

TALES FROM THE RIVERBANK



September/October 2010

Portnadoran – Bay of the Otters

Kath Risely



Nowhere in all the West Highlands and Islands have I seen any place of so intense or varied a beauty in so small a compass' – Gavin Maxwell

Although Gavin Maxwell was referring to his own favourite place in Scotland, to me Arisaig and the surrounding area are worthy of such a quote. Arisaig is a beautiful place and it is also a place that we have only passed through on our way to the ferry for the Hebrides, or have visited for a day's paddling when on the Club's Easter trip to the Fort William area.

So this May half term holiday, the call of the white coral beaches with their clear blue waters and views over to the islands of Rum, Muck, Eigg and Skye was simply too much to resist. And of course, there was always the chance of spotting that elusive otter.

It took several phone calls to secure campsite pitches for Albert and myself and Pat, Norman and Mark Green as I was told it was the busiest week of the year. However, we eventually found spaces on the campsite at Portnadoran which was just outside Arisaig and had spectacular views.

Albert and I travelled up a couple of days before the rest of our party, so took the opportunity of paddling from the site on our first day.

We launched at the site's own white sand and coral beach and set off in the direction of Back of Keppoch quietly picking our way between the many skerries and looking for wildlife. It wasn't long before our patience was rewarded as an otter slipped gracefully off the rock by my boat and into the water.

We waited a while hoping to see it swimming under the surface but I think it was probably long gone, hidden amongst the clumps of kelp and other multi coloured sea weed.

Paddling on further we reached the delightful beach at Back of Keppoch where cattle were lazing in the sunshine.



One of the pleasures of paddling in that area is looking at the many different creatures and plants which inhabit the waters even so close to the shore.

At the entrance to the channel by Gorton Sands campsite we spotted hundreds of small fish, jellyfish, starfish and crabs before heading reluctantly back to our caravan.

On our way we were lucky to have another sighting of an otter, this time on a rock a little further from our boats and he seemed quite unconcerned as we glided gently by.

We paddled that route several more times during our stay, although there were no more sightings of the otter from there.

We were, however, fortunate to see day old eider ducklings left piled in a large heap on top of one another on a rock, presumably whilst mother had a break from child minding and went fishing.

The weather that holiday was variable. We had calm blue seas on the day we went to Skye (by ferry not kayak!) which helped us spot Minke whales, porpoises and seals, as well as otters, during the short crossing from Mallaig.

We had wild blue seas when we walked to Rhu point (near Arisaig) to watch the breakers crashing on the rocks along the coast and disturbed red deer feeding near the beach.



The peace was only disturbed by the arrival of two families with small children. They had walked approximately three quarters of an hour from their car armed with kites, beach balls, buckets and spades as well as windbreaks, chairs and picnic baskets and seemed more prepared for Blackpool than the west coast of Scotland.



Incidentally, we saw red deer on three occasions that week, and each time they were by the sea, either on beaches or in rocky coves. This seemed unusual to us as we are more used to spotting them on the high mountain slopes.

We had hot sunshine, and we had torrential rain. We had both of those the day we played golf (and I use the term 'play' very loosely!) at Traigh golf course about a mile from the campsite.

The course must be amongst the most scenic in the world situated as it is on a line of grassy

hills, originally sand dunes, which rise some seventy feet above yet another sparkling white beach. The word Traigh (pronounced 'try') means 'beach' in Gaelic, and a series of sandy beaches run alongside the course, with stunning views to the Hebridean islands of Eigg and Rum, and the Cuillins of Skye.



The course was challenging to say the least and I find it strange that gorse and water have such magnetic properties for golf balls, and we lost quite a few that day.

Although some of our shots left a lot to be desired, none were as interesting as the one Norman made when he first started to play some years ago. He had set off enthusiastically from the first tee, only to find his directional accuracy did not match his enthusiasm as the ball shot through the door of the club house and rebounded several times around the interior walls. Fortunately no one was injured and no damage was done, except to his pride.

There was a lot of excitement outside our caravan one morning – an otter had been spotted in the sea just off the rocky shore and he kept everyone entertained for a while, although we needed binoculars to see him properly. Until this time we hadn't realised that Portnadoran is Gaelic for Bay of the Otters and that there are regular sightings from the campsite. Apparently some years ago one of the resident otters was an extremely rare albino and lived for many years in the vicinity. I believe he is now stuffed and in an Edinburgh museum.

