



September/October 2006

Trashar

Tryweryn Thunderbirds

WW Safety & Rescue

Surfs up dude!

Woolacombe bank holiday weekend

Mighty Zambezi

World class surf wave 12b

Cover Photo:

Upper Moemba falls... its a biggy, & photos never do it justice! (Michelle Wallace)

Notices

The AGM minutes

These will be posted on the KCC web site (www.kingfishercanoecub.co.uk) ASAP. Club members are welcome to review them.

Super presentations coming up

Taiwan first descents by James Farquharson. Presentation at Steventon Sports and Social Club, Steventon (by the green) on Wednesday November 22nd at 8pm. Bar. Donation £2. Everybody welcome. Spread the word. James Farquharson is the founder of thamesweirproject.co.uk and a joint organiser of the Hurley Classic Freestyle event. He has paddled many of the world's white water destinations and has recently returned from Taiwan. We have secured James ahead of his talk at the Westgarth Adventure Paddlers.

Weekend at the Dart in December

For further details contact Dave Superman on 01865 373115

Lochaber Mountain Rescue Team

As you may recall from the AGM, Lochaber mountain rescue team needs new premises. They are based in Fort William. Hopefully we will never have to call on them when we are paddling up there, but it's good to know they are there if needed. If you wish to donate to their cause, Dave H is collecting donations for them.

Acorn Adventure

They are currently recruiting over 300 sports instructors, including qualified Canoeists and Kayak Instructors to join our team. If you are interested see www.acorn-venture.com

Christmas Meal

Dave Hodgkinson is in the process of arranging the Christmas meal. Once the arrangements are finalised I will be sending out invites. This year it will be in the 'Upper Reaches' in Abingdon, it will cost £20 per person, they have room for everyone to come (the more the merrier). It will be mid-week in the second half of December. We will be having a 'secret santa', where everyone

who comes buys a small present (less than £2) and they are distributed randomly to everyone at the party.

Trips

Dart Loop

13-14th January

Vicky has booked tickets for the Dart loop. We will be staying at the Dart Centre. Vicky is happy to book accommodation on payment (£14 + £1 river pass). Please contact Vicky directly or email her on vickyrolls@hotmail.com

Pool sessions

(8pm - 9.30 £5 / person)

CLEAN BOATS PLEASE!!
NO SHOES POOLSIDE!!!

30th November
14th December
18th January
1st March
15th March

Good luck to Lizzy who is moving to Bristol in November. Thanks for some great times & when can we stay at yours to do the Severn Bore?
(<http://www.severn-bore.co.uk/>)
Kingfishers x

Good luck Liz



Trips (cont)

Tyne Tour 2006, 3 November 2006 09:00:

(Non-KCC Trip)

Held at Tyne Green, Hexham. Organised by Hexham Canoe Club £17.50 for the whole weekend including shuttle bus, camping and ceilidh. Trade Stands with demo boats 50 miles of river to explore, from touring to white water. Safety cover on Warden Gorge (grade 3-4) Sat & Sun.

Middle Wye Trip 19 November 2006 08:00

The middle Wye is the stretch of water running from Builth Wells to Boughrood and is Graded II to III. There are 4 main rapids providing good surfing waves and some drops, notably 'Hell Hole'. Any Club Member or friend will be welcome. This section of river is a good introduction for canoeists wishing to get experience of white water. Contact Ellie Collins.

River Usk 10 December 2006

Three dates for white water trips organised on behalf of the BCU Oxfordshire Canoe Panel, (available to Members of Riverside Centre & KCC). Under 18's will need to show parental consent by completing and returning a form (Contact Roger Wiltshire). No form No Go.

BCU 4 Star Assessments

4 Star Assessments can normally be carried out on these trips provided you book two weeks in advance!

Typical Itinerary

Leave Oxfordshire 07:00 and travel by car to Tallybont [between Abergavenny and Brecon] a distance of 90 miles. Meet at the Oasis café in Abergavenny bus park, at 09.15. This is an excellent place for a bacon sandwich and cup of tea.

Arrive at Tallybont by 10.15 at the very latest! After the car shuttle, paddle River Usk from Tallybont (GR123234) to Crickhowell, (GR215182) a distance of 19km. We must be on water by 11.30 or we shall run out of daylight.

