



# CANEWS

*September 2014*

## EDITOR'S CORNER

THE WEB SITE – [www.ringwoodcanoe.co.uk](http://www.ringwoodcanoe.co.uk)

### A BIG thank you to the contributors

**Barry , Bev, Dot, Ross L & Nichola**

We have had a fun packed summer with lots of trips going on this year. Thanks to those who organized them and thanks to those who attended.

There are a good few write ups for the past 6 months which is brilliant, however they are done by the same people again, do we have any new blood or budding writers out there who can entertain us with something for the next issue??

Canews is not only a chance to entertain and micky take, but it is an archive of the club and it would be nice to keep it going...

We hope to get some of the old paper issues of canews scanned and added to our online archive for all of you to see in the near future.

Nichola

### CAPTION COMPETITION

Unfortunately we have no caption competition for this issue.



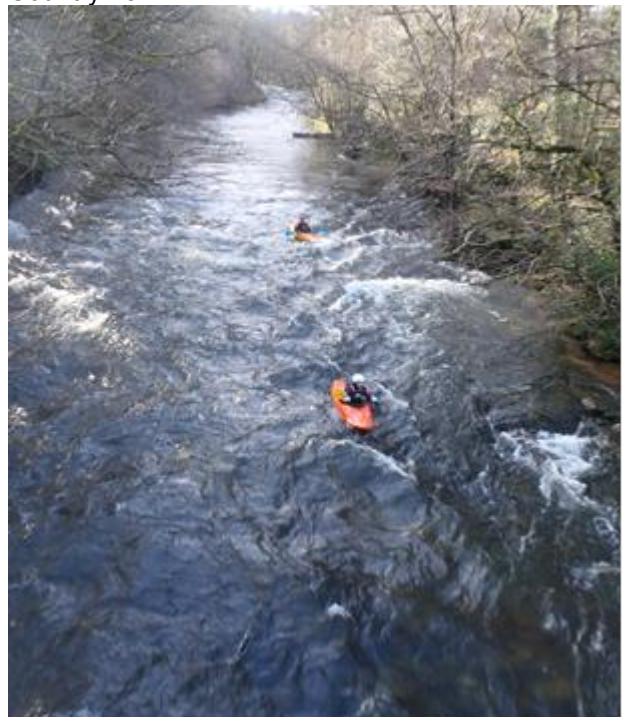
Here is a picture of a very happy little boy though (Charlie) in a Jackson Duo in Slovenia this year. The club has just bought one the same and will be brilliant for kids on all kinds of trips!

### A DAY ON THE DART

At a pool session a few of us decided to head down for a paddle on the Dart the next day.

Lisa and I were particularly keen as Lisa had just gone over to kayaking after Canadian paddling and I was returning to it. Well, trying to get my skills back anyway. The crew consisted of Charlie, Jake, Lisa, Cindy, Nic, Ian Tim and I.

Jake and Nic carried their boats up from the car park so that they could run the last bit of the Upper and do the Loop, while we did the shuttle and met them at The Country Park.



Lisa and I were both having a bit of a wobble to start with but soon got into enjoying the paddle.

Tim and Ian gave us the help and coaching we needed and we both felt more confident.

The river was at a lovely level and the good old British weather handed out everything from bright sunshine to



hail and rain. It was a really nice fun day on the Dart.

After we got off the river, we headed into Ashburton and treated ourselves to a well earned cream tea. Worryingly, this does seem to be becoming a bit of a habit but Hey ho, its got to be done. :-)

**Dot**

## MY DISASTROUS DAY ON THE THROW-UP FROME

Well, it was a beautiful spring morning the sun was out and things were going well and my intention for the day – was to walk from Verwood to Horton and to ask Barry and Bev if they would like to join me. My plan was scuppered after a short conversation with Barry who said that they were going to join Dot's paddle on the Frome and some how the conversation ended with me agreeing to come too.

At this stage it was 9:30am I was still in my pyjamas, pre-shower and breakfast and the plan was to meet the others at Warminster services at 10.30 an hour! (its an hours drive to Warminster) The alternative option was to meet the gang at the put-in at 11.15am allowing time for the shuttle etc.

