



CANEWS

January 2013

EDITOR'S CORNER

THE WEB SITE – www.ringwoodcanoe.co.uk

A BIG thank you to the contributors

Dot T and Mike W

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.

If you haven't registered – please get in touch with Graham or Simon who will set up your registration

RC Photo Gallery



Share your photos with all members

CAPTION COMPETITION

Visit the web site for the Caption Competition.



GRAHAM RETIRES

Hopefully, this will be my last Canews. 72 is enough for anyone (that is issues not age!!)

I have been the club's secretary and editor of Canews since April 1995 – 18 years. OK a 'lightweight' compared to our treasurer Barry – but doesn't time fly.

The typos are getting worse, and my enthusiasm for the task has gradually dwindled. It is time for some new blood to bring back the Canews sparkle and a new someone to badger and coerce members to contribute.

A big thank you to all members (old and new) who have found the time, over the years, to share their accounts on the Canews pages

And good luck to the new Secretary whoever that might be

Graham B

SCOTTISH SAGA

It is very rare that a member passes me an article that won't fit on the pages of Canews – but, then again, Mike W writes almost as heartily as he laughs. Consequently, his wonderful 'Scottish Saga' article, all 28 pages of it!! are appended as a 'separate' section to this edition of Canews.

Thank you Mike

FINLAND



Mark Gleed volunteered his home in Finland as a base for a canoe trip, and opened it out to the club, a brave and very generous offer. There were 4 of us who took up his offer, and the planning which Mark took on with military precision, was under way and, we all managed to secure the same flights out so it was game on.

I picked up Mark and then it was down to Dots to pick up the others. The Fiat Doblo has its faults, it's like driving a box down the motorway, people tend to think your disabled (no comments please!) but it can take a load, and in comfort. It needed to, have you seen the size of Dots suitcase, yikes, nearly ordered another plane.

Mark is quick through all the check-ins, he is a frequent business traveller, he knows the score and he wasn't carrying as much. He certainly hasn't been travelling with RCC members. I got stopped at the x-ray machine for a baggage search, fluids, liquid wash, just bought from Cotswold, although my pots and pans must have looked like a bomb. Mark thought this great, so, out with his camera and started taking shots of me explaining. He learnt a lesson, an irate custom official shouting and wagging his hand, no photos in that section, and he was made to delete them!



We landed about 9.00pm their time (2 hrs different) then we had to get the hire car. This had been upgraded to a Nissan Qashqai, looks the part but, it should have been the Nissan Squashcar. 5 persons and their gear, no chance. After a lot of grunting and heaving, we still had two large rucksacks we couldn't get in (Long Live The Doblo) so in we got, a bag in the front with front passenger, and a large heavy bag across the knees of the passengers in the back. Nightmare 2.5 hr journey with your legs going to sleep, but it would be worth it.

We arrived in the dark at around 1.00am and got our heads down to awake to a lovely morning and incredible views. What

a location and super house. We went out and did some shopping and then got back to meet up with the outfitter who would take us to the start at Petajavesi.



We were doing Wanha Witonen canoe route down through a series of interconnecting lakes from Petajavesi to Jamsankoski a total of approx 48.7km.



We were doing a bit of a voyageur type start, on the water approx 2pm and our first stop the island of Pirkonsaari, approx a 5 km paddle. A little island but with a 'long drop' loo cabin and a fire pit with axe and saw on site. Very sensible the Finns. We all slung hammocks.



The next day had a bit of wind and slight rain, this was a 13km paddle to Kuivaniemi. The scenery was stunning the whole journey, the colours of the trees just starting to go into a myriad of oranges and browns all reflected off the water, lovely. This site was a lavu, an open-ended hut where you lay like a little row of sardines and out in front is the fire pit and again the place left with logs axes and saws and of course the little pixie hut for the ablutions down the track. So sensible.



