



CAMBRIDGE CANOE CLUB NEWSLETTER

<http://www.cambridgecanoeclub.org.uk>

To get the club's diary of events and ad-hoc messages about club activities by e-mail please send a blank message to:

camcanoe-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

In case you already didn't know, canoeing is an assumed risk, water contact sport.

February 2005

Newsletter via the Web:- If you received this Newsletter by post and you would be happy to view your Newsletter on the Cambridge Canoe Club website then please advise the Membership Secretary. Contact details are shown at the end of this Newsletter. Each Newsletter mail shot costs about £100, so if you have access to the internet you can get your Newsletter and see all the photos in glorious technicolour and save the club some money, your money!

Chairman's Chat

Chairman's Hat

I was a bit bemused when I was asked to do this for the newsletter, but I have been asked for stranger things. The Chairman's hat? Well I have very bad taste in hats. During the winter, being follically challenged, I need something warm, because you lose a lot of body heat straight through your head. I prefer something fleecy, normally Polartec or Thinsulate. I have a variety, from the sombre black tea-cosies that keep my dome warm, to the sillier hats, my hat named "headache", my devil hat (oh, so appropriate), or my flaming hat which looks like my head is on fire. In the summer I need something to protect me from that sun. A burnt head is very painful, so I like to wear a baseball hat, one that I can use on the water and off the water. Some of the cheaper hats can be a bit harsh on my soft head. I generally go for the ones made of a softer fabric. Enough about hat's - here's the newsletter.

No, try again Graham

Chairman's Cat

I must be missing something here... because the chairman hasn't got a cat. With all the time I spend away paddling rivers I imagine I would need a cat that would patiently cling to the back of my buoyancy aid and suffer the pain of being drenched in cold water, whilst blasting through a grade 4 rapid. I am not sure a cat would want to be squashed between my legs inside the kayak, and I am not sure my legs would survive the claws gripping into them as we go free falling over Low Force. So in the meantime, the chairman will have to go catless, or will have to find a cat that doesn't mind scrounging off the neighbours most weeks. Enough about cats.. time to see if the Dartmoor Cheetah still Cheetah still lives near the river... Nooo, *have another go*

Chairman's Chat

The winter whitewater season is drawing to a close... just one month left and most of the rivers that have an agreement will have seen their last paddler. But finally the summer season is

arriving - a change to enjoy paddling in the sun, dodging the punts in Cambridge, and to get some training in whilst the water is slightly less chilly. I'm looking forward to paddling in the sun,

As you will find in this newsletter we have some dates for tours and courses, please let the organisers know in advance if you would like to go on these.

Graham

Got it right at last...Ed

Social

Saturday 15th January 2005 saw our Christmas party at the Bella Pasta. Around 30 of us were there looking forward to the festivities all over again!! Lots of food and wine (I think I had more of the share!) followed by a raffle – the prizes included multi purpose soap, instant hand warmers, woolly hat and even a boil in a bag stew for when you get stuck up a mountain, very useful! So we look forward to next year's celebrations.

Tara

Krishna River Paddling 2005

Part 1

Paddling on India's major rivers is not for the faint hearted a combination of lack of water post monsoon on which to paddle, lack of any reliable information, problems with arranging transport, innumerable portages, interfering officialdom and the general population that wants to know every last detail of your private life makes for an interesting time. On the plus side there is the knowledge that you are treading where few if any have trodden before, even in a country of one billion population.

It was Richard and my plan to paddle the Krishna River by open canoe. We had 4 weeks to accomplish this feat, a fairly impossible task in view of the problems that I have mentioned above and the small fact that the river is 1400 km long. The river in fact rises in the hill station of Mahabaleshwar 100 km south of Pune on India's west seaboard and flows through the states of Maharashtra, Karnataka and Andhra Pradesh to enter the Bay of Bengal on India's east coast.



Typical Regulator Structure on the Krishna

The upper reaches of the river are not paddleable and so it was our plan to start near the town of Wai about 30km from the source. Therefore late one afternoon Richard and I set off in our open canoe plus camping and cooking gear and a few days supply of food to see what the river had in store for us. Darkness was soon upon us and our first night was spent cooking by torch light and trying to sort out where we had put

everything. The next day saw us up late packing and repacking to convert us from road to river travel. Everything was now double wrapped in dry bags except for items which we could allow to get wet. Every item was clipped or secured to the canoe. Our primus, purchased locally was secured in a bucket along with our numerous water containers which comprised used mineral water bottles.

