

# TALES FROM THE RIVERBANK



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SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 2004

## Canadians...



## in Sweden

### ***(Bosjon to Unden)***

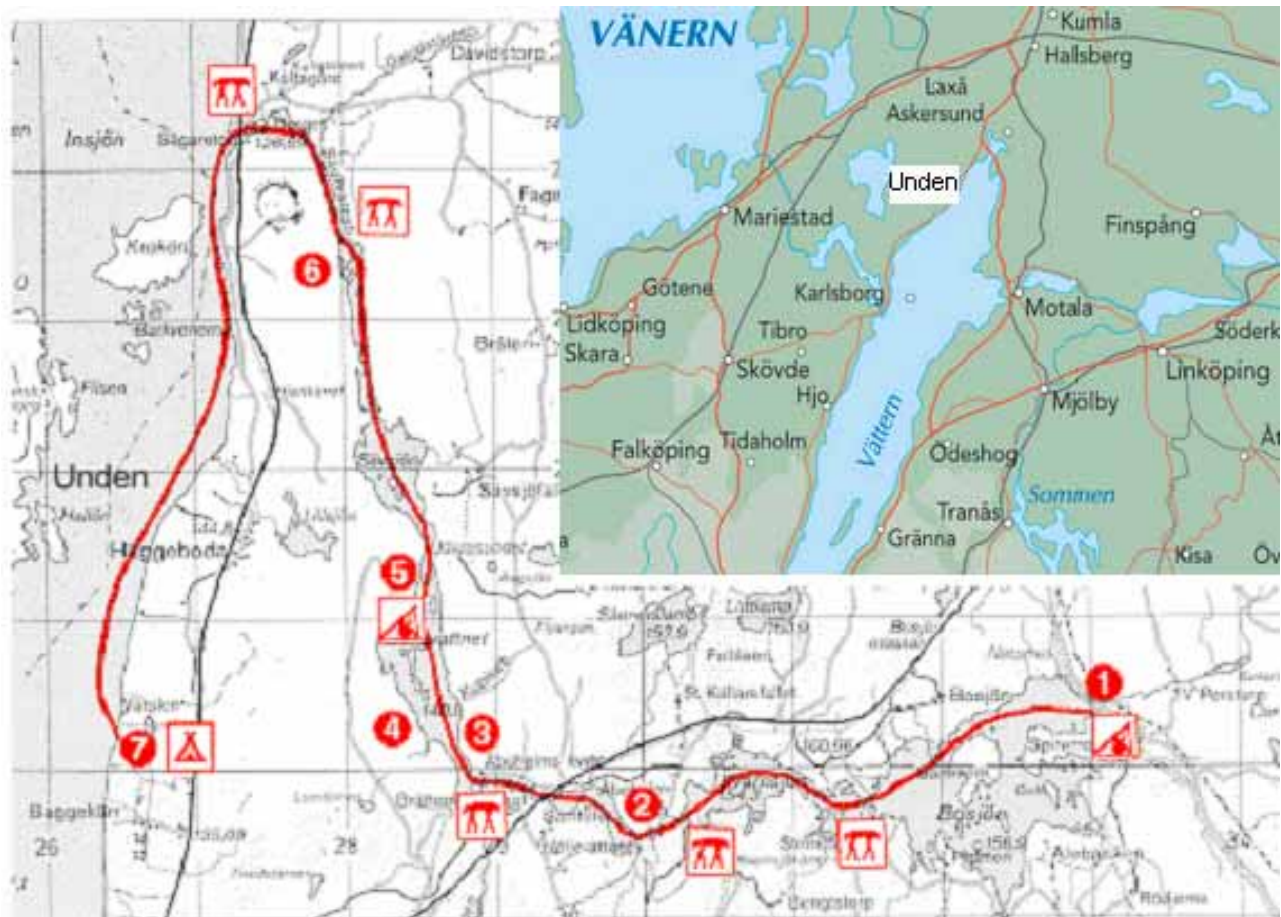
It was on a warm but cloudy Saturday morning that the four of us headed for Tiveden National Park, for a weekend of cycling and paddling. Tiveden National Park is situated between the great lakes Vattern and Vanern and is an area of virgin forest (unaffected by man). It's an area of immense natural beauty. I'm just going to give you an outline of the trip and let the pictures do the talking.

The route is all pre arranged, canoes are provided by the Kommun, although you can take your own boats if you desire. We arranged the hire of boats at Tiveden

Camping; they basically just provided you with a key to a boat shed somewhere in the forest. You can either use your own transport or they will shuttle you up there for a small fee.

The canoe store is at Bojon and contains all that you need: canoes, buoyancy aids, paddles and the all important wheels. The "Put In" is no more than 20 meters from the shed. A series of lakes and rivers link Bosjon to Lake Unden, the route takes you through some breath taking scenery. The whole trip is roughly 15K with about 1.5K worth of portages.

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Some of the portages are relatively easy going, others are a bit of an adventure but on the whole manageable with the wheels. Each portage point has a ramp for exit and entry which makes the whole experience possible without getting your feet wet!



It's not something you want to rush and an early start would guarantee sightings of deer and possibly moose. You become absorbed in the whole experience as you let your boat glide effortlessly through the glassy waters. With the only background noise being that

generated by the wind and birds, you really do get a sense of being in the wilderness.



Every lake offered something different with respect to shape and beauty; the movement of the ice way back when has left its scars on the landscape which make for a dramatic backdrop, the guide and website provide a description of the places of interest. For me just being there was captivating.

This was a far cry from Ruth and Carl's previous experience in Canadians and I was delighted that the difficulties on the last trip

hadn't put them off. Enjoying the birds singing, watching out for wildlife and soaking in the clean air, this is the Swedish experience we'd been looking forward to.



We enjoyed the kind of seclusion you can only dream about in the UK: when you next drift down Windermere with pleasure boats whizzing past you, or down the local canal avoiding the fishing lines, or sit in an eddy behind countless other thrill seekers, just close your eyes and imagine seclusion, isolation, beautiful countryside, plentiful wildlife and tranquillity.



Our time over here will soon be over and we're already talking about coming back and doing much longer tours as we've only just scratched the surface of this oasis for paddlers.

***Dave Ellison***

Useful Links

<http://www.laxa.se>

<http://www.campingtiveden.com/>

<http://www.kanotguiden.com/Canoeing.htm>

## ***Attention all Parents!***

Ribble Canoe Club is committed to ensuring that we comply with all current Health & Safety guidelines to the best of our ability. The club has recently issued updated Child Protection policies and guidelines including photography guidelines, details of which are elsewhere in the newsletter.

Of particular relevance to parents of junior paddlers is the Consent Form.

With **immediate** effect, all junior members taking part in club trips and events will be required to bring a completed consent form with them which should be handed to the trip organiser before the trip starts.

The trip organiser is within his rights to refuse to allow a junior member on a trip if a

completed and signed consent form has not been provided.

The form is a standard form, so it should be a simple matter to complete a form and take several photocopies of it – it might be a good idea to keep a few copies in the car so they're always available!

We will be looking into ways of streamlining the process in the future, but for now please give us your help and understanding as we implement this process.

A form is attached to the back of this newsletter. Alternatively, you can download the form from the BCU website ([www.bcu.org.uk/pdffdocs/Consent form.pdf](http://www.bcu.org.uk/pdffdocs/Consent%20form.pdf)).

# *Wenatchee River*

I drove into the town of Leavenworth on the Wenatchee not quite knowing what to expect but didn't think I'd arrive in a Bavarian village. In an attempt to help an ailing logging community it had transformed itself into an alpine tourist village, and it looked great, nestled in the hills, surrounded by hiking and winter skiing with white water rafting close to the town.

It was the symbol for rafting in my road atlas that had brought me this way. Being too mean to buy a guidebook, I was relying on the little pictures of canoes to guide me to white water delights. This plan had previously failed miserably when I carried out a 250-mile detour following these little symbols to find one river only releasing in September and another dry until winter. This was different: I was looking over the bridge and there it was, water, the Wenatchee, now I needed a paddling partner. Next morning I called at the tourist information, tried to memorise the guide book description and went hunting for paddlers, it was a Thursday. A drive up the road had me parked at the raft company: a quick conversation about tagging along with their imminent trip had me trying to get changed and ready in 15 minutes. The deal was I would leave my boat at the put in, park at the raft centre, pay the \$20 for shuttle and food and help with loading gear at the end of the day. It's a deal, oh by the way what grade is it? So off we go, the rafters say they will do what they can if I need a rescue but basically you're on your own. The biggest rapids are at the start. I carry the boat towards the water, across the rocks, trying to avoid the poison oak, my foot slides down a rock, my big toe heading arrow like into the gulch, stops abruptly, holds 13 stone of paddler and his shouldered boat for a millisecond before jettisoning the toenail. Ouch!

