



CANEWS

October 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.



"A good feast at lunch time, a few beers, yup you ground outsimples Simon"

"Simon had seen this bit in the 'Italian Job' , but did HE know how to get to the bullion in the front of his boat ?"

Mike W

"A bump and grind on doggy weir"

Victor Copeland

You rotten bastards! I wasn't expecting a weir here when I agreed to run this bit blindfolded.

Barry.

SWSKM JULY 2011

This year Mark Rainsely's South West Sea Kayak Meet was diverted from the usual East Prawl to our very own coast (which, of course, is on Mark's door step)

Around 80 Sea kayakers descended on a field at the bottom of Corfe Castle to enjoy a weekends social paddling



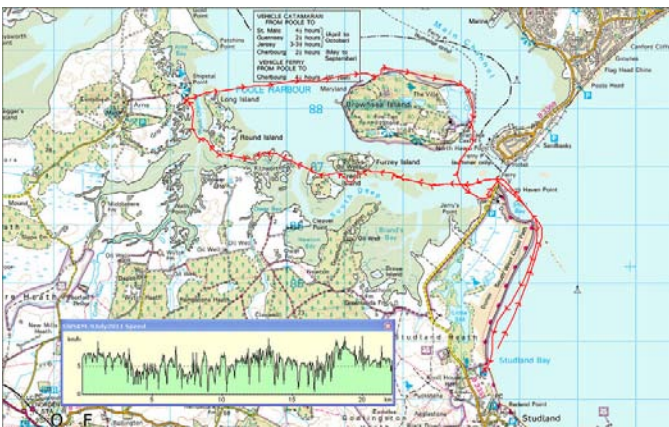
Out of those 80, there were only three from Ringwood Canoe club (Chas, Rich and I). Surprising, really, considering some had travelled from Wales and Scotland to join in the fun!

These meets are far from being 'symposiums' – they are a gathering, a social, almost a summer sea kayak festival attended by a wide mix of paddlers from seasoned pro's to beginners. And, yes, being the Jurassic coast, there were a few dinosaurs amongst us :)

Mark ropes those he knows to take out groups of around 6. The weather was dry and warm but on the blowy side, which meant that almost all of th groups did more or less the same thing for each day.



Saturday we launched from Knoll beach and paddled against F5/6's in Poole Harbour



And we rounded off the day with a BBQ on Studland Beach and much craic in the Greyhound – staggering back to tents gone midnight

Sunday was calmer – 3/4 I guess, until later in the afternoon, when it picked up, and so the vast majority descended on Kimmeridge to enjoy a paddle to Durdle Door. Vic, Viv, Dot and Mike W joined Rich and I for this paddle



No point in telling you all how stunning our local coast is, especially on a sunny summer day with a little chop



But it wasn't all about the paddling. The SWSKM is all about meeting old friends, making new ones, sharing tall stories and banter, ale and burnt sausages etc.

And it was a good one too

Hope other members will look out for next years meet and come along

Graham B

KEEPING BEER IN THE FAMILY.

Those of you who have been up Bow Creek on the Dart estuary, and stopped for a pint at the Maltsters Arms on the quay at Tuckenhay, might be interested to know that it has now been bought by George Welsh, son of David Welsh who is one of the brothers who founded Ringwood Brewery.

Barry.

THE HAMBLE A RIVER LESS PADDLED (BY RCC).

As evenings go they don't get much better than this:-

Four of us arrived at the car park next to the marina at Swanwick in Southampton to find that the remainder of the afternoon's clouds had fizzled away to reveal a perfectly sunny sky.



After the usual faff and a hunt for Vic and Viv's lost set of door keys, Huw was first onto the water- A nice man, who I had met a couple of times before but never realised was so keen, so after his four 'warm up' laps of the boat yard he returned and we set off together, Vic and Viv safe in the knowledge that their house could be being burgled as we spoke, due to said lost door keys, but they decided that it was too late to turn back now, and seeing as it was such a beautiful evening we carried on regardless.

Once we had passed the nautical version of millionaire's row, we carried on under the M27 and out into the calmness of the estuary. As Vic and Viv were paddling open boats and Huw and I were in kayaks we went against all RCC tradition and paddled together in our small group, taking in the sights of the beautiful tree lined banks and marshes. With the odd Egret to keep the bird watchers amongst us entertained.