Water is normally max grade 3, but can reach 4+ when in spate – levels can rise 2m in 1 hour in very heavy rain. Tricky bits can be portaged with some difficulty. To determine water levels, phone the Environmental Agency river level message service Tel 0906 6197755 – listen carefully for the reported river level at Brecon:

Lower than 0.4 we may not bother to start unless it is raining in Wales. Between 0.4 and 1.8 metres; we shall have a good trip. Above 1.8 metres; it's an exciting trip only for the experienced.

Egress at Crickhowell, down stream of the road bridge, on river left at the Bridge End pub – don't forget to buy a beer to say thanks to the landlord. Use the town centre car park or the lay-by on other side of the bridge

Canoeing Ability & Equipment

At least BCU 2 Star with some experience of moving water. The weather and the water will certainly be cold and may be very cold. Each paddle must be equipped with the following kit: wet suit, water/wind proof cag, buoyancy aid helmet, packed lunch and hot drink. Spare clothes and poggies are recommended.

Please arrange boat and paddle well in advance – borrowed equipment used on the understanding that any loss or damage must be paid for.

Remember, on the way home the best fish and chips in Europe are sold in Crickhowell.

Costs

Access fee £1.00 a head, to Roger Wiltshire. Petrol to your driver – assume a minimum of £10.00 each

Assessment for BCU 4 Star, cheques made payable to the BCU – OCP £30.

Organiser

Please contact Roger Wiltshire to let him know if you are going – 01235 768429 or roger.wiltshire3@btopenworld.com



The editor has landed!

Editors note: The 'new look' Trasher will be out every two months, next issue due just before Christmas. Articles very welcome but if you just have photos send them in with captions, and we will try to get them in. Email your files to: kcc.trasher@gmail.com

Thunderbirds are go!

by Liz Garnet

Way back in June, Vicky, Dave H, Ben C, Richard, Simon and I were booked on a two day white water safety and rescue course at the Tryweryn. That was the easy bit. The injuries in the run up to the course were not so clever.

First Richard had a fight with a bannister and damaged his knee, so paddling was out of the window. Thankfully his place was taken last minute by Wendy. Phew. Then I was foolish enough to play rounders against Frances Burge's team. A nice sedate game you would think. Sadly not. A rugby tackle resulted in a sprained ankle, just 5 hours before we were to leave. By the time Vicky and Simon came to collect me, I was sat in my garden surrounded by kit unable to walk. Wail! Thankfully Vicky persuaded me to go anyway and while they loaded my kit into the car I hopped with a walking stick.

The journey was uneventful and I passed the time with an ice pack on my foot while Vicky decided which hospital she would take me to if I'd actually broken my ankle!! We debated who would suffer the third injury of this jinxed trip....

We arrived at the Goat Inn in time for drinkies. Ben and Dave arrived soon after (Wendy was meeting us on Saturday morning) and in our excitement our quick pint turned into several and the wee hours of the morning crept towards us. As the Guinness flowed Ben and Vicky's banter heightened and Vicky revealed her strange obsession with the Italian football team's underwear. Apparently, it 'looks padded with no unsightly bulges'. Make of this what you will, but it wasn't the last we'd hear of the Italian's whites.

"By the time Vicky and Simon came to collect me, I was sat in my garden surrounded by kit unable to walk."

The morning arrived too quickly and at our 7.30 am breakfast we all looked a bit iffy. But I could actually put some weight on my foot; all the drugs and the ice had paid off. Hoorah.

Off we went to the Tryweryn and met up with Wendy. Our instructor (who's name I've completely forgotten – let's call him Paul!) met us at one of those strange buildings on the side to the river. Once Paul had got over the shock of hearing Wendy's life history(!), he quickly went through the course itinerary. Then we had to collect bits of extra kit that we needed (throw lines,

knives, slings, crabs, good boots) and don the wonderful Tryweryn yellow and black dry suits. If you do this course, make sure that the zip doesn't have any holes in it otherwise you get very wet. Doh!

