

Canoeing

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VOL. 2 NUMBER 6 MAY 1962



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Photos M. Clark

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Canoeing

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EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

In March last year we published a copy of the B.C.U. poster Do's and Don't's for Canoeists, and invited any readers who thought they could do better to send us their efforts. As a result of this invitation A/A Robson serving with the R.A.F. sent us the poster which we print on our centre pages this month.

The poster is rather macabre, and for the first time since 'Canoeing' commenced publication there was disagreement among the Editorial Board whether it should be used or not. Certainly the presentation is not a pleasant one, but then neither is the subject of drowning. Whether we were right or not to use this poster is something which you, the readers, must decide, and if you have any strong feelings on this subject we shall be pleased to hear of them.

Whatever your feelings are, however, the problem is a very real one and is given emphasis by the letter on page 93 from the National Coach, Oliver Cock. Canoeists everywhere must recognise that newcomers to our sport will take their example from the experienced paddlers. Are you setting a good example?

WE DECIDED ON WALES

BY GEOFF. SANDERS

The requirements of the King Edward VI Camp Hill School Canoe Club for their annual canoe-camping holidays are rather exacting. Take, say, ten boys and two members of the staff, each to have his own canoe, and you have a more than average transport problem for a start. It is soon decided that a standing camp is preferable, but it does not prove so easy to suggest a suitable location. From our waterside site we would want to be able to plan a variety of expeditions and for these we decided that we would like good rough water canoeing rivers, a lake and sea within striking distance, not to mention some good mountainous terrain for hill-walking.

'I enjoyed our Lake District expedition last year' reflected a committee member despondantly after a fruitless search for possibilities. Even this was thought to be impracticable as we were limited this year to an eight-day holiday and did not wish to spend too much time travelling. A casual remark, not meant to be productive of any solution, provided the necessary inspiration. 'My parents camped at Llangollen last year'. Llangollen - River Dee, and one of the most attractive canals in the country, - Lake Bala - Cardigan Bay - this was it!

For the second year running the Rover Company solved our transport problem by giving us the use of a Land Rover long wheel base Estate Wagon - the ideal vehicle for the job! Besides carrying all the personnel and their equipment it would tow our canoe trailer with ease. We left Birmingham one wet Monday at the end of August and reached our chosen site on the shores of Lake Bala shortly after midday, taking the more mountainous route through Llangynog in preference to the longer way via Llangollen. Our progress along the narrow lanes and over the pass was followed by the incredulous stares of villagers and other road users.

The rain abated whilst we set up camp, and after a meal we went foraging in the small town of Bala. The boys slept and cooked in pairs, each group being responsible for the purchase of its own provisions. It was always interesting to note the range of victuals obtained. The expressions on some of the faces of the shopkeepers as they made known their requirements were worth seeing and the variety of hashes that were concocted back at camp would have surprised Mrs. Beeton let alone their own mothers!

In the late afternoon and evening the party went walking in the hills to the north of Bala and, splitting into smaller groups, went in search of a small tarn named on the 1" O.S. map. My colleague and I returned to the Land Rover base to find the remainder of the party sitting there in comfort, quite unimpressed by the fact that we alone had found the tarn! Before returning to camp we drove to Llandderfel Bridge and gazed in awe at the rain swollen waters of the Dee. 'Blimey' exclaimed one member, thereby echoing the feelings of us all.

Our first water-borne expedition on the following day was along the Llangollen branch of the Shropshire Union Canal, a stretch of waterway which amply repays exploration. We parked the Rover and trailer near Llangollen and proceeded the five miles to Trevor before stopping for a sandwich lunch. Despite the attendant rain, we had



On the road.

admired the magnificent scenery as the canal followed the contour lines of the hill, offering us occasional views of the Dee valley below, and had enjoyed the novelty of paddling along a canal that had many of the characteristics of a natural river, with glen like scenery and even a current that helped to push us along.

The impressive Pontcysyllte Aqueduct, where the canal crossed the River Dee by means of a 1,007 ft. long iron trough which is under 12ft. wide, is one of the canal wonders of the world and is well worth a visit by any newcomer to the area. It was built by Telford in the years 1795 to 1805 and has needed remarkably little maintenance since its construction. (Though the towing path is in parts crumbling into the trough and is now no longer open to pedestrians). For the canoeist it is quite an exciting journey across and only those with a head for heights are advised to look over the 6" wide parapet to the river 120ft. below. We had to wait our turn to cross as a number of motor cruisers were bumping their way from side to side over the aqueduct. One wonders whether the increase in pleasure traffic will necessitate more repair work to the aqueduct than ever before!