This in a way is actually quite convenient because I can describe the biggest rapids thus: these rapids are of a level of difficulty that

will make you forget about your sore toe as you paddle them. Maybe this could be the basis for a new river grading system based on the level of pain which can be forgotten about, while attempting to manoeuvre.

Halfway down the river the group stops and has the chance to paddle the easier lower sections, graded mild headache, in rubber duckies, other new paddlers join us and we are off again for part two.

Navigationally challenged is the way I would describe her and I had plenty of time to think that one up as I followed her dizzying route down stream. It all came to an abrupt and wet end wrapped around a rock mid rapid. Enter Sir Galahad to the rescue. I managed to eddy out below, mouthing that useful statement "don't panic", as I passed by. The inflatable had wrapped solid with her still in, she kept her head and her smile out of the water while I hopped out and threw a line from behind the rock. It all went quite smoothly after that, I acted like it was all in a day's work and she thought it was a great adventure. For the rest of the trip she doubled up with her son, the navigation problem remained, maybe it was genetic.

The river finished with a little surf wave and loading all the rubber stuff onto and into the transport, a great big old school bus. Back at the raft station everything was unloaded and I was supplied with beers and a big comfy chair while I watched a kayaking video. We waved goodbye to all the clients and I was given a share of a \$20 dollar tip. Some days just don't last long enough. With other rivers to paddle I set off into the sunset wondering what the drink drive law was in Washington State. Leaving Leavenworth you drive past the steep, short, upper section of the Wenatchee, graded at least broken leg maybe even more painful in places. Then my toe started throbbing.

***Tony Morgan***

# ***Learning: - To Stay Dry***

## ***The Beginners' Challenge! – Part 2***

### **5 – Back in the pool**

The third beginners' pool session covered H and X rescues, which might be quite hard on a moving river, as well as two very useful techniques for staying upright. I found sculling for support quite difficult at first, but I was quite pleased with the high brace. Low brace was already one of my favourites, but I would never have dared tip far enough to deliberately use a high brace on a river. A warm pool was definitely the place to practice this; a good session to end the course.

### **6 – Coaching on the Canal**

I knew I couldn't make the beginner's session on the canal, but I had managed to persuade Tony Morgan to take me out on Saturday 7th March. It was quite a windy day and Tony suggested that a Sea Kayak would be most enjoyable. I had other ideas.

If I took a Sea Kayak I could expect to stay dry, with the boat going in a nice straight line down the canal. What I really needed on relatively easy water was an unstable, low volume boat, that was hard to get in and out of, and responded instantly to every mistake I made. After a few minutes freeing up the foot-pegs I walked across the road with a slalom kayak.

This was the most uncomfortable boat I had ever been in. It sat low in the water, and the slightest lean at speed sent water over the foredeck. It did everything I asked, whether I wanted it to or not! I veered from bank to bank, unable to keep it straight. After a few minutes Tony started giving me tips. As I applied them I quickly noticed improvements. I was quite pleased when I managed 50 metres in a straight line downwind.

At one point the canal got very windy, and we surfed on some waves under a bridge. We carried on quickly downwind to the basin and turned round to head back. What a difference! Upwind I got spray off the bow of my boat on every stroke, and when we got to the waves, they went over the spray deck and broke on me! The boat kept much straighter into the wind, but it really did feel like a weight training session. As we paddled back Tony told me that he had once paddled a sea kayak into a headwind for 10 hours. Not something I wanted to experience!

### **7 – Watching the Experts**

There was another Slalom pool session in February, which was fun, but then the day after the AGM we had a most unusual event. The Sea Kayaks took over the swimming pool for a session on rescues. I went along to watch.

The first thing they demonstrated was the X-rescue; but with a sea kayak it was different to what I had seen for a river boat. Although the boats were longer and heavier, the watertight compartments made them much easier to empty. The person in the water pushed down on the stern and the bow popped nicely out of the water. The rescuer in the boat then grabbed it, emptied out the water and turned it back upright. The swimmer could then climb back in, while the rescuer held the boat.

The reinforced X-rescue was next, using a second upright boat to stabilise the rescuer and make the X-rescue more weatherproof.

There was then a demonstration of an "all out rescue", where a group of swimmers use the most buoyant upturned kayak, to rescue the next most buoyant, get the first person back in and then gradually rescue the whole group.

Andy Dowe then did two more demonstrations. For the first he sat in his kayak and told us how important it was to keep hold of your paddle. He mentioned his usual practice of keeping a spare 2-piece paddle on the aft deck for emergencies. Then he threw his paddle away, capsized, and nonchalantly popped back up with a spare in his hand to finish his sentence. I wondered if his next trick would be to come back up with a lighted cigarette in his mouth!

The next trick was also impressive. He capsized and got out (probably quite unusual for Andy?). Then he explained that if you were foolish enough to go sea kayaking alone, or lose sight of your friends, and then capsize, there was another useful trick to learn. He got under his boat facing the stern. Somersaulted into the cockpit, and rolled the boat upright!

To a beginner the thought of deliberately getting into an upside down kayak is totally alien. To Andy it seemed quite routine!

## 8 – Slalom at Stone

At one of the training sessions in the pool, Jacky Draper had told me about the Stone Mini Slalom. “A nice small river, nothing to be afraid of” she said, “the best place to try out Slalom”. “What if I capsize?” I asked. “There are always two paddlers at the bottom of the course to fish you out; and the river is quite small anyhow.”

I met the others near Tom’s house in Fulwood at 8am on Sunday 29th February. We arrived at Stone around 9:30, and found Helen was already there. Richard Draper was racing in division 2, Helen was in division 3, while Tom Kington, Richard Freeman and I were in division 4. We registered and got on the water to practice.

As promised, the river was quite small, but the course was very tight. On my first run down the gates came up far too fast to cope with: Down 1, up 2, down 3, through a small gap, down 4, up 5, down 6, down 7, ROCK!

Up 8, up 9, down 10, up 11, down 12, miss 13, down 14 “these gates are close!” Through gap, up 15 cross-stream down 16, facing completely the wrong way for 17!  
Hit 18 (down), cross then up 19, down to the finish! Wow!



I had 3 more practice runs down in the morning, during which I made a point of going back immediately to get any gate I had missed. This upset some of the paddlers behind me, who obviously thought I was slow enough already, so I took to waiting for them to pass before continuing my downward journey.

At the start of the timed run I asked for a big gap behind me. The start judge said that the man behind was a premier paddler, so he would wait until I had finished completely before releasing him! My run down went well and I was happy. I had been through all the poles in the right direction, and I was dry! What more could I ask for?

I got out and went back up to watch Richard in Division 2 men. As I waited for him to start, the others arrived. “Well, how did you do?” Helen asked. The other teenagers were also keen to know. “What was your time?” “Time?” I replied “I don’t know! I’m dry, and I went through all the poles!”

When the first runs were over I got a drink and wandered over to see the results. They seemed a bit complicated at first. Take time, add penalties (16 for me), subtract handicap for your division (50 for men’s division 4 kayak), gives first run result and ranking....69/69. No surprise there!

Did I really hit 16 poles? No. They're 2 points each, so I must have hit 8/19 gates.



Over the lunchtime break we all went back out to practice. On one run I noticed a piece of driftwood near the finish. I had seen that same piece of wood up at the start on one of my earlier runs. I raced it over the line and narrowly beat it. I didn't know the handicap for driftwood, but I knew that it had probably

missed out all 7 upstream gates. Those 350 penalty points would give me a clear victory!

I enjoyed the second race just as much as the first. This time I trimmed 12 seconds off my time and only hit 6/19 gates. On the final handicapped score I was not last!

I watched the higher divisions race and saw some excellent technique from some of them. By the time I had packed my boat onto my car it was nearly time for the prize-giving. Helen and I stayed to watch that, and when Tom's name was called out for coming second in men's division 4, she was very happy to collect his prize.

I had had an excellent day, and if Stone was typical of the rivers novices were expected to race on, then division 4 slalom was surely a good place for learning to stay dry!