The early stages of the river were through farming land. Electric and diesel powered pumps drew from the river to irrigate the sugar cane, maize, bananas and ground nuts that the local farmers were growing. The river was backed up by regulators every 10/15 kms providing a combination of flat water paddling and sections of white water up to grade 2 after each control structure. The local population though sparse took a keen interest in our passage down the river calling out as to enquire where we were going and where we had come from. We would usually respond with the name of some major town or other a few miles downstream. To say the Bay of Bengal at this stage was, well a bit presumptuous. Offers of hospitality at the campsites at the side of the river were numerous and invites back to their village for treats and festivities were more than we could accept and still maintain any semblance of progress. We regretted not having more than a few words of Hindi between us but relied on our hosts elementary knowledge of English to get by.

It wasn't long before the warning signs of trouble ahead began to show themselves. At each regulator the water passing through was less and less, no doubt the result of all of those irrigation pumps. Therefore after three days of paddling we finally hit the buffers at a regulator located at the small town of Khodashi. We peered over the edge of the weir face. Nothing, not a drop of water was to be seen. We moored up against the regulator and set off into town for inspiration. We were given a lift by a Bollywood film producer of all people who explained that there would be plenty of water in the Koyna River whose confluence with the Krishna was only a few miles away. We eagerly drove over to have a look, but it was empty too. My mind was racing through the options, jump a section of river to find water but to where, move up north to join the Bhima river but we had no way of knowing whether that had water, abandon the Krishna and head off to paddle the Cauvery a river much further south that I had paddled from source to sea a few years earlier and where I knew there would be water. Time was moving on and any action would have to wait until tomorrow and so we camped adjacent to the regulator.

The next day bright and early we crossed back to the village and waited for the lift we had arranged to town which didn't appear. Eventually the head man of the village intervened and commandeered a tractor trailer to get us up to the main road where he then organised a jeep for the journey to the main bus stand. At this stage we still didn't know where we intended to go. Maybe we knew something would turn up! As we crossed the Koyna on our route to town our eyes were drawn to the river. We were amazed, the river which yesterday was a dry river bed was now full with water from bank to bank. On our instruction the jeep screeched to a halt and we leapt out to look in amazement. We knew that there was a hydro-electric plant upstream and we can only imagine that they had heard of our plight!! Instructions were fired out to the driver in anglicised Hindi sign language, 'head for the confluence'.

After stocking up with provisions and receiving a packed lunch of dall and chapattis from a well wisher we set off again. Passage down the river fell into a pattern of backed up water regulator followed by rapids of varying grade. A good grade 2 necessitated paddling the boat unloaded. One lower went a bit

wrong filling the canoe with water and bulging the sides alarmingly. I thought we had lost it. However, generally we managed to negotiate most of irregularities fully loaded. The boat was taking a heavy toll and the rear rubbing strips were looking decidedly unwell. We wondered how the boat was holding together.

Two and a half days later we paddled in the town of Sangli. We moored up and headed off into town for lunch. Our arrival had not gone unnoticed and during our wonderings we were approached by Datta who declared in reasonable English that he was from the famous Sangli Boat Club and invited us on a tour. We couldn't wait to see the clubhouse and ferried him across the river perched on top of all our gear. We moored up alongside two ageing and very beamy skulls. We picked our way around the piles of excrement which populated the river bank on our route up to the boat house. We saw a pretty sorry looking selection of boats. A steel skinned eight lay rusting and broken like some dead snake in a ditch. A rack held a dusty and broken selection of K1s, K2s, general purpose kayaks and even one high kneeling C1. Some money had been expended here by some well meaning organisation but the plot had been well and truly lost in the meantime. The only bright spot on the horizon was a well looked after skull obviously used regularly by some enthusiastic local. We were taken to meet the manager of the club who lived in a colonial looking house adjacent to the boat store. A number of kayak paddles were resting against a mango tree in his garden indicating some activity but we failed to ascertain the extent of any kayaking. In fact the manager showed little interest in his international visitors and so we picked our way along with Datta back to the river. We waved our goodbye and set off toward the weir a few 100m downstream.



