

It was a very long time ago in the early 1960's. My father had spent all winter and spring building a canoe for my twin brother and myself. Big brother attired in brand new college tweeds decided to join us at the launch at Bolam Lake. We the twins happily showed off our prowess on the boats performance when sibling rivalry got the better of Big Brother. He took over the helm with me as crew. In the black, deep (reputedly) centre of the lake, Big Brother started to adjust the paddles when they suddenly pulled apart. The boat turned turtle to an accompaniment of screams from protective parents. I swam after the paddles and the wrecked canoe against shouted orders but gradually aquired the feeling that the depth was contrary to legend and I sheepishly stood up on the muddy bottom. Big Brother dripping with muddy water which ruined his outfit equally sheepish. A memorable day at Bolam Lake for all!

David Cowans.