We proceeded another two miles to Whitehouse Tunnel - only 190 yards in length but dark enough in the centre for us to lose sight of the bows of our boats - before making the return journey. Back at Llangollen we had a thirty minute 'break' before continuing to the end of the canal at the Horseshoe Falls. My colleague and I contented ourselves with a cup of tea and a modest biscuit (to the accompaniment of 'I wish I had a transistor radio on a juke box and in the presence of the foreboding notice 'Don't comb your hair here!') but David and another member of the party made full use of the limited time to replenish themselves with a double helping of meat pie and chips.

At Horseshoe Falls we disembarked to examine the notorious 'Serpent's Tail' - a particularly vicious rapid in the River Dee. The two mile stretch of river between the weir and Llangollen is extremely difficult canoeing water and we merely pondered over the choice of channels without putting our speculations to the test. One member was heard to proclaim that he would not attempt the Serpent's Tail unless he had an ejection seat, complete with parachute, fitted to his canoe. We returned to camp, well exercised after our 18 mile

canal 'crawl', to see David consume a large portion of fish and chips followed by chicken noodle soup and a bar of rock. There is nothing like canoeing for working up a chap's appetite.

On Wednesday we braved the wind and rain to explore Lake Bala by canoe. (You might find it marked Llyn Tegid on your map, named after Tefid the Bald, a semi-mythical character whose daughter is regarded as the poet and seer of Welsh folklore). It is an attractive stretch of water, about four miles long by about half a mile wide, and, like the lakes in northern England, its shores are often well-wooded and backed by impressive hills. Unlike the English Lakes it is not well frequented by boats - payment must be made for the necessary boat permits and no power boats are allowed. There are ample opportunities for camping by the lake - at Bala or near Glan-llyn on the northern shore (eastern and western ends respectively) or at Llangower on the more remote southern shore. We were glad to reach the more sheltered waters of Glan-llyn Bay and, after a short rest, ventured up the Twrch River to find a lunch place and 'nursery slopes' to practice canoeing skills in preparation for our attack on the Dee - to be the climax of our holiday. The memory of that angry torrent plunging under Llanderfel Bridge made us particularly attentive to the need for effective 'ferry glides' and sound techniques of canoe handling.

A day in the mountains makes a pleasant change in a canoeing holiday and we were favoured by the presence of a warm sun on our Thursday's expedition. The latest AA Road Book describes the road that joins Lake Vyrnwy to Bala as 'a rough track unsuitable for motor vehicles, but may be attempted as an adventure'! We decided to try the route in the Land Rover and combine it with a hill-walking and map reading exercise which we would stop for somewhere along the way. The 'adventure' was lacking for most of us - the Hirnant Pass proved to be a well-surfaced road with no really steep gradients, though it did provide us with some first class views of wooded valleys and open moorland. One group of four boys did find adventure; they lost their bearings and failed to rendezvous on the chosen hill-top on time! We ended the night more happily by a moon-lit paddle across a still lake, attempting a silent 'cockleshell' invasion of the far shore, only to be routed by an hostile army of nettles!



Drawbridge Up!
(Llangollen Canal near
the Aqueduct)



Lower Plas Berwyn,
River Dee.



Practice on the lake.

Friday dawned - Dee Day! To say that we entered the waters of the Dee a little apprehensively would be a gross understatement. Portaging at the impressive new sluice gates below the railway bridge we heard with relief the news given to us by an onlooker that the river was much lower than in had been. Even so, we were fully prepared; life jackets were worn, all equipment was packed in waterproof bags and tied into the boats, repair kits, spare paddles and rescue lines were carried.

The journey downstream to Pont Cilan went well and I was impressed by the standard of canoeing of the boys. Barbed wire across the river was carefully negotiated (NOT with wire clippers I hasten to add). Where there is a fast current and the wire is being trailed along the surface of the water this can be quite a tricky operation if a portage is to be avoided. The complex series of falls at Bodweni were successfully shot by all and even Llandderfel Bridge had no unexpected surprises for us. We were particularly grateful for this as there were spectators on the bridge!

In the evening after our return to camp for a meal, very heavy rain dashed our hopes of a hill climb. We went instead for a grand tour by Land Rover over the Hirnant Pass to Lake Vyrnwy, around the lake and back to Bala by a more difficult mountain road which took us to the top of the pass at Bwlch-y-Groes (I am glad that I haven't to pronounce it!) and then down to Llanuwchllyn. I can recommend the round trip - it was impressive even in heavy rain.

