



CANEWS

July 2011

EDITOR'S CORNER

THE WEB SITE – www.ringwoodcanoe.co.uk

Sadly a very short edition this time – blame the lack of contributors and, big thanks to the few that did!

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.

DON'T FORGET

RCC Forum



Don't miss out on impromptu trips, gossip and banter

RC Photo Gallery



Share your photos with all members

CAPTION COMPETITION

Visit the web site for the Caption Competition.



'Nookie and Tarts a good mix for paddling' said Ritchie Mike W

FISHERMAN V FARMERS

Canoeists aren't the only ones who have disputes with land owners. It seems that commercial fishermen have had their battles too. I came across this clipping from the archives of Fishing News recently. I don't know the date of the incident though. Barry.

Right: Farmer Terry Davey after being thrown into cow dung by fishermen because he had blocked their access to a cove (probably near St Ives, Cornwall?) with a stone wall which he had covered in cow dung



Barry

RINGSTEAD / LULWORTH 2011

It was a lovely day as I pulled into the car park at Ringstead, Graham had got there first with his Silvery Green Machine, and we had both slipped through and dumped our boats down at the beach, the Gestapo had not shut the gates, and so we were unable to read the Thou Shalt Not sign about kayakers and boats, private etc blah de blah, wont be able to breathe soon!! (Rant over)



The wind was straight in on to the beach, white horses dancing, sun shining and trip leader Ritchie itching to GO, so

like lambs to the slaughter off we went. The order of the day, as it was lumpy bumpy, was stick together, paddle as fast as the slowest, look out for othersblah blah and as you well know, and as RCC does so well, in one ear and out the other. Off they went, oomph the fast and furious were off. Seriously guys and gals, and I am not often, it makes you old, we do have to give this a bit of thought, stretching out too far could be a problem, it would take a time to come back to rescue and we were on a few lee shores, and if any body is a weenie bit unsure of the conditions calling back from way out front is not the best way. Club trips, bring people on, and don't leave them.

Right that's it senses prevail get back to normality (for me).

It was a great trip the sea interestingly bumpy, great scenery and as we came to Bat hole Tim The Moth came paddling in, some of us went though Bat hole, some didn't and onto Durdle Door where I think we all went through from the shore side and the greedy ones threaded it a few times, it was unlike last year a millpond, this year a good swell.



Into Man o war bay, a deserted beach apart from one group, so where did we land, yep right there, it's nice to be friendly!! A quick pig out for some and onto Lulworth Bay and another lunch, a few scoops for some, at the local hostelry, an ice cream. Did Princess buy you one? Answers to me please!! Lulworth sadly quiet for such a beautiful day Farewells to Claire and Family and her zoom lens and back out through a nice chop where Dot had her mouth open too long



It was a good paddle back, the sea a bit all over the place and when we got to Durdle Door the grey hounds out front had been through beckoning on others. It was lumpy through the Door, cross waves made timing a need, ask Martin, just as I was beginning to pluck up courage after Ritchie's comments, Martin exited the Door his boat over there, and him in a different place with a swim to the beach. Not a good place to

land in those conditions. Ritchie offered a tow and a rescue at sea but Martin went to shore. Dave Forsey, a gentleman, landed and gave Martin a re launch hand. Sometimes plastic is good, precious stayed at sea, no likem scratch glass boats!! Us out at sea, had a quick rethink, and stayed out at sea whilst the guys sorted themselves out. Well done Martin and Dave.



Back to paddling and onto the end, for some a play in the surf and a demo of rolling, Ben was so light in the head, his boat refused to roll over, so he was second swimmer of the day, gotcha.



A great day out, a good group and a lovely day , well done Ritchie and of course thank you Graham for the demo at the end .

Good paddling

Mike W

RINGSTEAD TO DURDL DOR (THE OTHER WRITE UP!!)