Friday we paddled down to Rantapirtti, to have coffee and pickup some canned Elk meat for supper. The guy here supplies canoes and does husky trips across the frozen lakes in the winter, ask Mark, and also supplies the husky teams to do the Santa Claus run further North. He was very sociable and helpful. This leg was 18km across quite a large open water stretch. Lucky we didn't have a head wind. Our last night was slinging hammocks at another camp site, elk meat and pasta yummy and a lovely sunset



The last leg was down to Marks house just above Varpaisniemi again through great scenery and stopping at an old friend of Marks, who gave us coffee and cakes, hospitable people the Finns.

Saturday night was a memorable sauna in the old style wooden fired sauna, which had belonged to Marks grandparents, an antique of a building, but oozing atmosphere, the modern electric ones don't come near something like this. The order of the day was to bake yourself and then run and jump in the lakeI like heat but not freezing water, but ,in fact I did get in the lake, slowly , you did need to. Dot and Mark went plunging in, the wimps, Simon, Ian and I got in gently. It was a great experience, and I don't really get much of a buzz sitting in a modern electric one now To follow this was salmon grilled on a board in front of the open fire. This was a high light, it was just unbelievable sitting outside, in front of a roaring fire, glass in hand and a plate of the most amazingly cooked food . Words do not describe that meal.



Sunday was a lazy day, shopping and cleaning up and we completed the rest of the trail by paddling down to Jamsankoski finishing off with a meal in a local restaurant.

Monday, sadness, as we knew we had to have the bags on our laps all the way back to Helsinki squashed in the Nissan Squashcar, and return to normality .

I think we all say a large thanks to you, Mark, for putting your home at our disposal and putting the trip together, it was fantastic, thank you .

More Pictures follow



BARRY PUSHES THE BOAT OUT

Its Official and AmazingBarry has bought himself some NEW kit .After 20yrs good service, his trade mark fleece salopettes could be retiring, as he has bought some new nearly identical ones. His complaint and reason being, his others were starting to wear and had a few holes, shock, horror!! He had bought his originals for £22 back in 19 OMG and he has splashed out another £22.00 for his new purchase, they were more, but they were in a sale. (My Boy)
We all wish his new leg wear a long and happy service, and I expect the shops are now gearing up for the next rush of kit buying from him in 2032

Mike W.

DOT'S SCOTLAND



Originally I was planning to join Mike W, Ian M, Jake W and Tim B on the Rannoch Moor trip in September. That was till I started to do some research on it and decided it definitely wasn't the trip for me.

So the plan was for me to pick a place on Scotland's West Coast and they would join up with me at the end of their 'lazy paddle' 🐾 down the Tay.

I drove up overnight and pitched right next to the sea, at a lovely site near to where some of us paddled in 2006. On the Saturday morning I paddled out among the rocky skerries which run for miles along this coast.

Some of the skerries have beautiful white sand beaches and the great thing is the complete isolation. In the distance Ben Nevis can be seen among the surrounding mountains. As I paddled seals would swim over to get a look at this interloper. It wasn't so much me watching the wildlife, as the wildlife watching me!



I was paddling along enjoying the solitude when I heard what I first mistook to be a dog starting to howl, it seemed to morph into someone singing, then back to a dog and so on. I looked all around to see where these people / dog were but there was no one for miles. It was then that I spotted a seal on a small skerries about 150m away and realised that this was the source of the 'singing'.

I parked my sea kayak in a nearby kelp bed, so as not to be moved on with the fairly strong tide that was running. It was absolutely magical, one of those special moments listening to this haunting ethereal song. After about 15 minutes, the seal slipped quietly in to the water and was gone.

After a long days paddle, I returned to the camp site, showered and sat there enjoying the wonderful scenery and peace and quite.

This all came abruptly to an end, when the Provisional Wing of R.C.C. rolled into the site. Jake W had had to return to work but the other three more than made up for his absence.

The dear lady who ran the site asked Tim if he would park his 'Transit Van' off site as it was rather tatty. Tim, lower lip trembling said he was really hurt and did the best impression of a wounded puppy the I've ever seen!! On pointing out that it was a VW Van and not a Transit, the lady wandered off and Tim never did move his van.

That evening we went to the nearby pub for a meal and a debrief of the Rannoch trip, when I saw the photos and heard about it, boy was I glad I'd backed out of that trip.