On Saturday we resumed our journey down the Dee. Before we started the expedition I had written to many landowners and holders of fishing rights to get permission to canoe the river. Some sections however, were closed to us and as a result our next canoeing stretch started at Glyndfrdwy bridge. 'A succession of rapids and pools. Grade III Rough Water' warned our itinerary and our expectations ran high. We were not disappointed. Although the river distance to the Horseshoe Falls was only six miles it provided plenty of excitement as our boats sped through the continuous rapids (we did not find or at least notice many pools), the white water at times hiding both canoeists and canoes. It was a real test of wits and muscles against the turbulence of the river. The Lower Plas Berwyn Rapid provided the piece de resistance and some of the more energetic members of the party carried their canoes back overland so that they could attempt it a second time. We were wet by the time we arrived at the Horseshoe Falls - and it was not rain this time - but we were well satisfied. The two miles along the canal to Llangollen seemed very, very tame by comparison.

SPLODGE GOES TOURING

another adventure narrated by ALAN BYDE

Once upon a time when our Splodge was all fresh and new to canoeing, after he had just bought his river going tub with the half inch wide keel strip of brass on which one might toboggan in the winter, he was persuaded that it would be a good idea to take a trip down the local river with his mates, a rare bunch of river pirates. Camping they would go, and they did. This is how Splodge did it.

Mind you, this Splodge is a man of rare genius. Fortunately Splodge had been a keen walker, once, and had still his walking and lightweight camping gear, etc. He thought with pleasure of the capacity of his canoe, and of all the gear he could stuff away inside it somehow. Pondering over the map in conference with the pirates, he soon saw that a number of portages would be required: weirs, rapids, and so on. One of the lads said that this was a grade three river, or so he had heard. What was that? asked Splodge, but the question went unanswered. Further study showed that the portages would come frequently. Not one of the gang had a trolley, being all rather sketchily equipped. So Splodge had his idea. He would wear his Bergen rucksack so that the weight was taken on the rear deck of the canoe. That way most of the weight would already be on his back, already adjusted, when he had to get out and walk. Handy. And what could be better for scrambling along the banks than a stout pair of really well soled climbing boots, tricounied and clinkered to the lace holes. Must pad the bottom stringers first, of course. Always the thoughtful one, Splodge. No wear then, it would stop his feet poking through the bottom. Ha Ha. Piratical Splodge wearing canoe like a tu-tu. Happily the lads went out for a beer.

Came the day, and a pal took them all out in his van to the top end of the river. About forty miles by road, but they were hard men, and this canoeing was dead easy, really. Well, I mean. Six weeks they had been hard at it on the river every other night. Bird watching being another of their hobbies.

Then they loaded up. Busily transferring the gear from the van, they realised that it looked quite a pile beside the canoes. What the hell! Stuff it in and get cracking. Suitably equipped with clobber to the gunwales, off they went. Splodge as head man. Came the first rapid. So soon? Must get out. Hey up lads! Stop! Strewth! What a blasted weight this rucksack is, can't keep balance on this slippery stone slab. Damn! There goes a boot into the 'oggin, confounded socks soaking wet. Oh well. One gets wet feet, Splodge supposed. Trundling his wet way over the shallows, and dragging his hefty boat along over the pebbles he pondered on the advisability of lining down. He had read of this somewhere. Tying his climbing rope (what a lot there was and strong too) to the stern post, he cast his boat away into the rough bit. Dragging heavily, the canoe lumbered on. Still the rope was strong, and now he had two wet feet clad in soggy socks he cared little for ...oops! Sitting down smartly in six inches of rushing water which promptly climbed up his anorack, inside, his grip on the rope tightened and the canoe stopped dead; well almost. Certainly part of the stern post still flipped about at the end of the rope. The canoe gathered speed, and was fortunately fielded by one of his pals who, grabbing at the gunwale as the canoe passed, (not having a rope on it) managed to break something inside the structure of the



deck. Later they found that the wood round the screws was rather brittle. Not having a screwdriver with them, Splodge just had to put up with the river entering between the deck and the coaming.

Time passed and they battled on, Splodge wet from the start and finding his soaking boots a real burden. Remarkable how the bends in the river added miles to the distance between points. After a while, Splodge realised that the rucksack was a nuisance. Ho-hum. Experiments are worthwhile he supposed. Not being able to fit it under the deck, he emptied it out, and dropped the spare clothes, toilet requisites, sandwiches, loaf, tin of biscuits, etc. oh yes and matches, rather dispiritedly into the tail end of the canoe. The frame he tied to the rear deck from whence it was lost in a swift passage through a bush, on the second occasion of his series of capsizes. That was when the matches and one or two other items got wet, but it did not matter as they were lost on the river bed anyway, not being secured. His dimming wits, never very bright, perceived that perhaps he had just had a fortunate escape after the first time. That rucksack was quite an encumbrance.

