local brew 'Lundy Experience' and has an excellent menu

5. Lundy is a beautiful island – 3 1/2 miles long by 1/2 mile wide and rising 400 foot out of the sea where the Bristol Channel meets the Atlantic. A rugged coastline, steep cliffs and windswept grassland, steeped in history. There's a lot to see – everything from lighthouses and quarry buildings to the remains of a wrecked WW2 German bomber.
6. Most of the Island is a Site of Special Interest and the seas surrounding it are England's only statutory Marine Nature Reserve. There's no shortage of wildlife – Soay Sheep, Seals, Peregrine, Gannets, Auks, Fulmars, Shearwaters etc.
7. The Island Manager and port crew were more than helpful – only too glad to assist us in arranging passage for kayaks and paddlers on the private charter ferry
8. Great company – it seems that whenever you throw a group of kayakers together for a weekend this is always the case.
9. I arrived home fresh, sun burnt and satisfied!

The 'ayes' have it then – a great trip. I can't wait to return – hopefully at a weekend of settled weather when I can squeeze in all the three legs of the journey that were intended.



While it is not a trip to be taken lightly, if the conditions are 'good to go' – GO

Thanks to Mark R for conceiving, planning and leading the trip, Chas for the lifts and everyone else for the craic.

Graham

"GONE WITH THE WIND" SEA KAYAKING SCOTLAND – THE 'CRACK OF NOON' TOUR

An Idea is hatched

I was seduced by photos and tales of sea kayaking amongst the Scottish Islands – sun-kissed white sand beaches, isolated idyllic camps, frolicking seals and otters. An ideal location for a first sea-kayak holiday. I voiced my intention at the annual RCC video night in January and a group of 10 was established within minutes. It seems I was amongst others that shared the ideal.



Plan A is achieved

Over the following months, poring over maps, charts and trip reports, I settled on the Knoydart / Moidart region. I even went so far as to plan the routes. A base camp at Back of Keppock (near Arisaig), a 3 day circle tour of the Sound of Arisaig / Moidart, a re-supply at base camp, and then a 3 day circle tour of the remote Knoydart area to the Sandaig Islands. All this planning was, of course, to prove a complete waste of time!

Plan A is thwarted

Despite having lived in Scotland (many years ago) I was convinced that the end of May should provide ideal sunny still sea kayaking conditions.

By the 14th May we had 14-day forecasts for the weather – but these were rubbish, they were suggesting inclement weather

18th May (10 days to go) "Have you seen the forecast Graham? It doesn't look good"

20th May (8 days to go) "Have you seen the forecast Graham? Should we change our plans?"

21st May (7 Days to go) "Have you seen the forecast Graham? Perhaps we should go up later and all throw 'sickeys'"

24th May (4 days to go) "Have you seen the forecast Graham?" "I don't believe it – we will go anyway"

And we did – some, however, against their better judgement!

The Gathering

We had all found the campsite by Saturday evening – there was Dot and Mike, Dave and Annie, Georgia, Richard, Elliott, Ross and myself – with Frances, Hannah and Finny joining us for a non-paddling week. All agreed that the location was breathtaking. All agreed that the weather was c**p. We adjourned to a pub in Mallaig and talked alternatives over sea-weed beer and fish and chips.

"Force 4 or 5 Northerly, 6 later. Sea state moderate to rough, Heavy Showers"

And so began the pattern of the week. Each morning and evening we would huddle around the VHF (normally in the rain) and listen to the forecast. Then, maps would be brought out, sheltered waters sought and endless plans and alternatives hatched and discussed.



It was difficult to raise enthusiasm in the mornings – lying in the tent (after a sleepless night listening to Elliott and Ross's snoring) listening to the rain and wind lashing the fly. The renowned RCC 'get-up-and-go' attitude !! vanished and 'Crack of noon' starts were quickly established as the norm.

Despite all that Neptune hurled at us we managed to paddle every day – and we were rewarded for our efforts with some truly beautiful locations and idyllic camps.