Next day we paddled out and once again the seals were swimming around us in no time at all. The weather was not so good today and so we headed into Arisaig Harbour for some lunch and a cuppa. As we left the weather closed in and the rain started. Tim got his emergency survival bag out and we rafted up to sail back but we realise that perhaps four rafted up Sea Kayaks with a sail that had 2ft high letters saying HELP probably wasn't the best idea.



That evening it was batten down the hatches as a storm rolled in. After looking at the 5 day forecast we decided to head back south and we found a fab luxury Camping Barn near Carlisle.

Ritchi J and Dave E had gone further north than us and had run into the bad weather straight away. After a couple of days without even being able to get their boats of the van they Headed south as well.

I paddled over to the I.O Wight with them the following day for lunch in Yarmouth. Flat calm sea, warm sunshine. Not at all like Scotland!!

Dot T

RECENT SUNDAY PADDLES.

Sunday 30th December 2012

Well the weather has been pretty ***te for quite a while now .Loads of rain ,sometimes too much, and lots of wind, so it really has not been that great for a paddle or to even plan one .

Barry conducted the first nearly New Year paddle on the 30th Dec .It was a blustery day ,a good wind from the SW, the hardened paddlers Barry (No Bev ,bad shoulder)Martin P, Gareth & Wesley ,and always last, but by no means least Tim (aka Skid Plate) mustered and started kitting up .Dot and

myself had decided to wimp out and take me launch for a run .When we were at Weston Point boatyard the wind was fair smacking into the jetties and it looked horrible, so we had driven up to see Barry at Lake Pier. It was more sheltered there, hence them getting geared up. We felt a tad ashamed and high tailed it back to the yard to get the launch and arranged to meet them off Arne.

We arrived off Arne, but they were nowhere in sight . We motored around and on the verge of returning to the moorings we got a call from Skid saying they would be off Arne in 20 mins ,so we went and anchored off Shipstal Point and waited . After eating our lunch we caught sight of the of the happy few or was that a bit of a muttering as they had had a long slog back against the wind ,mind you Barry was still smiling. Gareth and young Wesley had done a great job as their boats are not the longest. Skid came aboard for a cuppa and then off they went for another good paddle against the wind to Lake Pier .They had been up the Corfe River creek ,on a dropping tide ,and word was that it did get a little tight on water .They had had a good day and exercised off a bit of the turkey dinner , but where were the rest of the club.....maybe the next paddle !!

The Next Paddle Sunday 14th January 2013

Cindy had put this one forward, or should I say she had suggested Beaulieu River and quite wisely changed it to a Pool Hbr paddle with the way the weather had continued to go, and also to cut out a long drive.

We met at Lake Pier for a 10.00 start .The organisation of the weather was fantastic ,the best day for a long time ,sun glaring ,shades onbut hats too, as there was still a nip in the air.

This time a better turnout, Cindy, Patrick, Dot, Nicky, Gareth, Barry & Bev, myself and last, but, by no means least our man Skid (aka Messy Tim). But surely there could have been a few more for a gentle start of the season paddle.....come on guys, support the trips. It doesn't haven't to be a macho man paddle always; it's still a social gathering as well.

We left Lake Pier straight into the sun and headed up past Shipstal point trying to bump into Sammy the Seal, with no luck. We headed into the calm waters of Middlebere Creek to be greeted by a flock of Avocet wheeling and putting on a fine aerial display .So I was told Avocet are really quite a rare sight ,so we were honoured .Cindy is a bit of a twitcher so she was our spotter for the day .She had hoped to see some Spoonbills but I hope the Avocet made up for it. We were on a dropping tide (a normal occurrence in the shallows for RCC)so we decided to get out while the going was good. It was a bit different going the other way, there was a bit of wind. We shepherded the Avocets out of Middlebere Creek ,not intentionally but they just went in front and turned down the next Creek towards Wytch fm and Corfe creek .Apologies to any twitchers who had been getting excited and sitting in the hides and then have to watch the Avocets disappear .C'est la vie.