Breakfast stop on the Krishna

We pulled over river left and parked the canoe amongst a group of women washing clothes at the river bank. There was an unsavoury smell in the air as we got out of the boat to peer over the weir edge. There was water downstream, oh good so Richard was keen to portage and establish ourselves on the lower level. Look again Richard I said. Realisation dawned that the only flow downstream was the untreated outfall from Sangli township. Our river was now an open sewer!!

Mike Norman

Updates by e-mail

The CamCanoe e-mail list is used by Cambridge Canoe Club to distribute updates to the club's diary of events and ad-hoc messages relating to club events. This includes paddling

opportunities which come up at short notice and last minute changes to normal club arrangements.

If you have urgent information for club members, e-mail any committee member who can post the information for you. Make sure to include your email address in the message if you want replies. Non-urgent information can also be sent to the newsletter editor for publication in the newsletter.

If you are not yet a member of CamCanoe, you can subscribe at any time by sending a blank email to:

camcanoe-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

You can unsubscribe at any time by sending an e-mail to: camcanoe-unsubscribe@yahoogroups.com

Coaching

There is now an up to date and comprehensive schedule of paddling and associated courses that will be held during the course of the year on the CCC website

www.cambridgecanoeclub.org.uk

Quartermaster's Bit

A lot seems to have been done since the last newsletter. We now have fully functioning lights in the club house, both showers working in the gents, and a hopefully fixed drip under the sink in the kitchen. Many thanks to all who have helped with these jobs.

A job which should have been done is the fitting of door closers to both changing rooms and the toilet, but unfortunately, due to stupidity, carelessness or probably both, I have lost them! So far, I have searched the club house twice, my car at least twice and my garage about twenty times. Has anybody seen a carrier bag with three door closers in?

The new duty rota is now published and once again the committee has decided that through the school holidays, duty persons should double up on Saturdays and evening sessions. If you are doing a doubled up duty and all is quiet, could you please make sure all the duty cleaning jobs are done before one of you leaves.

On the subject of duties, as we get more and more new members, it is increasingly difficult for key holders to know faces of members. Please ensure that you take your membership card with you to avoid disappointment.

Finally, don't forget to let me know of any jobs that you think need doing – if I don't know it's wrong, I can't fix it!!

Sam Browning

Cam Marathon

Cambridge Canoe Club is once again hosting the Cam Marathon. It will be run from the clubhouse on Sunday 17th April. It is an ideal occasion to have a go at a race, there are three courses, the shortest being only 4 miles. There is even a fun race for those who wish to take it easy or don't want to paddle a racing boat. An entry list will soon appear on the clubhouse notice board, so just sign up and book your entry (and boat.)

If you are not interested in paddling/racing we need lots of help on the day. Most of the jobs don't require any racing knowledge and will only take up a couple of hours. So please give me a ring on 01223 503414 if you can help.

Richard Stagg

CCA Award to Gabriel Kempski

The Cambridgeshire Canoe Association awards the Reed Trophy donated by David from Reeds of Cambridge and is awarded to an individual or group of under 18s who has shown some achievement in the canoeing world. This can be personal achievement, coaching others, competition success and generally putting something back into the sport.

This year I am very pleased to announce that the trophy has been awarded to Gabriel Kempski for his rise through the star system, rapidly gaining the 3* award. He is a very keen paddler, attending most of the club sessions and helping out on courses at times as a stroke demonstrator. In his chosen field of Playboating he has progressed his skill levels considerably leading to a second place in the Novice section of the first Nene Whitewater Centre playboat competition, a remarkable performance bearing in mind he is only 11 years old, (apologies Gabriel if I got it wrong).

Congratulations Gabriel, I will still keep trying to convert you to the dark side of marathon paddling though.