We went to the top of the river above the chipper and the course began on a wonderful sunny, breezy day. To start with we went through throw-line practice on the ground with all the different lines and decided which one was the best model. Then we were soon in the water doing throw-line rescues. Even if the rescuer missed, it was still excellent practice for swimming into eddies. We then went through all our kit and decided what needed to be improved to make us 'safe'.

It was soon back in the water. We had to swim the entire section from the weir to the chipper, breaking out into eddies. But first we had to swim/ferry across the stopper of the weir! Easier said than done. Both Simon and I had to be dragged back into the stopper by Paul. It was excellent bombing through the play wave and then swimming as hard as you could for the first eddy. It was tricky, but some of us made it!

Then it was back on the river bank going through rescue techniques for foot entrapments. If you don't know what a cinch is, you need to do the course.

Well the first day was over and we had a little visit to the kayak shop in

Bala. We spent quite a lot of time on the sofa chatting to Wendy's friend, but Simon bought a fancy watch, so we didn't feel too bad. The Goat provided us with excellent food and a steady supply of beer. We were very upset that some man had stolen our seats! He finally went to bed of his own accord, taking no notice of our aggressive stares, and we got our seats back! This was to the bemusement of the bar staff. Our wager on how long it would take for Vicky to mention the unmentionable lasted until well after dinner when those Italian undies were brought up again!

After going to bed at a slightly more sensible time, we were up bright and early again for breakfast. All that swimming in the cold water had done wonders for my ankle and I was nearly walking again.

Back at the course, we got to do some kayaking! After going through the theory of river leadership we were soon at the top of the river. We had to run the river as if we'd never seen it before, trying out different river running techniques. Each of us had to take turns at the front making the decisions. It was a real eye opener and made me really see the Tryweryn for the first time.

"you have water pouring over your head and an air pocket forms in front of your face. Then you release your chest harness and zoom off down the river!"

It was a great run down the river. Wendy did especially well after being really nervous from a beating on the Graveyard a few weeks earlier, and for Ben it was his first run ever.

Then it was back above the chipper for some more techniques. Sadly the



sun had gone in and the wind had dropped. Welcome the midges. It was hell up there. If you stood still for more than three seconds swarms of biting evilness surrounded you. Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. But we gallantly continued with the course, covering riverside anchor points, belaying across the river, carrying swimmers on your boat and harness releases. The harness releases were a real revelation. The power of the river is quite incredible once your line goes taught. You get dragged under the water, which looks really disturbing. It was actually quite comfortable because you have water pouring over your head and an air pocket forms in front of your face. Then you release your chest harness and zoom off down the river!

The final part of the day was a scenario. Dave volunteered to be the victim and was taken off to become a damsel in distress. We arrived on the scene to find Dave on a rock in the middle of the river, who had strict instructions not to talk to us or help us. He was supposed to have his foot trapped and be under water. Action stations! The group split onto both sides of the river and we set up a line to get his head above the water and then a cinch to rescue him. It was really nerve racking and the adrenaline was flowing. And this was

a practice. Imagine what it must be like for real? We managed to get him to the bank within 15 minutes of him being trapped, which was apparently quite an achievement. Poor Dave must have been frozen. We also realised how short a 20m throw-line suddenly becomes.

