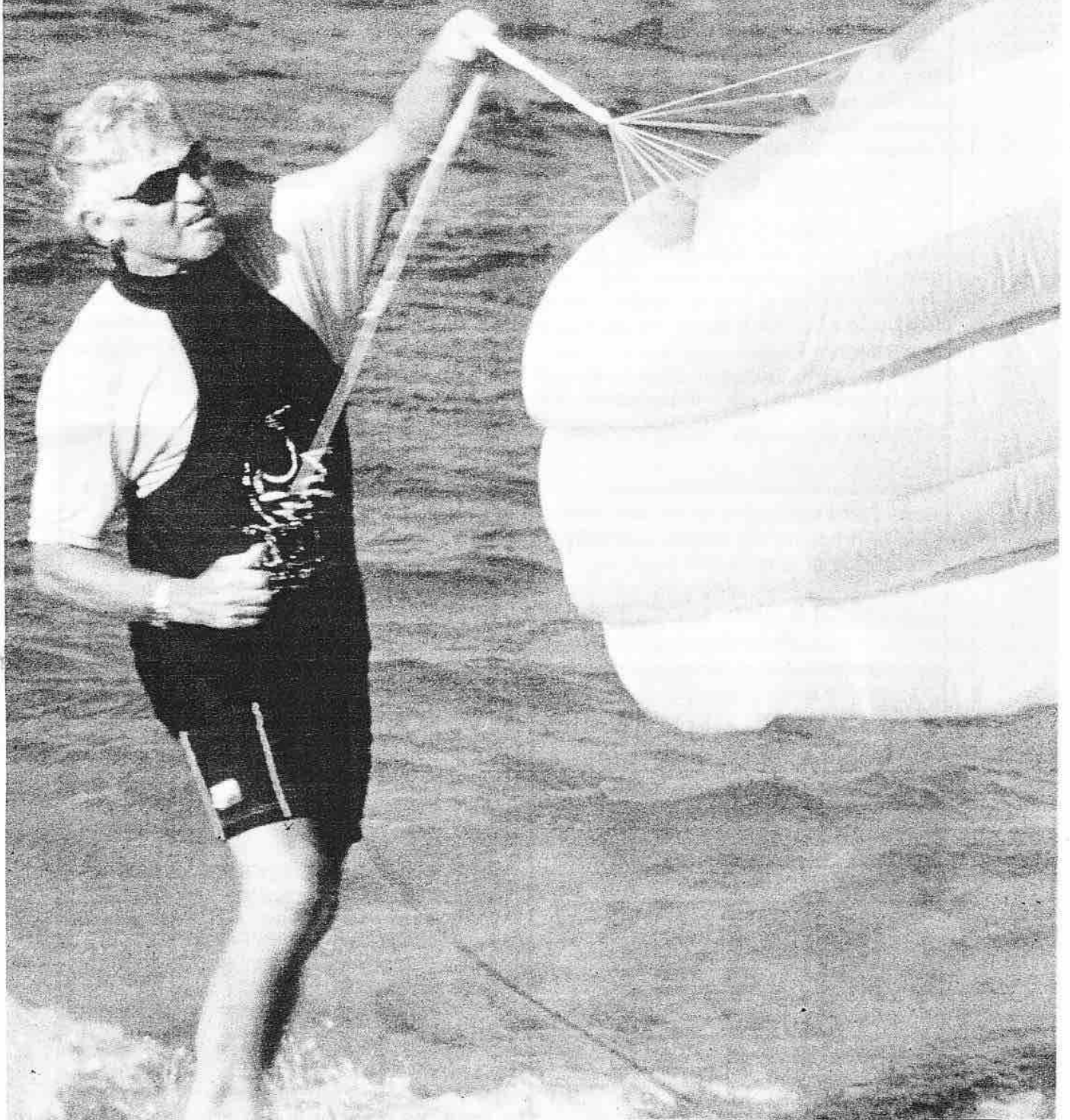


# WA Seakayaker

  
Issue 30: May—June 2001



Journal of Sea Kayak WA Inc. 28 Eurelian St. Palmyra, 6157  
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# PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Significant changes have occurred since last (or is it seven?) camp stoves is somebody of issue of this magazine, mostly due to Neville Holden going east to live and Les Allen's need to pass on editing of the magazine. Actually, Neville assures me we haven't seen the last of him, which is good to hear.

