

TALES FROM THE RIVERBANK



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SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 2005



15th May 2005

Paddlers: Chris and Janet Porter, and Clive and Janet Robinson.

Chris and I decided to have a go at organising a trip while Tom was out of action. We evidently did something wrong because hardly anyone came but those who missed it missed a treat.

We began our trip next to the Anderton Boat Lift (the car park is currently free but they will begin charging soon), the get in is very easy here and the canal is quite wide so the

largish volume of canal traffic doesn't present any problems.

We set off on the mile long stretch to Barnton Tunnel, not because we wanted to go through it but just so we could have a look. Chris's GPS 'went a bit wrong' to begin with, recording our average speed at 14mph; not bad in a kayak, enough for a spot of water skiing and a ban from Windermere I think. We then turned round and made our way back to Anderton at the more stately speed of 3.5mph tracking a kingfisher for much of the way.

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Now one would have thought that if ducklings have evolved the ability to dive in order to avoid danger then they would simultaneously evolve the ability to re-surface. Oh no! Not the ducklings on the Trent and Mersey! On at least three occasions they saw us, or a narrowboat, bearing down on them and dived beneath the water. We looked all around us, in front, behind and both sides but no bundle of fluff could be seen. We feel terribly responsible and assume that this habit must lead to several ducklings bobbing to the surface directly beneath the propellers of the narrowboats.



None of us could remember a trip on which we have encountered such a wide variety of landscapes. For the first three miles or so we were variously paddling through woodlands or open countryside then, after our lunch stop on the outskirts of Northwich, we paddled through a fairly deserted boat yard where narrowboats were moored three deep along the canal side then through an immense industrial complex which we believe to be a brine works which spanned the canal. It was

quite an extraordinary experience, a giant hulk of a place hissing, steaming, occasionally clanking and gently rusting. Past the factory we were sometimes paddling between houses but more often we were in much more rural surroundings.

Due to subsidence, presumably because of salt extraction, there are a few areas where the side of the canal has collapsed big time. These are referred to in the Nicholson canal guide as 'wide lagoons'. A family of swans and a wrecked narrowboat currently occupied the first we came to. (Narrowboaters are warned to keep clear of the lagoons because of shallow water and boats which were scuppered in the '60s). The second, a hundred yards or so further on, was much larger and of an entirely different character with a largish reed bed and plenty of wildlife. Chris was the first to spot the great crested grebes and Clive identified reed warblers, which we frequently saw afterwards, sometimes at close quarters. We also spent some time watching a buzzard circling above the canal, probably looking for ducklings or coot chicks; another prey bird swooped and disappeared from view before anyone could be sure what it was. From time to time quite large fish could be seen just below the surface of the water. A fantastic spot to linger for a while before beginning the return leg of our trip.



On our way back we immediately encountered the swans, one of which took a dislike to Clive and for a moment looked quite threatening, he soon gave up all his posturing, gave me a menacing look and more

or less ignored Chris. Their huge brood was obviously tiring him out.

The midges were out in force today and so too was a bat, not something you expect to see at 3.15 on a sunny Sunday afternoon! We watched it for a while, it seemed perfectly fit and healthy but its little body clock was obviously shot to pieces.

We were back at Anderton and loaded up by about 5 o'clock then drove round to the nearby Stanley Arms where we sat outside on the terrace, pint in hand, putting the world to rights, like you do. We then decided it was probably time to have something to eat so we all had a curry before wending our way home.

Janet Porter

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Slalom Report

Autumn 2005

Ribble continues to have a fantastic slalom season, with 7 members regularly training and competing at an increasingly high level.

Helen James was promoted to division 1 at the July Washburn race weekend and both Jonathan and Jacqueline Shaw were promoted to division 2 at Fernilee in August.

Nicky Marsh, having been promoted to division 2 in May at Bala Mill, is now ranked 3rd in division 2 and is hoping for promotion to division 1 at Sowerby Bridge in October.

In division 1, Alex Jones is currently ranked number 1, with every likelihood of being promoted to premier division before the end of the season. Hot competition is also developing between Mick Huddleston and Richard Draper, who are ranked 9th and 11th respectively.

September's division 1 race at Washburn saw Ribble taking more than its fair share of prizes, with Alex taking 2nd place, Mick 6th and Richard 7th. In addition, Richard took the U16 prize and Mick the divisional veteran's. In the teams event the Ribble Rebels (Alex, Mick and Richard) took 1st place.

Jacky Draper

Stop Press!

Just as this issue went to print, I heard that no less than three Ribble Canoe Club members had been chosen to represent the North-West in the BCU Inter-Regional Slalom Championship. This will take place at Llangollen Town Falls on October 22nd. More details in the next newsletter – in the meantime we wish them good luck!

Having Some Fun!

1 – Two Stars worth of Confidence

By the time I had finished my 2 Star course in the summer of 2004 I had learnt enough to be quite confident on small rivers. By then I had had a beginner's pool course followed by 6 months of paddling.

For five months I had been borrowing the Club's *Dancer* – a boat that I was quite comfortable in. I had done beginners trips (with Terry), moving water trips (with Brian) and slaloms on small rivers as a Division 4 (novice) paddler.

I had managed, through an appropriate amount of caution, to have only a small number of swims, while picking trips that I could learn on.

In June I had finally bought my own boat, and the river course at Alston had given me plenty of time to learn how to control it. Playing on the weir after each lesson had been particularly valuable experience. I raced at Stone in June and had my first ever clear run! I was fully in control of my kayak for the first time, and the points I had accumulated put me 9th out of 168 in the (unofficial) internet rankings for that division.

I was ready for some nice river trips!

2 – Alston to Preston

The river trip for the 2004 river course was from Alston to Preston (26th June). It was drizzling, so I decided to go on the boat trip. There was a good group of us and we paddled gently down the river looking at all the wildlife. I made a point of playing wherever there was some small water feature. The trip was really quite relaxing.

Just before lunch we got to the weir. I had never gone over a man made weir before and I felt a little apprehensive as I looked at the length of the tow-back at the other side of it. We went over one at a time, with an instructor first so that we could be rescued if we got it wrong.

My turn came up and I paddled out to the centre of the river to line up for the weir. I was paddling gently backwards but moving gently forwards. I then accelerated and slid over the crest and down the ramp with my paddle ready to brace. As the water came over my deck I paddled hard and pulled the boat neatly out of the white water. Good fun!

We all moved to the bank and got out. Some people were content with one run through it and they started their lunch. Others enjoyed it so much that they wanted another go at it. Helen was there in her new *Skip*, and she decided to go down the weir backwards. Down she went, but when she got to the bottom the boat turned sideways and she stopped in the middle of the weir. Some of the younger members started laughing. They knew she hadn't really meant to do that. She did an excellent demonstration of sculling for support (a skill that we 2 stars had to be aware of but 3 stars had to be good at) and she stayed upright. 30 seconds later she was still there... and still sculling!

"Do you want any help?" asked one of the instructors.

"Yes please" she replied.

He paddled forwards into the tow-back and Helen was able to grab the bow of his boat. He then paddled hard in reverse and pulled her out.