***Peter Thomas***

## ***White Salmon River***



Combine an early start from Portland with an hour's drive and the prospect of paddling a river harder than anything I had done here so far and you can come up with only one answer. Steak 'n' eggs breakfast at Hood River. I'd spied this advertised on many diner menus but felt like I needed an occasion to try one. Paddling the White Salmon was just such an occasion. However, 40 minutes later, 3000 calories fuller and eight dollars lighter I wasn't itching for activity, I was stuffed. Luckily it was another 30 minute drive before

I would meet more new friends and hopefully the digestive system would be in control by then. Steve, Holly and friend Jack had paddled the river previously, when I was down south, knew I wanted to paddle it, and had such a good time they came back to meet me and repeat the experience. I hadn't met any of them but knew Steve from two phone calls and an e-mail, we were virtually family, virtual family. We did the introductions, and headed for the water. The rafters had a pulley system rigged to lower the rubber joy machines down the steep bank. We used good old brute force down a switch-back path arriving at the water, just after the first rapid. It was a hard one, not hard to get down, just hard to get right. The flipped raft, and floating crew passing by was testament, and these guys were getting paid!

Another day, another river, "just do it".

***Tony Morgan***

# *We've seen the Bubbles on Thirlmere!*

*11th July, 2004*

**Paddlers:** Tom, Chris, Janet, Ged, Shelley, Keith, Nick, Eileen, Kath, Albert, Clive, Janet, Daniel, Iain, Mark and Helen. (With Tony and Rob and Ged's dog Tilly walking, but they seemed to get lost and we never saw them again).

One of the larger gatherings for quite some time, we set off up a very congested M6 into an even more congested Lake District. Chris and I were first to arrive in the car park at Armbath and were surprised to find only one or two other cars parked there. It appears that, for most people, the Lake District begins and ends at Bowness.

In spite of recent heavy rain the level of the reservoir was very low and we had to carry the boats over some very stony ground to reach the water's edge. Canoe boots are just not made for this sort of terrain and there was a steady chorus of ooch and ouch as we made the trek.

We began our trip by heading north towards the dam on the first wind free and dry day for what seemed like weeks. Keith nearly put the kybosh on things by pointing out that the weather was calm; experienced flat-water paddlers know better than to risk mentioning it – especially on Thirlmere. On rounding the headland at Beech Grove we began to make our way over the lake and to head back southwards.



Mark was with us for the first time today but had the distinct disadvantage of being in a



short boat. Helen's lack of concern was touching; she seemed to nurse a desire for her dad to fall in. We on the other hand were not so keen and after stopping for lunch near the old road into the valley, Mark decided to call it a day and made his way back to Armboth. The midges were out in force while we were eating but they seem to hug the lakeshore so once back on the water we were not so bothered by them.



Chris went ahead to look for the line of bubbles. "What on earth are these", you may well ask. To be honest we have been unable to find out anything about them, extensive searches on the internet have failed to reveal any clues whatsoever but those of you who are lucky enough to possess a copy of An Atlas of The English Lakes, by John Wilson Parker (the club has a copy, just ask the Librarian), will be able to see the feature marked. Copyright laws don't allow me to put a map in here but if you want to find them they extend from a point roughly half way across the lake in line with the southernmost edge of Haws How Island to a point level with Hause Point. They are very easy to spot on a calm day but trickier if the water is ruffled. (I expect impossible to find if the water is rough but then spotting bubbles would be the least of your problems). Long streams of bubbles rise to the surface at several points along a stretch of 100 yards or more, when the water is flat they can be seen spiralling upwards from some depth. Ask anyone who was on the trip and they will tell you there was a lot of gas. Some wondered if we would all sink, like lost shipping in the Bermuda Triangle, others seemed to regret not bringing matches to try to light the

bubbles. I was happy to escaped being blown out of the water and having my boat melted into the bargain. All agreed, however, that the bubbles were absolutely fascinating and whilst they are almost certainly engineered and something to do with Thirlmere being a reservoir we still want to know why they are there.



We continued southwards but gave the end of the lake a miss as it was full of fishermen in waders. This suggested to us that the water was pretty shallow and that we would probably only get in everyone's way. Continuing our quest not to unnecessarily annoy fishermen we left them to it and crossed to the western bank of the lake where we sat in our boats having a bit of a breather whilst watching an enormous flock of geese that, in turn, stood on the shingle watching us.

Paddling northwards we became aware of a slight breeze but it wasn't enough to trouble anyone. Chris and I left the main group and went to have another look at the bubbles then rejoined the gang as they paddled around the two islands. Ged and Shelley, in the meantime went to investigate some pipes on the shore to see if they could be responsible for the bubbles but that "eureka" moment failed to materialise.

Once back at Armboth several people indulged in the new flat-water hobby of trying out each other's boats and Nick, Iain and Helen all demonstrated their rolling techniques.

Afterwards some of us repaired to the Travellers Rest, some went home or went elsewhere for refreshment but quite a few

seemed to go missing. We never did find out what happened to Keith; we waited for an hour but Tom and his entourage also failed to appear. We later found out that Rob and Tony were found walking along the road, some time later several miles from the car park,

with a very muddy, but probably quite happy, dog.

***Janet Porter***

# ***New Club Policies***

The club has recently introduced a new set of club policies. These cover:

- Child Protection & Harassment
- Club Code of Conduct
- Junior Code of Conduct
- Junior Consent Form
- Supervision of Trips
- Photography & Filming
- CRB Registration

These policies mirror the standard set of policies laid down by the BCU, and along with the Club Constitution they represent the set of 'rules' which every club member must abide by.

The two policies which are the biggest change and therefore are of most relevance are the Photography policy, which provides guidelines for when photography is and is not acceptable, and the Junior Consent Policy, which requires a consent form to be completed by the parents or guardians of any junior member before they take part in a club event.

The club constitution and policies are freely available to any member, in the following ways:

- 1) By email, on request to the Hon Secretary.
- 2) On paper, again on request to the Hon Secretary.
- 3) The BCU generic policies are available from the BCU website ([www.bcu.org.uk/aboutus/childprotectionpolicy.html](http://www.bcu.org.uk/aboutus/childprotectionpolicy.html)) as is a generic constitution which largely matches that of Ribble CC.
- 4) The policies and the constitution will hopefully shortly be available from the Ribble CC website as soon as we have confirmed there are no privacy issues.

If you wish to see any of the policies or the constitution please feel free to ask.

We hope that all members will understand the necessity for policies such as these, and will not be offended, annoyed or insulted by them: remember this is **your** club, and we are running it for **your** best interests.

# ***River Wye Weekend***

Is anybody interested in a weekend in mid-Wales on the Upper Wye or Usk, grade 3+?

Date to be arranged, sometime in January or February.

I hope to arrange bunkhouse type accommodation so I need to know how many people would be interested.

***Andy Dowe***

# ***Touching The Woodwork***

## **1 – Back to the Brathay**

The Beginner's trip on 7th March was down in the calendar as "River Rothay". This was a river trip where I could expect to be "Mostly Dry" and enjoy the scenery. The river level however, as a month before, prevented us from following our intended plan. This time it was low river levels that sent us back to the Brathay.

We set off across the end of the lake and up to where the Rothay and Brathay converged. We made good progress up the river until, just after the bridge, we met water so shallow that we couldn't paddle any more. We then carried our boats up to the Brathay pool.

It was so different to the previous month. The water level was about 2 foot lower, and there was scarcely any movement in the water. We had a game of tag and then, one by one, people moved to the steps to get out. I lingered a little longer and tried to practice breaking in and out on the far side of the pool (we had avoided that side in February because of the low branches) but when I put the boat in the fastest bit of the stream it hardly budged.

As I stood eating lunch on the bank, Tom Kington went out to play in the pool. He obviously felt that the day was a little too dull and dry, so he had decided to do some rolling practice. Three or four good rolls got no reaction from the crowd, but when his deck came off and he swam out he got a cheer!

We packed up and headed back down stream. Many people carried their boats, but those with longer, shallower draft boats managed to get down the river all the way. When we got to the river junction some of the more experienced paddlers went off to go and play on a weir. Terry took the rest of us round to a bay to practice seal launching.

In the bay there was a wide concrete slipway and two wooden jetties with decking about three feet above the water. Terry and another paddler got out of their boats, walked to the ends of the jetties, and got back in before sealing up their spray decks. They then edged forwards and slid at an angle of about 30 degrees into the lake. Their bows disappeared and the water came up above their waists, but they stayed upright and rapidly returned to the surface.