Eric Pyatt is now acting Secretary/Treasurer and Marian Mayes magazine Editor. John Dinucci is acting Assistant Secretary/Treasurer, and Roz Evans is assisting Marian with the magazine. In the same sweep, the Vice-President vacancy was filled by Don Kinzett, and Eric is now Programme Director. Now that we have a new Programmes Director and revised day paddle structure, what I suggested (individuals to nominate paddles) in last report is not now a go model. However, Eric is open to suggestions. If a certain day paddle or longer trip is of particular attraction to you, give him a call and see if he can fit it in to the calendar.



President: Ian MacGregor at Chidley Point

Thanks to all the above for taking on these responsibilities. New energy and ideas will be good for us. So, thank you Les for all the time and effort you put in to the mag. You did well sticking to it as long as you did. And similarly to Neville. Many thanks for the long stint as secretary. Lastly, as I write this Les, John and Tel have arrived back in town, ending their Montebello's expedition earlier than expected because of T.C. Alistair. It is a pity, after the effort required to get there, that this has occurred. Even so, it will still be very interesting to hear about the trip and region and good to have them back unscathed.

## BUGGER!.....

Don reports witnessing an incident that would gladden the heart of any sea kayaker. One of those noisy, environmentally unfriendly jet skis that irritate the hell out of everybody hit a rock and sunk near the Garden Island causeway. Nobody can blame Don for not rendering assistance as he was understandably incapacitated by uncontrollable mirth.

*But we can blame him for not getting a photograph!*

## This Month's Fiercely Contested DUCK FOR COVER AWARD Goes to Helier Beardsley



For his innovative prowess in the use of a sharp object. Our informant tells us that with a single swipe of his knife this intrepid paddler created an impressive self-inflicted wound requiring 8 stitches. Now this would all be a bit mundane if it happened locally, but in this instance it involved his companions in making a 200km round trip to the nearest doctor.

**Cover Picture:** Don Kinzett contemplating the awesome powers of his para sail at Chidley Point. Did you spot the deliberate mistake?

## Who's Doing What With Whom?

As this is the first edition of the magazine Roz and I have attempted, I hope you can all bear with us till we iron out the wrinkles.

As relative newcomers to the sport, we'll be relying heavily on the support of more experienced members to contribute articles.

So if you've done anything related to kayaking that may be of interest to other members, why not share your exploits in writing?

**Contact me on:** Ph 9419 2205, Fax 9419 1324 or email [mayesmar@highway1.com.au](mailto:mayesmar@highway1.com.au)  
Marian Mayes

**Absolute deadline for receipt of material  
for next issue: July 17th**

## UP THE COAST

by Don Kinzett

**"Last episode we left Don and Fiona near North Head on their paddle from Lancelin to Geraldton. Follow their journey in this issue."**

### Day Four:

By 6:10am SouthWest winds about 12 knots. Fantastic fast paddling to arrive in Green Head in two hours flat. Great weather, got the sail up and we were in Leeman by 11:15. My mate's wife Sharon was waiting on the beach. Nice coastline, good diving country and zero swell. And, we managed to stay inside the outer reef – had half the day off. Travelled 35 kilometers today. This is armchair stuff, spent part of the afternoon, making a sail for Fiona.

