



# PPCA Newsletter



## August 2018

### Introduction

Welcome to August's Newsletter which is something of a bumper holiday edition. This month, we have important news regarding the club awards and club clothing. In other news, Dave makes a welcome return paddling the North coast, Mark goes surfing, I'm in need of rescue, Clive goes camping and Terry talks rubbish.

### Editorial

One thing that's become clear over the last couple of seasons is that the club is desperately short of coaches, particularly in the field of open boats. These days, I'm a reasonable open boat paddler and I'm capable of showing others how to do basic stuff – J-strokes, draw strokes, pries etc. - so I've decided it's time to help out and try to become a leader of some sort. I'm under no illusions – there's a lot more to being a good coach or leader than being able to do a draw stroke on the move – but it's got to be worth a go, particularly if it helps to keep open boating alive in the club. Let's see what happens.

Ivor Jones

Newsletter Editor

## The Committee

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## Next Committee Meeting

Please forward any items you would like considered at the next committee meeting to [secretary@ppca-canoe-club.org.uk](mailto:secretary@ppca-canoe-club.org.uk). They will go to the secretary.

The PPCA Club Awards for 2018 by Tony Sicklemore

For 2018 your Committee would like to try something new for the Club awards which are presented at the Annual General Meeting (AGM) in October. Whilst the name of the award will remain the same, e.g. the Paul Soanes Award, the reason for an individual being presented the award is being changed. Another major change is that for five of the six awards any member of the Club can nominate someone for an award.

All Club members now have an opportunity to nominate a fellow paddler for an award. The process of nomination is to simply send an email (or a written letter) to the Club Secretary at [secretary@ppca-canoe-Club.org.uk](mailto:secretary@ppca-canoe-Club.org.uk) stating:

- Your name
- The award in question
- The name of who you are nominating
- A statement as to why you believe the person you are nominating should receive the award in question

Members can nominate up to three people per award and can nominate people for all awards except The Coaches Award.

The final decision of who will ultimately receive an award will be made by a sub-committee made up of members from the present Club Committee. Due to the possibility of ‘conflict of interest’ Committee members cannot receive an award so please do not nominate a Committee member.

The table below shows what the awards are currently presented for the next column explaining the criteria for 2018.

**So, let the nominations begin!**

Send your nominations to [secretary@ppca-canoe-Club.org.uk](mailto:secretary@ppca-canoe-Club.org.uk)

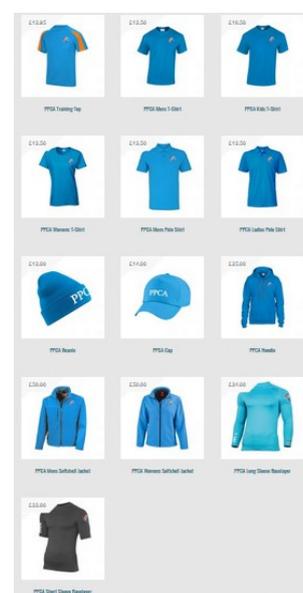
Award Name & history	New award details for 2018
Leadership Award (glass tablet) No further details known	<b>The Leadership Award</b> presented to a coach who has been deemed to have given the most time, dedication, or who has progressed their coaching career, or any other reason why you think this coach should be awarded he Leadership Award 2018.
Paul Soanes Award (glass trophy) Paul sadly passed away in 2011. He was very much an active member of the Club. A senior coach, regularly seen passing on his knowledge on Tuesday evening Club training. His biggest passion was for paddling the rivers and he planned and led many Club white-water trips over the years. He was an inspirational person and a very skilled paddler.	The <b>White Water Paddling Award</b> presented to a member who has been outstanding in the field of White Water paddling. This can be the best newcomer to the sport, a paddler who is out there paddling at every opportunity, a paddler who has developed their technical skills over the year, or any other reason why you think this member should be presented the White Water Award 2018.