“Long boats are really good for rescues like that,” he later told us. “That’s why I like to use a Dancer for a trip like this.”

3 – The Rothay

I had been to the Rothay a few times but never managed to go down it as there was either too much or too little water. On Sunday 4th of July it was finally in good condition. The first bit of river had a small rapid in it, which was no problem, and then we paddled across the lake to have lunch on an island. Then it was time for the second rapid.

John Kington was leading us down and he told us about the three speeds you can move at on a river:

- Faster than the river (paddling forwards) was OK as you had control, but it meant that difficulties would come up quickly.
- Slower than the river (paddling backwards) allowed you to be in control and also have a lot more decision time.
- At the same speed as the river (not paddling) was bad because you went where the river sent you and had no real control of your own.

Off we went with John at the front and me next, some way behind. Of course after all those slaloms I only had one speed, and I was soon very close behind him. I slowed down to his pace and stayed close behind. It seemed like a reasonable place until I hit a rock!

Lesson number one:

– You can’t read the water if there’s someone right in front of you!

Next time I left a bigger gap before I set off, back paddled when I got too close, and then paddled forward when I had a decent gap again. I had to look really hard to spot the best line. Every other time I had been on fast moving water there had been poles telling me

where to go! I got to a bit that looked a bit calmer and stopped paddling. A few seconds later I hit another rock! Just like John had said.

I took every opportunity I could find to practice breaking out and breaking in. It was very strange to me to be paddling down the stream without doing this. Much more time in the boat and distance travelled than in a day doing Slalom, but much fewer manoeuvres.

Soon we were approaching the Hotel weir. I lined up cautiously, paddling backwards, and then paddled hard over the crest and through the waves. I went a long way down before I broke out and I had to work my way back up to join the others who were playing on the wave. I sat in the eddy for at least 15 minutes, watching the others play. Then I gently pushed my bow forward to get onto the wave.

It felt strange at first, just sitting there while the water whizzed under the front of my boat. The water went up hill trading speed for height, and my boat tried to go downhill trading height for speed. If the water was stationary at the top then there was nothing pushing me back off the wave. It was all a game of balance. If I kept my boat straight I would stay still. If it started to turn I needed a sweep stroke to straighten up; forward to push my bow further in or backwards to reverse it out. What a good game!

Some were playing the same game, but others had moved on to more advanced tricks. Tom Kington moved up onto the wave in his play boat. He had tried a few times leaning forward and had ended up being pushed quickly downstream. This time he got his bow right forward where the water was pouring over the weir and leant forward to push it further down. The centre of the boat stayed where it was on the wave and over he went head over heels. His trick had worked and he was upside down floating down the river. He soon rolled back up, quite pleased with the outcome.

He was obviously enjoying himself, but while I could probably work out what was happening outside his boat, I found it much harder to understand what was going on inside his head!

4 – Halton Rapids

Things got a bit busy that summer and apart from a single evening on the canal I did no paddling until the end of September; another trip down the Ribble, this time from Ribchester to Alston. Then at the beginning of November it was time to go back to Halton.

At the beginning of the year Halton had been a scary place. All that white stuff and those currents waiting to capsize me! (But then I hadn't heard of support strokes!) Now Halton seemed quite benign, at least it was at the bottom end where the beginners were playing.

The river level was quite high and I spent a lot of time ferry gliding. The hardest bit to cross was the main stream a little way below the weir. There was a feature there that earlier in the year Terry had referred to as the big hole. Behind it was a series of lumps and troughs. I sat below the weir watching some experienced paddlers playing, and then did some more ferry gliding.

I crossed back and forth but I was careful always to stay downstream of the biggest lump. I knew from playing on the Rothay that lumps were slow moving things, which I had no need to fear. The troughs however were another matter; that was where the fast water was!

I sat in my boat and did some sums: " $mgh = \frac{1}{2} mv^2$ " "If that big lump is 50cm high and stationary at the top, the water at the bottom would be going at about 3m/s." "So if someone had a boat 60cm wide (1m round the bottom) and it had nice sharp corners to catch the flow... then it would capsize in 1/3 of a second!" Well that sounded exciting! Now why can you never find a play-boater when you have an experiment to perform?

5 – Halton Again

A week later we were all back at Halton. This time it was labelled Moving Water rather than Beginners, but the biggest change was the water level. This week it was much lower than it had been last week. Those lumps and troughs were all smaller and there was less excitement to be had on the lower part of the river.

I practiced breaking in and out and then had a go in Helen's Slalom boat. It was a fair bit faster than mine in a straight line, and it felt a lot less wobbly than the one I had tried on the canal straight after my beginner's pool course. Maybe I was now good enough to use something like that at a div 4 race?

Some of the others had gone up above the weir so I decided to go with Joanne to see what it was like. Quite exciting! It was a fair bit lumpier than below the weir, but I looked where I wanted to go and paddled hard, then broke out in an eddy above the weir. Allan was there too and we set off to shoot the weir. He went first and ended up going more or less straight through the middle of it. I picked a more straightforward line and once again ended up where I wanted to be.

We then paddled down, watching the river slowly grow calmer, and got out near the car park. Halton was now a friendly place!

6 – Rolling, Rolling, Rolling ...

I had been shown how to roll at an open session in April. At first it was a mystery to me "Use the Force" but once I had a pair of goggles I knew what I was doing. The trouble I then had was that I could not roll with my eyes closed. This may not seem a big deal, until you think how cloudy still rivers are, and how bubbly moving ones are. I could only roll reliably in a swimming pool!

£15 for a 3 week course in rolling struck me as a good deal. It would have been £9 for 3 open pool sessions and the money went straight to the club. The first week was a little

frustrating, but in the second week it all clicked.

Previously I had used my eyes to position the paddle exactly on the surface (just below that bright mirror of swimming pool surface) and then watched as I swept it along until I popped up. It worked well on one side but not on the other. On the course I learnt that if I lifted my paddle clear out of the water I could feel from the lack of resistance that it was in the air. If I then swung it out towards 90 degrees I could pull on it and pop up extremely quickly! The resulting roll worked when my eyes were closed.

Helen James also had a nice little roll tester. She curled up on the front of my boat to increase its resistance and got me to try my roll. No problem! I then tried something I had read about in a book; a roll starting on the back deck and finishing on the front. It was very strange and I tried it quite a few times before it eventually worked. For some strange reason I would end up with my paddle vertical when I finished? It would only work on one side and then only about 15% of the time! Very difficult! But the proper roll was now reliable!

7 – Wanting to do the Wenning!

There had been a trip planned for the Wenning in February and I had been quite worried about it. Perhaps Terry had been winding me up about its difficulty? Or perhaps I had good reason to be wary of it so soon after my Beginner's pool course. Well it hadn't happened then because there was too much water and I had been quite relieved. But now it was back on the programme and I wanted to do it. Like a keen new Deputy Sheriff - I had 2 stars and I was ready to roll!

There are people who say that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. Well they're just plain wrong!