On our last day in the area we decided that it would be good idea to paddle on Loch Morar.

The loch is separated from the sea by the short river Morar, extends 18km eastwards and at 1000feet deep is the second deepest body of fresh water in Europe.

The paddle was suggested for a couple of reasons: firstly as it is a freshwater loch it would rinse the salt water off our boats and kit and thus save us a job once we got home and secondly, the Scottish Canoe Touring book described it as being more sheltered than the sea lochs. This however was not the case.

A stiff wind was blowing from the west and my plan of paddling east until we could see the head of the loch, which is surrounded by wild and rugged mountains, suddenly did not seem such a good idea. Plan two came into force and so we paddled around the many wooded islands which gave us shelter from worst of the wind.

Heading back, we realised that the wind had changed direction and the waves were now coming from the south and into the bay which was our get out.

The Green team sprang into action and we spent a happy hour surfing in to the beach, paddling out and repeating the process. This was great fun and a great end to our paddling.

Throughout the week we had seen paddlers heading out in the evening, but we were just too tired from our daytime activities to join them. The last evening, determined to make the most of every minute left of our holiday, we walked down to the beach to take pictures of the sun setting behind the islands. I have to say it was the most spectacular, and moving, sunset I have ever seen with both the land and sea being bathed in golden rays.



We resolved to return, and to paddle in the evening in that orange and magical world as the sun disappears behind the mountains. And hopefully spot an otter, or two.

Kath Risely

Booking Equipment

A reminder to any members wanting to borrow club equipment
Please remember to follow the standard booking procedure, which is:

- Ring me on a Monday evening (contact details in Newsletter)
- Collect and return kit at H&D on a Tuesday evening.

SIMPLE!



**Happy Paddling
Albert**

Will & Rachel's Australian Adventure

Will Body

This is the story of an epic adventure to a land far far away. It may be true that every man and his dog has been there before me but please don't spoil my excitement! Actually forget about taking the dog too; they're not too nice to people that try that and probably even less nice to the dog.

Back to the story. Saturday morning saw us on a train to Manchester airport. The following 26 hours or so were spent sat on a small seat eating and watching films. A brief stop to change planes in Dubai provided an opportunity to buy a bottle of single malt duty free and a fuel stop in Singapore offered this exciting view out of the window.



Brisbane was our home for a day. A chance to adjust a little before jumping on another plane and flying for a few hours back the way we came. Yes we flew right over Mt Isa a couple of hours before landing in Brisbane.

Part 1: The Outback

Our first week was spent visiting my sister's family.

They moved to Mt Isa in north Queensland two years ago. We both had an image in our minds of a very dry and rather barren landscape and were watching out of the plane window for the start of the outback. This never happened and it was still very green on reaching our destination. Shortly after arrival the bottle of duty free scotch passed out of my hands and into those of my brother in law.

We didn't do any paddling here despite a large number of rivers. Most of the years rain tends to arrive all in one go so there are lots of large empty rivers. When the river in the picture is up it can be just a few feet from the bottom of the bridge; so about 30 feet higher than its present level. The local down river race is on the Gregory river and was happening whilst we were out there. As local in this case means around 500 miles away we didn't make the trip. I'll take Trent tummy in preference to crocodiles anyway.



Our time was spent catching up with the family and exploring the area. Barbecue and beer also made occasional appearances as you may expect.

The sheer scale of the country is difficult to grasp; the next town is an hour and a half drive away.

The landscape itself is so different to anywhere I have previously been so just to be there and see the different plants and animals was a wonderful experience. Once away from the town itself, and ignoring the mine buildings on the skyline, there are relatively few signs of human existence/ interference when compared to just about any part of the British mainland. Some that are there are worth a visit though, so my sister and brother in law took us to visit a couple of sites with aboriginal artwork and also to an abandoned mining town.

Oh and I'm sure you all want to see a local spider, so here it is. Don't worry, there is a koala next.



Part 2: A broken compass

Moving on we headed out to the east coast. Just off the coastal town of Townsville is Magnetic Island. Captain Cook believed that the island was interfering with his compass, hence it was given the name Magnetic Island. Since the island itself is not magnetic one can only assume that a giant magnetic fish inhabited its waters in Cooks day but has since perished or moved house, or they drank too much rum that day.