The moral of this tale, as far as it has been told, and it did go on until they had to send Splodge home in their pal's van, is that most of these difficulties have already been experienced by other canoeists, and they have handed on their knowledge. It is all based on hard practice. If you, like Splodge, are overcome by a rush of blood to the head, and generate a brainstorm check it first with someone who knows. He may bust a gut laughing but his intentions will be kindly. Practical steps as follows:

1. Write to R.F.Tyas, 19 Pine Hill, Epsom, Surrey.
(B.C.U.Touring Secretary)
2. Order "Canoe Camping" from Mrs.J.Baker, 147a Station Road,
Chingford, London.E.4. Cost 2/6d.
3. Join a club. Addresses from Rodney Baker,
address as above.

When you do write, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

BOOK REVIEWS

INLAND WATERWAYS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

by Lewis A. Edwards

(2nd Edition, Imray, Laurie. 45s.)

What a pleasure it was to leaf through this book and to recognise it for that very rare thing - the perfect reference book. Well laid out, easy to use, and accurate, this book should be in every Club library, and in the possession of anyone who makes use of the canals and navigations. It is a practical book and consists of navigational information for small boats on our inland waterways, e.g. distances, dimensions, locks, bridges, and in addition any special hazards are noted.

While readers will know that Mr. Edwards is President of the Canadian Canoe Association of Great Britain, it may come as news to them that much of the original surveying for the first edition of this book was done by canoe, and it is only an injury to his back which prevents him continuing to use one on his travels.

Clearly only an enthusiast could carry out the monumental work of preparing a book like this, and there must have been times when the author wondered if the effort was worthwhile, but it has been and everyone who uses it will thank him. This is a book any man would have been proud to have compiled.

GETTING AFLOAT

(Light Craft. 1s.6d.)

This is a directory of launching sites written for the small boat owner. Most canoeists will find its use unnecessary since a canoe can be slipped into the water almost anywhere, but organisers of canoe cruises where a large party has to be put afloat may welcome its guidance. It is one thing to launch a couple of canoes and glide away, but an entirely different proposition to marshal a fleet.

THE THAMES INCLUDING OXFORD

(Ward, Lock. 8s.6d.)

A new and revised edition of this popular guide to the Thames from Putney to Cricklade. Concise and practical it is concerned mainly with the banks of the river rather than the river itself, and should prove popular with any touring canoeist who is not obsessed with reaching the next lock. It contains some excellent maps and is well illustrated.

CAMPING SITES IN BRITAIN, No.3

(Cade & Co. 3s.0d.)

The most comprehensive guide to camping sites in Britain which is available to the general public, the best one is that issued by the Camping Club to its members. The main interest for canoeists in this list is its information on coastal sites which may be used as a base for sea canoeing.

LETTERS

Dear Sir,

May I make a plea through your columns for the common sense use of life jackets by canoeists during the coming summer months?

Part of my duties as National Coach has been the close study of all serious canoeing accidents in the British Isles over the last two years. Three facts stand out so prominently as to be worthwhile repeating here. Ninety-five per cent of the casualties have never had a lesson in canoeing in their lives. Ninety-five per cent died out of sheer panic, and ALL had on no life jackets of a recognisedly effective pattern.

Some authorities, to clear their consciences, decree that "life jackets shall be carried in canoes". My records show that already this year five people have been drowned conforming with this regulation.

Some people have told me that they didn't want to be "cissy", yet I suggest that it needs more courage to be good among the wicked than to fall in line with them. To demonstrate the wisdom of safety may save the life of the youngster leaning over the railings to watch. When he gets into his own canoe he may remember, and put one on himself.

To say that your life jacket is uncomfortable shows that you haven't got the right type. Over the years the white water canoeists have evolved a life jacket which is considered so good that it is now before the British Standard Institution for approval. This is available on the market, and is so comfortable that I have known people go off at the end of the day, forgetting to take it off. That really is a life jacket - and nobody need be ashamed of wearing it.

Yours faithfully,

Oliver J. Cock.

(If Mr.Cock will let us know the manufacturers and price of the approved life-jacket we will be pleased to publicise it in the pages of 'Canoeing'. Ed.)

Dear Gentlemen!

I am sorry for the disturbance with my letter. Mr. Kalman Blako, at the present, coach of the Italian team, my former Coach and partner in Hungary for the 1948 Olympic Squaad wrote to me and suggested to write to your Organization about his stories, what is translated to English, and for five months you have publish in your newspaper.