Award Name & history	New award details for 2018
<p>Bob Dyer Trophy (silver trophy) Bob was a Club member from the early days and has been a great supporter of the Club over the years. He went into business and set up the successful Kayaks &amp; Paddles business, which in the early days was based close to Mountbatten.</p>	<p>The <b>Open Boat Paddler Award</b> presented to a member who has been outstanding in the field of Open Boating. This can be the best newcomer to the sport, a paddler who is out there paddling at every opportunity, a paddler who has developed their technical skills over the year, or any other reason why you think this member should be presented the Open Boat Paddler Award 2018. <b>Note:</b> Open boats are often paddled by a crew of two, therefore you can nominate two people to jointly receive this award.</p>
<p>Ian Goddard Trophy (silver trophy) Ian sadly passed away in 2008. He joined the Club after returning to the sport after a long break. You would always see Ian smiling and chatting away on the Club recreational paddle. He achieved much in the short time he was with us. Ian was a regular friendly guy who just wanted to paddle and have fun.</p>	<p>The <b>Sea Kayak Paddler Award</b> presented to a member who has been outstanding in the field of Sea Kayaking. This can be the best newcomer to the sport, a paddler who has worked tirelessly promoting the sport, a paddler who has developed their technical skills over the year, or any other reason why you think this member should be presented the Sea Kayak Paddler Award 2018.</p>
<p>Endeavour (large silver trophy) This award was gifted to the Club by the City of Plymouth Amateur Swimming Association.</p>	<p><b>The Coaches Award</b>, a joint decision from only the coaches for the Club member who has shown great achievement/most progress/skills/development or any other reason, why they believe this member should be presented The Coaches Award 2018.</p>
<p>PPCA Outstanding Contribution (glass trophy) A relatively new award.</p>	<p><b>The PPCA Oscar Award</b> presented to the Club member who has shown exemplary dedication in working for the Club, in promoting the Club's name, enhancing the reputation of the PPCA, or any other reason you believe this member should be presented The PPCA Oscar Award.</p>

## PPCA Club Clothing by Jackie Perry, Publicity Officer

A full range of customised kit in either blue or black is available to order direct from Tailored Branding via the link below

<https://hsclothing.co.uk/ppca-3/>



### Surfing by Mark Upton

The forecast looked promising but you never really know what it's going to be like until you get there. 3 to 4 feet, 18 second intervals, offshore wind and three stars. A wave height of 3 to 4 feet doesn't sound much but you always get some bigger sets coming through as well. A 4 foot wave when you're stood on the beach may not seem much, when you're sat in your kayak and it's towering above you as you paddle back out and about to break it can seem pretty daunting. The 18 second interval between waves is a real luxury to what we usually get. It makes it easier to get out behind where the waves are breaking. If it goes wrong you have longer to sort yourself out after rolling up or swimming to the beach before the next one comes crashing in. Also the bigger gap usually means cleaner waves and longer rides. The offshore wind helps to hold the waves up. Whoever does such things at Magic Seaweed (other surf forecasts are available) then takes these things into consideration and awards stars. So with 3 out of a possible 5 things were looking good.

Gavin and I arrived in good time at Bigbury so we could be changed and be on the water for ten as arranged. Bekky arrived a little later. The first highlight of the day was that the 10 or so free parking spots were empty. Every kayakers dream, free parking! It's a little known fact that kayak is Inuit for tightwad. Parking at Bigbury is £6.50 for all day so the feeling of having won in life was to be enjoyed. We carry our boats down to the water and it's looking good. We now have to decide how far into the water we try to get in our boats. Too far and you get swamped. Not far enough and you have to do the awkward shuffle, demented rocking to and fro and pushing with your hands to get launched. Very tiring but it must be amusing to onlookers.

The nice big 18 second gap between the waves makes paddling out easy. Smaller gaps between waves mean you can get smashed, drenched, water up the nose and even backward surfed. Also it's very tiring.

We catch a few of the smaller ones to get our eye in. The waves are friendly today. Not trying to tip you up or turn you over. Plenty of power so easy to catch. I can go right or left which isn't always the case. I have a degree of control instead of just being a passenger.

Emboldened we go over to the river mouth between Bigbury and Bantham. There is just myself Bekky and Gavin and occasionally a couple of paddle boarders. This is ideal as we don't have to compete with the surfers or worry about skewering some poor kid. I think the river mouth is a bit dicey for the surfers plus there are plenty of waves over the Bantham side for the serious guys and Bigbury is safer for the surf school.

We start catching some waves, occasionally some 5 or 6 footers are coming through. Paddling back out over a big one Gavin says that I launched completely off the top with nothing but air underneath. I know I hit the water with a massive slap. We're all getting really good waves and massive rides that seem to go on for ever. We're grinning from ear to ear and laughing like fools.

All good things must come to an end and after 4 hours or so we paddle back. Yabbering like kids on the way back up to the car park, boat on shoulder is heavy now, the adrenaline all used up. Tired but happy, still grinning. Telling each other how we saw them flying along, carving and looking good. Personally it was the perfect day because the wave was so kind rather than any skill. I would have loved to see Doug Sitch or Phil Lucas in those conditions. Now that would have been a privilege.

Three weeks later, forecast is more or less the same. 3 stars, 15 second interval, offshore wind and 3 to 4 feet. Excited we carry our boats didn't to the water and it's absolutely pants. That's surfing for you.