It was a good paddle back, against the wind, and the tide was still fairly ripping out between Gold Point and Lake Pier, raising the paddle stroke rate and getting a little drop of perspiration to glisten on the face, but it was great and it was good to raise the appetite before hitting the beach as Cindy had a rare treat in store for us. Gareth again proved that his fairly short boat can go as fast as a long boat, a nice display hunky. You are getting Skid worried .

It had taken Cindy and Patrick 2 cars to get to Lake Pier with all the gear .Unreal, but they had near enough brought the kitchen sink.

The Paella cooker was set up , the palm trees raised, the cake stand set out ,the cheese board displayed , the calor gas rolled out ,need I go on .



We were given a cuppa soup, like no other .This had been brought back from Australia (I think) By gad it was good, don't get that in this country .

Chef Patrick was geared up, and in went the butter, garlic, and then King prawns and calamari, magic! This was accompanied by some lovely bread. To follow a choice of cheeses, including Sheep cheese woha, this was good!! Fruit cake and chocolates (choccies from Dot) followed, and then with a loud belch, the whole party of RCC were blown off the beach .Well almost with all those calories.

Thank you Cindy and Patrick you really did us proud .I am relieved not more people came , we would have had to share the feast .Thanks for a great day out and we are all looking forward to your next one X

Mike W

Scottish Saga

The planning was relatively easy ,we had got together in a pub , I had said Rannoch Moor, Ian had said that's a bit short, I had said how about down to Kinloch Rannoch then ,and Jakey said why not to Perth ? Why not indeed. So that was it, Hydro Electric Dams didn't even come into the conversation. We all did a bit of the research ,looking through the normal books. The one I looked at didn't seem to have anything on the bits in between the various Lochs and even the internet didn't have much.

Ian and myself managed to get away on the Friday for an easy trip up North. Yeah .I met up with Ian at Warminster Services as his bearing on his trailer was red hot. No problem ,quick google and we diverted off into Bath to a trailer specialist....that wasn't there. Ian then shot off somewhere and I then spent the next best part of an hour getting out of Bath .

I had a nice lunch at Tetbury, then joined the motorway and we linked up at Strensham Services, just like a well oiled plan. Onwards and upwards to Penrith or just a little bit south of it at a place called Shap where we had booked into a Bunkhouse ,New Ing Lodge for the night (newinglodge.co.uk)

Tim Bryan aka Skid Plate (of that well known song 'Where be the skid plate be') was working his way up country visiting his many flames and honing his instrument, all under the heading of 'work'. He arrived there slightly before us.

Not a bad place, but parking was not good for 2 cars and trailers, and Tims van. The room was ok after we had thrown open the window and turned the heating down ,whilst the walking bods were out of the room .If that what yer feet are like after a day's walking I'll stick to paddling. Tim slept in his van to get away from Ians snoring .

Next morning sees the convoy headed to Penrith to mooch around ,for me to visit Penrith Survival ,a shop I wanted to see, only to find it is not in Penrith (How silly is that)but another 12 miles west .

Oh well back on the road and then into traffic works, lots of it .The one at the end of the M73 being a goodun. Skid Plate gets bored very quickly in traffic jams, and he was soon changing lanes in his sleek van and passing us trailer towers with that little smile on his face. About 15 mins later we saw him in the distance disappearing away from the traffic. It took us another 1/2 hour at least to get clear .We phoned Jake who had left early that morning and he diverted away from all the problems .We all met up at the end of the M90 at Perth .Jake arrived about 15mins after us and he had started that morning !!.

We camped at Noahs Ark Camping and Caravan Park (PH1 1QF) near the end of M90 , a good site ,warden was really helpful and was happy for us to leave sea boats and trailers and a few cars for the duration of the Rannoch trip.