After going paddling cold turkey in the outback we were out on the water within a few hours of reaching the magnetically inert

Island. Under the guidance of a British expat we took to the waters of Horseshoe bay in a double sea kayak.

The trip was taken at a gentle pace, doing a small loop around the bay. As we turned towards shore in the fading light we played spot the dolphin. Fortunately there were quite a few and we were all winners. Playing spot the turtle was a little harder, with only their heads popping up, and ultimately less exciting.

As we neared the shore we stopped for a glass of guava champagne whilst watching the sunset.



Our accommodation on the island was a little cabin at the bottom of the garden of a nice retired couple. This was on the edge of the forest and as such we were surrounded by wildlife. The list of animals seen from the windows and veranda exceeds my memory but a kookaburra really did sit in the old gum tree. Wallabies also crashed past, a possum dropped in and a fruit bat flew over and then had a very loud fight with something in the trees a little further down. I even got excreted on by a Rainbow Lorikeet. Rachel took a photo of it sat on my arm and the look in its eye proves it was deliberate.

Koalas were introduced to the Island around 30 years ago, so a walk through the Eucalyptus forest Koala spotting is par for the course.

I promised you a photo earlier, so here is a genuine Magnetic Island Koala, spotted and photographed by yours truly



on top shaped a little like a surfboard. These were great fun, so good that Rachel is even looking for one in the UK now. Ed thought he was a little big for them, but it didn't seem to be holding him back. I also had a go with a normal surfboard, but this seems to be far too much effort. I don't think I have the patience for it.



Part 3: A Ribble Reunion

Many members will know that Ed and Dels are on an adventure down under. They came to meet us in Noosa, a couple of hours north of Brisbane, for a week.



This is far enough south to be free of the Great Barrier Reef, and that means surf! So our second form of paddle sport came in the form of waveskis. These are a type of sit

On the day Ed and Dels headed south again Rachel and I took some long pointy boats on the river.

I had a fairly typical and unexciting perception plastic boat. Rachel had a fibreglass boat built by the husband of the lady who we hired the boats from, and definitely got the better deal. The whole area would be fantastic for touring with sea, rivers and lakes all very close together. We launched from a sandy beach on the river, paddled up through the town past some of the most exclusive and expensive properties in Australia and out into the mangroves seeing several stingrays along the way.

There are so many other great memories, but I'm sure you don't want me to fill the entire newsletter with them. If you are one of the few people that haven't been out there yet you should go and check it out.

Will Body

CHRISTMAS DINNER AND DISCO

on

SATURDAY DECEMBER 18th

at

THE NEW DROP INN

(Longridge Fell)

COST: £23.95

TIME: 7.00 for 7.30



**BOOKINGS ASAP BUT NO LATER THAN FRIDAY OCTOBER 15th
PLEASE**

Starters:-

DEEP FRIED GARLIC MUSHROOMS WITH GARLIC MAYONNAISE
TROPICAL MELON WITH SEASONAL FRUITS AND RASPBERRY COULIS
HOME MADE DUCK LIVER PATE WITH A PORT WINE SAUCE & TOAST.
PLATTER OF PRAWNS
HOME MADE VEGETABLE SOUP SERVED WITH CROUTONS.

Main Courses:-

TRADITIONAL ROAST TURKEY WITH ALL THE TRIMMINGS,
POACHED SALMON SERVED WITH HOLLANDAISE SAUCE.
ROAST DUCKLING WITH APPLE SAUCE AND STUFFING
SHOULDER OF MINTED LAMB CUSHION SERVED OFF THE BONE.
CHICKEN BREAST WITH A MUSHROOM AND CREAM SAUCE.
PASTA BAKE: PASTA SHELLS IN A MUSHROOM AND STILTON SAUCE.

Choice of Sweets including home-made Christmas Pudding with Rum Sauce

Coffee & Mints

PLEASE RETURN THE FORM BELOW, AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, BUT NO LATER THAN FRIDAY 15th OCTOBER. PLEASE SEND WITH CHEQUE (made payable to Ribble Canoe Club) FOR THE FULL AMOUNT TO:

NAME/S _____

STARTER/S _____

MAIN COURSE/S _____

Sweets to be chosen on the night

I ENCLOSE A CHEQUE MADE PAYABLE TO: RIBBLE CANOE CLUB

FOR _____

Paddling in the Alps 2010.