It looked very impressive, but I wondered how often a buoyant boat decided to pop up to the side of a less buoyant paddler, tipping him into the water. Some paddlers wanted a go straight away, but I was content to watch a few more people before taking my turn. Those in front of me all stayed upright, and when it was my go I was pleasantly surprised at just how little tipping force there was.

We carried on practicing this skill for a while, and the only capsized came from someone in a very short boat, which had entered the water particularly steeply.

Seal launching was clearly a safe and valuable skill, and not just a trick for gung-ho play-boaters shortcutting the launch queue at Stone Mini Slalom (Tom again!).

## **2 – Rolling With Maria**

I was away for a week in March and had therefore missed the rolling course. I went down to the Open pool session on April 2nd to see what I could learn from the more experienced paddlers. The pool was packed! With 38 people there, there would be no room for anything!

Martin took charge and split the session into 3x 20 minute periods, with no more than 20 paddlers allowed in at any one time. Even 20 boats meant little room for forward motion, so some people who sat out the first period

decided not to paddle at all. My plan was fairly static, and when I asked Maria how easy it was to roll, she volunteered to teach me.

I did a couple of rolls holding the side of the pool and then it was time to try with a paddle. I was expecting a demonstration of the paddle movements while I was the right way up, but Maria told me the best way to learn was to capsize and have my paddle positioned and moved correctly for me. ("Use the Force Luke!")

It worked; but I didn't know quite what I had done! I tried a few times with help, and some on my own. Then I borrowed Maria's goggles, and all became clear! I could see what the paddle was doing and keep it near the surface until the boat rolled upright. It even worked without help!

I had a few more minutes of practice, with Maria watching, before the end of the session. Maria had taught me how to roll in 40 minutes. Well worth a pint at the bar!

### **3 – Frightened of the Fish**

Terry had a cunning plan to take some beginners to the slalom at Marple on Sunday 4th April. There we could practice our skills on a relatively small river, with lots of other people to provide us with safety cover. It sounded great! (The very opposite of the Wenning trip two months earlier.)

I narrowly missed the others at Fulwood, and set off down the motorway confident that I could catch Terry before I needed to do any map reading. I knew he always drove at 60 mph with a boat on top. As I joined the M61 I saw Tony Morgan with 2 boats on top of his van. He often helped out on beginners' trips, and I wondered whether I should follow him to Marple. I decided that Terry would not be far ahead, so I carried on, hoping to spot his car. Just as I got to Stockport I saw two cars with kayaks on top. Terry was in front leading the way. He had been 10 mph quicker than I had expected, and I could see the reason why!

Instead of a short, bluff-nosed creek boat he had a nice sleek slalom kayak on his roof rack! Terry was here to race!

I walked down to the river with Terry and the other novices to have a look at the course. It had rained quite a lot over the peak district on Saturday night, and the slalom poles for the course were dangling deep into the river. This was not a going to be an easy slalom. If I made a mistake I would get a soaking!

Helen James appeared; in a very good mood. The river had been much smaller on Saturday and she had won her race in Ladies Division 3. She and Richard Draper quickly got on the river to practice. They knew they would enjoy these conditions. I took my time before joining them, while Terry took Peter Bennet, Martin & Charles Atherton down the course.

At Stone I had been able to ignore the river most of the time and focus almost entirely on getting through the (close!) gates. Here my immediate concern was the river, the individual gates were my aim points, and getting to the finish line was my objective!

Straight after the start was a proper ferry glide to below gate 1. (I wasn't brave enough to point where I wanted to go.) After going up through this I leant downstream and broke into the current, then paddled hard to place the boat on the best line for gates 2 & 3. After a break-out for 4 and back in for 5, I ended up well downstream of 6. Up through this and across to 7, then a series of reds and greens to 13. There was a gap before 14, and the river accelerated me towards 15. Then the fast bit! Down the rapids straight past 16 - If I missed that in the race I would have to live with the 50 seconds as I could never go back for it! - and I was in the right hand branch of the river swirling back towards 18. The main stream was between me and gates 17 & 19 and I was not keen to cross it, but the finish and the get out point were over there too, so I went up through 18 and broke into the stream to get to the other bank. First Practice run and I had stayed upright! (Others were not so lucky.)

I made 2 more runs before the race, managing to make it through gate 16 on each. This allowed me to have a go at 17 and the tricky crossing to gate 18. Here I avoided a tiring ferry glide by breaking in and out. I was 7 or 8 yards from the gate, but still had plenty of strength left, to get through 18, back across to 19 and on to the finish.

We watched Helen's first race (there was no Div 2 for Richard) and carried the boats up to the start. My bib number had me starting last, with Martin, Charles and Peter in front of me. We got in our boats and sat in an eddy on the far bank. The first test was the ferry across to the start point. Martin set off and was quickly caught by the current and overturned. One of the two safety officials at the start paddled after him and got him to the bank, while Peter took his place at the start. Peter started well and was quickly heading down the course. Charles did the same, and then it was my turn. I took things steadily and it all went well to 14, then 15 and quickly down the rapids through 16 "Phew!" 17, 18 and 19 went as well as in the practice runs and I had finished. There was no need for me to take my turn on safety as there were 2 race officials doing that. Though Peter seemed to be over there with them taking his turn?

Terry came down in his judges' race, letting a C1 pass him part way down, and then Martin appeared. As his capsized before the start there was nothing to stop him having a go at his run. The whole club cheered him from gate 6 onwards, and we were all pleased when he got through the difficulties at gates 16, 17 and 18 without a hitch. Then 10 yards from the finish, and 2 yards from gate 19 he went in again. Not at all the result he deserved!

After lunch I looked at the times. My time was slow and I had hit 5 gates, Charles was faster and cleaner. Someone in Div 4 ladies had more penalties than my total, while some Div 3 Men were very quick. Terry was the slowest judge and Helen was well placed in Div 3 ladies. But the oddest thing was a number of race cards with no times at all, just a funny little picture of a fish!

As I had got through the course OK in the morning, I thought about resting until the second race; but as I had plenty of time I went back out to do another practice run. The top half of the course went well, and I headed down the rapids. I was about 2 foot further right than I wanted, but with 15 yards to go before gate 16 I was not worried. Moving left, however, was not easy with the river pushing me, and seconds later I saw a heavy wooden pole right where my head was going to go. I held up my paddle at 45 degrees and the pole slammed into it 2 foot from my face. The right hand pole bounced off and passed safely to my right, while the left whizzed by cleanly. I had gone through gate 16, but only thanks to my metal paddle shaft! The lower gates went OK, but I had convinced myself that more practice was required!

I had one more run down before it was time for the race. Helen went down trimming 15 seconds off her time without touching any gates - a good trick if you can do it! Martin swam trying to get through gate 3, and Peter disappeared into the distance going well. For some reason I was called before Charles, and went down 1 second slower, but 6 seconds cleaner than in the morning. As I sat at the finish line I saw Charles came through nice and dry, while Peter was once more chatting to the men in the safety boats. Why did he spend so much time over there?

Our final results were quite a mixture. Terry was the slowest judge, Charles was 8th and I was 9th in division 4. Peter and Martin had double fish, making me the slowest dry man on the river. Helen had the broadest smile and fastest time in women's division 3. Two victories in 2 days, and totally different river conditions, earned her promotion to division 2 in addition to her trophies.

The river conditions had made Marple a very interesting experience for us all!

#### **4 – Brute Strength & Ignorance**

The next slalom on the novice calendar was Oughtibridge on the 17th & 18th April, and I

wondered whether the river there would be as small as the Trent at Stone or as big as a rain swelled River Goyt at Marple. Jacky had been with Richard, and she knew that the river was not too big, but who else might be interested in racing there? As it was close to Easter a number of paddlers were in Scotland, but worst of all, the two keenest young slalomists were now in division 2 and would not be going.

There was a pool session on 16th April and I went down to practice my rolling, making sure I took my goggles. Things went very well, and afterwards I asked Richard Freeman, who had raced at Stone Mini, if he wanted to go to Oughtibridge that Sunday.

It was drizzling when we arrived and the field we parked in was already looking a little slippery near the entrance. The river was about half way between the Stone and Marple in difficulty, so I expected to remain "Mostly Dry" and could therefore concentrate on the gates rather than the river.

Things went well in practice and I was able to get through all the gates without too much difficulty. There were some long straight bits on the course and I could get the Dancer I had borrowed from the club up to a good speed. I even found I was catching people on each practice run. Was I getting better or was this the kind of course that favoured strength over technique?