By now it was about 8.00pm and with the sun starting to fall behind the trees, we decided that it was time to find somewhere to stop for our BBQ. Just then we came across a lovely spot on the bank where we could land and even catch the last of the warmth of the sun. Viv and I got out and lit the BBQ while the ever keen Huw potted on a little further up the river and back to take in some more scenery and Vic investigated a small creek running along side our BBQ spot.

We feasted on a spread of sausages, prawns, olives, chicken salad and yes even a bottle or two of Cider, while admiring the sunset reflections across the river and exchanging stories and banter, only to be disrupted a couple of times by mad men in their Millionaires yachts testing how far they could put their foot to the floor, but we soon decided that they were only jealous of us though, because they couldn't moor up in a Ft. of water and enjoy their own BBQ.



Sometime later and after it was decided that there was no possible way that we could make it back to work on time in the morning, we reluctantly put aside our dreams of bivvying down in this beautiful spot for the night and started to head back. By now the sun had definitely set and the moon was shimmering across the water creating a lovely scene which we all admired until we arrived back at the car park, it was a lovely scene indeed to end a lovely evening's paddle.

(oh and I never did find out what happened to the lost door keys, or whether Vic and Viv still had their TV when they got home :D)

Nichola R

MUDEFORD RNLI ASSIST KAYAKER STUCK IN MUD FOR FOUR HOURS

Date: 30/08/2011

Author: Jo Dadds, Volunteer Lifeboat Press Officer

The Mundeford RNLI inshore lifeboat Mundeford Servant was tasked to assist a kayaker in trouble on the evening of Tuesday 30 August 2011.

Whilst the volunteer crew were undergoing their weekly training exercise they were tasked by the Coastguard to go to the aid of a female kayaker, who had become stuck in mud at low tide and having been there for four hours it was feared that she would become hyperthermic.

The crew managed to get from the Needles to Christchurch harbour within minutes, but due to the low water were unable to get the lifeboat directly to the kayak. Two crew members waded across the mud to assist the kayaker and get her and her kayak onto the lifeboat, and then return them both to the station as quickly as possible.

Although the kayaker was very tired and extremely cold from being out for such a lengthy time, no further medical assistance was required.

Once at the station she was reunited with her sister, who had been kayaking with her and had put the emergency call into

the Coastguard.

Volunteer crew member Colin Walker, who was one of the crew that waded across to the kayaker, says: 'If you are going kayaking in shallow waters we would always advise that you check the tide tables before you depart, and if you are going to be out after daylight then reflective clothing and tape on your kayak are advisable along with a waterproof torch. This would assist any person looking for you if you should require help whilst at sea.'

KEYHAVEN BARBECUE

The evening paddle from Keyhaven for a barbecue by Hurst Castle was put on the Events list as a gentle paddle in safe waters, suitable for all members. As usual with such events, most of the dozen or so who turned up were competent and experienced paddlers. The weather was warm and fine but the wind was uncomfortably strong. It was directly behind us though, and we barely needed to dip the paddles in the water to get to the far end of Hurst Spit, just two kilometres away. We each made our way there at whatever speed, in safe and enjoyable conditions.

We found shelter in the lee of the castle and enjoyed a very sociable couple of hours, heading back to the boats when it got dark. We had a mixture of open boats, sea kayaks and white water play boats, so it was inevitable that progress on the return trip would be at different speeds. As everyone repacked and boarded their boats I called out a warning for all to make sure they paddled in twos or more. It was very dark, with no moon, and the tide was high so that the areas of salt marsh were not easily visible, except where a few blades of grass were above the water. I know from experience that groups are not good at sticking together, especially when paddling for home, and I didn't want anyone to go astray in the dark.

I helped Lee on with a very tight deck and he paddled off in the club's new Discovery sea kayak to catch his brother in his very slow play boat. Having helped Lee, Bev and I were the last to launch in our open boat then and found that my advice apparently had been taken not to include us! We were left alone but, fortunately for us, Ian and Sue were paddling solo open boats, and weren't making much progress against the wind. It hadn't dropped at all during the evening and we caught them very quickly and tried to see those in the main group ahead. I'm sure that some of them were wearing head torches but that doesn't help you to see them when they're in front of course, and we weren't really sure if we could see them or not. I thought I could see light on a moving kayak paddle but had no idea how far ahead it was.