An Introduction to Alpine Paddling with Plas Y Brenin.

Debra Bookbinder

Part 2

Day 4 was always timetabled as a 'rest day', but following my epic swims it was suggested that some safety rescue work would be advisable. Dan was disappointed as he had done the white water safety course and really didn't like deliberately swimming with no instructor further down the line ready to rescue and wanted the holiday to be about rivers, but went with what was needed for the group. I was none too happy about getting into the water deliberately either. I was still really shaky about the swims and wasn't looking for more trouble.

We went back to the put in under the bridge. Spike explained he wanted us to go up stream, wade into the shallows, throw ourselves into the current to avoid the rocks a little lower, defensively swim but try to ferry towards the eddy until we had cleared the tree debris, then aggressively swim across the eddy line, get out, run back up and repeat the exercise.



There were throw lines left on the bank further down, but no one was holding them and the coaches were not on the edge of the water.

Adam demonstrated. It looked easy but we weren't convinced. Mike and Craig managed to swim in fairly close to the top of the eddy, Rick was a bit further down but still fine. I was feeling very sick. Dan went to do it and as he did so I realised I was crying. A lot. I was absolutely terrified.

Ross came up and took me into the shade and started talking to me. I'm not sure what he was saying but his tone was confident and reassuring.

Rationally I knew the coaches would not put me in any real danger, but emotionally there was something else taking over, in the same way as I hadn't been very effective in the swims I'd taken on the Monday and Tuesday. I had to separate off the emotional from the practical and just do it. As soon as Dan had finished I marched over the shallows, waded out and threw myself in. Instead of flailing my actions were deliberate and purposeful. I just repeated the steps they'd told me. I came up towards the end of the eddy. Everyone was cheering me on. I got out, staggered back up and did it again. This time I was more confident and was quickly out. I walked up the bank, lay down and waited until the hyperventilated calmed down. It was one of the most challenging things I have ever done.

It was then I realised why I had felt so strongly that I needed to go back to the Alps. The paddle in '08 had been in equally big water due to high rainfall. Initially many of the river sections were closed due to fatalities involving two kayakers and a kayaker who had been out of his boat taking photographs. After a few days the kayakers had been found and the rivers re-opened. I had spent the first three days improving the fit of my boat and by the fourth day was paddling quite well, given I hadn't paddled for a year and my boat was new.

However, after about an hour I had capsized and swum. I was safe fairly quickly but my boat had washed down. I walked downstream along the river bank for quite a while when I saw some people on the riverbank in front of me gathered around. I thought it was my boat so I walked towards them but slowly realised it was not my boat they were gathered around. I then saw the van and the stretcher. I believe what I saw was what had been the photographer.

I walked away continuing down the river bank and about twenty minutes later a coach found me and reunited me with my boat. I did get back on but twenty minutes later capsized again and walked out. I didn't get on a river again until August 2009.

At the time of the Alps trip in 2008 I already knew my mum had terminal cancer but had no idea how I was going to cope or how it would affect me. The whole issue of life and death was very raw. By January 2009 I was becoming increasingly involved in supporting my Dad caring for my mum, who didn't want to be in a hospice, by Easter we had lost her. For the next few months we were immersed in grief. I had to keep going for my Dad and also my son, Callum, who has Aspergers' .

Since the summer of 2009 he had been fortunate enough to be placed in a residential special school in the Lake District which values the benefits of outdoor education and experiences. He asked to go kayaking in the summer holidays, so I bought a roof rack, loaded the kayaks, drove an hour to the lake district and spent 20 minutes on a large eddy of a lake whilst he experimented with capsizing and self-rescue (he'd seen his peers do this but hadn't done it with school and wanted to know what it was like).

Something fell into place. I adored seeing my son enjoying himself and being so liberated with the sensation of sunshine, water and being outdoors.

I thought my mum would be pleased and I started to surface from grief. I decided to try and get back into my boat and enjoy life

because that's what my mum would have wanted. I contacted several clubs and gravitated towards those which seemed to have a welcoming and inclusive feel.

Back to the riverbank on Day 4.....

The safety training included practice with throw lines and throw line in water rescue.

After further briefing and some snacks we got in our boats and paddled down to the Durance.

I felt liberated and invigorated. The waves were bigger but I was more relaxed, I took more in. I looked further ahead. I was reading the river, I was anticipating and confident.