I raced my run and then went to check the results. My time was good, in fact it was the second fastest in my division, but why did I have 58 seconds of penalties? I expected the 8 seconds, but why did they think I had missed gate 9? I clearly remembered hitting that one! And I knew I had passed the correct side of the pole I hit! Had I hit that gate too hard?

As I practiced for the afternoon run, I noticed a gradual increase in the strength of the river. Gate 5 was getting harder; if I broke out too far down it was a lot of work getting back up to it. There was also more flow near gate 10, making the boat harder to control as I broke

back into the current. I wondered whether I would be able to reduce the number of gates I touched on my second run. Gate 9 had been clean on my last two runs, and without those 50 penalties I would be well placed!

Practice time ended and the river was closed for the second race. I watched division 3 plus some canoes going down. Two girls from Green Star were doing an impression of a push-me-pull-you (Dr Doolittle's double headed Llama) in a C2. They were making a few mistakes, but were laughing all the way down the course. What fun! Then it was time for Richard and me to race.

I set off up through gate 1 and down through 2, 3 and 4. By the time I had turned the Dancer round beneath gate 5 I had a long way to go against the river to pull it through. The boat whizzed through the long gap down to 6, I turned sharp left to cross the river and descended through 7, 8 and 9. I pulled up through 10, battled with the flow and passed through gate 11, clipping it with my paddle on the way out. (I hoped it would only be a 2 second penalty.) I was clean through gate 12, but as I turned up through gate 13 I could see gate 11 still swinging. Would they keep adding time on until it stopped? The lower gates were not a problem and the boat once again speeded towards the line.

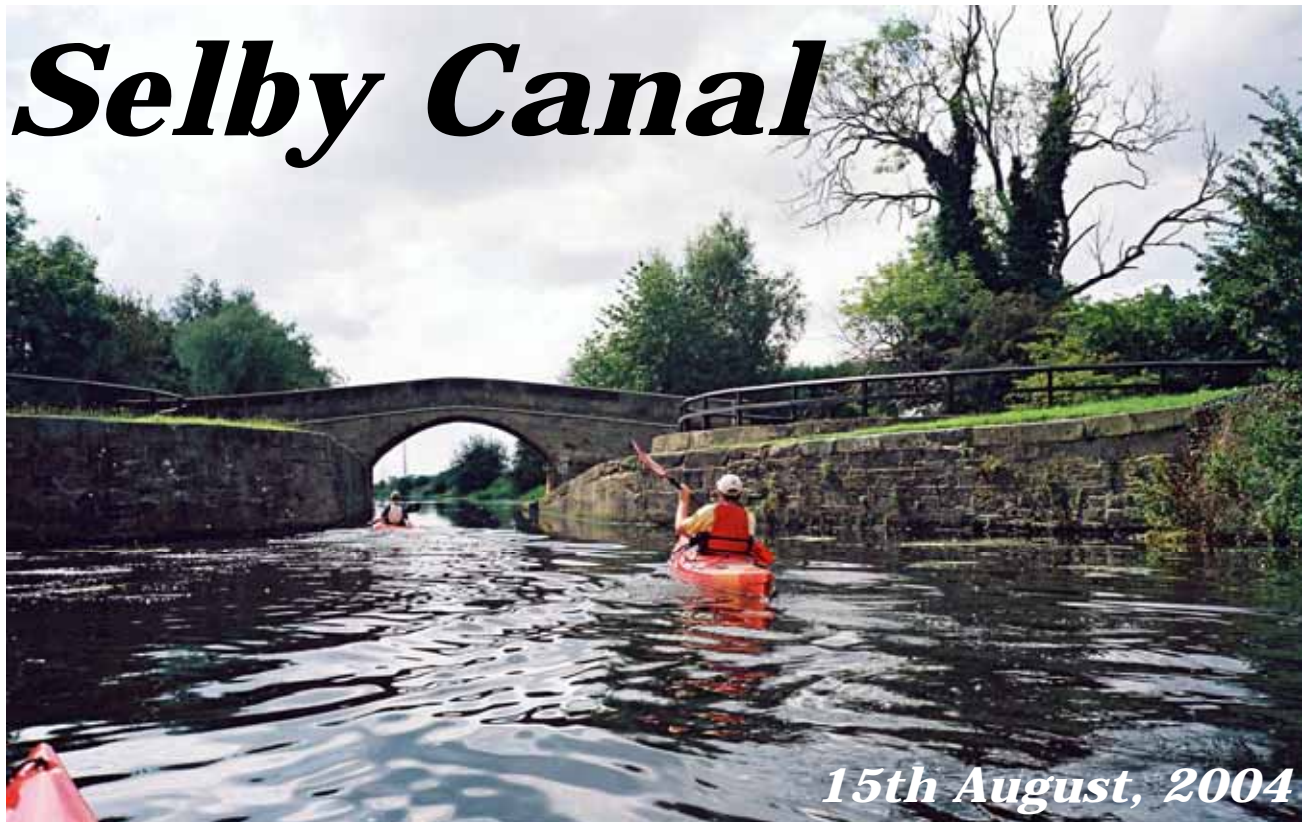
Richard had his run straight after me. We took our turns on safety duty and then got out to put our boats back before checking the results. Richard was cleaner and faster than he had been in the morning. His time put him 5th out of 15 and very close to the promotion zone. I had mixed feelings about what might happen to me. I knew my time was slower than the morning, but if I only had small penalties I might still have been close to the top? I didn't really want to be promoted to division 3 when my technique was so poor? Would the judges reward me for brute strength and ignorance?

I checked out the time. I was slightly slower than Richard on this run because a bigger river had demanded more technique. Then the

penalties: (The real measure of my ability to control the boat.) 62 seconds! “Ouch!” I was disappointed and pleased at the same time. The judges had done their job properly in a sport designed to test a paddler’s skill.

I had been penalised more than a minute for Touching the Woodwork!

***Peter Thomas***



**Paddlers:** Chris, Janet, Clive, Janet and Iain.

This was our smallest party of paddlers for some time. In fact, while Chris and I were waiting for people to turn up at Hartshead Moor we began to think we would be the only ones. Having driven so far already you can rest assured that we would have gone ahead and paddled the canal on our own. The Robinson family turned up shortly before we were due to set off, we waited a while longer but weren’t really expecting anyone else, sickness and holidays having taken their toll on our numbers.

As canals go, Selby canal is quite elderly having been opened in 1778. It runs for five and a half miles and joins the rivers Ouse and Aire. There are locks at either end but otherwise it is free of obstructions. We began our trip just over a mile south of Selby where

there is a very good and quite large canalside car park coupled with a really easy get in. With only five of us to get ready we were soon on the water and shortly after 11 o’clock were heading south towards the Aire. Immediately after passing under our get in bridge we saw that rare sight, a fisherman actually catching a fish! Fish soon became a feature of the trip as the bow wave from our boats disturbed their otherwise tranquil existence and they would frequently jump as we approached.

Disturbingly the canal guide Chris and I use says that on competitions days up to a thousand fishermen can be found lining the banks. That surely must be more fishermen than fish. The statistics become quite frightening when you try to work out how much space each angler must be allocated. They would pose quite a challenge to a

narrow boat but I think most canoeists would prefer to keep out of the way on match days.

Wildlife-wise we were amazed at the number of dragonflies we saw today. There were several different varieties, they didn't seem at all perturbed by our presence and would fly around the boats as we paddled along.

Selby canal has to be one of the quietest canals around. Not only is it well away from main roads so there is virtually no traffic noise but throughout the day we only saw two other moving boats – though we did see one of them twice. The canal is also very wide and as the towpath is a bit overgrown and obscured for most of its length we often felt we could be paddling a river, albeit a very slow moving one.



As we approached the lock at the southern end of the canal we came across a family of swans. I don't think they can have come across many kayaks before, they just didn't know what to do, we managed to separate mum from the rest of the group which would have enraged our local swans but just confused this one. They did all get back together when we began our return trip; dad made a show of flapping his wings but his heart wasn't really in it.

We stopped for our lunch at Paperhouse Bridge, lovely name and quite a pleasant spot. On our return trip we caught a couple of glimpses of kingfishers though surprisingly

didn't see any herons all day. There was, however, a gliding club nearby and it was fun to watch the gliders being pulled up and released.