It was a lovely sunny day as I pulled into the car park Ringstead and there on the side of the field, slightly blending in with the scenery, in a lovely metallic shiny green, was Graham's new transport. Five Star .What a fantastic piece of kit and quite rightfully so Graham was there dusting off the early morning dew from the grass that had made its way onto his wheel nuts. No way do you want your nuts to rust.

The rest of the crew turned up in a motley selection of cars, vans pickups and lorries and duly paid homage to the "shuttle bus"(in our dreams).Some of us were treated to a closer inspection, including the little chairs, so neatly stowed in their own zippy bag on the tail gate, for use by the owners, to stop

and have a brew up in the lay byes of the worlds road systems. (I think we have all seen those OAP's doing this)

We had alas, not been treated to the off loading of the kayak from the new "super slidy roof rack system" for the elderly, but after a final check that the silver green dream machine was all locked we set off down to the beach.

Even the impending rough ride over the white horses to Durdle Door could not diminish the excitement we all felt at returning to see the Super Bus in full working order.



Well we paddled, and at last returned to the beach tired but buoyed up and exhilarated at the thought of seeing Graham's new toy in action.

A small crowd formed to watch (not Graham changing) but to see the Amazing Super Rack in operation. It was a work of art, encouraged by the onlookers Grahams first attempt at a load up was not what it should be, and to applause he brought it all back to the ground to adjust the kayak in its purpose, specially made wobbly kayak brackets, and then to all the non believers, up it went again, a poetic movement, of man and moving parts, synchronized into a breath taking display of a movable roof rack culminating with a Quest on top of the Silvery Green Machine. Well done Graham, and to Tim who sadly rushed to his aid at one point. Does A Tim fit into another carefully concealed cupboard in case of future mishaps we ask VW ??



Yes we all like it, not jealous though weeeeell possibly, maybe a mite. I feel my bum might get too shined up by the chamois leather seat inserts, and oh you have to be sooooooo careful.

Enjoy Graham, don't worry about us as you brew up in your Car a Van, or set your Sat Nav, to navigate your way back home from Ringstead, whilst fondly gesturing you would like

another two jelly babies, (that is what you meant) as you left me sitting in my ol Peugeot eating, what I can only describe as gold dust from your trail

The paddle was good but this was a highlight. Onward and Upload I say.

The Cloaked Pen.

(The pen is mightier than the VW) Must have been to write that cheque.!

DORSET COAST: NEXT TIME WE HEAD EAST

The weekend of the 14/15 May and the forecast was a bit 'iffy'. OK, the tides were right, only a slim chance of rain, night time temperatures were to be a giddy 2 degrees. But, some were forecasting force 2, others Force 5.

But last year I ended cancelling too many of these coastal camp weekends

Rich J and Dave E ignored the forecast and joined me. Tim was blissfully unaware of the forecast and also came along – that made 4. The plan, a Swanage to Ringstead paddle with a camp at Warbarrow

"Typical river paddler, who cares what the tides are doing – did you look at the wind" Tim murmured as he crawled out of his rust bucket to greet me that sunny Saturday morning. Tim hates headwinds almost as much as me

Four seasoned paddlers, no faff. Well, that is what I had surmised, overlooking the Tim factor. It took us close to three hours that morning to shuttle to Ringstead and pack the boats – but we had all day for a comparatively short 27km paddle.

The sea state was remarkably benign, considering the state of the wind (Tim told this river paddler that had something to do with the Northerly set of the recent winds) and we were close to springs, the wind was only a '3' and so we rode the ebb towards Aldhelms. Peregrines, Kittiwakes and Guillemots on route, but no Puffins. The wind gradually picked up and we were not sorry to pull in to Chapmans pool for a lengthy lunch in the shelter of the slipway wall



We were not too eager to move. Each time we raised our heads above the wall the wind seemed to have notched up a gear, there didn't seem to be much Northerly in it either. We

lingered, procrastinated, chatted but, inevitably, we moved, eventually.