I must admit, I've never much reckoned Crackington Haven. I suppose that's got something to do with my first paddle from the place, one of infamous memory, when all I took in was wall upon wall of tumbling surf, and the way the cliffs vanished into the mist.

Going back on a bright summer day, with crystal visibility, and a gentle two inches of surf running on to the shore line, I had to accept that maybe I hadn't been fair to the place. After all, it's been around since Doomsday, though there's no mention there of fishing; and hard though it may be to believe, from about the 1600s Wikipedia reports there was a small coastal port (good weather only I imagine) exporting slate and what have you.

But then the Railway came from Wadebridge, through Delabole, to Launceston (what a glorious line that must have been to travel – if you weren't in a hurry) and dropped a railway station close to Otterham, and the Victorians arrived for their seaside holidays with well built Villas to cater to the trade.

And to cap it all; Crackington has its very own rock sequence named after it. Laid down as horizontal strata of mudstone and sandstone in the late carboniferous, and then subjected to the most cataclysmic folding that I have ever seen, with a result that looks as though someone had squeezed tubes of oil paint in continuous zigs and zags all the way up the cliffs; with one set of folded rocks interacting with another to provide, I'm sure, opportunity after opportunity for Geology PhDs to try and fathom out just which bit of rock originally belonged where.

We didn't appreciate this from the beach. Only once we had launched at half tide on the ebb, and slid between the reefs on our way to Cambeak (the southern headland). We came round the corner and just stayed there, gazing up at the seaward face (that apparently no terrestrially based geologist has managed to photograph) in sheer delight at the intricate patterning of the rocks. It helped that with very little wind, and no swell to speak of, just for once we weren't fully occupied with managing our craft.

Once we'd gazed our fill, and explored the disappointing cave marked on the OS map, we began a solid and joyous rock hop close into the shore, catching the waves created by the interaction of sea and reefs at Northern Door, Sapphire Rock and the Lower Strangles until we came to Voter Run, aka High Cliff, which is apparently the highest sea cliff in Cornwall, possessing the longest clear drop of any cliff in the South of Britain. I can't imagine how Voter Run got its name. Perhaps the fact that it's an "overturned sandstone structure" hints at what would have been the proper way to deal with things like Brexit, but I couldn't possibly comment.

Either way, we paddled on to find an even better set of petrified zigzags on the end of Rusey Cliff, rock-hopping through the shallows beyond it, until we came to Buckator, and its "Unmarked Cave". It was enormously wide and high, and impenetrably deep. Well, impenetrably deep until we began to penetrate it. At first we looked over our shoulders to check on incoming swells, and then as we pushed further and further into its depths with rather more, misplaced, confidence we worried less. Sadly I'd forgotten that long ago physics lesson which explains just how such a structure has its very own way of amplifying swells and troughs. It's something to do with interference, I think, where swells and rebound swells from ahead and from the sides, can focus along a line. Whatever, the stern of my kayak suddenly lifted cave roof-wards, and I was driven forwards, trying every trick in the book to simultaneously stay upright and keep clear of the walls.

That was enough for chicken; I shouted to Mark, further in, to tell him I was on my way out. Never was I more relieved to see the sky above me. Mark, it should be noted, possessed of more sang-froid than the writer, or just possibly out of the focus zone where all this happened, continued inwards to discover a landable beach, where he was able to find his own short lived relief. Short lived, as the giant seal he had disturbed on his way in, headed back towards him with a very possessive glint in his eye. Reckon that was a record time for Mark leaping in his boat, settling his spray deck, and getting afloat. Sort of a bonus really, to feel relieved twice over.

After that we needed lunch. Gull Rock was busy demonstrating that it is only a tidal island, so we pulled round to the other side, beaching for lunch well away from unstable rock falls; we may be bad, but we ain't stupid!

The tide changed during lunch, and initially this seemed to calm what swell there was. Certainly, a tunnel cave in Gull Rock that none of us had cared for before lunch now became doable – albeit it in a somewhat breathless and exciting manner; we said “Boo!” to the seals that thought we had left, and started rock hopping back up the coast to find that, even though after its first calming the surf had picked up some, and was quite daunting along the Strands, Crackington Haven was still the epitome of the gentlest of landing beaches.

What more could we ask? Cracking weather, glorious geology, righteous rock-hopping, and a welcoming beach after the excitements of the journey. Thanks Guys!

By tradition I run an overnight sea kayak trip somewhere around midsummer called, not surprisingly, the midsummer(ish) camp. This year a congested diary meant that this eagerly anticipated expedition took place on 14 – 15 July, hence the revised title.