### Day Five:

What a buzz today turned out to be. Ian MacGregor has arrived from Perth, but Dennis was unable to join us, until we get to Dongara. Didn't get away until 7:15. Took Ian two hours to pack his boat. We were certainly giving him heaps. But, I couldn't believe the gear he was taking. After an hour on the water, a good SouthWest kicked in and as we were inside the outer reef, the water was flat – absolutely honking along. Ian didn't have a sail, so he got together with Fiona and they held up a small tarp. It was hard to tell where we were all day. The coastline just looks the same. Ian now wants a rudder on his new boat. Ha, ha, Fiona had a grin on her face all day. She has never sailed a sea kayak before. Made a few stops during the day, but after 44 kilometers, we called it a day. I think the sun must have got to Ian. Pitched his tent out on a very windy beach. We will arrive in Dongara tomorrow morning, even talk of carrying on up to Kalbarri.

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***"Sorry for all the piss-taking mate"***

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### Day Six:

Up at 4:30, Fiona and I were ready at 5:55. But, you know who didn't get in his boat until 6:30. Sorry for all the piss-taking mate but will have to give you a shake at 4am. Very strong South-SouthWest. Big wind chop and very uninteresting country. Had a good session in small surf the last few kilometers. Crossed the reef and into Dongara at 12pm, a friend of mine was waiting on the beach. Pasties and ice-cream for lunch, got more essentials (for New Years Eve). After two hours in Dongara, headed north for about 5 kilometers and camped in the Sandhills. 42 kilometers today and Dennis joining up in the morning. Very quiet New Years Eve. Ian's tent still in the windy spot.

### Day Seven:

Can't believe it, Ian is ready by 6:05 – Fiona and I agree to stop the piss taking. Had to get outside the reef for a while – swell, wind chop and strong SouthWest. Managed to get inside again and had one stop on the way to flat rocks where we arrived just after 10am. In Hindsight we should have carried on to Geraldton. That would have only been another four hours max. But, the conditions were marginal. Got on the phone and a mate from Geraldton and our transport driver from Perth drove out in his four-wheel drive, with an esky full of beer, so that took care of the afternoon. Blowing hard from the SouthWest and a front coming through. I can't believe it, two fronts in seven days, not the usual summer weather pattern.

### Day Eight:

Blew hard all night. Lots of fast moving black clouds and the sea is a mess, we decided to call it quits here. We didn't want to have to spend another day in the Sandhills. So called up the transport crew and arrived in Geraldton about 10am. Will have to do that last twenty-two kilometers the next time I'm up that way.

### DON'S OBSERVATIONS ON THIS TRIP:

- ♦ We had no big surf landings. And a lot of this paddle can be done inside a reef.
- ♦ Was much harder to find a good camp site than I thought it would be each day.
- ♦ We had mobile phone coverage every night except in Leeman.
- ♦ Could have taken about half the water and food I did and still have too much.
- ♦ Fishing was a complete waste of time, too much floating weeds for lures.
- ♦ I may do this trip again at the end of this year. Can be done in six days without busting a gut. So all you keen members start getting fit – you would have a ball.



# HOW DO I START TO SURF?

## When you first start paddling the thought of surf is mortifying.

It takes you all your effort to manage calm water and that leap to surf is insurmountable. To paddle confidently you need to be able to master surf even if you don't plan on going surfing regularly as you will at some time encounter surf or breaking waves. So how do you start to get used to surf without getting trashed first time? Once you have mastered paddling straight and turning on calm water the next step is to duplicate this in increasingly rough water.

Our normal club paddles are not ideal for this, as we tend to get in and paddle to a destination, which does not allow time to develop skills. If the water is cold we tend not to want to get wet. Unfortunately when we have tried to have skills days in the past we have had the same problems with people not wanting to get wet. So if you want to improve your skills we need to have short paddles where everybody intends getting wet and dresses accordingly and has dry warm clothes waiting for them at the shore. Once we have mastered that then we can improve our skills. It has the other benefit of improving our rescue skills, which are not good at the moment. Too often when someone goes in we have paddlers paddling around in circles while the swimmer is getting cold. Then when we finally get the person back in, it takes an age for them to get organised as they have gear floating everywhere and can't bail quick enough. In an emergency situation when you are close to a reef or in breaking water speed is essential and we only get speed from practice. Also the more we get used to getting in and out of the boat the more confidence we have. Ok I have had my bitch session and I am prepared to go on skills paddles with people who want to.