I've sat on a campsite in Chamonix watching lightning strike the top of the Aguille du Midi 5 times in one minute, and I've now seen the

trip down the Wenning deleted from our programme 3 times in one year.

Halton again! (Where else!) and a lovely day it was too. We had lots of fun below the weir. Allan Hacking, always keen to test himself, was ferry gliding backwards across the main stream when he capsized. Pop! Up he came with his first roll in white water! "Was that Fun?" I asked. "Well I'm not doing it again!" was his reply.

I had a go at the same trick on a much smaller bit of stream, and my low volume stern gave me a taste of what Allan had felt. Maybe my boat is a little too twitchy for that kind of manoeuvre? I then did some more playing before whizzing down the main stream taking in a few small bumps. Suddenly I was over! And pushing up off the bottom! "That was a close one!"

I realised that I had been paddling for more than 2 hours without a break and I was starting to make mistakes. I got out for a few minutes rest and then joined a small group who were planning a trip above the weir. This time we went right to the top, where there is a big weir across the whole river. We did a bit of playing and then Allan gave Joanne her paddling orders and our whole group headed back down, playing on the way.

I think a few of us were getting tired, but some continued to play on difficult features. Jackie made a mistake on a play wave just above the weir and ended up in the water. She tried hard to get to the breakwater but missed and went straight through the big hole at its end! Not at all what she wanted to do! She was rescued soon after and the rest of us paddled down to join her (most avoiding this feature!).

We paddled down the river with conditions getting smoother along the way. As we approached the car park Allan introduced us to his training routine. "A roll every trip before getting out." If I had been completely dry I might have declined, but my push off the rocks had accustomed me to a certain

degree of dampness. I persuaded Joanne that she should roll if I did and over I went. Pop! One good roll! I could feel that December water in my helmet but it hadn't been too bad. Once more on the other side and then out to the car; another good day on the river!

8 – Lucky on the Leven

Back in February I had decided that I would go on the beginner's river trips, all events in the pool that I could, and possibly a few moving water trips. I would avoid the white water trips until I knew how to roll! Now it was December. I could put the boat where I wanted it on small rivers and I knew how to roll. No more excuses! It was time for my first White Water Trip - Sunday 12th December on the River Leven.

I had been walking in the Lake District 3 weeks earlier and I had done some Christmas shopping. One item was a present for me - some extra thick thermal leggings! My old ones were perfectly OK for skiing in Norway at -15°C, but Norway is a dry place in February. The River Leven in December looked decidedly wet! I put on my warmest kit and set off with the others carrying the boats across the field to the get in.

I was worried immediately! There was a big brick water chute with a train of waves behind it. I had come for white water and there it was, just 20 yards after the start. I had a very short warm up paddle and then I was bumping down that wave train, the water splashing in my face on each one. Wow! We all broke out and some started playing in the waves.

Then it was time for the hard bit: the horse-shoe waterfall! "Make sure you go straight down the middle." I lined up carefully and then paddled hard down the middle of the flow. I went over the drop and landed upright! I then sat in an eddy and watched some others have their turn.

Tim Langridge went over a little off-line and capsized right next to a vertical rock face. Unable to roll in that position he pulled his deck and swam out. Helen James went over crooked and swam as well. There was then a period of about 5 minutes when one of our group was attending to her nose, which she had bashed. That could so easily have been me! I was so glad that I had learnt a bit of precision by going to all those slaloms. I'd much rather get a two point touch or a 50 point miss than a swim or a broken nose!

Helen was as brave as usual and carried on paddling. The river was good fun from then on, with a blocky waterfall a little further down and also a long steep stretch with loads of rocks in. I had to work very hard to avoid them all!

Eventually we were at the bottom, and after a quick snack we drove to the top for a second run. This time I was less worried by the brick chute, but the horse-shoe waterfall was just as intimidating. This time my line was not quite as good and I got kicked slightly to the left when I landed. On the second run there was a little less playing, and the features came up a little quicker. I didn't feel tired but my technique was just a touch rougher. Not enough to notice on the easy bits but I did find myself hitting more rocks on the sustained steep section than before.

At the get out I asked if anyone was going to do a third run. No-one had planned to. Probably wise given the time, and our growing (but unrecognised) fatigue. I had had a very good day, but I did think that I had been quite Lucky on the Leven.

I had taken all year, but I was finally good enough in a Kayak to really enjoy things!

Peter Thomas

Abersoch

Easter 2005



Easter this year saw the annual pilgrimage to the Llyn Peninsula in North Wales and the surfing beaches around Abersoch and Hells Mouth. On Good Friday cars loaded with kayaks, surf boards and bikes headed along the North Wales coast road (or the scenic route through Snowdonia), past Caernarfon and west through Criccieth and Pwllheli to Abersoch.

This trip has been an event on the club calendar for over 15 years to my knowledge and started out as a camping holiday for the serious surfing fanatics within the club. After a couple of rather rainy Easters more comfortable accommodation was found at the current cottages over-looking Hells Mouth and we've been going back there every year since. The 9 or so cottages form an L shape around a courtyard, and being well away from any main roads it is perfect for kids to play around on bikes and scooters safely. The cottages also have direct access across a small field to the wide sandy beach of Hells Mouth.



This year we were lucky in having a week of sunshine and some of the best surfing conditions for years. The first weekend was big surf with powerful breaking waves which were difficult to power through on the way out. You really had to pick the waves to surf as they soon steepened up and at times you were looking down the face of a 6-8 foot wave. The buzz of surfing down these waves was amazing but with an offshore wind they soon broke and you ended up trashed in the

foam to the beach. The good surf conditions over the weekend must have been publicised well, as hundreds of surfers descended on the beach and the car parks were overflowing with camper vans.



After the weekend the wind dropped and the waves became smooth and glassy with regular sets rolling in right across the beach. The sun was out and long runs could be had right into the beach, idyllic.

I had changed my boat a couple of years ago and bought a Dagger RPM, I was really impressed with the way this handled in surf even once the wave had broken. With rounded, symmetrical boats once the wave breaks it's very difficult to stop the boat from being taken sideways into the beach (bongoning), but with the RPM you can still control the boat, turning from side to side very easily in the break.

The people going on this Abersoch trip now tend to be mainly families and it's an excellent location for kids, young and old.



There is a sand pit and kids play area adjacent to the cottages and a large field which is great for flying kites (if you avoid the cows and the wonky donkey). Easter Sunday saw the ever popular Easter egg hunt where the kids got up, too early, and searched with the aid of clues for 6 hidden eggs, left by the Easter



Bunny. Not to be left out this year, Peter brought his own Easter Bunny which (having no friends) he had bought and had "Happy Easter Peter" written on it. Unfortunately this poor bunny was the target of unscrupulous kidnapers

who stole him, cut off his ear and returned the ear with a note saying "Pay up or the Rabbit gets it". Happily the bunny was returned later in the holiday with its ears carefully bandaged.