I obtained permission from the National Trust to camp on their beach at Ayrmer Cove. To paddle to Ayrmer Cove from Mount Batten is about 15 miles and as we know there is good car parking at Mount Batten, hence my plan for the Later than Midsummer(ish) Camp was to launch at Mount Batten, paddle to Ayrmer Cove, camp overnight and then to return to Mount Batten the following day. A simple plan. I like simple.

Your granddad will have told you that in his day the summers were longer and hotter. This probably isn't true of course but by the time you are a grandparent you will be telling your grandkids the same thing based on your memory of the summer of 2018. So it was no surprise when Myself, Joy, Adam, Alison and Bob arrived at Mount Batten on a bright, warm and sunny day to place our sea kayaks on the slipway and to make piles of camping essentials alongside. All the usual clichés were run out. "How is all that kit going to pack into that boat?" "It'll never float with all that kit inside it!" etc etc blah blah blah, but as is always the case on these occasions all the kit does get packed into the boats and the boats do indeed float. Oh what a surprise.

Photo by Joy



Mischievous cats go exploring.

Our coastline offers an almost infinite number of opportunities for rock hopping and for exploring small gullies and channels, and there are also a number of caves that are well worth poking a sea kayak into, however such exploration does take time and once the exploration has begun time becomes an alien concept to some of my paddling companions. If you have ever tried leading such a group then you will understand the expression "Herding cats." In fact you will probably be even more familiar with the expression "Herding mischievous cats." Not wanting to arrive at our campsite after dark I banned any rock hopping / exploring / feline activity until we had gone past Gara Point, which marks the eastern end of Wembury Bay.

Photo by Joy



Kayaks on the beach at East Hollicombes.

As already mentioned the day was bright, warm and sunny. In addition I can also inform the enthralled reader that this day boasted light winds, so as we paddled across Plymouth Sound and into Wembury Bay we were hardly troubled by anything that you would remotely describe as a wave. We made predictably good progress but as we were crossing Wembury Bay we observed a rather odd looking buoy bobbing around near Gara Point. We approached with caution only to find out that said buoy was actually Tony, our 6<sup>th</sup> paddler. Tony had opted for a slightly shorter paddle and had launched into the Yealm estuary at Newton Ferrers. Whilst I may have used an incorrect spelling of the word buoy I find that my description (a rather odd looking buoy) has otherwise been uncannily

accurate.

People seemed to have forgotten that the ban on rock hopping ended at Gara Point, so the next mile or so was also covered in good time as we made our way to a leisurely lunch at East Hollicombes, where much swimming was in evidence.

Progress slowed after lunch. With little swell to bother us rock hopping opportunities were somewhat limited, however there were plenty of gullies and channels to try and squeeze through so a herd of mischievous cats put in an appearance, thus ensuring that time became an alien concept.

At one point in the proceedings we had a deeply philosophical discussion as to what qualifies as a cave. In the end we persuaded Alison that a cave is still a cave even when the tide is out and the entrance is high and dry.

Photo by Joy.



Seal.

Progress was predictably pedestrian as we paddled in and out of such features as (the delightfully named) Dunny Cove, Carswell Coves, (There are 2 Carswell Coves.) Gutterslide Beach and Meddrick Rocks before eventually hauling our boats out of the water at Ayrmer Cove. During the paddle we observed wildlife in the form of moon and compass jellyfish and at least 4 seals.

Tents were erected, people swam, conversations were had and then it was beer o'clock. In no particular order meals were cooked and consumed, Karen walked down the path from Ringmore to join us for the night, people swam again and wood was collected. Then, sometime later, the fire was lit and people sat around consuming many beverages and snacks and telling stories. There were attempts at telling jokes but these turned out to be even less amusing than the story you are currently reading, if you can imagine such a thing.

The sky grew dark and we embarked on another deeply philosophical discussion trying to differentiate between a helicopter flying around using its searchlight to locate some unfortunate mariner in distress and a planet. The conclusion was that the bright light in the sky was a planet.

The Eddystone Lighthouse was observed flashing out it's warning to shipping. The thing with the Eddystone is that it never appears to be quite where you would expect it to be, which does somewhat demonstrate the reason for building a lighthouse there in the first place.

Tony borrowed Joy's camera and managed to get a rare photograph of the Ayrmer Cove Ogre. (See photo).

Photo by Tony



The Ayrmer Cove Ogre.

Photo by Joy.



Delicate little rock arch near Stoke Point.

