

WA Seakayaker



Issue 31: July~August 2001



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

Howdy! Our last general meeting was very busy indeed. Several important changes were made. These being: a reduction in club fees, amendments to our constitution, (including name change - we are now Sea Kayak Club WA Inc), move to higher quality digital copying of magazine and the purchase/construction of a trailer for trips. There were other issues attended to but these were the major items. Very productive! However, it is hoped that with this lot behind us, and after a couple of other changes (committee?) meetings will become more pleasurable social and information gathering affairs. Maybe our last major work (before we can "settle" a bit) will be sorting out a concerted approach to raising membership.

The aforesaid trailer, when released from

Don's welding and fabrication workshop, will make distant (and some of the not-so-distant) trips by sizeable groups more economical and logistically simpler. So take advantage of this and organise a trip to some far-flung place. To limit any conflict over the way it is used some very simple and fair "rules of use" will be formulated.

Whilst talking trips, Eric will be away for about 6 weeks so any enquiries will need to be directed elsewhere - myself, Marian, Don or John. And, keep in mind the possibility of a Perth to Geraldton trip around Christmas/New Year. Mostly a safe, easy and flexible trip, well worth the effort. Join part or all of it at your convenience. Enjoy the magazine and happy paddling.

Ian MacGregor

This Month's Fiercely Contested **DUCK FOR COVER AWARD** *Goes to Wolfgang Schlieben*



While sitting around the fire on the June camping trip, the topic turned to favourite television shows. Wolfgang showed enormous courage under fire by confessing he's addicted to watching "The Bold and the Beautiful".

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Ode to a Jet-Skier

Jet-ski rider, selfish fink
May your stupid jet-ski sink
May you hit a pile of rocks,
Oh hoonish summer coastal pox

Noisy smoking crazy fool,
On your loathsome leisure tool,
Give us all a jolly lark
And sink beside a hungry shark

Scream loudly as in its fangs you go
Your last attention-seeking show
While on the beach we all join in
"Three cheers for the dorsal fin"

(Anon.) Submitted by Ian MacGregor

**Absolute deadline for receipt of material
for next issue of WA Seakayaker :**
Midnight (Western Standard Time)
MONDAY 20th August

COVER PICTURE: Paddlers leaving for Garden Island.
Left Helier Beardsley, Right Eric Pyatt



NOTICE BOARD



Training Qualifications at Clubs

Extract from Circular – 12.2001 from Jason Wright,
Executive Officer Canoeing Western Australia (Inc)

The issue of qualifications for club trainers is an area of concern, and while the insurance policy does not stipulate trainers must have qualifications, they still have a Duty of Care.

Canoeing WA, in conjunction with Australian Canoeing will be implementing an action plan to improve risk management practices and will begin with a safety audit of club operations. They recommend canoeing instructors are suitably qualified. Australian Canoeing is implementing a new award called the Canoe/Kayak Life-guard to assist clubs in upholding their duty of care.

Clubs are asked to nominate two suitable people who are willing to train club members to attend a training course on 2-3rd June 2001.

It is vital that clubs take a pro-active approach to understanding and reducing risks.

During the next twelve months we will be undertaking a number of workshops to assist clubs in writing their own Emergency/Safety Plans and Procedures.



Members who attended the opening party at Mainpeak Paddle Sports store in Cottesloe had an opportunity to examine some of the latest range of clothing, kayaks and equipment.

Mainpeak have kindly agreed to contribute to sponsorship of our club newsletter.

Club Stickers

The new club stickers are available for distribution to all members. They have already proven to be a conversation piece for some members. Perfect strangers have even been known to help carry a boat up the beach while discussing club activities.

Don Kinzett is going to repeat his trip from Lancelin to Geraldton at the end of this year. Anyone interested can contact Don on 9448 4164 or 0418 923717. It's an easy paddle of approximately eight days.

Updating Members' Records

If any member has changed their address, telephone, fax or mobile number please let the secretary know so we can update our data base. Also, if you have added or changed your email address please bring us up to date.

Boating Guides

The club will obtain a quantity of the new Boating Guides for distribution to members or potential members. Anybody who would like a copy please contact Eric or Ian.

Paddle Leaders Wanted

When compiling the calendar of club events it is difficult to schedule trips that suit everybody. If you have a favourite paddle and are willing to act as leader on a particular day, please contact Eric or Ian. Most of the more challenging paddles now offer an alternative for the less experienced. In order to attract more paddlers we need some feedback.

New and Potential New Members

We would like to welcome new member, Helier Beardsley who is already familiar to most of our regular paddlers.

We would also like to extend a warm welcome to all those who have joined us on our scheduled paddles during the last months and hope we see you again.

From the Editor

Thanks to all those who have contributed to this newsletter. The more diverse input we have, the more interesting it can become. Don't be shy, share your paddling exploits with the rest of us.