There were fewer eddys and the coaches were pushing our limits. By the time we were signalled for the first eddy instead of dreading having to eddy I really WANTED the break.

I got myself river left, paddled straight ahead and moments before my nose passed the top of the eddy I planted a blade hard on the right, squeezed my left knee hard, lifted my left cheek, pushed my right buttock, rotated my torso right and looked upstream, crashing into Spike at the top of the eddy, who looked somewhat surprised.

I was closely followed by Dan who did a fantastic, elegant, handbrake turn into the top of the eddy and was stunned to hear Spike say 'That's what you just did, well done!'.

We paddled down to the eddy above the slalom before St Clement. We got out and inspected. The coaches talked about the line but they confirmed what I was already seeing. I asked if I could follow Sally and explained to her what line I wanted to take.

Enter through the first red and white gates, stay left of the swirly water but then get centre to run the tongue of the wave, entering slightly left to avoid the hole on the right, then anticipate the waves through the middle pillars of the bridge, preparing to eddy left.

I entered knocking a slalom gate post with my paddle, confirming my line, I positioned centre and relaxed a little in anticipation, exchanging smiles with Sally. I saw the shape she made in front of me and I knew it felt right. Four power strokes to get up speed before the tongue dipped into the wave, as I had visualised, then a hard sweep on the right paddle to greet the wave at 11 O'clock. Body upright but forward, I rode over it, planting my blade on the left over the crest of the wave and pulling through from the abs, followed by a slight pause then planting a right blade, pushing with my left hand, over the next wave and I was through the wall. Upright! The next waves were like a flowing roller coaster, hips loose, looking forward. I positioned through the centre of the bridge and eddying river left. Brilliant, absolutely brilliant. I couldn't have felt more alive.



So 4 days in, 5 river trips, 2 epic swims, 1 demon faced and life grasped by the neck!



By this time Rick was also doing well, more relaxed in his boat. He also did the slalom upright and only capsized getting into the eddy. Rick's head cam was working intermittently and the distances between boats made it difficult to capture detail but we were sensing that each day was getting a bit more challenging. Both Mike and Dan had capsized and rolled and the coaches were so confident in their paddling that they paddled at the rear and the coaches encouraged them to enjoy/tackle more challenging lines. Rick had the sort of 1-2-1 I had in experienced in '08, Craig was a little 'bunched' over his boat and whilst he had slightly more capsizes than me, he was able to roll some of them. Interestingly Craig and I started to find ourselves in similar space and working out what to do, suggesting we were at a similar level.

Afterwards the group talked about what grade the rivers were and Adam said if you are really a paddler there is only two grades 'I can and I can't', i.e. when you are a paddler it is your decision on what grade it is for you



Debra Bookbinder

Chairman's Chunter

Here comes autumn and with it the sun and warm weather – but only a bit of rain to swell the rivers. Ah well, you can't have everything. We've just had a really wet August and yet I didn't notice much water in the rivers. Was that just me, then?

That Accident/Incident Book thing; was it a good idea? Are people deliberately having near do's just to get into it? There seem to be an awful lot of entries to discuss at each Coaching Forum and Committee Meeting. Please try and be more careful both bankside and on the water and keep down the paperwork.

The camps at Rhosneigr and Bala went well with over 40 members at Rhosneigr and about 15 at Bala. Rhosneigr seems so long ago, I'm struggling to remember it and I didn't get to Bala due to my faithful old Saab failing its MOT test and going to the great scrapyards in the..... well, just at the end of our road, actually.

I know quite a few members had their first runs down the Tryweryn although some got mislaid, much to their annoyance. I hope that all is now sorted out, apologies made and

accepted and our Club can continue in peace, light, damp and happiness.

We're now back at Fulwood Leisure Centre pool every Friday with our usual mix of courses and open sessions. Keep an eye on our programme in this newsletter and come along to open sessions when you can and book onto any courses or Paddle Skills. Sessions – it's the only way to improve and enjoy your paddling even more.

Paul Binks organised a couple of pool sessions in August and they went so well that we'll definitely be looking at doing the same, or more, next year.

We must be doing something right! More new members turn up every Tuesday and they seem to come back again despite what we do to them.

Roy's winter paddlepower courses are going well and quite a number of newer members have expressed interest in developing their coaching skills.