As well as surfing there are plenty of other things to do in the area. A number of people took bikes (along with tag-a-longs and kid's bike seats) which were useful for enjoying the quiet lanes around Abersoch and further afield to Aberdaron and Whistling Sands. This year a group ventured into Snowdonia for some more strenuous exercise. There are also nearby villages of Criccieth, Pwllheli, Porthmadog and Nefyn with the pub on the beach at Porth Dinllaen. This year we ventured out and did a short walk around the coast overlooking Bardsey Island. The Tudwal Islands, off Abersoch, are also a great place to see with lots of bird life, seals and

dolphins (which have been seen on a number of trips over the years).



The holiday, for me, is a great relaxing break between Christmas and the main summer holidays where family and friends get together, kids can play together and there's surfing and biking on your doorstep. The Sun Inn, within a few minutes walk of the cottages, serves good food and was well frequented by all of us during the week.

(Photos courtesy of Peter Dilworth, Alastair Paley and me.)

Andy Rushton

Beginners do it outside!



Students on the beginners' courses at Fulwood often ask about a follow-on course outdoors, so that they can have a better introduction to river paddling ready to take part in the regular weekend trips.

For those paddlers who have already experienced a little outdoor paddling and are looking to move onto the fluffy stuff, we will be holding an informal FREE course to set you in the right direction.

The course will provide you with the basic skills to survive, including the art of ferry gliding, breaking in and out of eddies and the techniques required to stay upright on the moving wet stuff.

In addition, if you already have the skills without the confidence, come on down and we'll happily point you in the right direction.

The course will take place on the 6th, 13th and 20th November on the River Lune at Halton. This is an excellent venue with varying grades of water so that all abilities can be catered for. The paddling site is close to the car park so it's easy to stop for a break, and it's also a great place for family and friends to come along and watch.

For more information or to book a place, please contact:

Dave Ellison

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Medaglione Di Bue:- Beef patties rolled in bacon oven roasted, served with salad and horseradish cream.

Main course:-

Roast Turkey with all the trimmings.

Fillet of salmon with a mango and basil cream.

Sirloin Steak Diane

Pot roast shoulder of lamb with mint gravy.

Pasta with roasted vegetables bound in a garlic, tomato and basil sauce.

Sweets:-

Christmas pudding and rum sauce or choice of homemade sweets.

Don't miss out! First come, first served! Places limited.

Cheques made payable to: Ribble Canoe Club.

Please return the slip below with payment, as soon as possible, but no later than Thursday October 20th, to: Debbie Dowe

BOOKING FORM

Name/s _____

Phone No: _____

Starter/s _____

Main course/s _____

I / We enclose a cheque for:- _____

Derwentwater



Sunday 19th June, 2005

Paddlers:- Chris, Janet, Albert, Kath, Peter, Keith, Lesley, Peter, Mark, Susan, John and Pauline.

We parked up in the 'Theatre by the Lake' car park, paid our dues and one way or another managed the longish portage to the lake. The get in is hampered a bit by the presence of so many rowing boats moored up along the shoreline but the lad in charge of the boats was quite keen to give people a shove out onto the water. Most of us declined but it was nice of him to offer.

Lesley was paddling her new touring boat today, (second time out, first time on a lake). Allan had manfully offered to take his two children and Mark and Susan's two youngsters for a day's three star practise on the lake – brave chap!

John and Pauline arrived at the car park just as the rest of us were more or less ready to set off so we decided to paddle up to the northern end of the lake and let them catch up with us as we made our way back down on the other side. It all worked out beautifully. The top

end of the lake is really quite pretty and we were so engrossed in watching a long line of youngsters wade out, knee deep, each carrying a kayak paddle towards some boats tied up seemingly miles offshore, that we didn't notice how shallow the water had become. More than one of us hit the bottom and paddling technique was shot to bits for a while as the water was less than a paddle blade deep over rather a large area. However, once normality was restored we met up with John and Pauline and stuck together for the rest of the trip.



The weather was kind to us today, no strong winds and no rain though it was murky and

brooding. Some of the hilltops were clear and we could see walkers on the horizon but other hills were shrouded in clouds. It was warm though and dress was casual, no expensive dry cags for us, just a cheap old t-shirt was all anyone needed.

As we travelled southwards past a couple of little islands we were attacked by a nesting pair of black backed gulls. It was tempting to stay still and annoy them more but I rather like my hat the way it is and they are fairly big birds so could have done some damage (I wonder how many points Tom would award for a swim caused by bad tempered native wildlife).

The local ferry drivers seem to have given up trying to accommodate other lake users. The largest of the ferries continued its headlong charge straight towards us as we pondered what evasive action we could possibly take. In the end we just stopped and enjoyed playing in the not inconsiderable wake. We carried on for a while then pulled in at Brandlehow Bay for a spot of lunch, which we shared with some ducks.



During the afternoon we continued our journey southwards to Great Bay where we cut across to the other side of the lake. Once

again the water was very shallow in places and we had to keep one eye on the possibility of the bottom of the lake rushing up to meet us.



Rather than sticking to the edges of the lake we decided to make life more interesting by paddling towards Saint Herbert's Island in the middle of the lake. The waves and slight breeze caused a few problems for some as we felt boats being pulled towards the left. Once we had all grouped together again we headed off in the direction of Ramps Holme Island but before we got there we saw a little group of kayakers off to our right and then we heard a lot of noise so guessed it must be Allan and the awesome foursome. The kids were all pretty good at rolling by now and were keen to show off their skills. We watched for a while then set off back towards our get out. The touring group went to the left of Derwent Island and the other lot went to the right (we were glad to get away from the din).

Keith had spotted a tea garden on the way back to the car park and since we all had several hours to run on our car parking tickets we decided to get some refreshments there before making our way home through the thunderstorms on the motorway.

Janet Porter

Mr & Mrs Bean Go Sea Kayaking

As I write this article I look out of the window at grey skies and rain and think back to what good weather we have had this summer. The weather tempted us up to the Lake District on several weekends, settling for more sedentary paddling on lakes because of lack of access to rivers. In time we started to enjoy this type of paddling so much that we decided it was time to buy kayaks more suitable than the white-water boats we already used.

We had already done some guided sea kayaking trips on various holidays, but these had been mainly in double kayaks. With this in mind we went out and bought a used double sea/touring kayak. After about 3 times out we realized that as a couple we are not compatible on water, so we decided on a trial separation (in the kayaking sense) and the double is up for sale (see advert section of newsletter). We are currently negotiating for custody of the bilge pump and paddle float (maybe I should have custody at the weekends and Pat have them during the week). In the interest of marital harmony we decided that we should buy 2 single sea kayaks, but what to buy? The choice is overwhelming.

After talking to several knowledgeable people, we were eventually advised by Peter Roscoe that there was a BCU Sea Kayaking Festival taking place on the weekend of 2nd to the 4th September and that we would learn much useful information by attending. We decided to take this advice and Pat made the necessary bookings. We were several days after the closing date and we had to accept whatever accommodation was available, and

were too late to book any sea kayaks from the Outdoor Centre at Cwm Pennant where the event was taking place.