Next morning saw us all getting sorted for the adventure. We knew we had portages so the idea was to pack light. Jake and I didn't even bother with the dry suits. We parked up the sea kayaks locking them onto the 2nd trailer, secured Tims van by parking a few inches from each side and we were off, all in one car and a trailer of canoes. Spirits were high as we drove up via Loch Tummel, stopping to have a look at the view at Queens View of

the Loch, and there I think realisation dawned that these Lochs are really quite big and any wind against would have been to put it mildly, troublesome. We went onto the Tummel bridge, started seeing our first rapids. I think this is where Jake and myself realised we were prats. The thought of possibly coming out or even stepping out without dry suits was not a fun thought. We dropped down to join the A827 and to start making our way across to the start at Loch Ba. We came to Kenmore at the Loch Tay and passing the end of the Loch Ian jammed on the breaks muttering something about local knowledge. He had spotted a van all marked up and a kayak instructor in the water with some pupils. We got out asked him if he had done the trip we were planning and if he had any pointers. His name was 'Biscuit' and Tim realised he had met him before, small world. He was really helpful giving us an insight of what we might come across and all the while he and Jakey and myself grew quieter in the knowledge we had made a cock up leaving the dry suits. It was not going to be a Spey trip. We got back in the car, mm I thought, Ian I said, would you mind us going back to Perth and picking up our dry suits please. He a good mate, no probs, and while you're there, a helmet for Jake! So that's what we did. Left Jake and Skid to look around and keep an eye on the trailer and Ian and I went back. Thank god.

Eventually we got to Loch Ba, about 2.00 dumped all the kit and boats, and Ian shot off to Park the car at the Kings House Hotel and thumb a lift back. It's bleak here, there was a good wind and Jakey and myself were already thankful of the dry suits!!



Well in with the boats, up with mast, get ready for the first stretch and a nice following wind which heralded a nice easy sail down Loch Ba. According to the guides you can miss the exits out the Loch and go too far, I can see how that could happen, but we had good vis and armed with a Sat nav, no problem on the first bit. Ian and Jake peeled off a bit early

thinking they were at the Abhainn Ba but Tim's words were, sit it out and eventually they will come to us . We got to the mouth of the Abhainn Ba in good spirits and without a care in the world Ian shot into it, mast up, and woops our first rapid and his first pin.

Shot of a bedraggled Ian coming out ,his boats on the side . I think this put us all in a bit more of a serious mode ,and we started to treat the river with a bit more respect ,realising we had loaded boats and they did not turn quite the same as unloaded .From here on we gopt out and inspected ,walked the interesting stretches .



The Abhainn Ba takes you out onto Loch Laidon where we thought we would pitch up for the night .I had said to Ian at the start of the trip that we should pitch at a sensible time ,get sorted before the sun goes down etc ,but the river had other ideas .All around us the area is boggy and tufty ,not good ground for a peaceful nights sleep. It was a bleak evening with a good wind and the sun was dropping as we carried on looking for a camp.Tim saw a pitch which looks like it is often used on a little promontory just passed a an islan (Eilean Iubhair)



It was a windy night ,canvas flapping ,but we were dry and warm and living the dream . Up with the lark ,if there were any ,but no life on this stretch of the moor apart from the 4 idiots paddling it .Hoisted sails and off down to Rannoch Station .We passed our exit point so we could do the photo shoot and stretch our legs a bit on the beach

and hopefully get a cup of tea at the famous Station Tea shop. A few people up here waiting to catch a possible train for a scenic day out .The Tea Shop was closed .Closed due to the

health people e deeming the water was unfit to drink .They were trying to sort the problem.



Not much help to us and it did affect members of the team who thought they would finish it then. They got bored waiting for the train!! Tea or no tea .



Back to the boats and a good hard paddle back up the loch a bit against the wind to the entrance of the Garbh Ghaoir.

This was quite a nice stretch but in the middle had a 'drop to far' which meant a bit of a drag and humping kit over boggy tufty ground and as you got hotter so the midges found you .

Ian had pin nos 2 and I had an unfortunate wrapping. I say unfortunate as we had inspected the drop and nothing nasty ,as I went over a little ledge the boat just tuned dipped its gunnels and hey presto ,how to turn 15ft into 2x7.5ft !! after we had got the boat out and popped it back into shape we could just see this branch which had skewered me round sticking up. Left it there for the next person to have a bit of fun!! Pictures speak a volume so some follow .





Above, Mike looking for his boat ,Skid in position to take on kit.