Terry Maddock 01253 838502
Chairman@ribblecanooclub.co.uk

Editor's Bit

Thanks once again to all the members who contributed articles for this edition, as usual we have tried to achieve a mix of topics. It is not a bumper edition like the last one but we can only print what you send.

Just to demonstrate editorial impartiality we have even printed the scurrilous remarks about Norman's golf skills in Kath Risely's article. Actually it was quite a feat to hit a curving shot through the narrow clubhouse door 100 yards away, and on the plus side at

least we didn't lose the ball, we knew exactly where it was. (Although Norman didn't actually go in the clubhouse to ask for it back) Anyway why did they leave the door open in the first place? It was asking for trouble.

Back to the paddling. Thanks to the members of OAG (some of whom are also Ribble members) for organising the recent Sea quest & Sea tour, which was a great success even after being forced to change the venue at very short notice.

It was extremely well organised, they even had valet parking for the kayaks.

It was not only an enjoyable event; it raised money for Leukaemia Busters. Perhaps Ribble Canoe Club should consider organising a charity event; it is a good way for members to get to know each other and gives an opportunity for us as individuals to put something back into society.

On the subject of working together, at some time in the near future, work will need to be done at Halton to clear the Jungle that has grown in the area around the soon to be developed old mill building. The site owners would appreciate help with this task, so we said that we would find out if there was any interest in local paddlers giving any of their time to join an ad hoc work party. No dates are available as yet, but it will probably be some time in October.

Dates and Deadlines The next committee meeting will be on Wednesday 3rd November at 7:00pm at the Hand & Dagger. The next newsletter will be published on 17th November. We would appreciate all submissions by Wednesday 10th.

Please send your submissions by email, to newsletter@ribblecanoeclub.co.uk. When we receive them we will send you an email acknowledgment. If you don't receive one you will know it hasn't been received

Disclaimer Please note that the opinions expressed in this and every other Ribble CC newsletter are those of the author of the article. They do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the newsletter editor or the committee, or the policies of Ribble Canoe Club

Pat & Norman Green
newsletter@ribblecanoeclub.co.uk

Pool Sessions

The following lists the pool sessions booked at Fulwood Leisure Centre, the contact for the courses and the Supervisor and Committee member on duty.

Date	Session	Contact	Supervisor	Committee
17 Sep	Polo	Rachel Drew	Mark Loftus	Wayne Lees
24 Sep	Rolling	Gary Fishwick	Rick Turner	Brian Woodhouse
1 Oct	Rolling	Gary Fishwick	David Nelson	Alison Nelson
8 Oct	Paddle Skills	Allan Hacking	Mark Dillon	Cynthia Conway
15 Oct	Rolling	Gary Fishwick	Will Body	Rachel Drew
22 Oct	Open	N/A	Mark Buttle	John Kington
29 Oct	River Safety	Tony Morgan	Mark Dillon	Terry Maddock
5 Nov	Open	N/A	Tony Morgan	Cynthia Conway
12 Nov	Paddle Skills	Allan Hacking	Rick Turner	Wayne Lees
19 Nov	Freestyle Skills Coaching	Will Body	Mark Buttle	John Kington
26 Nov	Open	N/A	Gary Fishwick	John Kington
3 Dec	Open	N/A	David Nelson	Alison Nelson
10 Dec	Paddle Skills	Allan Hacking	Gary Fishwick	Brian Woodhouse
17 Dec	Dumbongo!	Paul Binks	Mark Loftus	Terry Maddock
24 Dec	No session – Christmas	S Claus	A N Elf	Rudolph

Please note prices for pool sessions:

Rolling Course £20 plus club membership. Freestyle £5. All other sessions £4.

Please book in advance for the Paddle Skills Sessions and Rolling Course by phoning the named contact.

Ribble CC Library

To borrow a book or video, contact Cynthia Conway or see her at the Hand & Dagger. Donations of books or videos are always welcome.