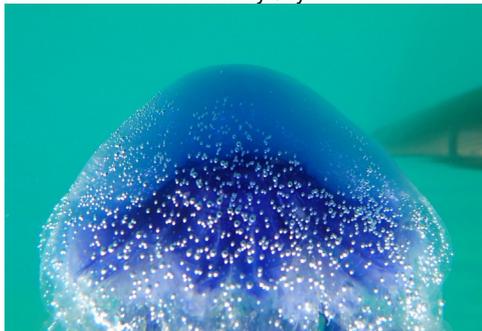
More helicopters were observed (after further deep philosophical discussions these turned out to be stars) and before we knew it midnight was upon us so we retired to our beds.

During the course of the evening I had suggested a Sunday start time of 09:00 on the water, a start time that was greeted with mutiny. We never did agree on a start time but I can inform you that it was long past 09:00 when we eventually got afloat, which just goes to demonstrate the level of respect that I command from my fellow paddlers.

Being late onto the water became irrelevant because once again time became an alien concept as we made our way back to Battisborough Island with cat like tread. We then made a direct line to Stoke Point where exploring was resumed until eventually our mischievous cats were successfully herded into our lunch spot, which was once again on the splendid East Hollicombes Beach. Other beaches are available but East Hollicombes is a particularly good one.

The highlights of the morning were a delightfully delicate rock arch near Stoke Point and a purple jellyfish in a broadly similar location, then at East Hollicombes Beach we observed the oddity of two stainless steel bolts affixed to the cliff. The letters H & L were also carved into the rock adjacent to these bolts but I don't think these two items are related. Google has failed to shed any light on these subjects.

Photo by Joy



Purple jellyfish.

After lunch people seemed to think that we had done enough exploring. With no mischievous cats to herd we paddled directly to Gara Point and bade a fond farewell to Tony, after which the rest of the group paddled out to the Mew Stone. As this is 2018 there is no need to mention that the day was warm and fair and that the sea was fairly calm, however as we approached the Mew Stone there wasn't a breath of wind and the sea was so flat that it looked as if it had been ironed.

We rounded the Shag Stone before setting off on the last few miles of our expedition paddling along the eastern side of Plymouth Sound. As we entered the Sound a southerly breeze came out of nowhere to help push us along our final leg back to Mount Batten, but even so every minute did seem to take two minutes to drag by. Eventually 5 weary paddlers disembarked on the Mount Batten slipway and set about transferring mountains of kit from boats to cars.

We bade each other fond farewells and set off home to reflect on a very pleasant Later than Summer(ish) Camp. Even though I say so myself it was a good one.

Photo by Joy



The sea looked like it had been ironed as we approached the Mew Stone.

Many thanks to my fellow paddlers for their company and especially to the National Trust for allowing us to camp at absolutely marvellous Ayrmer Cove.

Finally I have to report that no cats were harmed in the writing of this story.



## Foundation Safety and Rescue by The Editor

A few weeks ago Brim posted on Facebook looking for potential new coaches. In a fit of madness, I thought I could possibly become an open boat leader so I put my name forward. Last week, the club called my bluff and organised a Foundation Safety and Rescue course as a first step towards half a dozen of us becoming coaches and leaders.

The syllabus for the course states that it should take place in sheltered water in calm conditions so, inevitably, Tracy, Rachael, Marty, George, Gavin and I turned up on the day the long hot summer came to an end with thundery showers forecast and gust of wind of up to 50mph. Basically what one coach of my acquaintance would refer to as “proper three star conditions”. It was also a low spring tide. This limited us slightly in that the only water it was safe to practice rescues in was barely waist deep but we did the honourable thing and kept our feet off the bottom whenever we could.

The course was led by Mike Crispin from the Exeter club, an old friend of Ken's who was also present (more of that later). Mike brought a couple of racing kayaks with him and took great delight in watching the participants fall out of them.

The morning was land-based covering theory and some practical skills such as deploying throw lines into a bucket. Ken kindly stood behind the bucket but most of the participants resisted the obvious temptation that this presented.



Mike Crispin (left) and the target for our throw lines



A willing victim in a racing boat

The afternoon was the wet stuff. Those of you who remember my days paddling kayaks will remember that I got the art of needing to be rescued off pat pretty early on and practised it regularly so I was quite prepared for this part of the course. What I wasn't prepared for was the fact that the old feet-first, between-the-boats rescue that I had got the hang of was now frowned upon and that I was expected to get in over the stern of the boat, a technique which has

always defeated my sense of balance and continues to do so. I also wasn't prepared for the shorter, deeper kayaks now in vogue and this part of the course was unexpectedly difficult.