And this was the 'not so nice' part. Indeed, once beyond Kimmeridge it was bordering on unpleasant. The gusts, F6/7, stopped us in our tracks and we each developed our own methods and mind games for dealing with this. Effectively trying not to lose ground during the gusts, holding water, then putting the steam on during lulls to gain a little hard-fought ground. More than once I was sorely tempted to throw in the towel and drift the way nature clearly intended, back East, back to Kimmeridge, hang the plan!

It was with more than a degree of relief that we hauled out in the comparative shelter of the bay to the East side of Warbarrow Tout and collapsed on the pebbles



Brews and beers

A wood hunt

Camp Cullinary delights

Good craic

More grog



Now that is my kind of sea kayaking :)

And a stunning sky

You know what they say about red sky at night – I thought I caught a glimpse of red in those shades and so crawled into my bivvy with a degree of optimism



But you know how sounds seem to be extenuated at night – at 5am I woke up to what I was sure was crashing surf. With memories of a long walk out from this very spot a few years ago I was compelled to get up at this silly o'clock. But the bay was calm. I could see that wind picking up out at sea, but no crashing surf, no problems. I brewed up and sat on the pebbles, watching a pair of seals, acknowledging that it is for exactly this reason that I enjoy sea kayaking.

The others surfaced, Tim last, of course, and only in the nick of time as we watched to tide recede at an alarming rate, beginning to expose those jagged boat breaking rocks of low water. We launched with the premise that, if it was as bad as the previous afternoon we would battle to Lulworth and call it a day. But Neptune was kind. The wind had diminished to a gusting force $\frac{3}{4}$ and, while still in our faces, perfectly comfortable. We were in Lulworth too early for ice creams, so it was a brew at Man o'war bay and Ringstead by noon

Great trip – and I have all those aches to prove it now, but, next time, it will be with the wind

Head East

Graham B

PADDLE PUSHER

Canoes have a low impact on the environment, yet they are more restricted than cars.

By George Monbiot.

Published in The Guardian, 28th August 1999.

Last weekend the water was so clear I felt I was floating on air. I could lean over the side of the boat and watch shoals of rudd cruising through the weed on the riverbed, perch as hunched and bristling as wild boar and a pike hanging perfectly still among the streaks of sunlight. It took some-effort to remember that I was drifting up the channel between the park-and-ride and the dump. (.

I spend much of my free time visiting some of the least prepossessing places on earth. At weekends,

I travel through industrial estates and warehouse parks, round the back of council depots and alongside "waste reception centres". Most of the time, I am blissfully unaware of my surroundings.

Sitting on the water, separated from sight and sound of the rest of the world by walls of vegetation, watching the fish, the grebes, the mink, and even, in the winter, the occasional water rail, it's not hard to imagine that I have drifted into an uncharted wilderness. A nine foot piece of plastic is all that's needed to turn hell into heaven.

Kayaks can be shoved and hauled through a two-foot ditch, or paddled across the North Sea. Once manufactured, they consume no fossil fuels. They cause little disturbance and make no noise. But to judge by the restrictions on their use, you might imagine they were lethal weapons.

As people become both more adventurous and more conscious of the environmental impact of the high-tech watersports, paddling is booming. The British Canoe Union estimates that about one million British people use a kayak or canoe at least once every year. But, despite the fact that Britain is peculiarly blessed with running water, there is almost nowhere for us to go.

Paddlers have a right to explore the tidal stretches of rivers. There are a handful of inland waters with a general right of navigation, but on most of these you must pay for the privilege. To put a canoe or kayak on the Thames, for example, you must first hand £17 to the Environment Agency. It's not easy to see what this pays for: the services the Agency provides - installing locks and weirs for example - serve only to ruin our sport, as free-flowing rivers are more fun than regulated ones. But if you don't pay, the lock keepers can impound your boat.

We are also entitled to travel on any river for which we can establish, in a court of law that a right of navigation existed in the year 1189. This is a simple enough procedure. All you need do is acquire a PhD in ancient history, stumble across a set of hitherto undiscovered documents relating to that year (1188 or 1190 won't help you), hire a QC and lodge half a million pounds with the Attorney-General to cover the costs of all parties if you lose the case. Curiously, this method remains woefully underused.