After paddling steadily for some time I was aware that Sue was starting to head on a slightly different course to the right us. She had found a line of moored boats and was convinced that was where we should be. I was unsure, but thought that she was heading up Keyhaven Lake towards the village, and that our channel, Mount Lake, was to its left. The end of a section of marsh was visible between us. Bev was just as convinced as Sue, but her view was that we should be heading even further to the left.

I've paddled through those waters many times in the past, but not in complete darkness. There are no lights, Hurst Spit is featureless, as is the spit on the Solent side, and we couldn't see more than three or four of the moored yachts to be certain where they led. It was very difficult to judge position or progress. I thought I could see the small hut that stands alone on the edge of the Solent side spit, and on that basis

convinced myself that we were where I thought. We took my route but then found ourselves against Hurst Spit with our route along it blocked by salt marsh. We were clearly too far to the left. We turned back, headed around the marsh and then made another run against the wind. It is always weird to find yourself going round in circles and that's exactly what had happened. We came to exactly the same place beside the spit again. It then dawned on me that the wind was virtually stopping our progress completely, with Sue and Ian struggling to make any headway in their solo boats. Sue's canoe wasn't one she was familiar with and was not very stable so she was finding it very difficult. When we had turned and attempted to go past the marsh we'd been blown back so far that we'd gone round in a circle. The rest of the group were probably well on their way back, but we had no way of knowing if they were ok or similarly lost.

At that point the lack of stability caught Sue off guard and she capsized. She was well dressed, the water was warm, and she wasn't in the least distressed. Ian was paddling very close by her side and reassured her that he had hold of her boat. She found that she could touch the bottom so she stood up and let go of her boat as Ian expertly emptied it over his own. Unfortunately, letting go of your boat isn't the best thing to do in a blow, and both boats quickly drifted away, leaving Sue standing alone in the dark. We were able to reunite her with her boat, but we travelled some distance before we caught Ian, who couldn't paddle back whilst holding Sue's boat and would have struggled to hold position even if he'd taken it in tow. Sue and Ian did the sensible thing and paddled tandem, towing Sue's boat. That is a much more effective machine than two solo boats in those conditions.

We still didn't know where we were of course, but now I understood what we needed to do, and that Sue had been right when she wanted to follow the moorings. It took us a long time to paddle back, and I was relieved to find Jake, Lee and the others safely back at the cars.

The sheltered waters of Keyhaven are generally safe, but things can go wrong anywhere, and this incident showed once again the importance of sticking together and looking out for each other. The situation would have been very hard to deal with if someone had capsized alone. How do you find someone in complete darkness when the wind prevents any audible communication? You wouldn't know someone had had an accident until they failed to appear at the car, then where and how would you start to look?

Looking at the map afterwards I can see that, when I first went wrong, we were about 400 metres short of where I thought we were, having paddled only 500 metres instead of 900. I've paddled for many years but never been so far out in my estimates. It is obvious in hindsight. I kept telling Bev to slow down because she's used to paddling hard against a head wind, but we needed to match Sue and Ian's slower speed as solo paddlers, and I wasn't paddling very hard at all. With only moderate effort in that wind I should have known that we'd make little headway.

The only other solo open boat there that evening made much better progress, but it was paddled by Mike Farnden. He's very strong, has great technique, and doesn't slow down until he breaks. He didn't get lost either!

Barry.

FOUNDATION SAFETY & RESCUE TRAINING: FSRT

Ian Mercer kindly offered to hold a River Safety and Rescue Course on the Stour, starting from Iford Bridge on Sunday the 18Th of September.

This was a well attended event with 4 members from RCC and 2 guests from PHCC taking part. The course started with rope work and throw line practice on the small green next to the river. The throw line practice was then put into use with 'volunteers' jumping into the river upstream as live bait, giving everyone a go.

When Captain Worth took his turn at being rescued I believe there was some consensus among the participants that he should be (a) left to drown or (b) people could throw rocks at him for a bit of sport. I think it was decided that under Ian's watchful eye they couldn't get away with it and he was duly rescued.