Below, 3 Pin ,notching them up ,Skid probably bent over laughing !!(not really)



So excitement over, we popped out into Loch Eigheach starting to think about a camp for the night ,but as usual the river had its own agenda,so we paddled on till we got to the Power station at the end of the Loch . The weather had come in and it was gloomy .We hauled the boats up the Gauer dam and followed the track down to the gate and then went down to what is probably the turbine house where there was a stand of trees and pitched up under them as it was nearly dry underneath the branches .



Next morning, nothing like a portage after breakfast to start the day .





We followed the road around 1.59k till we could find a sensible put in .The river was interesting with some fairly sizeable rapids and good features.









This was a nasty bit, to the left is a huge hole .Ian and myself didn't fancy running this and really none of us should ,but boys will be boys .If something had gone awry we would have been in doo doo. Tims words, as he went to get in his boat were 'I am not sure if I can make the line ,but I will give it a go '!! He didn't make the line got into trouble just out of picture managed to grab a passing rock, grab his boat ,bail it and set off again .wish we had got pictures, it was really quite amazing ,but then, that is Skid Plate for you.

Here is Jake running it, fantastic run , but from the bank we could see his eyes out on stalks ,veins distended, as he made the push to get pass the hole. Well done Jakey .



Ian is standing by with his camera,(a real RCC member),well ,if anything had gone wrong the line would not have got there !!

Below, relief as he comes out the bottom.



Ian and I decided to portage this bit, but brought the boats down as close as possible to save a bit of humping even that can cause a few problems. Pin No3 and he came away with just a

little bend on the bows. (Luck of ol nick 3 Pin)



The operation took about ¾ hour to get the boat out with a classic bit of rope work from them in the water and those on shore. Getting his kit to shore had its interest as well, as the karabiner hadn't clicked in, so suddenly a bag and his trolley were suddenly off down the river by themselves ,we needed that trolley. Jake shot off as his boat was already below this bit and luckily managed to retrieve the lot whilst blind running the next rapid .Good on yer Jakey.



3Pin in Action

After all that it was a bit tame as we headed out of the river Gaur and into the 10 mile stretch of Loch Rannoch and as luck would have we had wind ,lots of wind ,right up the loch.

So sails up



And we had Rear Admiral Skid-Tim Plate with us, and that makes it really interesting!! To get a good photo possibly this one as Ian is smiling at this moment, the rear of the Rear Admiral lent against Ian's mast and crack! Mast holder broken, woops , but that doesn't stop Admirable Rear Skid for pulling out his groundsheet, and, jury rigging was order of the day.



Can you spot the Rear Admiral !!

We were going some



And it was getting better the further we went down the Loch as the reach increased





It was an amazing sail but as we went on, one by one the mast supports broke and we eventually put into shore to light a fire ,have some scran ,warm up and jury rig the sails .We set off again but eventually the sails all gave up and we were sailing solely on Rear Admiral Skids jury tarp, and we were still stonking along under an ominous darker sky .It didn't really take us that long to do Loch Rannoch ,the landing at the end at Kinloch Rannoch was every bit as good fun as we had to skew across the wind, through some good size waves that were trying to get in Ian's boat ,and we landed with a nice rush up the pebbles, to a good campsite. .





Next day was a goodun, nice bit of sunshine and a lot easier water, the landscape was ever changing as you come out of the barrenness of the west.

We stopped to get a few provisions and then paddled on to Dunalastair Water .



Dunalastair water must be a flooded valley to provide the head water for the dam as when Ian jumped over, to take the action shot of us sailing with the broken rigs, he was standing up. So it was a paddle , as Rear Ad Skid had broken the lot .

The dam is the start of the R Tummel and you egress river left and climb up to the road ,over the fence .Don't be tempted to portage down by the fish steps as you won't get far .

Rule 1 : Always bring someone with you who likes carrying the gear .

Rule 2 ; Learn by others mistakes (Cheers Vic!!)

The road is at the top of picture through the gate .

Portage no 2; 2.9k this misses a gorge/waterfall, no good for loaded canoes!!

We dropped back down a steep slope onto the river opposite large house, Dalriach,

And out onto Loch Tummel and looking for a camp site with the sun starting set.