Once back at our get in we decided to carry on to the lock at Selby: an interesting bit of our trip as we provided a lot of excitement to a group of little scallywags, one of whom threw a cuddly toy at Iain. Well, it makes a change from stones. Just before the lock there is a swing bridge, which didn't hamper our progress but stopped the audience from following. They were still there on the way back, however and bombarded us with questions like, "How do you get in?" answer "Carefully." "Are you in a race?" answer "No." "Well why are you doing it then?" I don't think this question received a reply; we were all beginning to wonder why ourselves as we were very hot and concerned about when the next pink rabbit was going to fly in our direction.

It wasn't long before we were back by the cars and getting changed and packed up. We didn't bother visiting a pub, as it was quite a long journey home and for various reasons we were all keen to get back.

Selby canal certainly gets the thumbs up from all of us for being one of the most peaceful and cleanest waterways we have paddled.

***Janet Porter***





# **PARTY WITH RIBBLE**



**CHRISTMAS DINNER & DISCO  
AT FERRARI'S Country House Hotel  
Thornley, Longridge.  
SATURDAY 11<sup>th</sup> DECEMBER 2004**

**STARTERS:-**

**DUO OF BRAISED MUSHROOMS, IN A PORT & VEGETABLE SAUCE.  
MELON GARNISHED WITH FRUIT,  
MEDALLIONS OF BEEF PATE, ROLLED IN BACON & OVEN ROASTED WITH SALAD & HORSRADISH SAUCE.  
PRAWNS SALAD,  
SOUP OF THE DAY,**



**MAIN COURSE :-**

**ROAST TURKEY AND CRANBERRY SAUCE.  
FILLET OF SALMON COATED WITH A SAFFRON & TARRAGON SAUCE.  
SIRLOIN STEAK DIANE,  
POT ROAST SHOULDER OF LAMB WITH MINT GRAVY.  
PASTA WITH ROASTED VEGETABLES, IN A GARLIC, TOMATO & BASIL SAUCE.**

**SWEETS:-**

**CHOICE OF SWEETS OR CHRISTMAS PUDDING & RUM SAUCE**



**COFFEE AND MINTS.**



**PARTY NIGHT PRICE £27.00. TO BOOK, RING OR  
E-MAIL IAN OR ANN.**

**All bookings must be followed by full payment as soon as possible to guarantee a  
place, closing date , when we're full !**

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**PLEASE RETURN THIS SLIP WITH YOUR REMITTANCE TO Ian McCrie.  
Cheques made payable to Ribble Canoe Club.**

**NAMES-** \_\_\_\_\_  
**PHONE No / e-mail-** \_\_\_\_\_  
**STARTER-** \_\_\_\_\_  
**MAINCOURSE-** \_\_\_\_\_



*“There’s a famous seaside place called Blackpool  
Whats noted for fresh air an’ fun  
An’ Mr & Mrs Ramsbottom  
Went there wi’ young Albert, their son*

*They didn’t think much o’ th’ ocean  
The waves was all fiddlin’ an’ small  
No wrecks, nor nobody drowned  
In fact, nothin’ t’ laugh at at all”*

*With apologies to Stanley Holloway*

Holloway’s famous monologue goes on to describe the unfortunate “child eaten by lion” incident that marred the Ramsbottom’s trip to Blackpool. Our annual Rhosneigr surf weekend didn’t end up with anyone being eaten by wild animals. I didn’t notice any wrecks or drownings either. However, there were similarities.

The problem was the weather was just too nice. It had been sunny that week and we must have picked the best weekend of the summer. This made for lovely ‘camping and sitting around on the beach’ weather. However, while there were some small waves on the Saturday it wasn’t classic surfing weather. Then again, it’s been a few years since we have had classic surfing weather – perhaps we should move it to March?

So, who was there? Pretty well anybody who’s anyone I should think along with assorted families, friends and dogs – I can’t recall seeing quite so many tents at a Ribble camp. If you weren’t there you are probably square. Most people arrived on Friday, from early afternoon onwards, with a few more rolling up on Saturday. As Friday evening wore on more and more tents of diverse sizes and shapes appeared – ranging from the miniature lightweight models occupied by Jane and Nicky to the marquees erected by Alan and Neil and respective families. As is usual, barbecues appeared and various things were cooked, charred or incinerated according to taste and regard for food hygiene. By 9 o’clock, left over sausages were being touted around and some serious thirst quenching was going on. The evening gradually wound down with a small and shrinking group clustered around Steve Swarbrick’s ingenious off-the-ground-hearth answer to the “no open fires” rules.

**Saturday.** Started slowly for some. While one or two keen types got up early and went off running round the lanes, others crawled out of their tents and drank several cups of tea before starting to cook and communicate.

Most people headed off to Cable Bay to search for surf, paddle round the coast, swim, or lounge in the sun according to preference. A small splinter group – Tom, Helen and I - headed off to check out Stanley Embankment, site of a reputedly wonderful tidal flow generated surf wave.



Parking at Stanley is not easy – the wave is formed by a tidal flow through a causeway linking Valley to Holy Island. You can't park on the causeway itself, and parking is very limited at each end. Instead, the splinter group parked up at Four Mile Bridge, the other end of the inland sea and paddled up to Stanley.

We had been led to expect great things of this wave, and it did not disappoint. There is a difference in water level of around 4-5 feet between the outside and inside of the causeway and the water flows in through a gap around 10 feet wide. This results in a very fast, but gently angled tongue, a frothy white stack and turbulent, surging eddy lines. A small group of 3 or 4 other paddlers were playing on the wave when we arrived (one seemed to spend longer jumping off the bridge into the water than paddling – but he seemed happy enough).



The presence of others encouraged us to plunge in too and soon we were surfing happily and Tom was soon spinning and attempting cartwheels too. Helen was more tentative, but had a couple of goes on the wave, coping well. Two of the three of us recorded a swim each – discretion forbids me from saying who. Once exhausted physically and mentally we returned to Rhosneigr and joined the others on the beach, where I felt the need to engage in a little rolling practice.

Saturday evening followed the same pattern as Friday – lots of barbecued food, lots of rehydrating, with a fair bit of sunburn soothing thrown in as well – and much chat, some quite surreal, until rather late. Having passed on the news of the wonders of Stanley a larger splinter group prepared itself for the morning.

**Sunday.** Those heading for Stanley made an earlier than entirely decent start to catch the tide. This time the Saturday crew was joined by Martin Russell, Daniel Stockdale and Nicky Marsh.



This time we took a chance on being clamped and parked at Valley. This gave us a short paddle along the outside of the causeway and a drop through it. I also took the opportunity to hone my rediscovered ability to roll – useful as it turned out.

Everyone had a go on the wave, some more than others. Tom & Daniel in particular were like kids in a sweetshop with grins plastered all over their faces.



Another couple of swims were recorded, but this time I escaped – the rolling practice proving its worth – dead chuffed! When conventional surfing got boring certain younger members of the party tried sillier tricks:



What we don't have a picture of is Tom, Helen and Daniel jumping – together - from the same place – a gantry twelve feet up – into the water.

When everyone was suitably exhausted we headed back to Rhosneigr. Some headed straight for the beach, others back to the campsite to pack, shower and head for home before the world and his brother left the beach and clogged up the roads. (I'm starting to sound like one of those strange people who leave football matches 3 minutes before the end regardless of the score – “to beat the traffic”)

*[Some of us had booked a cottage for the week, so had a leisurely drive back down Anglesey followed by a quiet evening – Ed]*

All in all, a very enjoyable weekend. Not much real surf, but lovely weather, good company and plenty of opportunity for people's different paddling – or non-paddling - preferences to be satisfied. From a personal perspective, I took away an increased confidence on play waves and a renewed ability to roll – and the knowledge of where to go on Anglesey for surfing if there's no surf.

**John Kington**

## **West “Tanfastic” Camp**

Having driven through Lancashire in the pouring rain, we were much relieved to arrive at Slenningford Mill in fine ‘dry’ weather. After booking in we drove past the triangular-shaped toilet block up to where the first tent of Ribble Canoe Club, owned by Barry and his daughter Jasmine was pitched, right next to the get out after the rapids on the River Ure; we and the Wilkinson family pitched our tent's close by (too close as it was to turn out).

