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# WA Seakayaker



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# Presidents Report

Hello, summer is here and with it not only a change in the character in the water we paddle on (and in) but also increased club activity. Coming up are several trips – Geraldton, Lancelin, Southcoast, and of course Rotto! Im especially looking forward to the South Coast trip as the territory is great for camping and quite different to our local environment. So, get your gear together, get fit, get trippy. Ring the Tripmaster Deluxe, Don and Les.

Also, whilst taking activity, after a short (very) experiment with another venue for our meeting. Eric has come to the rescue and made available his garage for same. Thanks Eric. As we discussed at last meeting such a space might be good for specific theme meeting, Maybe “camping gear” or “fitting out a boat” evening ect...Think about it.

## Geraldton Report

As discussed, Dennis & I (& probably some others here) are keen to meet up with some of the Perth sea kayakers at Jurien Bay for the Labour Day long weekend (3 - 5 March 2001). I think Neville was to put this in the calendar as a proposed club event. We could meet on the Friday evening/Sat morning, and either do day trips from Jurien or travel to Green Head/ Leeman camping along the way. If we stay in Jurien, there is a very good Apex “camp school” with dormitories, excellent bbq, kitchen, relaxing & bathroom facilities. Kids welcome. Please sound people out. Ill be back from holiday 19 January, & able to talk to the camp operators if kayakers are interested in that option

## Duck for cover award

*The award this month must go to Jan, again. He finally admitted he took 4 times as long to make his boat than it should have... and it doesnt even have a rudder.*

*Now he tells us it still needs work to finish it off. I wonder if it will ever be finished! I bet it will always be “it just needs some work on this or that”.*

## The Boat

Just like our esteemed editor – who has been urging me to write something like this – many of you know I have been building a wooden boat. It is mostly finished other than some fine tuning and deck rigging. It took a little longer to build then I expected (is that laughter I hear?) For those of you not-in-the-know, these boats, in theory, can be built in a quarter of the time I took. I have my excuses. I learnt a lot. Next time ill do it different, much faster (more laughter!).

I came to build it for several reasons. Id seen pictures of such boats in magazines and thought them particularly beautiful – the colour / figure of the wood and general lines of the hull. With my previous boat I enjoyed modifying it – the “building process” and that seduce me completely. I discovered, after rapid research, that wooden kayaks had the potential to be lighter and stronger than conventional fiberglass boats. Taken, smitten!

The boat may not have ended up as pretty or as a light as those magazines, but it is strong and has some positive attributes. And, to be balanced, I must admit it has some negative attributes. These I cannot tell you about as pride and the possibility of a big smirky, cheesy grin, type of reaction from Don prevent me.

In my opinion one of the positive things about this particular boat, common to most plywood stitch-and-glue boats, is hard-chines (pronounced sharp angle at the point where the bottom of the hull makes transition to become the side of the boat). Using these hard-chines as a turning devices a paddler can make relatively quick and tight turns. This, of course, depends on how skilful the paddler is at executing the “leaned turn” technique. Other design characteristics come into play here but time, space and intellectual ineptitude are stopping me here. How well my boat performs is yet to be seen, will keep all the potential builders informed. Am going to keep Don in the dark though. Like a mushroom!

# Secret Women's Business

## SHOALWATER PADDLE

The Shoalwater paddle on 3rd December attracted a good turnout of nine starters. The bay was calm and inviting with a forecast of 31 degrees when we headed towards Penguin Island. We passed the pelican roosting site on the north end and stopped on the beach to adjust the rudder of a prospective new member who was experiencing his first paddle.

The tide was very low and banks of seagrass were exposed. Pelicans, cormorants and silver gulls watched the proceedings with interest. Les executed a couple of rolls before exiting and giving me the opportunity of assisting in his "rescue". I had difficulty following his instructions and wondered why this normally articulate person sounded like he was talking from the bottom of a well. But then I guess you get that when you're wearing a nose clip.

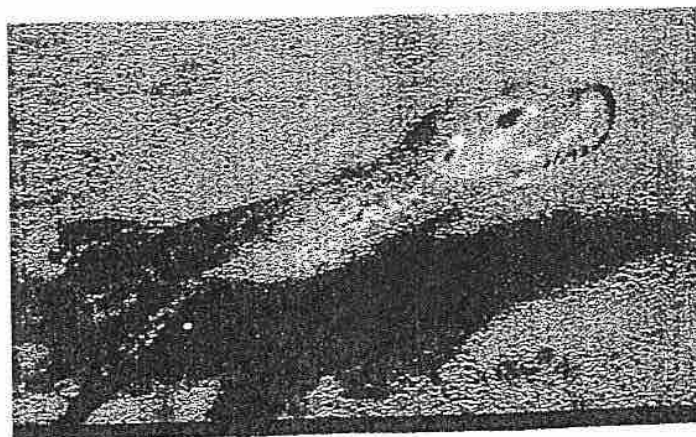
We walked the boats across the sandbar and set off round Penguin Island. There was very little swell and the surf breaking on the outer reef caused no problem to the more experienced members. The surfing enthusiasts kept paddling off in search of the perfect wave but the lack of wind thwarted their efforts. I confess to feeling a little uneasy. As a relatively new seakayaker, there's something about waves breaking over me and washing me upside down across a barnacle encrusted reef that instils a certain amount of distaste. I'm still trying to confront and overcome these not altogether groundless fears.