If you paddle down a river for which navigation rights have not been established, you can expect to encounter serious trouble. Rivers in which fish can be caught are guarded as zealously as any grouse

Thought I would share this article unearthed from an old Guardian, Graham B

MCGA CANOEING & KAYAKING REPORT 2010

The Maritime and Coastguard Agency has just published its annual canoeing and kayaking report which gives national statistics for 2010.

Last year there were 456 canoeing and kayaking incidents in the UK. These included incidents where people got into difficulty due to underestimating weather and tidal conditions, lacked skill or were ill prepared. Abandoned kayaks and false alarms are incorporated within this statistic. Sadly, nine fatalities are also included.

You can download the complete report here:

http://www.dft.gov.uk/mca/2010_canoe_and_kayak_incident_report_kp_rev_1-2.pdf

It makes stark and sobering reading, and, perhaps, indicative of more 'disasters waiting to happen' Safety at sea is a neglected area by many boaters out there. Coupled with the enormous growth in our sport over recent years, this is not a problem that is going to go away. Perhaps it is time for us all to take note and for the sport as a whole to consider how best to get paddlers to 'think before they sink'
Graham B

SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON

There seems to be an orchestrated campaign by fishing interests to fight against our attempts for improved access to inland waters on the grounds that our activity is harmful to the environment. A couple of illustrations - but there are others from around the country.

As one fisherman put it on a fishing forum "We finally seem to be making some progress but we cannot afford to be complacent as the paddlers are still trying to prove they have some god given rights to use our rivers where and when they want".

The Avon: Royalty Fisheries



Paddling on the tidal stretches of the Avon has never been contested. The tidal limit is clearly demarked on Ordnance Survey maps and lies three to four hundred meters above the A35 Bridge at Christchurch. Indeed, up until very recently Royalty Fisheries used to have signage at this point marking the line at SZ 157933. They even had a line strung across the river here at one point!

Southern Fisheries Ltd, a commercial organisation based in Tunbridge Wells has long leasehold interest on the entire Royalty Fisheries at Christchurch

This company seems to be waging a campaign against canoeists paddling on the Avon, both the tidal and non-tidal stretches. They seem to be playing an environmental card to safeguard their commercial interests claiming that canoeing causes damage to the SSSI and SAC site. It appears that this action is independent of Natural England and that they have enlisted the police to evict canoeists from the river on two occasions in May 2011. I believe, during this time, others have received a number of threatening calls from someone attesting that no canoeing is to be permitted above the Priors at Christchurch (approximately 1 km downstream of the tidal limit)

Perhaps not coincidentally, the old sign at the tidal limit has been removed and 5 new signs adorn the banks - before and around the A35 Bridge, downstream.

One of our members together with two from Southbourne, paddled the Avon loop from Iford on 25th June & were challenged by an angler not to pass the 2 rivers meet section. After a brief conversation and threatening behavior from the angler, they paddled on, followed by the angler who was trampling along the bank photos, and saying he was calling the police. "The encounter left a bad taste & we were glad that our other paddling pals, were not with us (a mum & her 9 year old son) had decided to have a break & ice cream at Town Quay).

Coventry City Council

The Environment Agency Wales have taken Coventry City Council to court alleging that a group of paddlers from an outdoor centre did wilfully disturb spawning fish on The Conwy in North Wales. Llandudno magistrates has adjourned the case until June 29th

The charge relates to a stretch of the River Conwy between Betws y Coed and Llanrwst on November 23 last year.

The BCU issued the following statement

The BCU takes environmental matters very seriously. In most circumstances with appropriate water levels and sensible behavior, all paddle sports are environmentally benign.

The BCU has become aware of a pending magistrates court case being brought by the Environment Agency Wales against Coventry City Council. It is alleged by the EA that a group of paddlers from an outdoor centre did wilfully disturb spawning fish on a North Wales River.