Arthur Davis - Chair Cambridgeshire Canoe Assoc

Special offer

David, from Reeds of Cambridge will give 5% discount to Cambridge Canoe Club members purchasing equipment from him, not applicable to boats, best have your membership card handy. The shop is virtually next door to the Pike and Eel pub, give him a call (Cambridge 425348). David occasionally has second hand boats for sale and may also help in selling your boat as well. *Ed*

Matlock Weekend

The trip to Matlock in February was my first experience of paddling on moving water. After the early Saturday morning sport of finding the right way to get the required boats on the available cars, we headed off up the A14 towards breakfast and rolling Derbyshire. Putting on at Darley Bridge, 14 paddlers set off down the Derwent towards Matlock. The low volume of water disappointed the more experienced paddlers, but it meant it was less of a baptism for us novices. Before long, we found a suitable place to practise breaking in and out of the current and ferry gliding. I learned an early harsh lesson in the need to edge the boat as I took the first taste of the Derwent. All the practice of Eskimo rescues in the pool (and my investment in a dry bag) paid off as I managed to right myself almost dry. Sarah Hampton was less determined to hang in there and took her first swim of the day soon afterwards.

After stopping for a break and a hot drink, we carried on down the river past a varied collection of "Canoeing Prohibited" signs. The rapids became successively wilder, whiter and more challenging to navigate through. Suddenly low and high braces made a lot more sense than on the sleepy Cam, but didn't save me from my second rescue of the day. On a brief pause below the road bridge in the centre of Matlock, Boz Kempski pointed out the difference in water level in comparison to last years trip. This year no water was flowing through the arch where last year he had taken a swim.

It was with a mixture of disappointment and relief that the novices came off the water, leaving the more experienced paddlers to play on the slalom course below the town, and then trudge back up the hill with their boats. After drying off and changing, it was off to find our digs for the night. Tim Mitchell

had found a bunkhouse pretty easily on the web, but finding the place on the ground was a bit more elusive. After losing half the convoy in mobile phone hostile territory, we eventually all found our way to our basic but comfortable and excellent value accommodation in a converted barn. Turning in after a hot meal and a couple of beers at the local pub, it was truly awesome to find something that could wake me up, so full credit to the CCC champion snorers.

The second day was planned to be a paddle on the Trent, but the plan changed due to low volume of water. Instead, went back onto the Derwent below Matlock to play on the slalom course. The orderly convoy fragmented in minutes as the winding lanes were negotiated with varying degrees of caution and Tara Downton's sat nav headed off over the hills towards Buxton. Sticking to a short section of river, there were plenty of waves, rapids and eddies to play in to keep everyone amused for a few hours. The biggest surprise of the day was the arrival of Dave Savage and a crowd of lads from Ely school in Canadians.

There was a real sense of achievement to go from a state of grim survival to some sort of control and understanding of what to do in the swirling water. One day I am sure I might even be able to do it with some style. Overconfidence led to one last Eskimo rescue for luck before heading back home, tired and cold but hooked.

I am sure that the other paddlers would like to join me in thanking Tim for organising an enjoyable weekend and the instructors for their cheerful encouragement.

Gavin Troughton

Membership Renewals 2005 to 2006!

Membership renewals are due for the club paddling year April 2005 to March 2006!!

Adult	£30 pa	
Junior (U18)	£15 pa	
Student (full time)	£15 pa	
Family (2 adults and all juniors at same address)		£60 pa
Guest (max 3 visits)	£2 pp per visit	

Doesn't time fly? Yes, it's time for membership renewals once again. We are keeping the membership costs the same as in previous years so that must be good news and good value. I do hope you think the membership fee is good value for what we offer and that you have enjoyed paddling during the last year and want to continue to paddle with the club. This year I am hoping to be able to email formatted membership renewal forms with your details entered so all you have to do is print it out and check that the details are still correct and return it to me with your payment – cheques made out to Cambridge Canoe Club please. You can either post these to me or you can leave them at the clubhouse for me to pick up. Those members who receive a posted newsletter can renew using the form supplied with their newsletter.

The reason I am hoping to email as many membership renewal forms as possible is that the postage and associated costs add up to quite a tidy sum of money, which I am sure you would agree, could be better spent on club facilities. Of course, if you have friends who you think might enjoy paddling then let me know – there's room for a few more yet...

Happy paddling. As always, in or on the water (see me on a white water trip)

Terry Elsey

What a difference a year makes - River Dart

8/9 Jan 05

The Dec 03 Dart trip was almost my last, after a day of swimming rather than paddling in the stormy waters, my first experience of river white water was, for the wrong reasons, a memorable one.

So it was with some trepidation that I put my name down for this year's Dart trip. But, having got my 3 star in style early in 2004 (well, "just" as Graham put it) & then having spent most of the summer on weekly treks to the Nene WW centre with Gabriel, I was determined to use all this experience to get my revenge on the Dart.