I thought this was do-able, and was quite pleased with myself that I had managed to get showered, dressed, all my kit sorted, boat loaded and get lunch made by 10.00.

Things went down hill from there (for me)....

Disaster no.1 – I got to Warminster services at around 11.15am, as I expected, everyone was long gone so I went on to try and find the put in. (the only info I had was some sketchy directions from Barry "go from the services along the A36 where you will go over the river

Frome, you can't miss us") so I headed along the A36 in the direction of bath.

After driving for about 15 minutes I still hadn't seen the river and hadn't spotted any familiar cars parked at the side of the road, so a creeping thought came over me....what if Barry meant the A36 in the other direction?, so I turned around and headed off in the direction I had just come from, back to Warminster services. I thought I had better ring Dot and check that I was going the right way.

After 5 phone calls there was still no answer! So I sat in the lay-by thinking 'well it was a nice drive out & I can always meet them at the end for the cream tea' but then Dot called! I was heading in the right direction in the first place but hadn't gone far enough (I was about a mile short of seeing them) so I turned around and headed back again and eventually found some strangely dressed people standing in a field next to a river with some boats!

I was relieved when when I eventually got onto the water and was grateful that everyone had waited for me. Thanks guys! The river was beautiful and I definitely would have missed a lovely paddle if I had met them at the end. I relaxed into the paddle and was enjoying the nice calm water, then Dot announced that the first weir was coming up.

Weir!? but I didn't bring a helmet! "its ok, Ian didn't bring one either" they said so I thought- well I've done hundreds of weirs before il be ok....I thought this until I got to the top. It was about a 5ft sheer drop with minimal water going over it! It was ok though and we all made it over safely and Lisa put us all to shame making it look like she had been running weirs like that for years! I think she even put a boof in!



The next stretch of the river consisted of another couple of weirs and a nice little slalom rapid under a bridge (although not running very fast due to a lack of water.) which then took us round to a dodgy looking weir that had virtually no water going over it at all (it was mostly just slime) and another 5ft drop.

Most of the group sensibly walked around it, but Ian and I (the hard core helmet-less paddlers) saw that there could actually be some fun to be had here, so Ian got out of his boat and pulled it over the metal step leading upto the lip of the drop. Me being lazy- asked him to pull



me up over the step while he was out of his boat, which he did, and then he left me balancing on the edge like a child on a sea-saw. Then with one small lean forward, I shot down this weir like a rat down a drain pipe, propelled by the slime and landed in the 2 inches of water at the bottom! I was covered in slime and a bit of water, but it was the best weir of the day!

We had a lovely lunch sat on an island in the river in the sun. Then continued on.

Barry did his bit by removing a child's slide from the top of the next weir. The guy living in the house above it exclaimed that "he had been sick of the sight of it since it arrived there in the floods of February and was now very happy that it had been moved" Barry then went on to invert the nose of his 'overly long' kayak going over that same weir and had to spend the rest of the trip with a replica of a 'piggy's snout' etched into the front of his boat.

We came upto another feature of the river, were they measure water levels. They do this with 2 concrete slopes that protrude into the flow of the river, resulting in a faster running patch with a small rapid at the end.

The rapid proved no problem at all, and we all made it down smoothly, but then I stupidly decided to go back and surf the little play wave. I promptly capsized and found my self discovering all of the underwater rocks with my head minus helmet! Which wasn't fun, so I thought "bugger hanging around here trying to roll...I'll bail out" and ended up swimming to everyone's entertainment. Thanks Ian and Sue for collecting my boat and belongings!



Eventually we got to the get-out to my relief (its not often I say that) and I was wet through and freezing cold so I decided to put some dry clothes on before doing the shuttle. Luckily I had packed some in the kayak, but I only had a tiny hand towel to dry with and to cover my modesty! So I spent the next 10 minutes in the lay-by awkwardly standing on one leg, with the other leg in a pant, while trying to hold a towel that didn't meet in the middle. So I apologise to not only the general public passing by who may have seen a little more than they were expecting that day, but everyone else on the trip who had to put up with me showing them up. And thanks to Dot for coming to my rescue later with a jacket I could use as a curtain!