We received the programme of events and discovered that there would be demo boats available to use from Valley, and P&H Sea Kayaks, which was good news as we could try-out kayaks in a realistic situation on the sea. Hopefully under the watchful eye of experienced sea kayakers who could show us how to paddle on the sea and still survive long enough to make a purchase. (It was a comfort to think that if we were lost at sea at least we would be in someone else's kayak not our own).

We drove down to North Wales on the Friday of the event and luckily managed to find the outdoor centre without too much trouble. I was dreading having to ask a local how to find "Cwm Pennant" which is somewhere near a place called "Garndolbenmaen." (If you want to find it on the map I was advised that it is under the last letter "e" in Garndolbenmaen)

We booked-in and claimed our beds in the dormitories, Pat in the ladies and me in the men's. I thought "great I do not have to listen to Pat's snoring this weekend."

The other guests started to arrive and we went through the usual introductions ("Hello I'm Norman and I'm an alcoholic," type of thing.) It seemed that most people were experienced paddlers and knew each other, however they were a friendly group and we soon felt at ease.

After a buffet style evening meal we were given a rough idea of the programme of events, Dave Evans, the “Head Honcho” at Cwm Pennant advised us that some of the events were weather dependant and would only be confirmed nearer the time and only after a suitable forecast. Other events depended on people turning up who had promised to turn up, in the past this had not always happened so basically there was a flexible programme. Dave came over as someone who was used to dealing with kayakers and instilled confidence that the weekend was not going to be as shambolic as it might initially appear and that we would all have an enjoyable time.

Pat and I went off to our respective dormitories at a reasonable hour, having politely refused the offer of a trip to the local pub. It is many years since I have slept in a dormitory, but luckily I remembered to take some earplugs to drown out the sound of “The Snorer’s Symphony” in “E Flat” (actually they were out of tune).

Saturday morning dawned bright and clear, with a forecast for good weather with light winds, so after a hearty breakfast the published programme of events would take place. This was to commence with a “Short 30 minute Talk” by an officer from the “Marine Coastguard Agency.” Unfortunately he was a little nervous and therefore repeated himself several times, with the result that Dave Evans had to ask him to stop after 50 minutes otherwise we would not manage to do any paddling. The content of his talk was however very interesting to complete sea kayak novices like Pat and myself, who were told about EPIRB’s, marine VHF radio, flares, as well as more mundane safety precautions to be observed when sea kayaking. He finished his talk by telling us that he lived on Anglesey and only ever went kayaking on the sea if there was no more than a ripple on the surface, and only then very close to shore, since it was far too dangerous.

After the lecture we all went to the marina at Pwllheli in a convoy of cars, vans with

trailers, minibuses etc. Unfortunately someone got separated from the vehicle in front and half the convoy missed the turn into the marina. So the vehicles at the back were confronted with the other convoy members coming towards them, and then having to find a suitable place to turn round, by which time they too had lost the vehicle they were following (you get the picture). I was hoping that “Group Control” was better when this lot got on the sea.

Eventually we all arrived at the beach by the marina and we were all split up into groups to do various things according to abilities and preferences. The sun was shining and everything was shaping up for an enjoyable day. We went to see the Valley Sea Kayak owner, Peter Orton, who allowed us to try out the Avocet and the Aquanaught. So we joined our group of novices who were being shown the correct way to do forward paddling and how to turn the kayak by leaning. Despite having paddled for many years I still learnt something new about forward paddling. After about an hour or so we went for lunch.

In the afternoon we were to be split into two groups, one called the Experts and the other called the Softies. The Experts were going to paddle to Criccieth about 13 kilometres away, whilst the Softies were going to paddle around a headland at Pen-ychain and land on the beach for a short break before returning to our starting point. This distance was also about 13 kilometres. Everyone seem to set off at the same time, so it was difficult to tell which group was which, but eventually Pat & I joined up with the Softies and headed out to sea. As soon as we cleared the shelter of the bay we encountered a swell of anything from 3 to 4 feet. This took us both by surprise and we were feeling very much out of our depth in this environment in unfamiliar kayaks. Undaunted we pressed on hoping that things would calm down a little, but they never did. After what seemed like an eternity we eventually reached the headland that we had been making for and we now found that the sea was even more difficult to read and if we

capsized there was a prospect of being dashed by the waves onto the rocks (Oh Joy).

More by good fortune than good seamanship we rounded the headland and turned towards the beach, only to realise that no one had told us how to surf into a beach in a sea kayak. Well we are sure fast learners when the chips are down and so we made it ashore without mishap. When I landed I realised that I had been so afraid of letting go of my paddle that I had not had a drink of water since we set off, so I took the opportunity to do so before we returned.

Taking stock of things we realised that we had encountered some difficulty rounding the headland and surfing ashore (understatement of the week), but we now had to paddle out through the waves, not too difficult since we were paddling at 90 degrees to them. However once we got far enough out we then had to turn so that we were side-on to the waves and in front of the rocky headland once more. Well, once we got going Pat was even more scared than me and was very reluctant to make that 90 degree turn that would put her side-on to the waves but point her in the right direction for our return. Had it not been for the coaxing and cajoling from a guy called Bob who worked for P&H, I reckoned I would have had to take a Ryanair flight to Dublin to collect her. We both managed to stay upright long enough to get past the rocky headland and after a few more minutes we were paddling past sandy beaches and the sea had become more manageable again. For the rest of the trip back we started to relax and enjoy the experience and even plucked up courage to stop and have a drink of water. Once back on the beach we returned our borrowed kayaks and breathed a sigh of relief that we had survived the experience unscathed. We now approached P&H Sea Kayaks and asked about borrowing kayaks for the following day, and we were told that we could borrow a Cappella 166 and a 160, so with that we set off back to Cwm Pennant with a sense of achievement and an enormous appetite.

After the evening meal we headed for the lecture room again for a talk by a young man called Keiron who was an Outdoor Pursuits Instructor of some sort from the Isle of Man, but his main claim to fame was his solo sea kayak paddle around the British Isles and the crossing of the Irish Sea from Anglesey to the Isle of Man. He started his presentation with a slide show of a trip he had done to Norway with a group of teenagers doing a Duke of Edinburgh Award scheme. Some of the things they had done sounded a little bit masochistic to me but this was small beer compared with what came next.

He then followed the Norway presentation with his solo crossing to the Isle of Man, one which he was very proud of and said that he wanted to repeat. He started the slide show, explaining that he started out with a partner who would do some filming of the start of the trip, but after a few hours this guy (an American) had to leave as he had other more pressing business to attend. Keiron said they shook hands in the middle of the Irish Sea and the guy paddled off and he has never seen him since, although he knows he made it back safely. With his paddling companion gone, Keiron was still able to do some filming and had proceeded to do short video diaries from time to time. Before he showed his first video diary he explained that he was 15 hours into his trip, unsure of his position (lost actually) and was paddling through fairly thick fog. To add to the excitement he was in a busy shipping lane and although he couldn't see anything he could constantly hear large ships. To complete the hat trick he was not drinking any water since he did not want to have to pee, and this dehydration was causing him to hallucinate. He said although he was in the middle of the Irish Sea he could see a promenade with cars and people who would suddenly disappear. When he showed this first video clip of one of the periods of hallucination he was sobbing like a baby to the camera, the audience was transfixed. Well I don't know about anyone else but I didn't know whether I should slap him on the back and say well done for making it back, or suggest he see a Psychiatrist, especially when

he said he wants to do it again. When he asked for questions from the audience I asked why he didn't take the ferry from Liverpool like normal people, he smiled thinking that I was just kidding.