Technique:

BCU Handbook
The Practical Guide to Kayaking
Canoeing & Kayaking
William Nealy's "Kayak"
Bombproof Roll and Beyond!
Eskimo Rolling for Survival
White Water Safety & Rescue
Weir Wisdom Rapids
Canoe & Kayak Games
The Playboater's Handbook
Complete Book of Sea Kayaking
Sea Kayak Navigation
Path of the Paddle
Canoeing
Open Canoe Technique
Rowing it Alone
The Handbook of Survival at Sea
BCU Coaching Handbook
Sea Safety: The Complete Guide
White Water Kayaking
The Art of Freestyle

Guidebooks:

English White Water
Scottish White Water
White Water Lake District
An Atlas of the English Lakes
Canal Companion: Cheshire Ring
Anglesey Sea Paddling
Welsh Sea Kayaking
Touring 100 Paddles in England
Scottish Sea Kayak Trail

General:

The Rough Guide to Weather
The Liquid Locomotive
Many Rivers to Run
Norwegian rivers
Canoe Focus
Working out of Doors with Young People

Expeditions:

Travels with a Kayak
Whit Descher
On Celtic Tides
Chris Duff
Blazing Paddles
Brian Wilson
Dancing with Waves
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 Dunnett
Odyssey among the Inuit
Jonathan Waterman
Barbed Wire & Babushkas
Paul Grogan
Videos:
Liffey Descent
Deliverance (18)
Extreme Sports Canoeing
A Taste of White Water
Wicked Water 2
Drill Time
Destination Nowhere

Path of the Paddle: Whitewater

DVDs:

Tony Morgan - Grand Canyon
LVM Lunch Video Magazine
Ribble Newsletters (CD)
The Martin Years RCC Newsletters 2002-2009
Without a Paddle (13)
Whitewater Kayaking
The Cockleshell Heroes (U)
Mags Brayfield in Nepal
Tatshenshini/Alsek 2007
Mountain River Movie
By Michael Allender
Jackson Kayak Promo
It's Different Every Time
Halton Rapids
Norman Green
Fort William 2005/06 Trip
My Tartan Adventure (VCD)
Ribble Canoe Club, Scotland 2007
Thistle Float Your Boat
RCC, Scotland 2007 & 2008
Norman Green
Locks and Quays
Featuring Ribble Canoe Club
The Politics Show
Featuring Ribble Canoe Club
Open Canoeing
Reg Blomfield
EJ's Rolling and Bracing
This is the Sea - 1st ever action sea kayak video
Janet Robinson
The Call of the River - 100 years of Whitewater Adventure (USA)
Sea Kayak with Gordon Brown
Instructional Journey along Skye Coast

CALENDAR

NOTE: Last minute trips are often arranged on the forum on the website (www.ribblecanoeclub.co.uk), at the Hand & Dagger on Tuesdays or at Fulwood on Friday (RCC pool nights) . 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 listed for information only.

Pool session dates and types are listed separately within this Newsletter.

SEPTEMBER

Sat Sep 18 Beginners trip - Waterhead, near Ambleside

Mon Sep 20
OAG Blackpool Illuminations Paddle

**Sat Sep 25
3 Star Sea Kayak Assessment**

Sat Sept 25 & Sun Sep 26
Slalom Div 3 & 4 West Tanfield

OCTOBER

**Sat Oct 2 or Sun Oct 3rd
Development trip**

Sat Oct 2 & Sun Oct 3rd
Slalom Div 3 & 4 Teeside

Sun Oct 3
Mersey Descent Marathon & Mini
Tour - River Mersey, Stockport to Sale

*Tue Oct 5 18:30 – 21:30
Star award presentation night - Hand & Dagger*

*Wed Oct 6
Coaching Forum - Hand & Dagger*

*Sat Oct 9 & Sun Oct 10
White Water Safety and Rescue - Carlisle/Lake District*

Sat Oct 9 & Sun Oct 10
Slalom Div 3 & 4 Stone

Sun Oct 17
Slalom Div 3 & 4 Mile End Mill

*Fri Oct 22 to Sun Oct 24
Club Trip to Tay Descent - Perth, Scotland*

NOVEMBER

*Wed Nov 3
Committee meeting - Hand & Dagger*

*Fri Nov 5 to Sun Nov 7
Club Trip to Tyne Tour - Hexham*

**Sat Nov 6th Or Sun Nov 7
Development trip**

DECEMBER

*Wed Dec 1
Coaching Forum*

*Sat Dec 18
Club Christmas Dinner and Disco - New Drop Inn nr Ribchester*

This data is extracted from the Google calendar on the RCC website. Google Calendar amendments may be made after this one has been printed. Trips may be changed or cancelled at short notice. Always get in touch with the trip organiser the day before to check! If you don't, and you have a wasted trip, don't blame us.