I was so glad to get to the tea room and finish a pretty disastrous day with the most fantastic cream tea. It was one of the best yet and the company was pretty good too!



The end....

Oh wait, the bad luck didn't stop there, it appears that the Frome is not the ideal river to take a swim in, and the cream tea was about the last solid thing I ate for the next 2 weeks!

Nic R

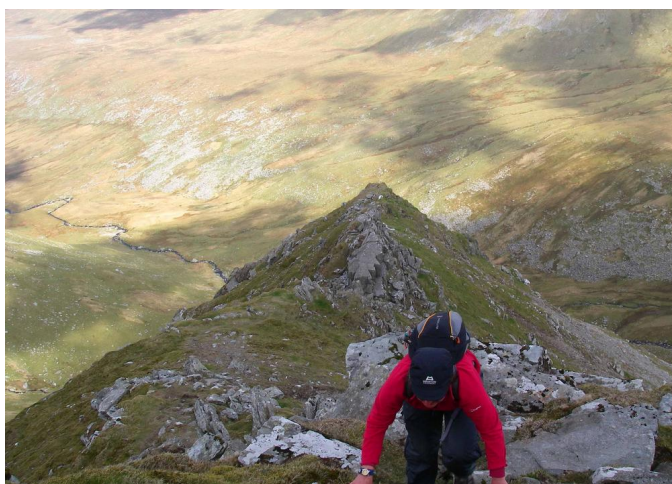
## SCRAMBLED LEGS

On Friday 18<sup>th</sup> April, everyone in our bunkhouse in Snowdonia was deciding what they wanted to do for their day's activity. I looked at the sunshine and decided on a walk up the mountains and, on the map, Lisa showed us a scramble that she had done a long time ago. She, Barry, Lee and I set off from Bethesda at around 10am and the valley was spectacular surrounded by mountains.

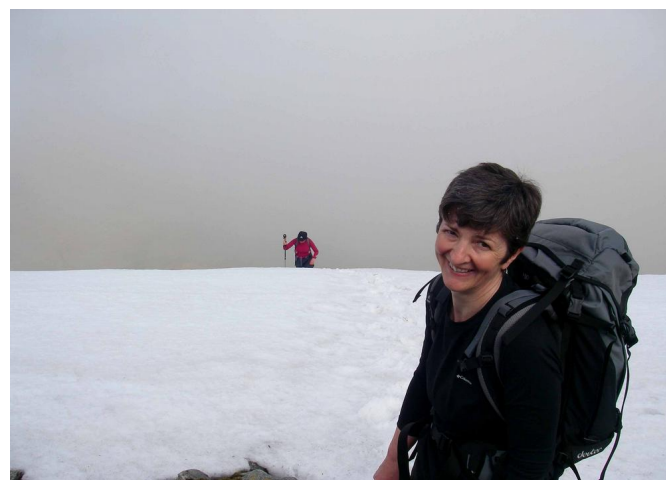




After a couple of hours walk we started our scramble in a cwm on the North side of Carnedd Dafydd and climbed about 300 metres up a rocky ridge. Barry was feeling unwell but mountain air, concentration and fear of heights soon made him forget his chest infection. Lee was helping me, showing me the way; a proper mountain leader.



I was very impressed. The yoga came in handy as I pushed my legs up the ledges and wished they were a bit longer.



Lisa was like a mountain goat and made it look easy. I enjoyed the scramble, but felt very nervous climbing up the snow slope above it to the top of Carnedd Dafydd.

Once at the top it was a flat ridge most of the way to Carnedd Llewelyn, then another short ascent to the top of that, the second highest peak after Snowdon and over 800 metres above our car.

The walk down was a longer, gentler ridge back to the car, with spectacular views of the ridge that we had climbed up to the left, and with Anglesea and the Menai Strait to the right. We all felt great after a fantastic sunny day in the mountains, 19km behind us and hoping that someone was preparing food back at the bunkhouse (Thanks Ross).