However, the island is small (12.5 hectares) and the circumnavigation was achieved without mishap. In no time we were enjoying the antics of the sea lions in the lee of Seal Island. This is a regular hauling out place for young males and there were about nine basking on the beach with several in the water. They were frolicking, diving under the boats and generally performing for the appreciative audience of swimmers and paddlers. These photogenic clowns are born exhibitionists.

The recent shark attack seemed forgotten by most people; or at least pushed to the back of their minds. The Rivergods arrived with a full complement of paddlers who seemed quite happy to snorkel with the sea lions. A number of boats anchored around Shoalwater were flying the "diver below" flag. I suppose the shark spotter plane and helicopter hovering above offered some sense of security. Personally, I think they were hovering in the hope of photographing the next shark fatality.

We decided to go to Pt Peron for lunch, where we sat on a rocky outcrop and devoured our nourishment while solving the world's economic, environmental and population problems. Don played with his new toy kite. He claims it really tows his boat along at a good pace. I hope for his sake it has a quick release as I've seen the kitesurfers lifted right off the water. I had visions of Don, complete with boat, taking off into the sunset like ET.

We headed back against the sea breeze and I finally carried out my promise of practising capsizing, exiting and re-entering my boat with assistance. It's funny how I found so many excuses not to do this through winter but don't mind it now the weather is warmer. In all, it was a really enjoyable day with excellent conditions. The only improvement would have been if a few dolphins had appeared as they often do in Shoalwater Bay. Perhaps the leader of the next trip could organise some?





## The Great White Shark Paddle.

It was one of those perfect mornings. A light off shore breeze, not a cloud in the sky and a warm 22 degrees heading for 31. There were 5 of us on the beach loading the boats for a round Garden Island paddle. The beach was deserted except for some Silver Gulls squabbling over a tit bit on the waters edge. As I climbed in the cockpit and pushed off my mouth was a little dry as we were now breaking the law and risking the Great White Shark.

Each year at this time we have the Whale and Dolphin migration and with them come the White Pointers. Normally that is not a problem as the sharks generally leave humans alone as they go about their daily routine. But this year was different. Two weeks ago 2 young blokes were fishing off Rottnest Island when a big White Pointer came along side their boat. They grabbed a camera and got some good shots before weighing anchor and heading off to the media. It made the news that night and the morning paper. Jaws was in town. The following weekend we were at the seal colony off Carnac Island but that was ok. We were still considered safe and responsible by the media. Unfortunately, on the Monday morning, a swimmer was taken by a big White Pointer off Cottesloe beach. A real tragedy for that person and his family and friends.

This was the second person in 75 years to be killed by sharks in the metro area so obviously there is a huge risk in swimming or paddling on our beaches. I saw more than 15 pages of editorial the following week and it was on TV every night. There were shark hunters every where. One bloke was keep-

ing a vidual on the beach armed with a beach rod and 25kg fishing line. He was going to land the one tonne monster for sure. Normally at this time of the year we get a lot of Dolphins along the coast. Not this week we had shark sighting all along the beaches. There must have been a whole mob of White Pointers just waiting to pounce on any unsuspecting swimmer.

The authorities not be out done closed all the beaches from Lancelin to Mandurah some 200km of coastline. That will teach the White Pointers. The media was out in force looking for stupid people who had no regard for their own safety.

We were of the opinion that we were as safe as we normally were. As we kill almost 300 people each year on the road I was under the impression that the drive was the most dangerous part of the paddle. Maybe I'm wrong. I mean look at the weight of evidence on the media side. Maybe Jaws was out there ..... just waiting.

We headed off to the southern end of the island, which is only a 3km crossing in perfect conditions. Around the end of the island all sight of humanity disappears. The seaward side of the island has a reef that extends for about 500mt off the shore, sometimes snaking back inshore but generally leav-



Carl Proessler

ing large pools or little bays of protected water. The beach is perfect white with thick scrub on top of the sand dunes. A more spectacular spot is hard to find. The tide was low, as was the swell. We decided to paddle inside the reef as its fun dodging the little bits of white water as they flow over the reef. The pools are magnificent with reef bottoms and clear water we could glide over them taking in the scenery and looking at the fish scooting about.