It's ideal if you can find a place on a windy day where you can start in calm water and then progressively head out into larger wind waves. One difference between calm and rough water paddling is where you position your body. In rough water you lean forward, backwards and to the sides so they are the first skills you need to learn. Paddling on flat water lean right forward while paddling then right back and then lean to the side putting your boat on its edge. Once you are starting to get the hang of this, try leaning the boat and leaning forward and back. It's a strange feeling but these are indeed the things that you will be doing in surf without knowing it. Paddle along straight and rock your boat from side to side.

Now that you are comfortable with that, then head out

into the waves. Paddle into the waves and rock your boat from side to side. Turn slowly and paddle at 90 degrees to the wind wave. You need to lean into the wave and learn to feel the boat up and over the wave. That feeling and getting confident with waves passing under the boat is very important as it teaches you to move your body and balance the boat. Do it on both sides until you can paddle comfortably without feeling like you are unstable.

The next step is to paddle down wind. At first just paddle along and let the waves pass under the boat. As the wave gets to the middle of the boat you will feel unstable. Try rocking the boat from side to side and using a low brace as the wave passes under. When you feel reasonably stable as the wave starts to pick up the back of your boat lean forward and paddle harder. The boat should start to accelerate and as it does so, lean back to increase the speed. Have the paddle in a low brace position to help you keep your balance. Moving your body will feel strange at first but you must get comfortable with this to later surf.

The next step is to go out into bigger waves and turn down wind. Lean forward to pick up a wave and then try to turn off the wave while low bracing into it. It's almost like ducking your head into the wave. Most times when landing through surf you will end up cutting back on the wave and taking it sideways. It is not often, you get a good clean ride to the shore. This will be scary and you should be falling in occasionally. Great for rescue practice and safe in deep water. This will produce a small rush of speed and get you balancing the boat. Gradually try to get bigger and bigger waves so you can get faster and faster. It is important to get used to the concept of the boat accelerating as I see all too often people pick up a wave and panic as the boat accelerates. Learning to lean forward backward and side ways while accelerating is very important if you want to survive a breaking shore wave.

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## **"This is not rocket science.... But it does take commitment"**

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This is not rocket science it's a matter of breaking down the skills necessary for a complicated manoeuvre and practicing them. But it does take a commitment to go outside your comfort zone if you want to learn. If not, you will stagnate and not enjoy your paddling as you will always be apprehensive and fear the "what if" syndrome.

**Les Allen.**

## HOW TO CUT BACK A WAVE

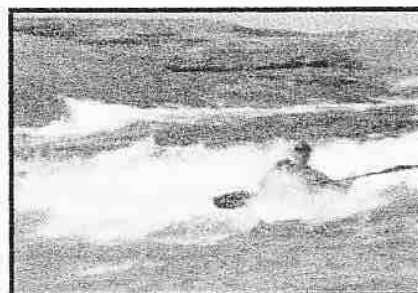
Pic 1 The wave comes lifting the back and the nose dips in the water. The paddler uses a low brace to stabilize the boat and is leaning back and into the wave.



Pic 2 The bow goes further in and the back moves round. The force is trying to flip the boat over on the paddler's right side. The paddler keeps the brace leaning back and into the wave. The boat at this point is accelerating.



Pic 3 the boat is accelerating fast the paddler is now using a high brace and leaning forward and into the wave.



Pic 4 The boat has accelerated to the bottom of the wave. The paddler is still leaning forward holding the high brace. Note the elbows in. This reduces the risk of popping a shoulder.



Pic 5 The boat is still going very fast the brace is still there and the paddler is now leaning back and into the wave.



Pic 6 The boat has slowed and the wave has caught up to the boat hitting it sideways. The paddler has gone back to a low brace, centred his body and is leaning into the wave. The wave then passed harmlessly under the boat. This manoeuvre was technically perfect. It is important to master this technique for safe paddling.