The trip started with the Friday night trek to Holne Park with gale force winds blowing us all over the place. Our car was there first (Boz, Gabriel & me), a little later Mark with Julie & Simon Q arrived, shortly followed by Graham "Hill" Rhodes with a breathless Ruth, Simon T & Andrew - Graham having left Cambridge two hours after us!

The night did not get off to a good start, the bar had been deprived of its bitter delivery that day & their haul of Bombardier was already down to the last 10 bottles. They did not last long & we were down to lager & cider in no time.

With 3 pints inside, a bunk near the window & having safely distanced the (reputedly) worst snorer to a bunk near the door, the first night went quite peacefully - for me anyway!

Saturday morning was nice with clear-ish skies & a light wind. We joined the queue for breakfast with the Tim, Nick, Joe & James; the four musketeers having left Cambridge at 3am to get there for breakfast at 8am – now that's what I call commitment (or is it madness?).

With a reasonable amount of rain overnight the river was in good flow. After a round of creative warm up exercises we got on the water at New Bridge, the four musketeers having gone off doing their own thing a while earlier.

The river was flowing nicely around the bridge & a few of us played while everyone got on the water. It was only 100m to a small wave & more fun. The next wave proved a bit troublesome for Ruth who was rescued just before she capsized but with the wave holding her in the position of hanging onto Simon's boat, it took Graham to come & pull her out of the wave so that she could right herself. A couple of rapids, and then we were onto the right hand bend where many practiced their tail squirts.

Another rapid & a wave before we reached the infamous washing machine which we all managed to negotiate without incident, although the four musketeers were ready to rescue anyone who ventured too close to the hole.

A bit further on and we came to the giant seal launch! Joe started the ball rolling (no surprises here then) by doing the full height launch. A few people who should know better followed him - blimey you don't half hit the water hard!

It was then along the flat & a right turn to Lovers Leap. Here we had the first swimmer of the day when Boz was unlucky to get caught out. The end of Lovers Leap was the place for lunch & a re-cap of the day so far, with Simon T having a shiver as he was in his summer kit while most were in arctic survival suits – well it was early January!

After lunch we were back onto rapids before reaching Triple Falls. We had two swimmers here but with a good water level it was quite tricky. It was onto the Spin Dryer next & it was spinning today so fun was had by all who managed to ride the wave & cut through the eddy without being pushed into the rocks; Gabriel was on form & he made it look easy.

One more rapid & we were onto Holne Bridge where Mark

showed his mettle by jumping off it into the water. The wiser ones looked down from the bridge & decided better of it (who says I chickened out?).

Down to Holne weir next & many went down the right hand side & left a good load of plastic on the stones that protrude out of the concrete. One more weir & an excellent play wave to finish with, but by then many were feeling the effects of a full day on the water & were grateful for a walk back to the bunkhouse and a shower.

The four musketeers were shattered by 7pm & while we headed into Ashburton for some food & a bevy or two, they went for an early night; or so we thought! Joe started Sunday morning by showing us a pair of ladies thong knickers he had under his pillow – despite the teasing he never did tell us who they belonged to, claiming they must have been there when he arrived!!

Anyway back to Saturday night & Graham found us a nice pub come restaurant & we settled down for a drink & meal. Mark watched Everton beat Plymouth with the local Plymouth supporters – amazing how quickly you can lose a scouse accent! Julie's veggie custom pizza really caused confusion with 20 different pizzas arriving before she finally conceded defeat & settled for one that did not have what she ordered, but at least it didn't have pepperoni on it!

On day 2 Julie (who had gone bike riding on day 1) swapped with Ruth (who went trekking) & had a day on the water. With Graham's expert guidance Julie managed to get through the whole of the day without swimming – impressive!

The water was lower on day 2 & many of the rapids become rock hazards. I ended up being rescued by Graham when I beached on a rock & got my paddle well & truly stuck below the rock when I tried to push off.

Mark went to jump off Holne bridge again, but then backed away. Making us think he had bottled it, he then ran, leap-frogged the wall & with a reverse pike double back somersault hit the water in style - what a lunatic!

The end of the second day saw us changing in the bottom car park in the cold & rain - good job us paddlers are made of stern stuff. It was then the long trek back to Cambridge.