**Bev**

PS by Barry:

You can see that sympathy for a sick man was in short supply and my pleas to go for a gentle sea kayak trip fell on deaf ears. The powers of persuasion of Bev and Lisa combined meant that I didn't have any other option but go along with the plan they'd hatched. I did feel crap for the first couple of hours, but it didn't last and the effort was all well worthwhile. Thanks for dragging me along ladies. Bev and I have been up Carnedd Llewelyn three times, by three different routes, and every time with fantastic visibility. We're extremely lucky I know.

### **SNOWDONIA DAY 1 ALTERNATIVE - SEA PADDLE AT THE MENAI STRAIGHTS**

While the others were 'scrambling' up the Carnedd Dafydd, one branch of the group (Ross M, Ross L, Dave & Annie, Dot, Richard H, Mike W and I – sorry if I have forgotten anyone.) went paddling along a stretch of coast surrounding Anglesea.

It was a fantastic paddle with clear blue skies, and mountains in the background, a scene not many of us are not used to!



We landed on a fantastic beach for lunch and enjoyed sunbathing and exploring the old forts. As we were leaving – so I hear, our noble and *well prepared* leader - Ross M was chatting to a yacht owner who exclaimed surprise at his full proof navigation method, I believe the yacht owner was caught by surprise at Ross' use of a 1998 road atlas for navigation!! Ross quite confidently and proudly answered "Yes it is an atlas!" and paddled on quite happily.

**Nic R**



## RINGWOOD CANOE CLUB – TRIP REPORT: NORTH WALES (DAY 2 – PADDLING THE TRYWERYN) BY ROSS L.

Following our lovely day exploring the coast of Anglesey in our sea kayaks, I was keen to get my Burn in the river and see how the Upper part of the Tryweryn compared to last year. Unfortunately the white water lovers were in rather short supply! Only Jake, Nichola and myself made the journey to paddle, but our small group let us blast this part of the river over and over. 4x in mine and Jakes case in a few hours, and Nichola x3.

Nichola and myself set off promptly in the morning, both of us looking rather bleary eyed, following another less than brilliant nights sleep. My snoring notwithstanding! Nichola was unsure if she was ready for being thrown around by the river following her stomach upsetting experience with the Frome the previous Sunday, I however, was definitely excited to get back on a river (even a kind of fake one!), although concerned it would be very busy.

Following our arrival and unloading our boats Jake caught up with us having dropped Lee off for a day of cycling at Coed y Brenin. We were all pleased to see that it was quiet.

Now for the paddling! - After discovering a slightly less hull scrapping seal launch by the Chipper (the beginning of the white water course) we were off. Jake seemingly confident that nothing could go wrong, Nichola wondering whether the masking tape I had put round her neck seal would hold if she rolled and me wondering how many rolls I would have and hoping not to get any new stickers for my boat.

The first run for all of us was markedly uneventful, all of us making eddies, no necessary rolling and smiles on all our faces getting to the end in about 30 minutes! It's amazing how quickly a small group can get down without any swims!

Jake and I were both pleased that Nichola wanted to not only get a second run in, but was easily talked into a third too. Each time we pushed ourselves to make more eddies and test our break-in and outs and surfing skills too. We identified one seemingly impossible eddy, although eventually I think we all managed to make it.

Jake even managed to grab the crazy eddy half way down the ski jump. Later on, at the bottom of the course we had a few rolls in our attempts to play in rather chunky stoppers, Jake having somewhat more nerve



and success than myself, Nichola watching and laughing at us getting munched up!



One notable moment on the last and final go, (Jake and my 4<sup>th</sup> run) was Jake getting stuck in a small but highly grabby stopper. Thinking he would try and casually side surf his way to an eddy on the river right, perhaps underestimated the strength this nearly river wide little drop... Over and over he went, rolling up for air, getting half way out, just to be pulled back in by this comparatively small feature.

There were a couple of moments when I thought he had enough, but he, like me, was concerned with the prospect of getting new art work attached to his boat, - so he dragged and side surfed his way out. In hindsight I should've really got out of my boat and got a line to him, however, I was laughing too much to do anything. It's a shame Nichola didn't capture the moment, I think a new award could be invented for it!