Les Allen



## THE WUZZGUNNABUT SYNDROME

All summer I've been guilty of the lethargy associated with the *wuzzgunnabut syndrome*.

**"It's an insidious disease, but rarely fatal if treated appropriately."**

When I bought my kayak, I planned to go camping and develop my non-existent skills. The summer came and went and I found myself making excuses. Every time the club planned a weekend trip I *wuzzgunna* go, but.... I had another commitment, poor weather was forecast, I didn't know if I could carry enough camping gear... and so on.

So in early March, I finally stopped making excuses and did it. I chose the Harvey Estuary, as I felt confident I wouldn't come to much harm there.

I was dropped near the Dawesville cut and loaded my camping gear without any problems. It felt like it had already reached the maximum forecast of 38 degrees. It was calm with a light easterly blowing as I angled across the estuary, dodging the aimless activity of powerboats.

Half way across, I became aware of a tickling sensation caused by numerous spiders on my legs. I'd sprayed them before I left but it only seemed to make them more hyperactive.

By the end of the first hour the wind had died off and the heat was intense. A small patch of beach issued an invitation for a swim and something to eat. Four black swans took to the air at my approach. Some clear areas among stands of melaleucas offer a potential camping site, but fresh vehicle tracks and piles of beer bottles, suggest it's a popular crabbing spot.

The swim and snack refreshed me, and not long after setting off again, the sea breeze arrived, bringing relief from the heat.

The estuary is teeming with birds such as silver gulls, cormorants, pelicans, crested terns, egrets, herons and even an osprey. The hazy outline of land gradually became discernable to the south.

I headed towards a distant strip of white beach that never seemed to get any closer. It was quite choppy by then, with waves whipped up by the stiff sea breeze.

I finally landed on the beach at Heron Point camping area. Pelicans and a number of shelducks stood on a sandy island or swam idly in a shallow inlet.

Having no desire to camp near other people, I headed back with the breeze behind me. I had another swim at the spot where I had stopped that morning but still had an uneasy feeling about camping there. People who leave piles of beer bottles behind are not the kind of people I want to encounter, so I decided to go on. My decision was justified when three pelicans soared slowly overhead glaring at me in an accusatory manner. This was clearly their beach, as their numerous footprints on the sand testified.



I explored every likely landing till I discovered a perfect spot with a small sandy beach and several potential tent sites. I could smell kangaroos and there were signs of their footprints and droppings all around.

After pitching the tent, I sat in the water to cool off. A sudden nip on the bum made me leap up and a second nip on the toe sent me scuttling for shore. No wonder it's a popular crabbing area!



There are a few magnificent jarrah trees with melaleucas and sedge along the water's edge. I could hear wrens and various water birds.

As the sun sank, I finished my meal and waited for that perfect sunset shot photographers dream about. Twenty eights called as they went to roost and a few pelicans glided effortlessly overhead in the fading light.

I awoke to the welcome song of magpies and the not so welcome snarl of outboard motors.

*(Continued page 7)*

*Continued from page 6*

The low tide had exposed driftwood trailing ghostly strings of seaweed. A pelican floated lazily offshore in deceptive idleness, occasionally darting his enormous bill to snare a luckless fish.

I broke camp and headed back, staying as near to the eastern shore as the shallow mud banks permitted. Cormorants perched on exposed rocks, and terns squabbled among themselves. I reluctantly crossed the estuary to the pre-arranged meeting place.

This was an ideal location for an introduction to kayak camping. The calm, shallow water offered safety and there was no noticeable difference in stability with a laden boat.