Thanks to Tim for organising the trip. If next year he can organise for Joe to get an extra sausage instead of a hash brown at breakfast then he will have really cracked this organising lark & we will let him have some time off! Also thanks to Graham & the Simons who led & gave lots of coaching along the way. And finally, back to the title, I did not swim once (although I probably rolled 100 times), so revenge on the Dart was achieved with a broad smile at the end of a brilliant weekend.

Mike Price

New Year's Day Paddle

Some thirty paddlers gathered in the clubhouse on a windy but relatively mild Saturday day for the annual New Year's Day paddle on the Cam.

It was a change from the previous Barrington venue partly determined by Mike Norman's adventures in India and partly by Graham's lack of time to assess our limbo dancing skills. (An earlier night paddle on the upper stretch revealed several fallen trees that had necessitated limbo dancing as an alternative to portaging).

Terry had kindly prepared mulled wine and warm mince pies for the paddlers to enjoy before getting on the river. One member of the group, possibly disorientated from the previous evening's celebrations, seemed to think that the idea was to swim to Fen Ditton. He was fished out before the start of the

paddle and appraised accordingly.



Gabriel and Alice seal launching the Explorer Duo

At around 11 a.m. the group set off downstream heading towards the Plough. After two portages, a high rise nose dive by Graham and a relatively comfortable paddle by all, we arrived at our destination. Most of the paddlers opted for a quick change in the car park followed by refreshments in the pub. A few die hards, had a slurp and a bite to eat before paddling back against the wind to the clubhouse. All in all, a very enjoyable way to see in the New Year!

Boz Kempski

We thought about you whilst soaking up the sun in India and slurping our celebratory port! Ed

Organising A Trip

Organising a trip. A simple thing. Decide where you want to go. Advertise it. People all jump and say, "Yes Please" immediately, Money flows through the letterbox, we get there and paddle. Easy...

George decides he wants to run a trip on the River Bimble. A pleasant grade 3 bit of water some distance away, and he thinks he will stay in the local bunkhouse. The trip is advertised as a weekend with 2 nights away.

(6 people) Barry, Annabel, Charles, Derrick and Edward all apply within a few days. Edward claims to be an expert, but nobody knows him, Derrick is all enthusiastic, Annabel isn't sure she can make it, but "put me on the list anyway". Barry is happy, but thinks we should be doing something much harder, and why can't we camp? - it's cheaper and it's only November... Brrrr!

(12 people) A couple of weeks later the list is up to 12... Fred, Henrietta, Isobel, Jason, Kieron and Leonard have all added their names. Isobel is a Level 3 coach and Leonard is a trainee, so George has some willing experience in the group. George confirms the bunkhouse booking and asks for a deposit from everybody. Bunkhouse is full. Trip is organised!

(10+2 people) Deposits arrive from Charles, Edward, Kieron and Isobel. Megan phones up wanting to come, but George has no space. Megan is disappointed. Fred and Henrietta then phone up to say they want to stay at a local B&B - where are we going? George has two spaces. George phones Megan, who now informs him that she has made alternative plans. George pays the deposit for the bunkhouse to confirm. (7+2 people, 6 deposits) Two weeks to go, Barry is still muttering about more difficult, and hasn't paid. Annabel is still unsure and hasn't paid. George crosses her off the list mentally.

Derrick has decided that the river is beyond him and his family needs his attention. Jason pays up after being chased, and Leonard realises he has double booked and drops out. George notes that the level of experience in the group is lacking experience.

(6+2 people, 6 deposits) A week and a half away, Barry decides that he will do a more difficult river with another group. Another person down, and more experience gone. Two novices, Nathan and Oliver phone up wanting to join the group, but George and Isobel make the decision that they have too many novices between them to safely take them. George starts trying to sort out transport. Fred and Henrietta are doing their own thing, but can't take any boats. Isobel agrees to carry 4 boats and 3 people. George knows he can safely carry 3 boats and 3 people. and Jason can fit 2 and 2 on his small car. Sorted... ready to go.

(9+2 people) A week to go... Peter, an experienced paddler phones up and expresses an interest in paddling. George and Isobel agree that they can now take additional novices, so George contacts Nathan and Oliver, who are delighted to join the party. But they need boats. George sorts out some last minute hires, and adds Peter to the drivers list, carrying 3 & 3. Peter hopes this enough.