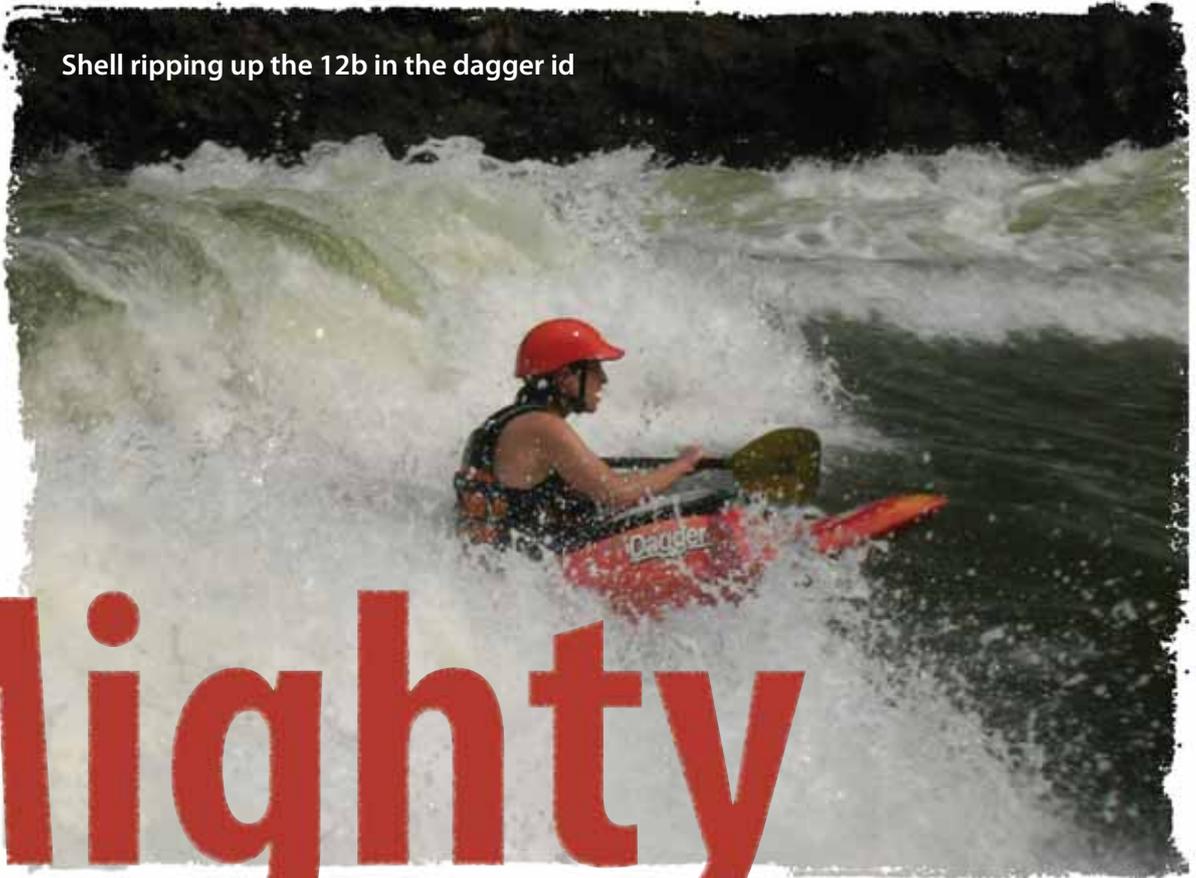
Then the course was nearly over. Back to the hut for a debrief, give back the bits of kit and have a shower. The drive home was uneventful, but we had lots to talk about.

It was a fantastic weekend. The course was excellent and I loved being allowed to swim in the river. I would really recommend this course for anyone who paddles white water, not just instructors. Doing the course with people you paddle with is also a must. I now feel more comfortable about being able to help a friend if they got in trouble on the river. We even managed to survive the weekend without our third incident. Well that is if you don't count Vicky's chicken pox – she had a horrific reaction to the midge bites and looked like she was contagious!

Thanks to Ben, Dave, Simon, Vicky and Wendy for making the course possible.

Course cost £75 each for a group booking of 6 or 12 (£105 as an individual).

Shell ripping up the 12b in the dagger id



Mighty Zambezi!

by Michelle Wallace

It all started with a posting from Rob on www.ukriversguidebook.co.uk.

The one run featured on all big volume river videos, known for the world class surf wave '12b', monster holes, waves and crocodiles! For some unknown reason this was just one of those things that had to be done! As I got closer to departure the tales and stories of epics and disasters got bigger and scarier - and the travel bible 'Lonely Planet' description didn't help "down stream from Victoria falls is the Batoka Gorge where few kayaks go and only those who know what they are doing (like really know)"

Where to start...

After much research there's a few things about Zambezi that were common threads to most reports; Sven and www.thezambezi.com, "hippo's" (not the animal!), mosi (not the insect!), the booze cruises and of course the river as well!

As for flights - seems there are many good/ bad reports and various recommendations - Rob and I flew with BA and

had no troubles at all. A few strange looks. Kept the boats to 25kgs, 1 paddle bag between us and all clothes in hand luggage. (Yes you're right, not many changes of clothes but we're all understanding kayakers!) No excess charges, no delays. Maybe we got a lenient girl on the desk. But all ran smoothly and after allowing 3 hours to check in just incase, we then had 2 hours and 50mins to wait after check in!