All thoughts of the danger disappeared and my mind was drifting to all manner of subjects when I was jolted back to reality with the wop wop wop of the Police helicopter blades. They flew over us but fortunately didn't try to book us for breaking the ban as the media suggested they would. I later

found out that 30 km further up the coast a friend of mine was being pursued by life guards in their Zodiac trying to stop him from committing suicide by paddling up the coast line. We were more fortunate as we were 9km off the coastline around the back of the island. Too far for them to come chasing us.

At the northern end of the island there were a few boats moored in the protected bay. As we had come 15km we decided to stop in the bay for lunch. The southerly was starting to come up by now and we knew the moment we rounded the northern end of the island the southerly was going to hit us full blast. The forecast was for 18 to 22 knots that afternoon so it was going to be a hard paddle home. As we rounded a rocky headland on the southern end of the bay a deserted beach of soft white sand with a steep hill behind it was visible. Where the rocks intersected the beach was a secluded calm spot, out of the wind, so we pulled in to bask in the sun and eat.

As expected the moment we rounded the island the wind was in our face. At this stage it was about 15 knots and strengthening. The paddle down the inside of the island is not as nice as the seaward side of the island. There are still little bays with white beaches but the water is shallow and the bottom sandy. Not the same as reef.

I had settled into a rhythm leaning forward and punching into the wind and chop. About half way home my mind was drifting again when out of the corner of my eye I spotted it. A fin. Or was I seeing

things. No there it was again, and another and another. Phew, a pod of Dolphins. I actually jumped and immediately thought shark when I first saw the fin. Normally I would think Dolphin first. The media campaign was working. I got very angry with myself. How dare they scare the community like that.

The day ended up being a hard rewarding paddle. Jaws didn't get us. I loaded my boat up and headed home snug and safe behind the wheel of my car. As I gunned the motor to enter the highway I couldn't help noticing the little white crosses on the road side. But hey, I just survived the Great White Shark paddle, now I'm invincible. Les Allen

***Sharks play an important ecological role in oceans, similar to that of large predators on land. Besides riding waters of wastes, sharks prey on weaker or maimed members of populations, thereby helping a species to maintain its genetic strength. Because modern fishing methods have helped to deplete many food-fish species, however, the industry now views sharks as competitors, to the extent that shrimp trawlers frequently employ electrical shields by their trawls to keep sharks from destroying the catch. On the other hand, with the increasing scarcity and rising price of many food fishes, especially for United States consumers, shark meat is itself now selling at prices comparable to those for traditional table fishes. The meat (as well as shark fins for soup) has long been eaten, especially in East Asian countries, but it is now increasingly being featured in United States markets and is often compared to swordfish.***

## Don's Sea Bird Trip

Well what a bunch of sea kayakers you lot are. Only two starters for an overnight trip from Quinns to Seabird. Eric and Wolfgang were starters but had to pull out. Anyway, Saturday morning Scotty and myself pulled away from Quinns Rocks about 8am. There was zero wind as we headed up to the Alkimos. The wind was up by the time we got there. The South Wester was pushing us along so just over two hours from the start we pulled into the Yanchep Lagoon and had a hamburger for an early lunch.

The south wester was really blowing now, so it was a very fast trip was up to two rocks, after passing the marina I put up my new parasail and we rafted up, what a buzz, one parasail pulled two boats at a very fast pace. We were soon up to the usual spot I stop on this paddle. As it was early, we continued on north, finally though, we saw a good camp spot with a nice beach. Scotty surfed in first, with me on the next wave, only to discover that the nice beach was in fact flat limestone rocks. Scotty was lucky, I wasn't, crunch, a lovely piece of glass missing of the front of my boat. Had some fun getting the tents up in the wind, even in a hollow. Went for a walk on the beach, downed a few cold beers had dinner and hit the sack. Up at 4.45am. The wind had only stopped around 3.30 am, quick brekky packed and on the water by 6.30, arrived of more river in just over an hour. But there was a big dumping surf so we didn't stop.

The wind was up again, still pushing us up north at a great rate. We had seabird in sight about 9.30 am so I landed, climbed a big hill and called my support crew in Perth to bring my truck up. He was still in bed with a hangover, not happy. We arrived in seabird at 10am and our ride home arrived an hour later. In hindsight we would have carried on to Ledge Point and probably will next time. Especially if you set wind assistance as we did. It would be good if we could get a few more people interested in these trips. I always seem to be the one to organise the transport back, and it is starting to wear a little thin on my friends. Don Kinset

*Humours Bit*

*Stolen from The Sea Canoeist and bound to offend*

## MAGIC POTION

This young swimmer from the Australian Olympic Team manages to sneak his new girlfriend, a gorgeous Danish gymnast, into his room, at the Olympic Village. Once she's inside, he quickly switches out all the lights and they rapidly disrobe and leap onto his bed in a flurry of athletic achievement.