Found a great pitch on small promitory just before Mains of Duntenlich on R, left
Skid packing his kit again ,or was it again , the others left ,they didnt want to sail .



The Clunie Dam and the longest portage, uphill for ½ of the way ,4.13 k Total

Tim and Jake actually enjoyed it .Jake even melted the axle ,luckily wheel stayed on.





Jakes bit of axle welding !!!



The end of the portage . The 4 Comancheros at rest .

Had lunch on river bank and then paddled down to Pitlochry ,guess what..... yep another dam .

This time it was through the town and out the other side ,no problems ,it seems to be expected .About 200yds from end of it my wheel peeled off the hub ,luckily Jake and I had similar trolleys and he just came back with a wheel when he had got to the end .



Back on the river and passing the occasional fisherman ,you know the types .Large river lots of room ,we were being courteous ,but there is always one , this bod instructed us to pass on a certain side at the last moment , and then took over the casting from his novice ,turned his back on us and then started casting ,well you didn't think it could happen ,but he caught Ian on his back flick ,as if he didn't know we were there ,could have been nasty ,could have been his eye ,but it was just his BA. The question is should paddlers be as ignorant as the fishermen .Game on !! Ian being reeled in.



Sun getting low pulled out on side of bank ,not particularly nice pitch but needs must , for me it was the Camp Site on Pooh Corner !! Skid Plate nicknamed me Skid Mark after a Miss Judgment caught me in the brush .Do bears have this problem ?

Set off for the last leg of the journey 49.35k to Penrith .



Red Takes a good picture !!!





Getting nearer Perth, fishing competition ,no abuse ,in fact I think one said thanks



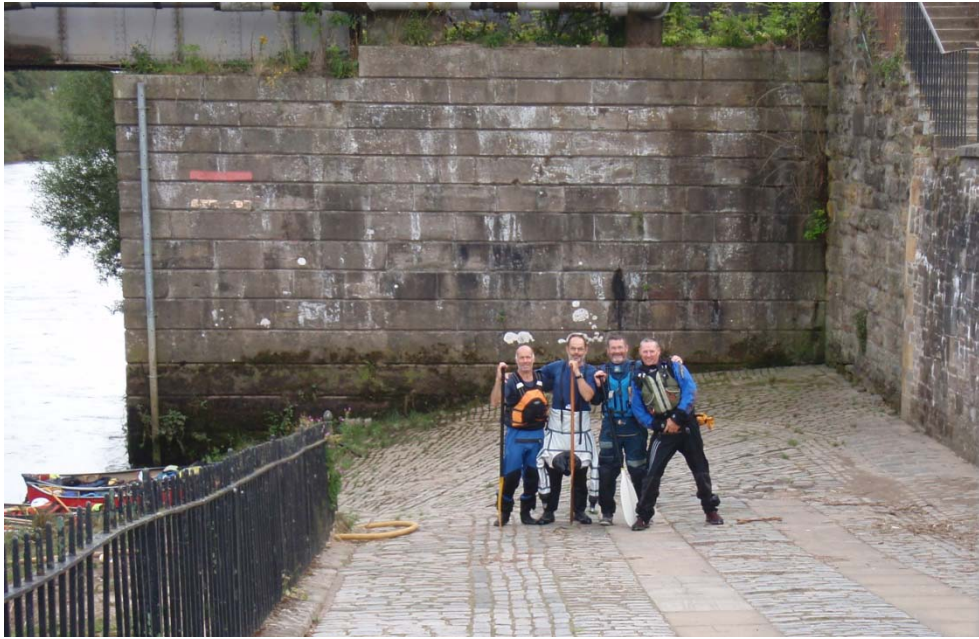
Entering Perth this bridge has a nice little drop ,bit of a surprise really ,but the end of the journey is nigh



The end ,Skid doing the tidying up. A great trip we were lucky with the weather on this part of our hols . It was a pleasure to be part of the group .We had a fantastic time with loads of laughs and the portages were made easier with 2 complete nutters .

The Team

Skid Plate Tim Bryan , Jake Jakey Wiltshire , Skid Mark Mike Worth , 3 Pins Ian Mercer



Let's make it a hotter climate next time !!