Early Saturday morning, we were awoken by the sound of the river, which reminded us why we were there, and a greeting from the

day's first new arrivals: Terry, not forgetting Charlie dog! We enjoyed breakfast watching the water tumbling down, and decided it was definitely paddleable. Soon enough we were playing on the river running sections of rapids, where Allan had the first swim of the weekend. As he emerged from the upturned boat back in the pool, Steve and Bev, more new arrivals, greeted him on the riverbank. The section of river running alongside the campsite consists of a series of small falls and rapids at grade 2/3 ending in a large slow moving pool. The level of difficulty (or likelihood of swimming) gets harder (or more likely) the further upstream you go. As the

river level was rather low it was easy to move up the river in the eddies, getting out and lifting the boat over the rocks when you reached the falls.

Unfortunately a cry for help from Stephanie now caused alarm, she had caught her hand on what she thought was barbed wire whilst getting out of her boat in an eddy and was stuck. The problem turned out to be a discarded BBQ grill stuck in the riverbed. (Beware!) She was duly released and with lunch having been declared, we returned to camp, where Stephanie's sore hand was attended to and lunch eaten. All of a sudden the campsite manager arrived, most campers are aware of the recommended 6m gap between tents and many campsites have a notice reminding people of this. However this particular campsite has a strictly enforced seven-metre rule, as we found out! Watching the manager stride 7 huge paces around the tents would have been amusing if it hadn't led to us having to move 2 of the tents. The only consolation was that the resulting gap proved to be an excellent gathering point for the BBQ and socialising later in the evening.

Shortly after lunch we returned to the river when the many beginners began practicing ferry gliding and breaking in/out of the current. Thanks to Terry and Martin Russell for the instruction and encouragement. Several further swims were accounted for, including three more for Allan. As confidence grew, some beginners moved up the rapids, where we witnessed a member of the Wilkinson family paddling down in a tandem inflatable kayak accompanied by a paddler whom he had befriended from one of the other canoe clubs also at the campsite. For the braver (or crazier) people there is a rope swing on the far river bank, from which the only way to get off is a drop of about 6-8 feet into the pool. Several of the children and some others who shall remain nameless (but I think you know who) enjoyed themselves seeing who could get the furthest into the pool. As hunger returned several BBQ's were lit and advantage taken of the site shop's stock of frozen meat, kindly defrosted to

order by the manager. Darkness descended resulting in a gathering around Steve's brazier. We settled down drinking beer and a very relaxing time was had toasting marshmallows. Shortly after midnight those still awake decided to see if it was possible to toast bread on the brazier and after demolishing two loaves of bread we retired at about 1 am!

Sunday morning dawned and we were greeted by Terry, Neil and Charlie dog, who had returned from their morning run through waist high foliage on the little used footpaths in the area. Mark and Jonathan arrived having driven up for the river trip down the river Ure, finishing back at camp. After the entertainment of dragging the canoes for what seemed like miles across the fields and through the woods, thankfully downhill, and the inevitable car shuttle, thanks to Bev for returning the drivers, we set off downstream towards Hack Falls. There were some worried faces as the beginners began facing their fears but all eighteen paddlers (apologies but the names of some present escape me) ran the daunting Hack Falls, resulting in only one swim from Allan (it had his name written all over it: 'Hack'ing). With nerves eased we enjoyed the scenic relaxing paddle that followed. We had to wriggle over the little weir; such was the level of the water, above our lunch stop, which consisted of a few soggy wet sandwiches! (They were in Allan's boat) Tip – Always have plenty of folds in your dry bag to avoid munching on soggy sarnies!

After several struggling episodes of scraping and heaving through shallow water, we reached the notorious weir that gave most concern. Terry checked out its dangerous nine-foot drop, which caused more nerves, as it had resulted in the death of an American paddler several years earlier when he tried to run it at a time when the river level was higher. However due to the low water level it was safe enough for us, so Terry helped us to seal launch over it. There followed more shallow water above the campsite. Consequently some dragged the kayaks,

whilst others wriggled and heaved, which proved to be extremely tiring. After a final discussion regarding which route to take, we reached the final rapids within the campsite, where we had the final swim from a member of the Wilkinson family. Several more amazing rope swings into the pool and everyone was back at camp smiling happily! Thanks to our guides: Terry, Martin, Steve and Brian.

It was an excellent weekend, our first club camp and definitely not the last. The rain late on Sunday dampened spirits a little as we packed up, but the paddlers hadn't noticed it,

until it was time to go home, Terry and Charlie dog decided to stay another night – Hmm, running again! (He just didn't want to pack a wet tent away) We had twenty-five campers and three dogs at West Tanfield recording a total of eleven swims, with Allan claiming 5 of them.

Thanks to Brian Woodhouse for organising it all and just a bit of advice for anyone pitching a tent – don't forget your tape measure next year!!!

***Joanne Hacking***

## ***CRB Registration***

A brief plea to all the club members who have submitted forms for CRB Registration: when you receive the disclosure return, please let the Membership Secretary (currently me!) know so that this is recorded in club membership records.

If you haven't yet submitted a form, especially if you are an instructor or lead club trips, please do so! Forms are available from Tim Langridge.

***Martin Stockdale***

## ***Chairman's Chat***

Whilst a gradual increase has been noticed for several years past, the rapid and hitherto unimaginable increase during this past year is causing serious concern. Maybe it's global warming – I don't have the answer. If the increase is sustained at the current rate for the next six years, then in July/August of 2010 we may see approximately 163,840 club members attending the Rhosneigr surf camp. What's certain is that 40 Members were at Rhosneigr camp this year – I counted them in sober condition (me, not them). As the numbers increase, however, the waves seem to diminish. There was little or no surf on either the Saturday or the Sunday. The lack of surf, though, has never been a deterrent to enjoyment – indeed there are many members who would be surprised to hear that surf was more than an incidental extra thrown in when available. Some of us don't like big waves and

have, throughout living memory never been disappointed by the lack of same at Rhosneigr. Why else would we go there in midsummer? For those addicted to the adrenaline buzz, there's the tidal wave at Stanley Embankment and this year a contingent of the young and the young in spirit sampled its delights on both days. There were also trips down the coast on both days, on calm blue seas under a hot and golden sun – bliss.

And then there was Ullswater camp – weather not idyllic but attended by about 27 members with almost as many more turning up for the Sunday trips – Steve Wilkie's white water on the Eden running at almost full throttle, and Tom Byrne's placid water trip on Ullswater. The traditional Sunday morning run was won traditionally by the Singletons followed a

traditional distance behind by me and Charlie Dog (she holds me back you know). A dip in the lake completed my activities for the day as I was on dog sitting duties for the afternoon (a dog isn't just for Christmas, it's for Ullswater too). My personal thanks (and Charlie's) to Jane, Sophie & Steve for a lift up and back whilst my car's still in hospital.

We're now back at Fulwood Leisure Centre pool on Friday nights, with about 23 at the opening free & easy session on 03/09 but only 7 and 10 at the subsequent Polo sessions – mostly from Ribble Ladies Team, which as far as I know hasn't yet got a name –

suggestions to Captain, Nicky Marsh please (But NOT Ribble NWA – ask Jane Bentham for enlightenment). And of course we can still be found in large numbers at the Hand & Dagger, Catforth on Wednesday nights from about 6.30pm. Last Wednesday saw the presentation by Tony Moxham to those who gained BCU Star Awards on the River Courses last June. Congratulations to all those gaining certificates and badges – those who weren't present should receive them shortly by post.

See you around.

***Terry Maddock***

## ***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 7<sup>th</sup>, 14<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> 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:

***Clive Robinson***

# ***For Sale/Wanted***

## **Perception Method Air Kayak**

£375

## **Play Boater Neoprene Spraydeck**

£25

## **Duralen Paddle**

£30

## **Yak Kurta Dry Cag – Large**

£60

## **Protec Helmet "Ace Wake" S/M**

£30

Reluctant sale due to ill health, massive savings on new. All excellent condition, USED ONLY TWICE and ONLY 6 MONTHS OLD

**Lee Jackson**

## **Pendle cycle carrier**

Tow bar fitting,  
takes 3 bikes,  
c/w lighting board,  
all in good condition.

**£50 or will separate.**

**Bill Stansbie**

## **Perception Whip-It**

Paddle and helmet also included

**£150 ONO**

**Andy Brown/Ruth Harrison**

## **'ACE CADENCE' kayak**

Large volume kayak with no obstructive centre buoyancy and easy adjust footplate, mauve, complete with paddle and deck.

Would suit beginner, taller, larger paddler.

Has had very little use and is the same as one the club has.