Then next stage was Wet Rescue and just to get the ambiance right the rain came down on torrents. Ian demonstrated various techniques as there were a range of boats from w/w kayaks, sea kayaks and Canadians. There was a lot of laughter during this part of the course, with Ian's approach being to make everything enjoyable but imparting information and advice at the same time.

By this time we were down by the railway bridge and people got out on the concrete slipway to stretch their legs. Ian next moved on next to the scenario assessment, so that everyone was able to try out what they had learned so far. Ian subtly set the scenes so that no one new what the next scenario would be. These ranged from people suddenly going missing to unexpected capsizes, to someone (seemingly) being violently sick over the side of their boat. (I think there were years of practice behind that one)

Eventually by late afternoon every one was back at the bridge and all looking very happy and pleased with what they had all got out of the day.

A few of us rounded the day off with a drink and something to eat in the pub

There was a donation very kindly made by Ian to RCC to purchase kit.

Dot

ISLE OF WIGHT



A few of us decided to do a gentle paddle over to the Isle of Wight and an overnight camp, during the Whit weekend. Unfortunately the weather had other plans for us.

The wind was blowing a Hoolie in true Bank Holiday form and the clouds we're scudding easterly at a rate of Knots. Not to be put of though, the hardy (mad) motley crew consisting of

Ritchie, Ben, Greg, Alice, Dave E, Tim B, and Elliot and myself.

It was the first time I had used my new sea kayak to go camping with. I normally use my Canadian. soooo,..... I brought all the kit that I usually take in that. For some reason everyone was looking in awe at my ever expanding pile of kit that I was busy getting out of Ritchie's van. I amazed everyone by managing to cram the whole lot into my boat; It is now formally known as the Tardis. The only thing that didn't surprise everyone was the fact that it took 4 people to carry it down to the water, oops.

By the time we got into the open Solent the tide was running hard in our favour but a quartering sea and gusting winds made the paddling interesting to say the least. The waves were big enough for us to loose sight of each other when we were in the troughs.

When we got over to the Island and headed easterly in the calmer water near to the shore the tide was ripping us along at a great pace. We pulled into Yarmouth to have lunch. It was there that Tim suffered a nasty shock. He disappeared for ten minutes and when we saw him coming back we could immediately see that something was seriously wrong. He looked pale and shocked and could only mutter to us 😞. It turned out the kind soul had gone off to buy us all a cup tea.....8 cups of tea =£13, thank you Tim.

We carried on and got to the creek about mid afternoon. A nice camp site was spotted, up a small headland and into a clearing in the woods. The only problem was we had to carry the boats through the mud, with four of us struggling with mine. A number of us were slipping and slewing or stepping out of our wet suit boots. Tim commented that it was like going away for a weekend with a special needs group!



With our tents set up someone brought out a set of boules and a civilised game commenced. The evening continued, with Greg and Ben cooking up a fab meal of sweet and sour venison for us all, while the beer and wine flowed as we sat around the fire. The beer might have been the reason that several people decided to try and cook a rice pudding. The finished result was, tasty but so chewy that no one would eat much of it, fearing the dental repair cost if we did.

During the night we could hear the wind roaring through the trees but it was lovely and calm in the clearing.



The next morning when we cleared the creek, we could see the few yachts that were braving the weather pitching and yawing in the gale. Some looked as if they almost got to the point of capsize and these were big yachts too.

We turned easterly towards Yarmouth but it was hard going as we were heading directly into the Tide and wind. some of the gusts brought us almost to a standstill. Rich gave Alice a tow and he could still tow and paddle faster than me B*****d!!

When we got to Yarmouth, Elliot, Ben, Dave, Greg, Alice, and I, did the walk of shame and carried our boats onto the I of W ferry. Tim and Rich paddled off to Keyhaven to get the vans and pick us up from Lymington. Tim said that it was the right choice as had anyone had a capsize, it would have been impossible to have effected a rescue. Anyway, we were all happy bunnies, sat in a nice warm ferry drinking hot coffee.