Sunday saw us retreat to the inland Loch Morar for a 16k paddle – finding some sheltered lagoon-like and midge infested bays for lunch before a battle with headwind on the return leg

Monday we ventured into Loch Nan Uamh, paddling amongst seals and finding a great island lunch-stop

Tuesday and Wednesday was the highlight. The winds had dropped and the sun was out. We managed to escape the base camp and make our first 'journey' from the head of Loch Ailort almost 40k back to Arisaig. We camped overnight at one of those isolated pristine sandy bays that I had dreamt of.



After a camp fire meal we sat on the beach and watched seals, otters and Red Throated divers put on a show for us. The return through the Skerries of Loch Non Ceall proved a beautiful paddle.

Thursday and the wind had again picked up and veered to the West. We found sheltered water and our final camp in Moidart before the long drive home on Friday.

We never reached Knoydart and the Sandaig Islands (that's saved for another time) – but we had a good week and our battles against the elements were rewarded by glimpses of what sea kayaking in Scotland can be. I fully intend to make an annual pilgrimage to the Scottish Islands. But next time I won't make any plans – just go with the wind, so to speak.



Graham

SEA KAYAKING THE GREAT BARRIER REEF



Friday 30th September 2005.

We collected kayaks from Salty Dogs Sea kayaks in Shute Harbour at 8-30am, got instructions, kit and charts, packed the kayaks, filled water pouches (30 litres) and departed at 9-30am with water and food for 3 days.

Our first objective was White Rock. Several other groups were out kayaking in the same area so we pushed on to get ahead of them. It was peaceful now – no-one in sight. We went on to the north end of Long Island and had a short stop (very short

as swarms of silly buzzy flies were being a nuisance) then started crossing to the north end of Henning Island. The tide was against us so it took 2 hours of slogging to cross about 3 miles!

The camp site was amazing, worth all the effort, with stunning views across to Whitsunday Island.



Soon various parrots made themselves obvious – colourful Rainbow Lorikeets and noisy Sulphur Crested Cockatoos perched and squabbled in the trees above us. There were also numerous Swallows and even more numerous ants. The toilets (pits), a pleasant walk through the woods away, were rather smelly, but at least there were toilets.



After pitching the tent we kayaked across to Whitsunday Island to look at the coral there. We didn't stay long as it gets dark very, very quickly – and we wanted to go snorkelling near the camp site. In both places we saw lots of good coral and many fish – including some quite colourful ones.

Saturday 1st October

We set off early in the morning (about 7am) following the edge of Whitsunday Island, stopped briefly at Naris Beach where there were lots of flies again. We went inside Cid Island to Ross Islet (where we saw a turtle) then from the top end of Cid we crossed to the northern end of South Molle. Once again the tides were wrong and it was hard work. We stopped to snorkel in the bay on North Molle, where it was low tide so very shallow – good for snorkelling but bad for kayaking!. This is a holiday area with a jetty, boats, beach huts etc. and so again we went off in search of seclusion.

We followed the causeway north to the south end of North Molle and came across our camp site at Cockatoo Beach. It was aptly named as there were lots of noisy Sulphur-crested Cockatoos in the forest behind the camp.



We were delighted to discover a pair of Bush Stone Curlew settled on plot 6! They rare and quite stupid, assuming that if they stay still you won't see them. A large black and white butterfly fluttered around and again Rainbow Lorikeet enhanced the scenery

We admired a wonderful sunset, tried not to notice the lights of civilisation on an adjacent island and were complained at by the Stone Curlew who wandered about once it got dark and disapproved of visitors!



Sunday 2nd October

A beautiful warm, sunny morning again, so the water lured us to go snorkelling before breakfast. Good coral and lots of interesting fish made it well worth while, but quite a good current was taking us out towards the outer reef so we had to be quite alert!

We set off back to the causeway and South Molle. We were getting used to the scenery now and were looking for wildlife. I asked David to find me a turtle – and he did – instantly (much to his surprise). There were lots of birds, including Sooty Oystercatchers, on the causeway.