**Bargain £100.00**

**Ian McCrie**

## **Wanted: Rover 214 roof bars**

Due to failure of the fittings on my own rack

I require parts to repair it. The rack is an AUTOMAXI type (same as Rover's own brand) to fit gutterless cars.

**Andy Rushton**

## **Thule 2 bar roof rack**

For a Citroen BX or similar

## **Thule MTB carrier**

Lockable to fit the above

## **Pair of upright canoe bars**

To fit Thule rack

**All in good condition.**

**£50 the lot, or will separate.**

**Bill Stansbie**

## **Wild-water Drycag**

Purple/Black, Size S

**£10**

## **Sailing splash cag**

Maroon/Blue, Size XS

**£5**

## **Helly Hansen Drysuit**

Yellow/Grey Size XS

New neckseal

**£20**

## **Wild-water Buoyancy Aid**

Competition vest style

1997 manufacture date so use at your own risk!

**£5**

## **Endless River helmet**

Blue, Size S/M

**£10**

## **Raleigh boy's bike**

"Alien Quest", green

24" wheels, 10 speed Shimano

**£30**

**Martin Stockdale**

## **Touring Kayaks wanted**

Two single or one double sea/touring Kayak

**Pat Green**



# 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*

#### White Water Safety & Rescue

*Franco Ferrero*

### 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*

### Odyssey Among the Inuit

*Jonathan Waterman*

### The Canoe Boys

*Sir Alastair Dunnnett*

## General:

### The Rough Guide to Weather

*Robert Henson*

### The Liquid Locomotive

*John Long (ed)*

### Many Rivers to Run

*Dave Manby*

### Norwegian rivers

*Donated by Jane Bentham*

## Videos / DVDs

### Tony Morgan in the Grand Canyon (DVD)

A new arrival I know nothing about, but sounds fascinating!

### 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)

# ***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.

**Demo boat night: much the same as the popular session last year, UK Canoes will be bringing lots of new boats for everybody to have a play about in. Expect this to be a busy session and please co-operate with each other to share the boats and make sure that everybody has a good time.**

DATE	SESSION	CONTACT	LIFEGUARD
Sept 24th	Polo	Jacky Draper	Sara Withall
Oct 1st	Open	N/A	Andy Rushton
Oct 8th	Beginner's Course	Tom Byrne	Peter Benett
Oct 15th	Beginner's Course	Tom Byrne	John Kington
Oct 22nd	Beginner's Course	Tom Byrne	Steve Wilkinson
Oct 29th	Open	N/A	Terry Maddock
Nov 5th	Open	N/A	Sara Withall
<b>Nov 12th</b>	<b>*Demo Boat night*</b>	<b>Martin Stockdale</b>	<b>Andy Rushton</b>
Nov 19th	Rolling Course	Bob Smith	Peter Benett
Nov 26th	Rolling Course	Bob Smith	John Kington
Dec 3rd	Rolling Course	Bob Smith	Steve Wilkinson
Dec 10th	Open	N/A	Terry Maddock
Dec 17th	Open	N/A	Sara Withall

Prices: Beginners Course £20 (plus club membership)

Rolling Course £15 (plus club membership)

All other sessions (Open, polo, special) £3

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

## ***Editor's bit***

### **Container**

The club container got another few coats of paint in between the showery weather at the end of July. Special thanks to Tony Morgan for arranging this. Thanks to Tom Kington and Tony Moxham for answering a call for helpers and making it possible. Tony's contacts in the painting world meant that costs were kept to a minimum; there was the right amount of stuff and the proper tools to get it on.

A few others offered but didn't get a chance to help, thanks to you also.

### **Dates and deadlines**

The next committee meeting will be on November 2<sup>nd</sup> at 7:30 at the Hand & Dagger.

The next newsletter will be published on November 16<sup>th</sup>. All submissions to me by Saturday November 13<sup>th</sup> at the latest please.

***Martin Stockdale***  
[secretary@ribblecanoecub.co.uk](mailto:secretary@ribblecanoecub.co.uk)



Area of Interest	Ribble Canoe Club		
	Contact	Telephone	
Committee	Andy Dowe		
	Bob Smith		
	Brian Woodhouse		
	Chris & Janet Porter		
	Clive Robinson		
	Grahame Coles		
	Ian McCreerie		
	Jacky Draper		
	Hon. Treasurer	John Kington	
		Maria Parkes	
		Mark Loftus	
	Hon. Secretary, Memb. Secretary, Newsletter	Martin Stockdale	
	Paddles Up competition	Mick Huddlestan	
		Nick Pope & Sam Turner	
		Peter Jones	
		Simon Cole	
	Quartermaster	Steve Swarbrick	
	Steve Wilkinson		
Hon. Chairman	Terry Maddock		
Calendar	Training Coordinator Tim Langridge		
d'Ribbler's Award (swim reports)	Tom Byrne		
General Information			
Access Agreements			
Canoe Courses			
Instructor or Coach			
Lifeguard			
Hand & Dagger Keyholder			
Social Events			
Flat Water & Lake Trips			
Beginners River Trips			
Intermediate River Trips			
Advanced River Trips			
Sea Trips			
Open Canoeing			
Canoe Surfing			
Beginners Slalom			
Advanced Slalom			
Mens Polo			
Ladies Polo			
Junior Polo			
Other			

# 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 organised trips are in **bold**.

Other Ribble CC events are in *italic*.

River information:

Burrs 0161 764 9649

[www.activity-centre.freeserve.co.uk](http://www.activity-centre.freeserve.co.uk)

Canolfan Tryweryn 01678 520826

[www.welsh-canoeing.org.uk](http://www.welsh-canoeing.org.uk)

Teesside Barrage 01642 678000

[www.4seasons.co.uk](http://www.4seasons.co.uk)

Washburn 07626 978654

[yorkshire.bcu.org.uk/washburn.htm](http://yorkshire.bcu.org.uk/washburn.htm)

Wharfe

[yorkshire.bcu.org.uk/wharfe.htm](http://yorkshire.bcu.org.uk/wharfe.htm)

## Trips / Events

### September

26 **Ribble Moving Water**  
**Ribchester to Alston**  
**Brian Woodhouse**

26 Washburn White Water  
9.00-5.00pm, nr Blubberhouses  
07626 978654

### October

3 **Beginners' Trip**  
**R.Rothay, Ambleside**  
**Terry Maddock**

8 - 13 **Scottish White Water Trip**  
**Roy Bridge, nr Spean Bridge**  
**One or two places available**  
**Ian McCrerie**

10 **Wharfe White Water**  
**Hebden to Barden Bridge**  
**John Kington**

10 Washburn White Water  
9.00-5.00pm, nr Blubberhouses  
07626 978654

17 **Flat Water Trip**  
**Llangollen Canal**  
**Tom Byrne**

17 **Estuary, Moving Water**  
**Arnside Bore**  
**Steve Wilkinson**

24 **Calder Moving Water**  
**Gt Harwood to Ribchester**  
**Brian Woodhouse**

31 **Teesside White Water**  
**09.15-15.15 Teesside Barrage**  
**Tony Morgan**

### November

2 *Committee Meeting*  
*Martin Stockdale*

5 - 7 **Tyne Tour**  
**Bunkhouse accommodation**  
**Ian McCrerie**

7 **Beginners' Trip**  
**Halton on Lune, Lancaster**  
**Clive Robinson**

13 *Newsletter Deadline*  
*Martin Stockdale*

14 **Moving Water Sessions**  
**Halton on Lune, Lancaster**  
**Clive Robinson**

21 **Flat Water Trip**  
**Coniston Water**  
**Tom Byrne**

21 **Moving Water Sessions**  
**Halton on Lune, Lancaster**  
**Clive Robinson**

28 **Wharfe White Water**  
**Hebden to Barden Bridge**  
**Grahame Coles**

### December

5 **Beginners' Trip**  
**R.Wenning, Bentham, Yorkshire**  
**Terry Maddock**

11 **Ribble CC Dinner Dance**  
**Ferrari's, Longridge**  
**Ian McCrerie**

12 **Greta White Water**  
**R.Greta, Keswick**  
**Grahame Coles**

19 **Flat Water Trip**  
**Top Lock, Wheelton**  
**Tom Byrne**

19 **Crake White Water**  
**R.Crake, Greenodd, Cumbria**  
**Tony Morgan**

## Slalom

Please see [www.canoeslalom.co.uk](http://www.canoeslalom.co.uk) for event details and to confirm dates.

### September

25/26 Bala Mill 3/4/X Double

### October

16/17 Stone 3/4 Double