Seeing Gavin get gracefully into a sea boat with the heel hook technique filled me with a sense of foreboding. I've never paddled a sea boat let alone performed a rescue in one and I couldn't see any way that I could come close to

Gavin's technique. Remarkably, this turned out to be pretty straightforward, much easier than getting into a general purpose boat.



One way of getting into an open boat

technique whereby the ~~victim~~ casualty gets into an upright boat that is virtually full of water and from that into the dry boat. Once both of you are in the dry boat a simple lift and roll of the flooded boat brings it upside down onto the top of the dry boat. With Mike's help we practised and refined this technique to the point where it is now definitely our preferred method.

My one regret of the day was my failure to get a picture of Ken on a paddleboard. I realise that many readers would pay good money to see such a picture. I can only apologise.

Finally it was the turn of open boats. I have to be honest. Much as I love open boats, I've always hated open boat rescues. Dragging myself over the gunwale of a canoe that appears to be about a mile above the surface of the water is incredibly difficult and exhausting and I've always thought that there had to be a better way of doing things.

Fortunately, Marty had been talking to one of the coaches at Axe Vale on our recent trip who had suggested a



A simple lift and roll

This is a short article about the recent Plymouth Sound coastline clean organised by the club. I am sure everyone is aware that this was the brainchild of committee member Tony Sicklemore and that he had spent many months planning and bringing this to fruition. As I was the nominated coach leading the rec paddle that day Tony managed to get me enthused with the concept of a coastline clean quite early on in the planning.

The day of the clean-up came and it coincided with one of the busiest days on and off the water at Mount Batten, but this didn't pose too many problems for us. Both myself and Tony arrived early and we both thought that we would only have a handful of club members turn up. To our surprise the head count was 22 at the safety briefing that morning. A nice mix of regular paddlers and some new faces. As the coastline clean was a new undertaking by the club, and unique in that it was potentially a hazardous undertaking. Was I having second thoughts at taking on the role and responsibility for the paddlers? No not even with a lack of other club coaches out that day. The event had been planned meticulously and the risk assessments and safety briefing sheets covered every eventuality. Two comprehensive safety briefings followed, the normal paddling one then a safety brief about the many hazards of picking rubbish up. The paddlers were then issued with a string bag donated by the Royal Navy, the open boats also carried green refuse bags and litter picker tongs donated by the City Council.

The group then made ready and we launched just after 10:00. The timeline for the day was quite tight with the group expected at Mount Batten Beach around 13:00 to meet up with the Plymouth Beach Clean Volunteers. They were doing a beach clean there and it was an opportunity for the two groups to meet up and have a photo and chat. We launched and set off paddling, a mix of open boats, sea kayaks and general purpose kayaks. The weather was exceptional, flat calm with little wind and a clear blue sky. Perfect for what we had planned for the day. The paddle plan was to head direct to Bovisand Harbour, although soon after launching I decided that we would have to shorten our trip slightly and start at Cable Beach to maintain our tight schedule.

The whole group landed at Cable Beach and like any workforce a coffee and cake before work was sure to motivate them. Cake appeared courtesy of Mary and Birgit, but the workers needed little encouragement. Everyone was positive, enthused and up for the challenge. The humorous comments and banter were already flowing and made for a light hearted and pleasant day. The idea was to stay at Cable Beach for a short time and the group blitz the area. Initially the beach looked relatively clean, but on closer inspection the extremities of the beach were full of all manner of rubbish. I decided to leave a small group there and get the others started on moving along the coast cleaning as we went. From a group leaders view point this was going to be the most challenging aspect. Something which is engrained in any coach is to keep your group within sight. It became apparent that I would have to sit off the coast and watch from a distance to keep everyone in view. I was in VHF comms with Tony at Cable Beach and the group still there. One of the main hazards was the chance of slips, trips and falls as paddlers got out of boats to clean an area of rocky shore or landing on a smaller beach area. Fortunately there was little swell and an incoming tide was covering the more slippery rocks.



I needed a plan B as I kept losing sight of the various paddlers. A group huddle followed and I decided to split the paddlers into smaller micro groups, each with a dedicated open boat (aka floating skip) and 3 or 4 kayaks working solely with that boat. The micro groups could then be given an area to work on and once finished move to the front of the group and start the next area. This worked very well with each of the groups bonding and working as small unit, we soon made good progress along the coast and kept good communication with each other.