I would like to ask Sir to send me one copy from the whole "The ITALIAN Annual TRAINING Programme" by Mr.Kalman Blako. I would be very thankful if you will send me.

Yours sincerely,

MIKLOS TOTTOSSY,
2316 Amherst,
Paloalto,
California, U.S.A.

BE A GOOD BY LEARNING

DO

provide buoyancy: always air bags in your boat, and a life jacket for yourself where a capsize would be dangerous - in the sea, heavy rapids, floods, and cold water.

ask about local conditions: tides, currents, rapids, and weather changes can all be dangerous.

keep clear of other craft.

keep away from weirs. They are dangerous.

REMEMBER - better safe than sorry.



HE D

CANOEIST THESE SIMPLE POINTS—



HE DIDN'T KNOW
THESE SAFETY RULES

DOES KNOW THESE
SAFETY RULES



DON'T

canoe if you can't swim.

go out alone without having
told someone where you are
going and how long you think
you will be.

put more people in a canoe
than it is designed to carry.

wear wellingtons. You cannot
swim in heavy boots.

change places.

right a capsized canoe. Hang
on to it. It will float and
you may not.

be put off by this list. It
is all common sense really.

HOW FOOLISH CAN YOU GET?

BY W. T. HALL

The tide had been running out for over an hour before preparations for the return trip from Battersea Park were complete and everyone looked forward to an easy run back with the full force of the tide and a Westerly breeze to assist them.

Trouble came shortly after casting off when the crew of the club's N.C.K.2 found that their rudder was difficult to use. They landed and tried to trace the fault. On inspection it appeared that the yoke of the rudder was the offending part as it had partly pulled away from the rudder blade. A temporary repair was made and they once again got under way.

Heading for the centre of the river, intent on catching up with the rest of the party, they found that although the repair had helped it had not, by any means, cured the trouble. Right rudder was fine, left rudder was very stiff and would not pull over more than a few degrees. They decided to continue.

A fine burst of speed along Lambeth Reach soon brought them to the right hand bend just upstream of Waterloo Bridge where the main party were spotted proceeding along the south bank (close in) towards Blackfriars Bridge.

As the N.C.K.2 shot under the centre span of Waterloo Bridge the order came from the "stern man" to turn into the south side directly after clearing the bridge. The canoe was turned towards the bank and as she came round, broadside on to the tide a rudder wire snapped. Bow man shouted "Rudder gone", Stern man yelled "Ferry-Glide". The strong current was pushing them rapidly towards a cluster of barges which were moored just downstream.

After frantically trying to swing the bow of the canoe up into the tide, the barges were looming too close, they both realised at the same instance, that they could never pull the canoe round in time. The last remaining alternative was to "go ahead" and hope to clear the barges before being swept under them. Go ahead they did. Never was so much effort put into a 30 yards sprint. The canoe fairly leapt through the tide. It had become a life or death struggle.

Twenty yards and the awful bows of the barges were huge, the tide hissing and bubbling as it rushed under them. Three more barges to clear before safety. Both canoeists were straining every nerve and tissue in a grim attempt to save their own lives.

The ugly barges now seemed like half submerged sea-monsters with terrifying mouths agape.

As they passed it, the bow of the penultimate barge was directly overhead. The race was lost by 22ft. The bow of the canoe struck the outside edge of the last barge. The bow-man's head struck the sloping bow of the barge and he was pushed backwards and downwards, wedged over the back of the cockpit. The bow of the canoe started to disappear under the barge but miraculously it was held. An untidy lighterman, (God bless him) had left a rope dangling over the bow of the barge and the stern man had managed to grasp it as the canoe struck the barge.

Now came a terrifying ten minutes with the stern-man supporting himself, his mate and the canoe against the rushing of the tide under the barge.

The bow-man could find no suitable hand hold on the sloping steel bow and could not reach far enough back to grasp the life saving rope. To ease the pressure on the bow-man's back, the stern-man managed to pull the bow of the canoe from under the barge.

All they could do now was to hang on and sit there waiting for a rescue. The sound of rushing water and the occasional booming crash as the barges took the washes from passing vessels were the only sounds that the two trapped canoeists could hear.

The minutes that followed were frightening indeed. Would the stern-man be able to put up with the strain imposed upon him? If not, they would certainly be swept right under the barge together with the canoe and that way lay certain death. The minutes seemed like hours, the seconds like minutes. It seemed as though rescue would never come.

Because of the way he was bent over backwards, the bow-man was able to see part of the north bank and, at last, blessed relief, two Police launches from Waterloo River Police Station were seen coming at fullspeed, throwing sheets of spray high in the air. One circled behind the moored barges the other came directly across in front of the barges.