The beautiful Batoka gorge commences at the well known Victoria Falls; "Mosi a Tunya" by the locals, meaning "The smoke that thunders", and from here the fun begins! Arrival day I met up with several other kayakers who had been there a while longer, which I soon realised was a great advantage as they had sussed out the 'least beating' lines! To start there were 3 (mad) Irish, a couple of English, 2 Austrians, one French and me so we were definitely a multi cultural crew, but with one thing in common - kayaking, that's all it takes!

After much contemplation of rafting first day, I threw this idea out the window as soon as I got there out of desperation of not being on the river (a decent one) since

leaving Kiwiland The gorge consists of 3 major sections; rapids 1 - 13; rapids 10 - 25 (yes overlap not a error... but you'll see why!) and 25 - Moemba falls. First day the 'warm up' section was a recommended start from 10 - 25; including the famous 12b surf wave (the reason both sections overlap and include this rapid).

But firstly the walk in... lets just say 110m gorge cliffs, locally made 'ladders' if you can call them that and equates grade seven walk in! Needless to say porters are included in the transfers and how they run down the cliff with two boats on rickshaw ladders without bailing I'll never know.

Once getting to the river we head off with Howard, our river guide for the day, and start with number 11 which we were advised for a first time to check out and maybe portage... what a start and this was supposed to be a warm up! Nervous as hell we get out and its a biggy (well so we think as this is the first taste of the Zambezi encountered), and the explanation goes as follows; head down the tongue, punch the diagonal, not too far right (hole bigger than a house!) and not too far left (boils 10 times the Manawatu gorge species in flood!!)... easy then?...! Well this time I got it right, and after packing myself at the top came out unscathed, how I didn't know!

On down the river, and without describing every rapid they were all as big volume as the first. Wave trains like you've never seen before, holes you just don't want to be in and rapid names like 'star trek', 'commercial suicide', 'muncher'... enough to put you off! Day 1 successful and many a stories were shared at the local watering hole Hippo's (very fitting bar name) over a few Mosi's (also very fitting local beer name!)

Day 2 was a decent of the upper gorge from 1 - 13 and after a full on day yesterday, to say I was nervous was an understatement, but the truth of how I was feeling is far past description for this family magazine, so I'll leave that up to you to imagine!! I had walked down to number 1 on arrival so knew what I was in for, well so I thought. We put in at the large, very comforting eddy and the first instruction is 'just ferry across this rapid'... like it was that easy! Well I thought my ferrying was fairly good, but my ferrying was to reach new heights! The rapid was as wide as the gorge, crashing into a cliff at the end with a 'buffer that flips rafts' and wave train to cross that dwarfs boats... no worries!... after 10 attempts and much frustration, persistence pays off and I scramble to the eddy on the other side. Bugged already and only done one rapid - only a ferry glide even!

Number 2 has a glassy surf wave. Fairly nice and by day 2 getting used to the size and volume of the river. Number 4 - Well this sucker I can say I will be back to conquer! No swims, but I am sure I have now grown gills thanks to this

rapid!! A look at this is pretty narley, the line pickable, but assured a beating first time and even after an onto-it roll there's still more. Well waterlogged number 5 encroaches too fast and those long flat stretches that I was mocking are all now well too short. This is claimed to be the biggest rafted rapid in the world, and Howard ensures us we don't need a look as 'its a straight rapid... just big'. Well yip he got that right, but 'big' was an bloody understatement!!

There is nothing to describe the feeling of paddling into the tongue of number 5. It is so steep and at the bottom of the tongue is a surging hole that is the 'correct line' and on punching

through this if you can open your eyes fast enough is a series of cross cutting waves just as big.

Surprisingly the waves and holes are soft and not as expected, my little boat emerged through the other side with a sigh of relief and now this rapid however big and scary it is has become one of my fav's.