One of the groups with Mark P paddling the open boat, had landed at one of the caves near Ramscliff and proceeded to try and remove a large wheel which had lain there for several years. After much huffing and puffing and head scratching the wheel was won and the group moved on. With the stretch of coast from Cable Beach to Ramscliff now cleaned, it was time to move around into the sweep of Jennycliff Bay and tackle all of the nooks and crannies below Withyhedge. Mary and Helga were the double crew of another open boat and they could be seen marshalling their group of kayakers near the waterfall area. I went over to see how Linda and Paul were doing and they were in a small cove trying to pull the remains of an inflatable boat onto their open boat. They were successful but it would mean hard work paddling with the heavy load. As they were now effectively full I dispatched them to land at our final rendezvous, a beach at Rum Bay.



Another group with Marty and Rachael paddling the open boat landed at the main Jennycliff Beach, they spent some time walking the length picking up many items of rubbish to add to the haul. The time had flown by and we needed to be at Mount Batten, so a message went around and the groups all headed to Rum Bay. From there we paddled as one group towards Mount Batten Beach, but one group made a short detour to land and clean one more beach before we landed.

Would I do it again, most definitely, the coastline clean was a success due to the positive have a go attitude of everyone getting stuck in and working hard as a team. The weather made my job relatively easy, although I did learn some useful lessons from the day, which I will feed back to the committee to help in future planning. The club has received some great exposure and publicity from this event and the feedback that I have heard has all been positive. I apologise for not mentioning all of the paddlers by name, they all deserve a special thank you for their contribution in making it a great day.

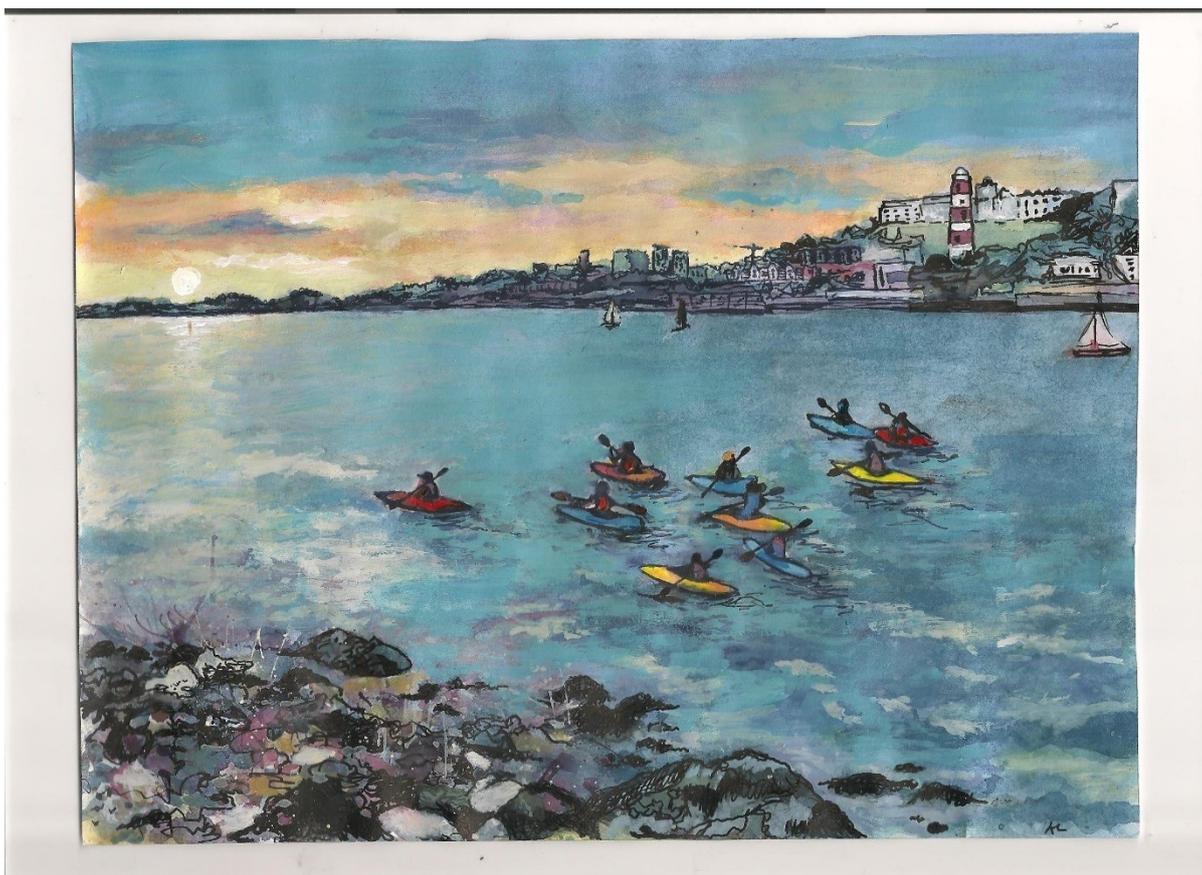


A couple of weeks ago my nephew was visiting for four days with his wife Amanda who is an artist, and 12-year-old son. I wanted to take Brook out on the water but, as he had never sat in a kayak before, I thought it would be a liability to bring him along to a Tuesday night session. Instead we went crewing for a friend racing from Hooe Point who would not have been able to sail without us.