The BCU is offering its full support to Coventry City Council to protect the interests of participants across the UK.

Whilst the prosecution is ongoing the details cannot be discussed. However we recognise that water related recreation has taken place for many years on many rivers in England and Wales without challenge. Indeed the National White Water Centre operates on the river Tryweryn in North Wales which is designated as a SSSI and SAC, and has the prime function of bringing spawning fish up the river to complete their migration and reproduction.

*We would note that this case has occurred where access has long been objected to by riparian interests, but activity by those interests also takes place in the river and our opinion is that physical contact with the gravel is significantly more detrimental than floating over gravel in a craft. **We trust that, in this instance, environmental protection issues are not being used inappropriately to restrict access to responsible water users.***

Graham B

ONE, TWO, THREE OF US, A DEVON TRIP WITH LITTLE FUSS

Devon coastal trip 26/27 June 2011



The Devon coast trip kicked off with an early start loading the van with boats, kit and lots of food and refreshments for Nichola, Dave and I. Once loaded and all in the paddle wagon we set off on our way to Westbay, Bridport to see if anyone else was meeting us for the trip but after playing in the playground for a while and waiting 30 mins there were no more takers so off we set again on to Kilmington for breakfast.

After a proper breakfast we travelled on to Ladram Bay to check out the sea state where we discussed and decided that conditions may be better elsewhere in Devon and as there were just the 3 of us we easily came to an agreement to paddle from Totnes down the Dart Estuary and out to sea.

On arrival at Totnes we couldn't park at the usual slipway as there was a regatta so we drove round the opposite side where we found secure parking and slipway usage for a tenner, all good! By a very late 2:30pm we were at last on the water with Nichola in her fully loaded sea kayak for the first time, paddled on down the Dart with Dave and myself catching the ebbing tide and sharing some nice moments with a local seal. Tea and refreshment time arrived after 5 miles and then on to Dartmouth for an icecream stop at the little town harbour.



Time was now getting on so we cracked on out of the estuary onto the sea and headed east which provided all of us with new exciting coastline as even I'd never headed this way before now. Tide still ebbing but very slowly we paddled through small choppy sections providing a bit of play with a light wind against tide situation. Now looking for a camp spot for the evening and looking forward to some grub we kept rounding rocky outcrops where on rounding one a quite amazing scene of horses grazing on the side of the steep cliffs gave us some unexpected entertainment then eventually found a nice looking beach with plenty of shelter and a nightclub lol.



Once landed and unpacked Dave and I put up a tarp and Nichola started to put up her new tent with absolutely no moments of stress or use of sexual swear words :O) and once settled we all mucked in and started making our chicken Jalfrezi with all the extra's while picking at many condiments and sipping fine beverages of the gods.

As the evening went by we had many laughs round the camp fire and a little more fun juice and a very pleasant shot of Nichola's home produced slow gin before turning in for the

night to replenish ourselves for a not too early start on Sunday morning.

I was up at 5:30 to find a very beautiful, clear day for an hour or so followed by a very thick rolling sea mist but still very warm by the camp fire we all started the day with a bacon, egg and mushroom breakfast and a good dose of filter coffee supplied by Dave's Café.



Camp stripped, tidied and boats packed, the 3 of us launched once more to explore another new stretch of the fine Devonshire coastline finding en route some nice deep caves and some pleasant rock hopping or should I say rock dodging along this interesting, jagged stretch where we encountered another seal. After a while we heard the foghorn of Berry Head and rounded the head in no less than perfect conditions (less the thick sea mist) finding an excellent large cave.



Now drawing ever closer to our get out we chilled out for a while with tea and cakes before paddling through the masses of mackerel fishermen and on into Brixham harbour to find a slipway and get a taxi back to Totnes to pick up the van. We paddled a total of 20.5 miles over the weekend, not a long trip but very interesting.