The rapids go on and we arrive at number 9 - 'commercial suicide'. This rapid has earned its name with good reason! Only run by a few, no photo can do it justice. When I saw this on Sven's web site I thought, maybe at the end of the trip - but on seeing it in the flesh... no way!... the portage is far too easy:0) However I do have a video of a mad Irish running this and yip that solidly confirmed my portage status. Its a see to believe rapid, awesome piece of nature and one I am happy to see from the security of the rocks.

A get out at 13 was as horrendous as the first day and by the end of two days on the river and two days walk in and outs we were all knackered. So off to Hippo's it was to comfort the sore legs and live up the stories!

A well earned day off was had at the crocodile farm before heading into the 4 day, raft supported trip as booked with Sven. At the croc farm we were told about the size of the beasts that habituated in the Zambezi, that they only have to be as long as a human to kill. However this was not comforting as the only ones we saw on the lower river were about boat length and the 'quick, nimble attacking type!'

Feeling like the crocodile hunter we also had a special close encounter into



The beautiful Batoka Gorge looking to Victoria Falls



the croc's cage. The native guide persisted to provoke the croc to show us that they didn't like being poked in the nose... just incase we had thought of doing that...?!

Back on the river again for four days. The first two days were the sections we had done and the last was from number 25 - Moemba falls, which is an awesome sight and claimed its fair a few lives as well. The final day to Moemba falls certainly has its uniqueness.

There is much flat paddling to do and all of a sudden a rapid appears from nowhere to keep paddlers on the ball. Open Season, Chewumba falls and Upper Moemba were a few to name, but more to catch you out was the narrows where hundreds of cumecs angrily boiled through undercut passages making the best of kayakers look unstable tail squirting down the river unpredictably.

Apart from the river as we all know its the camping out and evenings around the camp fire that make these trips great and this was no exception. Each night we rocked up to the beach about 4pm, unpacked the support raft and on with the making of the Zambezi Special ... sugar cane spirits and some sort of flavour (priorities first!) round the camp fire where many a stories and trashings were relished before flaking out in front of the fire.

On return to Fawltly Towers camping ground in Livingstone a celebration of survival was to be had on the well known booze cruise, where \$35 later all included cruise, dinner and all drinks was dangerous! I think I saw a few hippos, crocs and elephants... actually photos confirm that bit... and as for the Irish they took no encouraging to jump over board just where moments ago the hippos had been wallowing across the river... a funny sight but some how the crew on board didn't seem to be so amused.

Next day was a bit slow as expected but on awakening a new group of paddlers from Leeds, England had arrived and going on another 4 day trip, so two of us decided to join them, as this ensured more time on water, less walking up 100m cliffs and more camp fire nights - what more could one ask for!

The next four days was a good as the first and on the third full decent of the river rapids were becoming more familiar and getting to grips with the volume and type of water a little more. Its certainly a different style of paddling,

with much bracing, power strokes to get in the right lines, conquering boils and whirl pools and general big water traits. Each camping night had stories to tell and human 'Bukeroo' was a highlight of the final night.... note to self - never ever fall asleep in front of the fire!

The drive back from get outs each day was a safari experience in itself. Very unlike the touristy Livingstone

it was not far to the traditional style villages with straw/mud huts and herds of cows and goats running free.

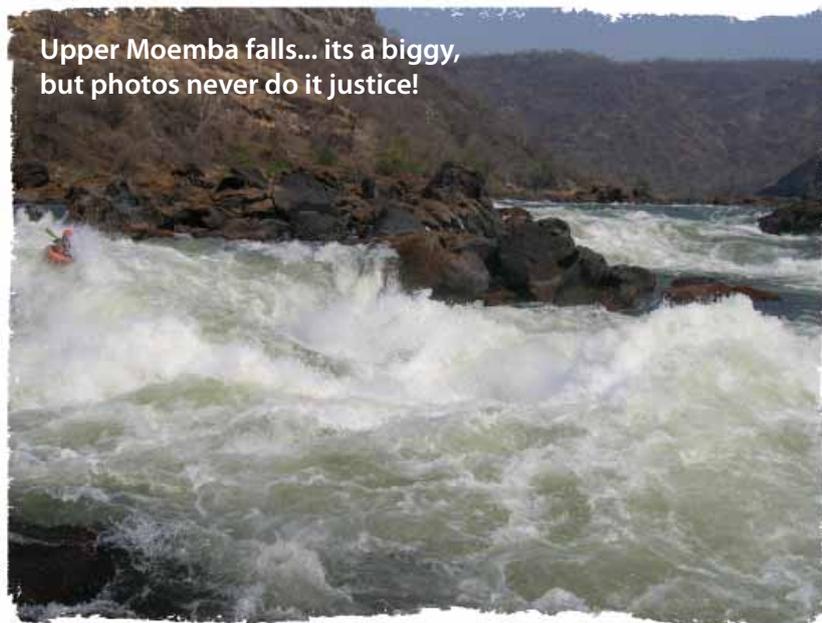
On the last trip the landrover broke down yet again and as 'lets make a plan' Sven sorted it out I nearly got bargained off for several acres of land and a herd of cows! Somehow I don't think they see many white people, let alone females. One of the other kayakers picked up on this very quickly and bargained