Whilst waiting at the end of Mount Batten Breakwater to see us sail past Amanda made a quick sketch which she later presented to us as a thank you gift. The painting appears to be our 3\* group heading round to Jenny Cliff. The date was 10<sup>th</sup> July which I think is the evening when the young seal joined in training! If anyone would like a copy of this as a memento of that evening, or just a nice representation of some PPCA club members paddling on a glorious night, I will ask about making a print or possibly cards, perhaps with of a donation to the Club.

The yacht in the picture is not the one we were sailing, we came along a bit later, long after my Nephew had caught the ferry back to the Barbican to watch the World Cup Football in The Navy Inn!

@ Amanda J Lambert



Editor's Note: if anyone is interested in a reproduction of this image please contact Morag either directly or through the editor.

## Exchange & Mart

### Discount Available at Millets, [38/40 New George St, Plymouth PL1 1RW](#)

One of our new members of the PPCA works in the Millets store (Big 'Thank you' to Lee McKenzie!) on New George Street, Plymouth and has negotiated with his Manager a great discount of 15% on production of your PPCA club membership card. Usual T's & C's apply, e.g. goods already discounted/sales items might be excluded.

### Discount Available at Kayaks and Paddles

Kayaks and paddles offer discount to local kayak and canoe clubs. The PPCA and Tamar Canoe club can get a discount up to 15%. This is an offer not a right for the person that is making a purchase, so please do not go upsetting Kayaks and Paddles employees as this discount might be taken away.

## Next Edition

There is no specific deadline as such for contributions but please bear in mind my general sloth and indolence and let me have anything time-sensitive well in advance.

## Contributions

Please send any contributions to [newsletter@ppca-canoe-club.org.uk](mailto:newsletter@ppca-canoe-club.org.uk)

## Club Calendar

As ever, please remember that the definitive calendar is on the [website](#) and what's printed below, while correct at the time of going to press is subject to change at a moment's notice. Syncing your Google calendar with the club calendar via the website is a good way of ensuring you stay up to date.

### Friday, 3 August

18:00 Open Canoe Jen Nicholls

### Saturday, 4 August

10:00 Sea Paddle Ian Brim

### Tuesday, 7 August

18:00 1x Rec Doug Sitch

18:00 2 x Andy Kittle

18:00 3 x Chris Doidge

### Friday, 10 August

18:00 Open Canoe Pete Anderson

### Saturday, 11 August

10:00 Rec TBC

### Tuesday, 14 August

18:00 1 x Rec Doug Sitch

18:00 2 x Andy Kittle

18:00 3x Chris Doidge

### Friday, 17 August

18:00 Open Canoe Ian Brim

### Saturday, 18 August

10:00 Rec Doug Sitch

### Tuesday, 21 August

18:00 1 x Rec tbc

18:00 2 x tbc

18:00 3 x tbc

### Friday, 24 August

18:00 Open Canoe Sam Pluckrose

Saturday, 25 August

1\* Course Alan Ede

10:00 Rec TBC

Tuesday, 28 August

18:00 1 x Rec Ian Brim

18:00 2 X Sam Pluckrose

18:00 3 x Clive Ashford

Friday, 31 August

18:00 Open Canoe Joy Ashford

Saturday, 1 September

10:00 Sea Paddle Terry Calcott

Tuesday, 4 September

1 x Rec Ian Brim

Friday, 7 September

Open Canoe Jen

Saturday, 8 September

Rec Joy Ashford

Tuesday, 11 September

1 X Rec Ian Brim

Friday, 14 September

Open Canoe Pete Anderson

Saturday, 15 September

1\* Course Andy Kittle

3\* sea kayak Assessment Clive Ashford

Rec Paddle TBC

Tuesday, 18 September

1 X Rec Ian Brim

Friday, 21 September

Open Canoe Ian Brim

Saturday, 22 September

10:00 Intermediate Sea Kayak Trip Clive Ashford

Saturday, 29 September

10:00 Rec Terry Calcott

Saturday, 6 October

10:00 Sea paddle Joy Ashford

Saturday, 13 October

10:00 Rec Ian Brim