After about twenty minutes of wild sex they both collapse back on the bed in exhaustion. The girl looks admiringly across at the swimmer in the dim light. His beautifully developed muscles tanned skin and smooth-shaven scalp glisten with the little beads of sweat as he lies beside her. She's really pleased to have met this guy.

At this point the swimmer slowly struggles up from the bed. He fumbles the lid off a bottle on the bedside table, pours himself a small shot in a glass and drinks it down in one big gulp. Then he stands bolt upright, takes a deep breath and, in a surprisingly energetic motion, dives under the bed, climbing out the other side and beating his chest like a gorilla. Then he vaults on top of the girl and commences a frantic repeat performance.

The Danish girl is impressed with the gusto of this second encounter. Somehow the Aussie has completely recovered from his previous exhaustion! After nearly half an hour of wild activity in every possible position, the gasping male swimmer again crawls out of bed and swallows another shot of mysterious liquid. Once more he dives under the bed, emerges on the other side, beats his chest and commences to make love all over AGAIN.

The girl is just amazed and delighted as the action continues at the same blistering pace as before. In the darkness, she can't properly see what kind of tonic is causing these incredible transformations, but she sure likes the effect! More than an hour later, after another repeat of the strange drinking ritual on his part, and a whole string of multiple orgasms on her part, the Danish girl is now feeling rather faint herself.

"Just a minute, big boy" she whispers to the panting bald-headed Aussie, "I think I need to try some of your tonic!" She rises unsteadily and pours a small shot of liquid. She braces herself for some medicinal effect, but actually it just tastes like Coca-Cola. Then she stands straight and dives under the bed-only to smash straight into the three other exhausted member of the Australian Swimming Relay Team.



# Calender December to February

Date	Time	Meeting	Program	Contact
Sun 24/12/00	8.30 for 9.00	Shoalwater	Explore along Island and skills	Les 94562129
Tuesday 26/12/00	See Don	TBA	Lancelin to Geraldton 8 Days	Don 94484164
Sun 7/1/01 A must for Albany Paddlers	TBA	Marina Whale Rd Mandurah	Mandurah to Rockingham	Les 94562129 No safety gear no paddle.
Sun 14/01/01	8.00	Shoalwater Penguin Island Cafe	Explore along Island and skills	Eric 93392952
Sun 21/01/01 A must for Albany Paddlers	11.00	Carnac Island	Sea Breeze surfing	Les 94562129 No safety gear no paddle
Friday 26/01/01	Organise transport for 7.00 start	Albany Trip	Cosy Corner to Peasfull Bay	Les 94562129 No safety gear no paddle
Sun 4/02/01	8.00	City Beach new groyne	Swanbourne - Lieghton	Ian 93834319
Sat Sun 10/2/01 to 11/2/01	Ring Don	Sea Bird	Overnight to Lancelin	Don 94484164

## Tues 13 Feb meeting 7.00 Eric's Shed

Sun 18/2/00	8.00	Cottesloe Southern Groyne	Rotto and Back	Les 94562129 No safety gear no paddle
Sun 25/2/01	8.00	Hillarys north wall	Little Island and north	Ian 93834319

## Albany January Long Weekend Trip

Its now the time to commit or not to the Albany trip. I need to know who is coming to organise logistics and I will be doing a sailing plan to the WA Water Police before we go. That will have your personal details so if there is an emergency we are well prepared.

The new calendar has two paddles that are a must for people coming on the Albany trip. The first one is the Mandurah to Rockingham paddle. This proves you can do the 35km non stop and that your boat is set up for food water etc. the second paddle is the Carnac afternoon paddle. This is to give you the sea surfing experience that will be needed for the trip.

Training is essential for all good trips as you don't want to let your mates down by poor preparation. If you need assistance to get yourself or your boat ready please give me a call.

## Labour Day Long Weekend 3 – 5 March

I think this is an excellent idea to get the northern and southern paddlers together and have some fun at all levels. We could have some day paddles, skills and of course the obligatory drink in the evening. I know this is very close to the Rotto week but would be worth the effort.

Maybe on the next meeting we could discuss the options and maybe do some lobbying to make sure we get a good crowd.

## Rotto Week

March is approaching very quickly so put some thought into the Rotto week and maybe invite your family to come over for a holiday at the same time. Last year we had 2 non paddlers staying at the house and they had as good a time as the paddlers.

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