since he was my 'brother' he should get a herd as well! Cheeky bloody paddlers, never miss a beat. A quick escape was necessary before I was claimed for an honorary bride to the chiefs son!

At the end of the second trip I was sad to say good bye to this amazing place and all the great people met along the way. Its funny how you can be miles from anywhere, not know anyone on arrival and come away two weeks later with a fantastic bunch of new friends from all over the world. The Zambezi as I am sure many of the great rivers seems to have this uncanny effect and it is a bond you share with only the people lucky enough to have encountered these rapids. And as much as I can write and pass on the enthusiasm, the stories about 'commercial suicide', 'number 4' and the amount you can swear to your self before hitting the hole in 'number 5' will really only be understood by those who get their butts to this rivers. I can honestly say this trip has been the highlight of my life and it is going to take a hell of a lot to beat it. So go and do it!!!

My flight left at 1pm the next day so thought I'd squeeze in a last walking safari at 6.45am which was well worth while, although worried I wouldn't make the flight check in as everything is on Zambia time. Up close and personal with rhino's, buffalo's, wart hogs, zebra's, impala's, giraffes and elephants it was just like a scene out of The Lion King. A perfect end to a full packed holiday and yes I made my flight!

So who's joining me on the next club trip... I hear Turkey has some world class rivers and tree hut accommodation.??!

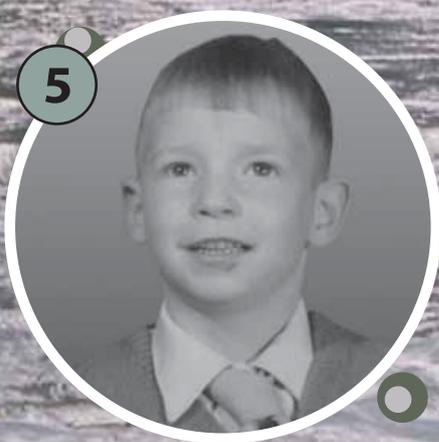


Upper Moemba falls... its a biggy, but photos never do it justice!

Rodeo Granddudes Rogues Gallery Competition

How many of this lot can you identify? Entries to Lucille by the 11th Dec. Prize giving for the most correct answers at the Christmas meal.

GET GUESSING... Good luck!!



Surfs up dude!

by Iain Shield

Telling everybody at work that we were off for a surfing weekend made me feel pretty cool actually and during the weekend Lee's shouts of 'Surf's Up Dude' kept the surfing spirits high if the beers didn't.

The journey took about 4 hours and we were straight through although we half expected to get jammed up round Bristol but nobody was queuing. Even the radio said there were record numbers of people moving West, and although it was busy we didn't have to stop once.

It was Anna's 30th birthday – Happy bday Anna! So after pitching the tent in record time it was into the bar to join the others for beers. Conversation eventually got round to surfing and Lee reckoned the best surf (by miles) would be around 7 in the morning – so leave the campsite around 6.30 which I agreed to do. Then the debate was whether either of us would be bothered (or be in a fit state) to surf. True to his word, although not necessarily in the best

state of health, Lee was up and into the car and not venturing over 20mph for the mile to the beach! I have never been surfing before and from the car park it looked big. After kitting up and getting down to the surf it looked even bigger, how the hell were we going to get out there?

"if you want to see Lee unhappy, charge him a fiver for parking (and stand well back!!)"