With reassuring words the police threw a line to the bow-man and started drawing away up river. The bow-man realised that should he capsize the canoe as he was pulled out of it the stern-man would probably go under the barge before he could be rescued, so he promptly let the line go.

The second launch then came in close, a line was thrown which the stern-man caught. The launch started away and that line was also let go for the same reason. One launch then went up river a short distance, dropped anchor and started dropping back on the tide towards the canoe. Unfortunately the anchor dragged and the launch narrowly escaped crushing the canoe. As it pulled away the wash from its stern it all but turned the canoe over.

Once again a launch came in close, the line thrown again and the stern-man tied it, one handed, to the remaining rudder wire. As the launch gently pulled away the stern of the canoe was pulled away from the bow of the barge. The stern-man was then able to retain his hold on the rope from the barge and pay out on it as the stern of the canoe got further away from the barge. This was no mean feat considering he had been holding the whole weight for over 10 minutes.

As the canoe came into line just outside the barge, but still uptide of it, the stern-man, who had his hands full anyway, let his paddle slip from his grasp. Letting the rope from the barge go, he grabbed for his paddle, got a hold, but in pulling it up from under the hull he capsized the canoe.

The tight spray covers were no help in the frantic under-water struggle to get clear of the barge and canoe. From under the water the dark shape of the barge could be seen through the murky waters.

The bow-man surfaced outside the barge and canoe, the stern-man between the canoe and against the side of the barge. Remembering their capsize drill the canoeists tried to hang on to their canoe. This proved impossible as the canoe was rolling round and round in the powerful current alongside the barge.

Lifbelts were thrown out from the Police launches who were hove to close by. The stern-man reached his lifebelt and was hauled aboard one of the launches which then shot off across river heading for Waterloo Police Station.

With an arm wrenching jolt the bow-man was swung safely aboard the remaining launch which then proceeded to collect the canoe that was floating away down-stream. When everything was collected the launch headed back towards Waterloo Police Station. The bow-man then had his first look around for some twelve or thirteen minutes. There were several Thames passenger launches hove to, crammed full with spectators, Waterloo Bridge was crowded with onlookers and The Embankment was a sea of faces.

Landed at the River Police Station the two badly shaken canoeists took a hot bath, were given a very welcome cup of hot tea and a cigarette. They were wrapped in Police coats and asked if they felt alright after their narrow escape. Their names and addresses were then taken.

After offering their very grateful thanks to all concerned in the rescue they were run back to their boathouse by a Special Constable in his private car, leaving the damaged canoe for collection at a later date.

These two canoeists were extremely lucky and readily agree that they are living on borrowed time. They were fully aware of the dangers before the event but once committed to their actions were unable to change their minds, but they should never have carried on with a damaged boat. I know, I was the bow-man.

contd. from page 89.

Our last full day, Sunday, was a full one. We journeyed to Tal-y-bont, near Barmouth, where we experienced our sea canoeing - and our only capsize of the holiday - and then called at Portmadoc to please the railway enthusiasts of the party by sampling the austere comforts of the Ffestiniog Railway. In the evening we had a final 'wide game' on the hills near Bala, with all using compasses and maps to good effect this time!

And so to our day of return. The sunshine that we had enjoyed on the Sunday continued and, reluctant to leave, we had a morning canoeing on the lake before setting out homewards in the afternoon.

Within a few days of our return one of the club members had asked 'Any chance of the Dee next year?'. Our cruises down Midland rivers are now punctuated by such remarks as 'Of course it's nothing like the Dee. Remember the Lower Plas Berwyn.....' and members who were not on the holiday are left to conjure up pictures of brave adventurers achieving impossible feats of skill and endurance.

Yes, we'll be back!

For Your Information

Lake Permits Permits can be obtained from Loch Cafe, Bala and the Glanllyn Estate Office, Llanuwchllyn, Merioneth on arrival, or by post. In 1961 these cost 2s.6d. per day, 5.0d. per week.

Canal Permits Obtain beforehand from British Waterways, N.W.Division, Lime Street Chambers, Lime Street, Liverpool.1.

River Dee If you plan a trip, write, giving proposed dates, to Mr.D.S.Berry, 23 Windsor Road, Clayton Bridge, Manchester 10, who, as a B.C.U. official will be able to give you helpful information.