I need an award for being dizzy enough to leave my car keys in a dry bag beside the river at the get in. Fortunately, when we got back to the top and after retracing my steps, they were where I had left them. I quietly had a few nail biting moments during the shuttle back to the top, following this discovery.

So there we have it, three happy (and now late pick up Lee) paddlers enjoyed a very good blast on the Tryweryn. Shame everyone else didn't join us and make a day of it, you guys missed out. The river definitely seemed easier than last time, maybe due to less flow, but hopefully some of my experience on Dartmoor during the winter has rubbed off. Thank you Nichola and



Jake! – And Lee, for not being mad that we were nearly an hour late to pick you up for yours and Jakes climb (which looked fun, but will let one of you guys do the report on that)

**Ross L**

## SNOWDONIA, DAY TWO

On the second day of our Easter multi-activity extravaganza, Bev decided that she needed a quiet sea kayak paddle, and the North coast of the Llyn peninsula looked welcoming and interesting. Only Bev, Richard Hampson, Lisa Cox and I took this option whilst others went walking, biking or paddling the Tryweryn.

Unfortunately our in-car navigation system (Bev) was low on batteries after a hard day in the hills and a short night's sleep, and she treated us to an entertaining scenic tour of the Llyn peninsula before the paddle. Richard was in his own car and dutifully followed every move of ours. We eventually found the road to the beach at Morfa Nefyn, which was perfect, with a road right down to the sand, free off-season parking and a toilet for the ladies. Despite the extended tour we were on the water just after 9 and there weren't many people about.

I'd decided we should drive to the far end of the bit of coast that we'd paddle to get the best of the tides and the forecast wind, but the sea was like a mirror with no tidal stream in the bay so that seemed like an unnecessary effort as we started.



We paddled round a series of bays with sandy, then pebbly beaches and small headlands, and all was calm and easy with great scenery.

It would be different with a swell coming in as the pebble beaches are very steep so landing could be really uncomfortable on most of them.

We saw a few big jelly fish, the thick fleshy white ones about 40cm across. Bev said they looked like



lampshades but I think they'd get a bit smelly if you hung them up.

We'd been told by a local on the beach that Razorbills and Guillemots nest on one of the headlands where the cliffs are vertical and sure enough, there were hundreds of them packed onto the narrow ledges. Guillemots don't build nests but lay their egg on a ledge and incubate it on their feet like penguins. The eggs are more conical than most so that they tend to roll round in a circle rather than off the ledge. An incredible bit of evolution.

Richard was keen to explore the little caves at the base of the cliffs but as he got close guillemots and razorbills flew off in their droves. It was an impressive sight and sound for the rest of us as they dropped off the cliffs and zoomed out over our heads further offshore, and they seemed to form a cloud just above the surface a few hundred metres seaward of us. Unfortunately though, the breeding site is very tempting for herring gulls and they also took off from their perches, not to fly out sea but onto the ledges to look for undefended eggs.

Richard was oblivious to all this as he explored the rocks and caves, but we should try to be aware of our effect on the environment. He knew that he was no direct threat to the birds, but any disturbance to birds at breeding time is potentially damaging. I suppose herring gulls have to eat too though.

The wind was picking up as we stopped on a beach for lunch, and we didn't stay long as it wasn't a warm spot. Long enough to enjoy the company of a grey seal though, who bobbed around just off the shore watching us all the time we were there. Perhaps it was its resting spot too.



Richard decided to paddle further but Lisa hasn't done a lot of sea kayaking and the 11 or 12 km that we'd paddled already meant it would be a big enough round trip for her, so the rest of us headed back. My plans hadn't worked and the wind was from the opposite direction to the forecast, so we started back into a strong headwind and had to do some work. It didn't last though, and half way back the wind dropped again and we got back to Morfa Nefyn on a smooth sea. The only downside of the paddle back was destruction of the peace of that wonderful bit of coast by a single jet ski.