The foam piles coming in made it hard work, and we didn't even manage to get past the breaking point, but still had some good runs.

Two hours later it still wasn't 9, and we knocked it on the head. Back to the campsite for breakfast. Bacon sarnie breakfast came and went and we got set for the surf again. This time the town was packed and it forced us into the only parking left, if you want to see Lee unhappy,

charge him a fiver for parking (and stand well back!!).

Surf was just the same as at 6.30 in the morning!! I felt braver than the early session and got out that bit further. It was still hard work to get out there but the cleaner waves were just fantastic. Roger P told me a while back that it was just like getting hit by a steam train and the first few bigger waves made me remember what he said. That initial acceleration, the slightly out of control feeling and the sheer power of the water was exhilarating. Some of the best surfs was when Ben C, Dave H, Lee and me were all on the same wave spinning round and knowing that we each had that elation, the big beaming grins said it all.





Sundays surf was so much more chilled out. The messy smaller breaking waves were a bit smaller and fewer which made getting out to the cleaner ones easier. They were still big enough to back loop you though as Nikki found out, only her third roll in anger and after a bit of a trashing so nice one Nix. The calmer sea was just what was needed

A couple of hours did me in, those smaller breaking waves to get out to the cleaner ones just zap your energy. Lunch. Seaside fish and chips are just the best. When you are really hungry fish and chips hit the spot – loads of salt and vinegar, ketchup too, mmmm. We didn't do any more surfing, probably a good thing, save the arms for Sunday. The evening bar was a bit of a blur, but a woman and her dog stood out. This dog was perched on the womans' lap in a sitting position, not like a dog at all. The dog had its own hoody and reminded me of Yoda (starwars). It really was a double take, fleetingly the dog looked like a child, woman and Yoda posed for a photo!!

actually after late nights out and using all your energy paddling the surf the day before. You could choose a wave (on the whole) rather than the wave choosing you, although I do remember Lee saying at one point "I don't know whether to run towards this one or run away from it!!" (I think we both got a trashing).

Such a fun weekend, cant wait to do it all again: Thanks Lisa for organising a campsite and making me feel cool, to Anna for Bacon when we had packed all our kit away, to Lee for keeping to his word, and to everybody else whose company and sense of humour make weekends like that ones to remember.



2006 Todd Morris Memorial Triathlon Report

Another year and yet another successful triathlon. We had a good turnout of supporters, but not so many entrants this year.

Frances was unable to make the event this year. Having come second to Frances in the last 2 events, I thought I was in with a chance of taking the trophy home this year.

(Essex) Doug managed to shatter my hopes during the run by steaming ahead and beating me by 2 minutes.

For some unknown reason, Dave Surman forgot the route for the running section and ended up running further than needed! He claims he was disqualified because of this which is untrue. He simply came last because of his mistake.

Unfortunately Kate (Todd's wife) or his parents were unable to make the event this year for the prize giving, but they sent their regards.

Thanks to everyone that came along, helped run the event and kindly donated money. A total of 80 pounds was raised during the event and during the AGM, which has been sent to Cancer Backup as suggested by Kate (www.cancerbackup.org.uk). It helps make the aches and pains seem worthwhile!

I hope to see a bigger turnout next year – believe it or not, the event isn't as difficult as it sounds.



Position	Name	Kayaking Time	Cycling Time	Elapsed Time	Running Time	Total Time	2005 Result
1	Doug Johnson	00:16:18	00:22:41	00:38:59	00:21:20	01:00:19	-
2	Dave Hodgkinson	00:16:40	00:22:01	00:38:41	00:23:36	01:02:17	01:01:44
3	Andy McMahon	00:16:19	00:27:53	00:44:12	00:24:12	01:08:24	01:08:07
4	Mike Neal	00:17:01	00:25:02	00:42:03	00:27:08	01:09:11	-
5	Lee Gill	00:16:13	00:27:14	00:43:27	00:28:22	01:11:49	-
6	Neil Murton	00:15:49	00:24:22	00:40:11	00:32:41	01:12:52	01:24:12
7	Dave Surman	00:17:32	00:24:32	00:42:04	00:37:03	01:19:07	01:13:43