After the lecture from Crazy Keiron we all went outside and sat around the bonfire chatting. Amongst others, we sat with Pete Orton, and his wife. Pete is one of the owners of Valley Sea Kayaks, and was a member of the slalom paddling fraternity during the period when we were competing. He particularly remembered our son Ian who was paddling in Premier C1 at the time whilst he was a "C2 Tart." According to our slalom ranking list from 1988 he was paddling with C. Price in Div 4 (Bib 67) & M. Twitchen (Bib 87). We swapped stories and anecdotes from the past with Pete and others, and updated our intelligence on the national & international canoeing and kayaking scene.

By around 11 pm we decided to retire to our beds having had a full and interesting day, this was to be followed by an interesting night of synchronised snoring in the men's dormitory. At one point I saw someone who had not been in residence on the Friday night, sneak in and take up a spare bunk rather than sleep in his car or his tent. After about 15 minutes I saw him collecting his belongings and sneaking back out again, shaking his head and muttering something under his breath.

On Sunday morning I rose and went to the washrooms where I overheard 2 paddlers from the "Softies" group discussing the previous day's trip. One said "I had this woman in my group who seemed to be struggling a little so I paddle up and asked if she was OK, to which she replied, No I am absolutely terrified." When I recounted the tale to Pat she asked if I told them that I was the woman's husband. I replied "absolutely not - I didn't want to blow my cover in case they said anything else about you."

After breakfast we were advised that there would be two trips again today, both on the northern side of the Lleyn Peninsula, the

Experts going from Trevor to Porth Dinllaen, whilst the Softies would paddle from Porth Dinllaen around the headland at Carreg Ddu (yes it is spelled correctly). We were to travel in convoy again, with the same result; some of us did a motorised Hokey-Cokey round the narrow streets of Morfa Nefyn looking for the beach. (The council recycling depot looks lovely at this time of year). Actually it was very funny because we were following Valley Sea Kayak's large van & trailer, and I realised that he had missed a sign for the beach, (why do they put signs in Welsh around here) but he needed a lot of room to turn around, so I thought I would follow him just in case his local knowledge was good enough to get us to the beach a different way. As it happened he was just as lost as the rest of us, who followed him with bewildered looks on their faces as they entered the council depot only to see him driving out. (Really must work on this Group Control thing)

We borrowed our demo sea kayaks from P&H and set off trying to catch up to the tail end of the Softies, who were setting a cracking pace. When we cleared the shelter of the bay we were met with a large swell once more, so this time we advised some guy who appeared to be in charge that we were both turning back and left them to it. When the Softies eventually returned some of them said that it was a really difficult paddle back because of the wind, which made us feel that wimping out, was the right decision for us.

We headed for the shelter of the beach where the sea was more manageable and then paddled back towards our launch point, which took us around 30 minutes. Once back we discovered that the "coast was clear" literally for us to try out not only the P&H kayaks but also the Valley ones which we had paddled the previous day. We would try various manoeuvres in one kayak then get out and try the same in another, something that is very rarely possible for a potential buyer. It was a useful way to spend our time, as we were relaxed and still working on our basic sea kayak paddling skills whilst judging the different performance of different kayaks. All

this was being done in warm sunshine and in beautiful surroundings in the company of friendly people, what more could you ask?

All good things come to an end, so at around 3:30 pm we returned our borrowed kayaks thanked everyone concerned and got changed ready for the journey home. At this point a sudden heavy shower started and everyone on the Lleyn Peninsula headed for home at the same time causing traffic congestion and delays as far as Caernarvon.

Summing up it was a good weekend where we learned a lot and had a very enjoyable time. But if we go next year we will book early so that we can have a family room. Hopefully by then we will have actually bought some sea kayaks of our own. I somehow doubt that Crazy Keiron will make it back though.

Norman Green

Suattle River

Washington

Sunday night, most people head home but Tim, the dog guy, the dog and I, non-dog guy head for the Suattle. We aim to camp by the river on the upper stretch and the road to it is a 15 mile dirt track, Tim's truck hits the dirt road and I follow the dust cloud, that's all you can see, dust. Then the dust clears and there's no Tim, did he turn off? Where the hell is he?

I decide to carry on a few miles but the road is dust free in front - no sign of him or the desert storm. I turn round, drive all the way back to the main road checking for turn outs, nothing. I finally meet him as I'm heading back up the dirt track, he looks none too happy having to drive around in the middle of nowhere, looking for me, with the fuel gauge leaning on zero, in a truck doing 8 mpg. Maybe this is when the relationship started to go sour, it could have been that or a few drink induced comments I made around the camp fire later that night, maybe we are just different folks.

Tim is a kayak guide new to the Seattle area and needs to check out the river for a future trip. Originally we are going to do the upper harder section as well but it's full of fallen trees. So the easier trip it is. That night after eating I try to find solace in a hot spring marked on the road map. I find the trail and set off in failing light only to find a sign

informing me that the spring is 5 miles along a badly maintained track, with few signs and several stream crossings, no hot tubbing for the limey. An evening of campfire and beer and a few unappreciated comments by me finished the night off. Roll on morning, and with its usual punctuality it appeared from behind the tree lined ridge.

The paddling was enjoyable though, and yet again rescue skills played a crucial role. The water here is glacial melt, as in pretty cold, however the sun is out and that's pretty hot. Now add 3 small boys with a desire to wade to the opposite bank, once there they are too cold to come back. Enter the rescue brothers, we manage to ferry them on the boats to the safety of the opposite shore, happy with our work I look back to wave goodbye, and realise we've just put them on an island, whoops.

Apart from the paddling we've nothing much in common and I want a paddling related reason to leave. I call a friend in Portland who has acted like my answer phone and find out the hire company want to know where their car is, as it's a week overdue, but I also find out there's a paddling trip in 2 days in Southern Washington on the fabulous White Salmon. I call the hire car company and assure them

there is no way I can get the car back until after weekend. So there was my reason to leave, we parted and I headed west to tour the Olympic Peninsula before heading to the White Salmon.

Paradise and beyond

I now had a journey to the south of the state, but rather than camp out it made more sense to stop the night in Portland and do the last sixty miles to the river in the morning. Did I mention the sun was shining? Heading down the I5, passing the advertisement for Gospel signs, (is that where you buy them?) I checked the map for a bathing site. Swimming would be on the menu today and the destination had a name, Paradise. If you like freeway bridges, brown water and fellow bathers that look like they are exiles from prison, then you are in Nirvana. I had my car keys attached to the waist string of my trunks and moved my clothes from the river-bank twice as they seemed to be attracting the latest visitor. He had arrived in a car - I use that description loosely - filled with his, or someone's possessions and a tailgate window of plastic sheet and duct tape. Hard to say what type of car it originally was, but it was now probably a foot or two shorter than when it left the factory. It had obviously been

'customised' - probably by a bulldozer - that also accounted for the missing rear window. Actually, using a bulldozer might have been how the car was filled so full. The owner matched the car, crumpled, mistreated, fuelled by high octane chemicals and in need of a major service. So this is paradise, floating along on my back looking up at the concrete freeway bridge with one eye and looking out for the visitor with the other, but the sun was still shining.