All loaded, on the road and fuelled with a 3 shot Costa latte we had a safe journey back home with ample forward leaning, weaving and sky diving encountered lol. Much fun had all weekend, cheers all for your efforts and well done Nichola and glad you enjoyed your first overnighter. :O)

Rich.

21ST JULIAN BUTLER MEMORIAL RACE

This year we had a wonderful June evening for the annual handicap race from Mudeford, up the harbour then around the Avon loop and back. It was warm with a light breeze, enough to affect the heading of the kayak but not to make waves big enough to justify wearing a spray deck.

13 members turned out to paddle an assortment of boats, and gathered on the beach for the usual banter and claims of injury, ill health, or other equally invalid excuses to gain a favourable handicap. Nichola turned up with a boat, but didn't compete to defend her title as last year's winner because she really was trying to recover from a stubborn chest infection.

We run the event as a pursuit race, with staggered starts in the hope that everyone has a chance of getting to the finish line at about the same time. The times for the course varied from 49 (a course record) to 75 minutes, but most people finished within 4 minutes of each other. Unfortunately, Dot, Mike and Mike arrived too late to start with the appropriate handicaps, so finished some way behind the rest. Bev surprised the handicapper, who you might think should know his wife well enough, by showing an almost unheard of competitive streak. She paddled away from the start chatting to Richard Jennings, who was not competing but escorting Zoe, the youngest paddler, then told him she was going to "go for it" as he slowed to wait for Zoe.

Graham Mussett was right behind Bev at the end, also fooling the handicapper by knocking 4½ minutes off his previous best time in the same boat. Other great improvers were Simon, who improved his time by almost 4 minutes, Jake who got round in the same time as last year, despite being in a slower boat, and the Wells family who knocked 19 minutes off their previous time, almost certainly because the children are getting big enough to help. Jake paddled the club's new Discovery touring kayak on its maiden voyage, and grumbled that it was too slow. He said he was following Simon for ages, and working hard to keep up a higher stroke rate but not gaining on him. He had him in the end though. Dave put in a great time on his first attempt at the race, but Martin must have been doing too much fishing and not enough paddling because he dropped over a minute on his previous time.

The good weather and slow tides probably accounted for the fast times, and I might have been a little faster if I hadn't tried to beat the Wells family by taking a short cut across the shallows approaching Mudeford. It was shallower than I hoped so my speed dropped for a few hundred metres and I could only struggle along and watch them pull away again.

I missed most of the fun at the finish, as I had foolishly handicapped myself out of the race. I was the only paddler in a grp sea kayak, so was in the fastest boat, but the 5 minute start that I gave the earlier group of sea kayaks was too much. Perhaps next year I'll try to refine the handicaps down to something less than 5 minute groups, but I never know who will compete in what boat until a few minutes before the start and it is hard to estimate them more accurately at the last minute.

Many thanks to all who came for the paddle, Claire for attempting to multi-task as timekeeper and photographer, and Richard J. for engraving Bev's name on the trophy. The highlight of the evening for me was to see four smiling faces in an open canoe, with the whole Wells family out in force and really enjoying the occasion.

Barry.

	Boat type	Start time	Finish time	Lapse time	Position
Bev Deakin	White water	0	66.1	66.1	1
Graham Mussett	Sea kayak	10	66.5	56.5	2
Zoe Adams	Touring kayak	0	71.2	71.2	3
Dave Eagles	Sea kayak	20	71.3	51.3	4
Martin Pollok	White water	5	71.5	66.5	5
Jake Deakin	Touring kayak	20	72.0	52.0	6
Simon Burke	Sea kayak	20	72.1	52.1	7
Richard Wells & family	Open canoe	0	73.1	73.1	8
Barry Deakin	Sea kayak	25	74.0	49.0	9
Sheila Ryan	White water	0	75.3	75.3	10
Dot Tilley	Sea kayak	20	79.5	59.5	11
Mike Farnden	Open canoe	21	91.1	70.1	12
Mike Worth	Open canoe	21	92.1	71.1	13