(8 paddlers in bunkhouse + 2 paddlers in B&B) Four days to go... Jason pulls out. Something has come up. He wants his deposit back. George patiently explains that money has been paid to the bunkhouse, and unless we can fill his place he won't see the money. Jason is not happy. George is now one boat space short. George tries to explain to Fred & Henrietta that they will have to take at least one boat if they want to paddle. Fred isn't happy with the arrangement and explains in four letters why he will go walking instead.

(8 paddlers in bunkhouse, 1 paddler and 1 walker in B&B, 4 cars) Three days to go... Annabel phones up, very apologetic, but she has decided to come for the weekend, and can she bring her new boyfriend Quentin, who won't paddle, but will cycle around the area during the day. Experienced paddler Robert rings up to say that he has just noticed the trip going on - are there any spaces left? George refunds Jason because his space is now filled, and adds people in. Annabel's car can only carry a bike, Robert's car can take 3 people and 3 boats, but no bike legally. George juggles the cars. George contacts Fred to tell him that we can now carry an extra boat. Fred is still in a huff and still says he will walk. George looks longingly at the Whisky bottle.

(10 paddlers and 1 cyclist in bunkhouse, 1 paddler and 1 walker in B&B, 6 cars) Two days to go... Fred rings up to say he has decided to paddle, but needs to drop off boats tonight. Who is taking them? George agrees to take them in the first instance. Edward phones up to pull out. He is having problems with work, and may join us on the Saturday. Robert has decided he will travel Saturday morning and will meet us at the river. He can still take boats if necessary, but made it clear this was an inconvenience. George re-juggles cars and creates his final final car plan. George bangs his head on the wall and hopes this is the finals change.

(8 paddlers on Friday, 9 paddlers on Saturday and 1 cyclist in bunkhouse, 2 paddlers in B&B, 6 cars) One day to go... Isobel rings, and George has a heart-attack. All well, Isobel was just confirming the competence levels of the group. George takes a deep breath and a large Whisky.

Final plan... Isobel takes 4 boats plus Keiron. George takes 3 boats plus Oliver and Nathan. Peter takes 3 boats plus Charles, and Fred takes Henrietta. Annabel takes Quentin and the bike. Robert drives up with one boat on Saturday. 2 more cars than

necessary, but hey... we are doing an environmentally low impact sport... (*An interesting point does anyone actually believe that, comments to Ed*)

The weekend went well, and everybody enjoyed themselves. Does any of this sound familiar?

Graham

Any individual resemblance to members past and present is purely coincidental!! Ed

Sale/Wanted

CCC member Wendy Godfrey is looking for a second hand Perception Method Air or similar. If this is possible or you know of someone with one for sale, please let me know.

Responses to the Newsletter Editor

Simon Thornton wants to sell an I3 223. It's in good condition and only 8 mths old, colour red and orange, price £450. Contact Simon on mob 07792 256233.

Ed is selling Tesco's waterproof sports bags for £1ea. Ideal for carrying canoeing gear. Proceeds to charity.

Joker

"I thought I told you to keep an eye on your brother," the mother said. "Where is he?"

"Well," her son replied thoughtfully, "if he knows as much about canoeing as he thinks he does, he's out canoeing. If he knows as little as I think he does, he's out swimming." *Anon*

Your Committee

Honorary President	Bill Block
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Secretary	Boz Kempski
Treasurer	Russell McDonald
Membership	Terry Elsey membership@cambridgecanoeclub.org.uk
Quartermaster	Sam Browning qm@cambridgecanoeclub.org.uk
Social Secretary	Tara Downton social@cambridgecanoeclub.org.uk
Competition	Ian Huntsman
Coaching	Richard Smith
Webmaster	John Taylor
Touring	Tim Mitchell
Heidelberg Representative	Vacant
Newsletter Editor	Mike Norman newsletter@cambridgecanoeclub.org.uk

Clubhouse Duty Rota

Please keep an eye on the duty list! Make a note in your diary of when your duty is. Make sure you get there on the day!

The Duty Rota for pool and clubhouse can be seen on the CambridgeCanoeClubwebsite.

www.cambridgecanoeclub.org.uk