Tony Morgan

[Two years ago Tony sent me a huge article (probably more than 20 pages long) from his trip to America, which I have been publishing in pieces ever since.

The original stories worked through Tony's trip in sequence, but I have to admit that I took the stories out of context and used them as and when there was space available.

This story is the last one, and I would like to thank Tony for all the work he put into writing all of them.

Are you going again soon Tony? We need some more stories! – Martin]

For Sale

Ladies Shorty Bodyglove wetsuit

3/2mm size 10, hardly used, excellent condition

£15

Dave Brotherton

Sea Kayak

Yellow Plastic P&H Capella with New Hatch Covers and Deck Bag. Good Condition

£250

Sean Kearney

Prijon Odyssey

Double Sea/Touring Kayak with rudder

£475

Pat & Norman Green

Impulse "Mystery 92" Slalom Kayak

Black with Spiders Web design on rear deck.

Carbon / Kevlar construction throughout,

Neoprene spraydeck with shoulder strap.

£ 100

Andy Rushton

So you can canoe?

Bored with trying to go straight on the canal?
The thrill of the ocean gone?
Grade V too tame?

Push your boat out, try something different!

CANOE POLO!

It's a fast, fun five a side game. Imagine basketball on water, enlarge the goals and you pretty much have it. In a nutshell it's a sport that makes no sense but is great fun to play.

We have 3 Friday night pool sessions dedicated to polo this term and they're open to anyone and everyone, whatever your ability, whatever your discipline.

For dates see the pool session list at the back of the newsletter.

For details on the sessions contact Jacky Draper



Chairman's Hat



Leading on from the last Chat, (a) I'm still having problems e-mailing out and (b) the West Tanfield caterpillar was identified by Iain Robinson as a Puss Moth caterpillar. Well done Iain, and what sort of plants would you like in your prize Hanging Helmet?

Rhosneigr camp went well with no surf to speak of, but a pootle along the coast for some of us and a visit to Stanley Embankment tidal race for the less sensitive. Steve's "barbecue" combined with a creosote sleeper provided warmth on Saturday night and the local fire services entertained with a cabaret – don't do this at home! About thirty attended the camp and the rain held off till Sunday afternoon when the Sharmans arrived back to find their tent in two parts. I hear from those who hung on till Monday (the Hackings & others) that the surf livened up considerably after the rest of us had gone home.

Ullswater Camp was also well attended by about twenty who managed to squeeze onto a very crowded camp site. The lady in the shop was concerned that people may find difficulty in getting a shower in the morning. I had to inform her that I had been coming here for about ten years and didn't even know (or care) where the showers were. I always use that big on-site bath known as Ullswater. Norman, Pat

and Mark Green went straight to Lazonby for the Eden trip on Sunday, where they found water levels low but do-able. Unfortunately, I had guessed that water levels would be impossible and so no-one else went. Whoops! Sorry Greens and anyone else who would have enjoyed it.

I hope everyone who attended the Presentation Night enjoyed it – particularly those thirty members picking up certificates and badges. Many thanks to Bill Hanham, the BCU's Local Coaching Organiser, who made the presentations and gave a small talk. The presentations began on time at 8.00 pm and were completed by seven minutes past. Bill's talk then took us to quarter past, at which time we got back to the serious business of eating, drinking and talking. If only we could get our Committee Meetings to run this well.

So it's back to school for you young 'uns, and back to autumnal routines for all of us. Someone could have reminded me that the baths courses began again on 2 September – especially as I was life guard. Thanks to Alan Hacking for doing my duty and I did remember to do yours on 16th. So keep checking your magazine to see what's happening (then ring and tell me).

We're still meeting (in large numbers) at the Hand & Dagger on Wednesday nights – so don't think you can get out of it just 'cos it's dark. We tend to meet there at 6.30 to 7.00 to paddle, or later if we're only there for the food, drink and company. We tend to be away by soon after 9.00

See you around.

Terry Maddock

Ribble CC Library

To borrow a book or video, just ring Clive Robinson or see him at the Hand & Dagger. Donations of books or videos are always welcome.

Technique:

General technique

BCU Handbook

Franco Ferrero

The Practical Guide to Kayaking and Canoeing

Bill Mattos, Andy Middleton

Canoeing & Kayaking

Marcus Bailie

Kayak

William (not Bill) Nealy

The Bombproof Roll and Beyond!

Paul Dutky

Eskimo Rolling for Survival

Derek Hutchinson.

White Water Safety & Rescue

Franco Ferrero

Weir Wisdom Rapids

Tim Parkes

Playboating

The Playboater's Handbook

Ken Whiting

Sea Kayaking

The Complete Book of Sea Kayaking

Derek C. Hutchinson

Sea Kayak Navigation

Franco Ferrero

Open Canoeing

Path of the Paddle

Bill Mason, Paul Mason

Canoeing

Laurie Gullion

Open Canoe Technique

Nigel Foster

Guidebooks:

English White Water

Franco Ferrero

Scottish White Water

Andy Jackson

White Water Lake

District

Stuart Miller

An Atlas of the English Lakes

John Parker

Expeditions:

Travels with a Kayak

Whit Descher

On Celtic Tides

Chris Duff

Blazing Paddles: A Scottish Coastal Odyssey

Brian Wilson

Dancing with Waves: Around Ireland by Kayak

Brian Wilson

Paddling to Jerusalem

David Aaronovitch

The Last River

Todd Balf

Paddle to the Arctic

Don Starkey

Canoeing across Canada

Gary & Joanie McGuffin

The Canoe Boys

Sir Alastair Dunnnett

Odyssey among the Inuit

Jonathan Waterman

General:

The Rough Guide to Weather

Robert Henson

The Liquid Locomotive

John Long (ed)

Many Rivers to Run

Dave Manby

Norwegian rivers

Canoe Focus

BCU N/W Newsletter

Videos / DVDs

Tony Morgan in the Grand Canyon (DVD)

LVM Lunch Video Magazine (DVD)

Liffey Descent (V)

Deliverance (V)

Extreme Sports Canoeing (V)

A Taste of White Water (V)

Wicked Water 2(V)

Ribble Newsletters (CD)

Drill Time (V)

Donated by Terry Maddock

Wavesport: Doublyouess (DVD)

Pool sessions

The following lists the pool sessions booked at Fulwood Leisure Centre, the contact for the courses and the lifeguard on duty for each session. All sessions are Friday 9:00pm – 10:00pm.

