

RPM200 – Anjie and Dave “The Sweeps”

After surprising ourselves in 2021, we had two goals leading into the 2022 RPM200, drink a beer at the Overland Corner Hotel and shave an hour off our time.

The Overland Corner Hotel is located not far from the finish line on day 1. It was our incentive to paddle hard. We crossed the finish line, hot soup was favoured over cold beer and before we knew it, we were out of time, heading back to the hotel for a sleep. Goal 1 fail. We will try again next time.



We smashed our goal of 1 hour but everyone else went one better. Goal 2 achieved sort of. Half way through the race on day 1, our goal was not looking good, the time was ok but our average speed was average. It soon became apparent someone had messed up the calculations. Day 2 was tough with some very strong headwinds. The constant debate of cutting the corners or staying in the flow was not as topical as staying close to the bank felt far more appealing than risking life and limb by crossing the river through the white caps. Day 2 was more about survival than racing and although we were faster than last year we paid the price when the clock stopped. We raced well on day 3, even better when we realised CPB was at 15km not 31km. That cost me a few hours sleep on Sunday night. But none of the hard core paddlers stopped so it was depressing watching the field paddle past, well until we had another sip of Clays chicken soup.



The Riverland is a beautiful place to paddle. The locks each day provide a well earned break with no time penalty, well that's until you try and exit the lock, time can catch up real quick if you don't paddle hard through the chop. The cliffs towering over the river are beautiful and at time feel endless. You don't always get to appreciate the scenery when you are racing for "sheep stations" but down the back of the pack "The Sweeps" had that bit of extra time to soak it all in.



A special thanks to our land crew Clay who has looked after us the past couple of years. Without Clay we would have struggled to race. His chicken soup at CPB each day was a life saver and probably the main reason our stops were longer than planned. We would sit there sipping on Clays soup watching the field paddle past but it was so good we couldn't put it down. Thank you Clay.



It can be a lonely task land crewing for "The Sweeps"