We went inside Planton Island (saw another turtle) and outside Goat Island, before crossing the few miles directly to White Rock (the tides were good this time). There was a bit of a swell at times, but nothing to cause a problem.



We went snorkelling all round White Rock. Spotted a spiny thing, lots of big multi-coloured fish and some blue and striped ones. One area in particular was very good for fish and coral.



Having plenty of time we went round Shute, Tankred and Repair Islands (we saw more turtles here- but they were under water).

It was now time to return the kayaks, so we went back to Shute Harbour, unloaded boats – then tried (with 100% success) to roll them. David's first effort was a struggle – so he had another go. My first try worked well – so I left it at that.

Having finished our (much too short) sea kayaking trip we loaded the car with our (very salty) selves and kit and went to Airlie Beach to buy nail scissors and washing powder. Next stop Sydney.

Ros White and David Chadwick

JULIAN BUTLER MEMORIAL RACE

The annual event where 90% of club members display their non-competitive spirit was held on a very windy evening on the 20th June. Six members turned up to paddle the race circuit, most of them very definitely “not racing”, and various others turned up for various reasons. Ros delivered Dave's boat but had to leave for a meeting, Nick arrived after the start and took over as time keeper but his in his defiant non-competitive stand could not be persuaded to write them down, Paul Toynton, recovering from a knee operation, came for a short paddle, Dot and Mike came for the beer, and Helen came for the start, dithered a little then departed again.

Dave Chadwick, last year's winner, started first in the slowest boat, an old plastic white water kayak. I started 3 minutes later in a club reflex, with a guest in the race, Peter Bell, Commodore of Highcliffe Sailing Club, in his slalom C1. Elliott Gully, Dave Ratford, Chris Legg and Tom Wreyford, all in sea kayaks, started 7 minutes after that. I had planned the handicaps based on last year's results, but that race was in calm conditions and the harbour this year was about as rough as it gets with the combination of the strong south westerly wind and high tide giving a long uninterrupted fetch. That

favoured the sea kayaks which should be able to maintain a straighter course and be less affected by the short chop. On that basis I added 4 minutes to their planned handicap.

Leaving the slipway at Mudeford, I was immediately drenched with spray and solid water coming over the kayak, and could barely make out the small silhouette of Dave half way across the harbour ahead of us. Without my glasses, and with so much spray, I couldn't make out the edge of Sandpit Marsh, so I assumed Dave was on course and followed him. With the strong cross wind I barely paddled on the right and really struggled to keep on course. Peter is a very experienced C1 paddler, but rather rusty, and he kept alongside me or just in front all the way to Christchurch. I slipped past Dave as we threaded through the moorings at Christchurch and as Peter chose the right hand arm of the Avon circuit I took the left hoping for a chance advantage. I had a wonderful view of a kingfisher at the top of the Avon circuit and enjoyed the sheltered water, being able to paddle equally on both sides. The gamble paid off and as we met again at the confluence of the Avon streams I was a few lengths ahead of Peter. He is a true competitor though, and soon closed the gap again with some extra effort.

Back in the harbour, with the waves and wind on the quarter, I now could only paddle on the right, and even using sweep strokes with the paddle fully extended, the boat repeatedly went to the right. I had to resort to a stern rudder many times to get back on course, and that doesn't help forward progress at all. Peter slowly pulled ahead, keeping a much straighter course than me, and finished 1 minute ahead. I was very surprised that none of the sea kayaks passed us. I think it was their non-competitive urges restraining them, because they were actually slower around the course than Peter and I. Perhaps they stopped for a beer in Christchurch?

Being the first club member home, I got the trophy. Perhaps next year someone else should decide the handicaps?

Barry.

	Finish Time minutes	Handicap minutes	Actual Paddling Time minutes
Peter Bell (guest)	56	3	53
Barry Deakin	57	3	54
Dave Chadwick	60	0	60
Tom Wreyford	66	10	56
Elliott Gully	68	10	58
Dave Ratford	75	10	65
Chris Legg	76	10	66