DATE	SESSION	CONTACT	SUPERVISOR
Sept 23 rd	Beginners	Tom Byrne	Mark Loftus
Sept 30 th	Beginners	Tom Byrne	Mark Green
Oct 7 th	Open	N/A	John Kington
Oct 14 th	Polo	Jacky Draper	Terry Maddock
Oct 21 st	Polo	Jacky Draper	Clive Robinson
Oct 28 th	Polo	Jacky Draper	Allan Hacking
Nov 4 th	Rescue/Rolling clinic	Dave Ellison	Mark Loftus
Nov 11 th	Open	N/A	Mark Green
Nov 18 th	Rolling course	Bob Smith	John Kington
Nov 25 th	Rolling course	Bob Smith	Terry Maddock
Dec 2 nd	Rolling course	Bob Smith	Clive Robinson
Dec 9 th	Flat water rescue session	Dave Ellison	Allan Hacking
Dec 16 th	Open	N/A	Mark Loftus
Dec 23 rd	Open	N/A	Mark Green

Prices: Beginners Course £20, Rolling Course £15 (both plus club membership).
Rescue/Rolling clinic £5. All other sessions £3.

Please book in advance for the Beginners and Rolling Courses and the Rescue/Rolling clinic by phoning the named contact.

Editor's bit

Found...

a pair of pogies in the back of Tim Langridge's boat at the Ullswater camp. We think they could be from Rhosniegr. If anyone has lost any pogies please email me or Iain Robinson with the colour and manufacturer of the pogies and he'll get them back to you. If they are not claimed they'll go in the lock up.

Dates and deadlines

The next committee meeting will be on November 8th at 7:30 at the Hand & Dagger. The next newsletter will be published on November 22nd. All submissions to me by Saturday November 19th at the latest please.

Martin Stockdale
secretary@ribblecanooclub.co.uk



Other	Junior Polo	Ladies Polo	Mens Polo	Advanced Slalom	Beginners Slalom	Canoe Surfing	Open Canoeing	Sea Trips	Advanced River Trips	Intermediate River Trips	Beginners River Trips	Lake Trips	Fiat Water & Lake Trips	Social Events	Hand & Dagger Keyholder	Lifeguard	Instructor or Coach	Canoe Courses	Agreements	General Information	Committee	Area of Interest		
																						Contact	Telephone	
Christmas Party (Debbie)								✓							✓		✓					Andy & Debbie Dowe		
Rolling Course																		✓					Bob Smith	
										✓	✓	✓					✓		✓	✓	Memb. Secretary		Brian Woodhouse	
Website													✓										Chris & Janet Porter	
Library, Training Coordinator																					✓		Clive Robinson	
Summer Course									✓	✓							✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		Dave Ellison	
																	✓	✓			✓		Grahame Coles	
			✓												✓								Ian McCreerie	
	✓				✓																✓		Jacky Draper	
													✓			✓				✓	Hon. Treasurer		John Kington	
																					✓		Mark Loftus	
											✓				✓					✓	Hon. Secretary, Newsletter		Martin Stockdale	
			✓	✓																			Mick Huddlestan	
						✓		✓		✓													Nick Pope & Sam Turner	
		✓															✓						Nicky Marsh	
				✓	✓										✓				✓	✓	✓		Peter Jones	
									✓	✓	✓				✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Quartermaster		Steve Swarbrick	
						✓		✓		✓						✓			✓	✓			Steve Wilkinson	
					✓						✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	Hon. Chairman, Calendar		Terry Maddock	
										✓	✓	✓	✓		✓			✓		✓	✓		Tim Langridge	
d'Ribbler's Award (swim reports)													✓							✓	✓		Tom Byrne	

CALENDAR

Last minute trips organised at Hand & Dagger (Weds, 6:30pm onwards) or Fulwood Leisure Centre (Fri, 9:00pm).
If you have any dates for the calendar please contact **Terry Maddock**

Ribble CC development trips are in **bold**.

Ribble CC recreational events
(assumed risk) are in **bold italic**.

Other Ribble CC events are in *italic*.

Events in normal type are external events
advertised for information only.

River information:

Burrs 0161 764 9649

www.activity-centre.freeserve.co.uk

Canolfan Tryweryn 01678 520826

www.welsh-canoeing.org.uk

Tees Barrage 01642 678000

www.4seasons.co.uk

Washburn 0845 833 8654

<http://www.bcu.org.uk/yorkshire>

Wharfe

<http://www.bcu.org.uk/yorkshire>

Trips / Events

September

24/25 Tees Barrage
Stockton on Tees

25 Washburn White Water
9.00 - 5.00pm, nr Blubberhouses

October

2 **Lune Estuary Trip (HT12.09)**
Halton-Glasson Dock
Terry Maddock

7 - 11 *Scottish Whitewater*
Roybridge, Highlands of Scot.
Ian McCrerie

9 *Washburn White Water*
9.00 - 5.00pm, nr Blubberhouses
John Kington

9 R. Wharfe Moving Water
Hebden to Barden (near Skipton)

15 **Intro to White Water**
Burrs Country Park 9.30 - 13.30
Tony Morgan

16 **R. Wharfe Moving Water**
Hebden to Barden (near Skipton)
Grahame Coles

16 **Flat Water Trip**
Ennerdale, N.Lakes
Tom Byrne

22 **Intro to White Water**
Burrs Country Park 9.30 - 13.30
Tony Morgan

22 Tees Barrage
Stockton on Tees 10.30 - 4.30
(tide height 1.57m)

23 Tees Barrage
Stockton on Tees 11.15 - 5.15
(tide height 1.97m)

23 **R. Ure Moving Water**
Sleningford Mill, W Yorks
Brian Woodhouse

30 **River Wenning**
High Bentham, W Yorks
Tony Morgan

November

6 **Moving water techniques**
Halton on Lune
Dave Ellison

13 **Moving water techniques**
Halton on Lune
Dave Ellison

20 **Moving water techniques**
Halton on Lune
Dave Ellison

12 Tees Barrage
Stockton on Tees 13.45 - 19.45
(tide height 2.1m)

13 Tees Barrage
Stockton on Tees 15.15 - 20.00
(tide height 2.2m)

20 **Flat Water Trip**
Macclesfield Canal
Tom Byrne

20 R. Wharfe Moving Water
Hebden to Barden (near Skipton)

20 R. Leven White Water
R. Leven, Newby Bridge, Cumbria

27 **R Wharfe Moving Water**
Hebden to Barden (near Skipton)
Grahame Coles

December

4 **Beginners' Trip R Wenning**
High Bentham, W Yorks.
Terry Maddock

11 **R. Leven White Water**
Newby Bridge, Cumbria
Tony Morgan

17 *Christmas Party*
Ferraris, Thornley, Longridge
Debbie Dowe

18 **Greta White Water**
R. Greta, Keswick
Tony Morgan

25 Unwrap new canoeing gear
at home with family
Father Christmas Up t'Chimney

Slalom

Please see www.canoeslalom.co.uk for
event details and to confirm dates.

September

24/25 **West Tanfield Slalom 3&4**
Sleningford Mill, W Yorks
Terry Maddock

October

16 **Stone Slalom Div 3 & 4**
Stone, Staffordshire
Terry Maddock