The evening was finished off nicely by Greg and Claire doing a lovely BBQ for us all, nice one guy's

Dot

FLOATING ON EIRE

Not a club trip, but to fill the pages I am going to tell you all about the editors hols :-). No – just share a couple of images



It is said that the only way to tell the seasons apart in Ireland is by the temperature of the rain. And how true that proved. But the images here lie – they tell a story of sunshine, calm seas and settled highs. In reality, these were in short supply but who cares! Frances and I enjoyed our tour of the west, taking in Donegal, Mayo, Galloway, Kerry and Cork



Small Craft warnings invariable blasted out of the VHF every day and there was certainly no shortage of wind. But the fact that we were 'camper van kayaking' and not doing any multi-days meant that it was simple enough to load up the boats and find sheltered venues. Whatever the wind direction, the indented coastline of the West Coast, coupled with the skerries and islands always provide alternatives a short distance away. We managed to bike or boat almost every day and were rewarded with some stunning locations and great craic, all washed down, of course, with copious amounts of the other national drink.



A flavour of what Ireland has to offer camper vanning sea kayakers

Graham B

KENNET & AVON PADDLE 13/14 AUGUST

The organiser was late, traffic jams on the A303 going the wrong way, don't people know they are meant to journey West at weekends and then just to cap it all when I turned off at Princess services I was behind a caravan and a horse box , and in the best words of Victor Meldrew, I couldn't believe itI mean the horsebox went all the way , all the way, yes all the way, it turned off 500 yds from the camp site.

I must admit my sense of humour had got a bit strained, the crew were all there Dot, Dave Ratford, Paul Beeston, Martin Pollock and Kathy Read, their tents all pitched ready for the off and they were so helpfulbut I needed to pitch the borrowed tent myself to see what a foul up I could make of it, without witnesses so I told them to go and get in their canoes ... I would catch them up as we had a table booked at the Barge at Honey street.



It was really quite a nice evening, the canal flat as always, and I eventually caught the pack up. Martin was doing the trip in the club Open, nice to see him in a proper boat, he was well keen on the flora and fauna as he was going from bank to bank but the stroke was improving. Kathy was doing a great job soloing along and Dot, Dave and Paul were out in front as they could smell wine and beer. Outside of Honey Street we found Adrian checking us out from the Tow path , he had been out 'dogging ' so Kathy said, enough said, Kathy is so understanding. We arrived at the pub a good ¾ hr late, Hands up, my fault or was it the horsebox!! It was good and busy and of course they didn't seem to know about the reservation, but yes they might be able to squeeze us in, but hey we are frontiersmen/gals and we don't mind squeezing. We got this table next to the music area which was been set up, got the meals organised and got the beers in, perfect. Sadly Adrian and Kathy had to leave

Food was great, and Tim Bryan turned up, just as we got served, so that he could have our chips!! The music started and it was looking and sounding really good but we had to get back to the inky black ribbon of the canal. Tim stayed on awhile, listening with love and having meaningful talks with the artiste.

It was a great paddle back, didn't get the planned moon and mist but it was great and by sheer planning got back to the Golden Swan at Wilcot in time for a drink outside on the bench. A lovely evening.



Next morning a sensible rise and breakfast , Tim played shall I go or should I stay and eventually we lashed his racing machine on a roof and made off to the put in Nr Wolfhall Tunnel (502 yds), the sun was shining and it was looking good. A pleasant paddle is how to describe it, the tunnel was great, dark and no trains, or even barges for that matter and the day passed well. I think we all, just a little, perhaps, were hoping that getting into the C1 from the bank might have given us a bit of a laugh, but Tim is just too good for that to happen. We had a few (4) locks to do but they aren't bad portages and in a couple of places just caught it right with a barge going through so had an easy drop. Stopped for a lunch break, don't know where as the trip leader had forgotten the map, that way I can make it up as we go along, fed some duck and a passing female Teal.



Next stop was Pewsly slipway for a great cup of tea by Dot, the sun was shining and it was a far cry from the last time RCC was there and the ice was so thick we couldn't paddle through it. Here its only a couple of miles to Wilcot where we leisurely packed up the tents and reluctantly returned to normal life . Cheers all, it was a nice little trip, maybe next year we will get the mist and the moon.....till then. Mike



Photos from Martin P