There were perhaps a hundred people on the beach or walking the coast nearby, all of them affected by him. For what? I doubt that he impressed many people there. I know; I'm a grumpy old man. It was a lovely trip and we followed it with a short walk on the way home, over another headland with huge disused quarries, then well-deserved ice creams.

Barry D

**JULIAN BUTLER RACE**

It was bright and breezy and a lovely evening for a paddle but only 10 boats appeared for the race. Where were all you keen, competitive, finely tuned paddling machines?

We had to alter the course slightly because of a large tree right across the river near the top of the Avon loop. Probably impassable unless you're as determined as Tim, and possibly hazardous, so I decided to ask everyone to paddle the West branch of the river, turn at the top and come back the same way.

We were able to stick to the schedule anyway, and started the race at 7 with Caitlin departing first. She told me that she hadn't paddled since last year's race but I know these kids get older and stronger so I wasn't too soft on her. She went with her Dad for company and I asked him to stay at the top as a turning mark and make sure everyone went the distance.

There were a couple of new faces to the race, both something of an unknown quantity to me as I'd never paddled with them, but I'd seen plenty of adventurous photos of Steph on Facebook and her boat looked fast so I gave her the same handicap as me, and Kate claimed not to have paddled much so I started her at the same time as her Mum.

Sadly the usual spectators didn't show up, so I had no timekeeper to record the finishers. I hoped someone would appear before I had to start but no, so I paddled the start of the race with the aim of turning back and dropping out when I met the first boat coming back, paddling back with them to record the times. That was disappointing because it's the first one I've not been in. Martin was the lucky guy who got my company on the way back, but I didn't meet him until I'd gone well past Bridge Street – only just round the corner from Greg apparently. We were so close to half-way that I might have been able to go the full course and still get back in time to see Martin's time (if not beat him perhaps - damn). Well done Martin. Now you can take a turn at polishing the trophy.

My handicapping is getting a bit better after all these years and most people finished within about 5 minutes. The times were very slow though and nobody improved on previous best times, perhaps because of the wind, but from what I saw there was a lot of chatting going on. Well it was predominantly a ladies race this year.

I was sorry that the youngest to start the race didn't finish it. Charlie and Jake Wiltshire came with their double kayak but Jake is too tight to buy his young son a decent deck so the poor lad had a cold, wet lap and

bum in no time and managed to gently coax his Dad into turning back.

Unfortunately Greg didn't learn that Jake, Charlie and I had turned back, so he waited in vain for hours in case we might appear. He did appear before closing time though. Thanks for being such a loyal race marshall Greg, and thanks to everyone who took part. Julian would have loved it.

	Boat type	Start time	Finish time	Lapsed time	Position
		minutes	minutes	minutes	
Martin Pollok	Sea kayak	17.0	75.0	58.0	1
Jason White	Sit on sea kayak	20.0	77.0	57.0	2
Stephanie Roberts	Sea kayak	24.0	77.1	53.1	3
Bev Deakin	Sea kayak	16.0	78.0	62.0	4
Nichola Ross	Sea kayak	16.0	80.0	64.0	5
Kate Ryan	Touring kayak	6.0	80.3	74.3	6
Sheila Ryan	Touring kayak	6.0	81.7	75.7	7
Caitlin Adams	Touring	0	83.0	83.0	8

Barry

**FIREWORKS BIVI HURST SPIT**

Cindy, Mark Gleed and I had intended to bivi overnight and to be joined for the evening by Phil and Noelle An evening bbqing and watching the Cowes fireworks was planned. Unfortunately the good old British weather had other plans.

As Cindy and I left Ringwood it started to rain, hey ho we thought, its just a passing shower. A phone call from Noelle who was already down there informed us that it was tipping down.

By the time we all arrived, you couldn't even see the I.O. Wight though the rain.

I decided to cancel but Phil and Noelle came to the rescue.

They kindly invited us all back to their lovely home for the BBQ.

We spent a splendid evening, sitting around their table on the patio, which has a huge cover listening to the incessant rain pattering on it, while Phil took charge of the BBQing.

Their beautiful garden overlooks Kingfisher Lake, so mission accomplished. An evening BBQ by the water.

Thanks to Phil and Noelle for saving the day.

Dot