Camp in Harvey Estuary

## PENGUIN ISLAND CAFÉ CAR PARK TO ROCKINGHAM

**Leader** Eric Pyatt: **Attendance:** Phil, Roz, Marian, Warren, Eric.

As always, shuttling cars was too much trouble, taking time, leaving it late on the water with too much waiting around. Decided to do the usual circuit around the island, outside to Shag Rock where four of us went through the middle opening over the reef, while Phil rounded the east end. There was a fair swell with a sharp but kindly north easter. Progressed on the beach side of Seal Island (only four sea lions to be seen) but did not circumnavigate: not too pretty on the other side. Headed for Green Island. I inspected the doubtful landing beach. A bit rocky, but could be managed, but just pressed on, catching up with others rounding the east end.

The next stretch to Point Peron can be unpredictable. Marian knowing Shoalwater Bay better than any of us, suggested heading closer to shore, where we found easy passage, then through the Point Peron passage into the sheltered bay. Landed on the usual beach which was pretty steep and the water fairly swirly, but manageable.

Had morning tea. It was about 9.45 am. Then for a leisurely return, with the breeze (which had died a little) on our left shoulder.

We beached, loaded up, changed and headed for the café for coffee/tea and snacks – **Great fellowship!** Headed for home about 12.30.

Eric Pyatt



### **Book Review**

*The Canoe and Kayak Guide to Western Australia*

by Martin Chambers

Martin has had many years experience and has paddled throughout WA as well as New Guinea, New Zealand, California, Indonesia, Fiji and the Antarctic. He commenced white water rafting and sea kayaking tours in WA.

The book includes details of over twenty trips from family day paddles on rivers, lakes or

ocean, to longer camping trips in places such as Ningaloo Reef, Shark Bay or Esperance.

Sketch maps are included and references are supplied for more detailed maps and charts.

There is also a list of canoe and kayak retailers as well as hire outlets and local clubs associated with all aspects of canoeing and kayaking.

Martin's background in biology and environmental issues adds interest and awareness to his trip diary notes.

The book is available from most large Canoe outlets or adventure supply shops or direct from Hesperian Press PO Box 317 Victoria Park 6979.



## BROKE INLET

Long Weekend trip starting Friday 2<sup>nd</sup> March

Well, what a fantastic trip this turned out to be! We ended up with seven starters: Eric, Wolfgang, Daniel, Bill, Ian, Helier and myself. Five of us left Friday morning with Ian and Helier coming down late Friday.

### They got lost and arrived about 2am. Great navigation boys!

We had a small drama on Saturday morning when Helier managed to stab himself in the leg, so Wolfgang had to take him to a doctor for stitches. Bill, Eric and I decided to paddle to the outlet while we waited for them to get back. The inlet builds up every winter and breaks out to sea, but this day the sandbar was about 300 meters across.

Fantastic views from up on the cliff and a good surf running. We had a good look around and found some great camping sites. Got back just as Wolfgang got back.

We were going to go up the Shannon River to camp that night but that end of the inlet was very shallow, so we went back near the ocean to camp.

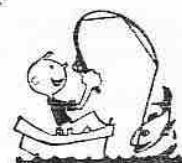
We had a great night with a few drinks and we discovered that Eric knows some really big words that we had never heard before?

Next morning we went back to have a look at the sea. Helier and I could see the swells from way up the inlet. Huge seas were breaking a long way out.

Very spectacular and bloody scary. Surfing was not on the list of things to do today.

We then went to the eastern end of the inlet. Fantastic big rocky island, unbelievable camp sites everywhere. I had a swim and lunch and back to the camp. We had decided to stay where we were the second night. Daniel decided to try a new spot and we arranged to meet him at the vehicles next morning.

### Helier almost caught a fish that night.



Helier almost caught a fish that night, but you always hear of the one that got away.

After a few wines and a nice port Eric came up with some more big words. A very lively night again. Up early and everyone was packed and on the water by 7am, even Ian. He's getting better.

An hours paddle back to the vehicles and we were on the way home. We had fantastic weather all weekend and we all want to go back in the winter. There's possibly ten times the volume of water when the inlet is full. The breakout to the sea must be spectacular to watch. So next time maybe we can get a few more to make the trip. You would love it.

Don Kinzett

Fold

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