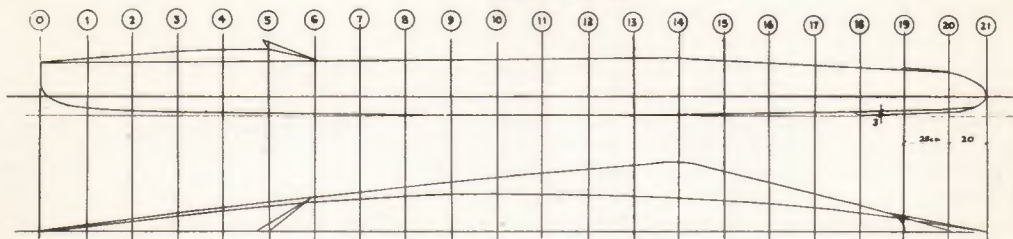
INTERNATIONAL C1 AND C2 DESIGNS

C1 - VÍTEŽ

MODEL 1962

LENGTH: 520 cm, WIDTH: 75 cm, WEIGHT: 16 kg.

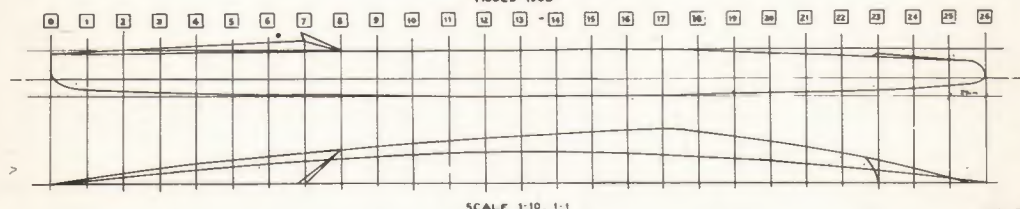
SCALE 1:10, 1:1



C2 - MIREK

LENGTH: 650 cm, BEAM: 75 cm, WEIGHT: 20 kg.

MODEL 1962



The past year has seen a tremendous growth of interest in the art of paddling with a single blade. Evidence of this is to be seen in the completion of the first C.8, the several Canadian canoes for use in slalom which are under construction, the two home-building kits available, and the efforts to develop a national chine Canadian racing class canoe. Now, 'Canoeing' brings to its readers a further development - the lines of an international C.1 and of an international C.2.

Through the courtesy of the Canoe Section of the Czechoslovakian Association of Physical Culture we have obtained drawings of the latest C.1 and C.2 to come from the well-known designer Pavelec. The drawings consist of a side view and a plan view to a reduced scale, and full-sized cross-sections. In other words they contain sufficient information to construct a mould, but there are no building details. The design would lend itself to construction with cold moulded veneer.

In the hope that international C.1 and C.2 paddling may again be taken up in this country we are marketing these plans at a cost of 7s.6d. each (post free), and we already have prints in stock.

We regret that the finished drawings of the Eskimo kayak 'Ross' which we announced in a previous issue have not yet been received from the designer. We will notify readers when they are available.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY CANOE RACE

81 starters. 72 finishers (including one woman, D.Rabjohns of Richmond).

Individual champion John Richards (Worcester C.C.) retired with rudder trouble at half-way stage.

Doubles champions Smith and Dalton (C.T.C.) after leading for three-quarters of the race finished a tired third behind Maclehose and George of the home club and the Royal's Pratt and Watkin.

An early season tip for Junior honours is Mike Manning of Worcester, winner by 5 minutes in Class 4b.

Last year's season-long scrap in N.C.K.'s between Worcester's A.Edwards and P.White of C.T.C. continues unabated, with Edwards on top so far this year.

RESULTS

Class I (K.1)

1. E.Iles	Oxford (Not Varsity)	1.51.15
2. E.Cronk	Richmond C.C.	1.56.50
3. R.Lowery	"	1.58.05

Class II (NCK)

1. A.Edwards	Worcester C.C.	2. 1. 0.
2. P.White	C.T.C.	2. 5.20
3. R.M.O'Keefe	Richmond C.C.	2.21.05

Class IIIA Hard Skinned Singles up to 15ft.

1. J.Evans	Ox.University C.K.C.	2. 8.30
2. R.Abbott	"	2.21.20
3. P.Hastings	Cam.University C.C.	2.25.35

Class IIIB as IIIA, but Junior (7 miles)

1. G.Palmer	Worcester C.C.	1.35.10
2. P.Massey	"	1.40.10
3. J.Harling	"	1.41.10

Class IVA Soft Skinned Singles under 15ft.

1. P.Lawler	Richmond C.C.	2.16. 6.
2. G.Reardon	Royal C.C.	2.19. 5.
3. F.Dupre	"	2.29.30

Class IVB as IVA, but Junior (7 miles)

1. M.Manning	Worcester C.C.	1.34.20
2. G.Lacey	"	1.39. 0
3. L.Bolam	R.L.S.C.C.	1.39.45

Class V (K2)

1. R.George A.Maclehose }	Ox.University C.K.C.	1.47. 0.
2. B.Pratt B.Watkin }	Royal C.C.	1.48. 0.
3. B.R.Smith J.L.P.Dalton }	C.T.C.	1.49. 0.

Class VIA Soft Skinned Doubles up to 17'6"

1. R.Still A.Young }	Royal C.C.	1.54.30
2. R.Campbell A.Barrs }	North Sea Camp C.C.	2. 1.35
3. D.Arold A.Aked }	R.Marines C.C.	2. 1.45

Class VIB As VIA but Junior (7 miles)

1. A.Kirkby N.Brewer }	Royal C.C.	1.33. 0.
2. M.Bosher R.Brown }	Maidenhead C.C.	1.36.10
3. R.Nicholls M.Thompson }	Worcester C.C.	1.36.15

Class VIIA Hard Skinned Doubles up to 17'

1. B.Birk M.Hope }	C.T.C.	2. 6.10
2. E.Hough D.Symonds }	R.A.F. Halton	2.14.30
3. D.Lancefield J.Morris }	Worcester C.C.	2.14.30

Note. On the result sheet issued by the club, No.2 in Class 7 is given as Hough and Symonds of R.A.F.Orpington..There is no such unit and I think it means R.A.F. apprentices Halton. Their "Chiefy" reckoned they had gained one place in the results).

SEA HUNT

19th-20th May, 1962

The following notes have been received from R.S.Steed of the Kayak Touring Club. It looks as though it should be an interesting week-end, and your company is requested.

1. To be held on the River Crouch (Essex) starting midday on Saturday at Battlesbridge and canoe to Burnham-on-Crouch (10 miles approx.)
2. Arrive at Burnham where there are camping facilities and car park.
3. SUNDAY Phase II. General canoe handling around Burnham.
4. Saturdays event will be on the lines of a car rally - check points clues, time checks etc.
5. SUNDAY obstacle course etc.
6. 3 Classes, namely, Juniors under 18 years, team to consist of two people either two singles or a double canoe.
Adult Single and Adults Double
7. Prizes for each Class on each day, overall winners, and a team prize team to consist of a Junior, Adult Single and Adult Double entry.
8. Water - tidal but safe, life jackets and spray covers needed under windy conditions.
9. Trains from Liverpool Street to Battlesbridge and Burnham. Shops and supplies at Burnham.
10. Entry Forms from: R.S.Steed,
168 Roding Lane North,
Woodford Green,
Essex.

Further details 'phone CRE 2991.

BON VOYAGE

Ian Camfield, who joined Twickenham Canoe Club in 1954, is sailing for Auckland, New Zealand, in the Canberra. He was the Club's first ever junior member and was Chairman of the Club last year, making him, at 22, the Club's youngest Chairman. Ian is an expert slalomist ranking among Britain's top fifteen and has represented Twickenham in several contests.

Canoeing is a non-profit making magazine
produced by canoeists for canoeists

NEWS FLASHES

CAMBRIDGE GREENLAND KAYAK EXPEDITION

Chris Sutton is leading an expedition to Greenland this summer to study the Eskimo and his kayak. They hope to bring back information on both kayaks and paddling techniques.

B.C.U. CANOE INSURANCE

Under a new arrangement, policies taken out under the B.C.U. insurance scheme will now run from the month of issue instead of from June to June as previously.

FRANK LUZMORE

Our apologies to Frank Luzmore who inadvertently appeared as Frank Luzman in our last issue. We are sure, however, that most readers saw through the disguise.

CANOEING BOOKS

The B.C.U. shop is arranging to stock a selection of canoeing books in English which have been published overseas. Already available is the American Red Cross canoeing manual which is the most comprehensive work on the Canadian canoe ever written.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Will readers please note the business address of Canoeing Publications is 6 The Mall, Brentford, Middlesex, and our new Circulation Manager is Charles Ranshaw. We would also like to take this opportunity of thanking James Bright for the hard work he has put in over the past eighteen months in establishing 'Canoeing', and to record how sorry we are he is unable to continue with the work.

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WHITE WATER. Obtain your copy from R.V. & X.Crockett, 12 Bluecoat Walk, Harmans Water, Bracknell, Berks. Quarterly. 7s.6d. p.a. post free, back Nos. and single copies 2s. each. Also available WW Supplement No.1. WIGGLE/WRIGGLE TESTS 6d. each, reductions for quantities. WW Supplement No.2 SPUHLERISED RULES - a 12-page booklet 1s.3d. each, reductions for quantities.

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