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

| | | | |
|--------------------------|------|---------------------------------|-----|
| President's Report | P2 | Mainpeak | P8 |
| Duck for Cover | P2 | Too old, Too Slow, 200km (cont) | P9 |
| Ode to a Jet-Skier | P2 | Sentencing Truman | P9 |
| Notice Board | P3 | Lies, Laughter & Sea Kayaking | P10 |
| Too old, Too Slow, 200km | P4 | Rolling — Yuk! | P11 |
| Swearing at the Wind | P5-7 | Sometimes it Pays to be Crazy | P12 |

Too Old, Too Slow, 200km up the Coral Coast

After months of talking about the trip the Geraldton gang of four had dropped to two with six days to "cast off". Garry had family commitments over the Easter and Dennis fell off his new bicycle and broke his arm. This left the ledger heavily balanced on the inexperienced side, Jeff aged 57 in the "Storm" plastic fantastic and Jim aged 49 in the "Mirage 580". We had only been kayaking in the sea three times and our maximum mileage for one day was to the top of the Greenough River and back, which only totalled 16km.

The job ahead looked like this; we would start at Coral Bay and head to Jurabi Point 200km to the north on the coral coast. We planned to paddle unassisted for three days and nights to Yardi Creek 125km to the north. The pattern we would work on was two hours paddling before stopping for a 'brew up', two more hours paddling before another 'brew up' and then a further two hours paddling before making camp for the night.

We set off at Coral Bay at 8am on Saturday 14th April and steadily climbed into the job ahead. The weather and scenery were kind for the first four hours of paddling. At the start of the last two hour stint for the day I noticed that the wind had come up, making for a very confused sea and stretching our limited skills. Things got worse after another hour when I developed cramps in my hands and arms. I put this down to using the propeller paddle, which was far too heavy to drag through the water for six hours on end. The swells were rolling in consistently and we had to work hard to maintain our course up the coast.

"The scene started to turn ugly as I became more seasick."

The scene started to turn ugly as I became more seasick. I could not hold any water down and quickly started to dehydrate with the spray deck and the life jacket on. I called to Jeff and we headed into shore where I lay in the water for a few minutes, which cooled my core temperature. This as well as some liquid brought me back to almost 100%. As we had completed our 6 hours for the day we had a brew and set camp for the night.

We guessed, after referring to our maps that we had travelled 45km for the day.

The next day we rose to a new dawn at 6am and were paddling by 7am. The weather showed great promise and yesterday seemed like years ago. We paddled past the old abandoned lighthouse around

the point and stopped for lunch close beside Ningaloo Homestead. After lunch we continued on across beautiful bays which seemed alive with marine life.

The day ended at the old whaling station at Norwegian Bay where after a 40km day we sat by the camp fire and cracked the 'Chateau Cardboard'. I lay in bed that night thinking 'what a great day'. We had made headway with our trip and everything was going to plan. Paddling through calm waters in this idyllic part of the coast with fine weather was just the best. The harmony with nature is inspiring. Paddling silently up behind turtles and seeing them turn in surprise before beetling off was seeing nature up close and personal.



"Paddling silently up behind turtles was seeing nature up close and personal."

Day three unfolded in a very similar manner as day two; great weather, great coastline, fish darting past, turtles bobbing around, dolphins putting on an aerobic display and stingrays swooping around us, all making for a unique experience. We finished the day less than one hour of paddling south of Yardi Creek as we preferred another night away from people beside a campfire.

I tried trolling with a hand line and half a metre of shock cord. It doesn't work! I got some good hits but the 25lb trace connected to the 50lb line broke every time. The total distance paddled for this day was approximately 40km.

Day four was an easy paddle to Yardi Creek where my wife and daughter were to meet us and continue the trip as our support crew as we paddled to the Lighthouse Caravan Park, 75km to the north. While we waited for the support crew to arrive we had a very casual paddle up Yardi Creek.

The next three days were approached in a much more casual mode. We averaged 20 to 25km per day with lots of stops to swim, snorkel and fish. The end was not quite as we planned. About one hour paddling south of the caravan park we noticed reef ahead of us. Ningaloo reef joined to the shoreline. It was low tide and the breakers were rolling right into shore. We headed in and surveyed the situation from a tall sand dune. A unanimous decision followed which resulted in us carrying the kay-

(Continued on page 9)

Swearing at the wind Again!

I crawled out of my tent rubbing my eyes in the glare. It was hot, sweat trickled down the front of me soaking my tee shirt and it was 6.30 in the morning. The sun had just cleared the hills and the glaring rays already had a sting in them. There was a thick carpet of dew over everything and as it burned off the humidity was around 90%. I was hot, sticky and not very happy, the last 2 weeks had been hell. I was away for one week with work, flying back home on the Friday, giving me one week to organise work, the family and get packed for our latest adventure. In fact I was wondering if the stress was worth it. We left on the Friday night after work and drove till 1.00am when we stopped for a few hours sleep before heading off at 6.00am the next morning to drive the last 1,000 km to Dampier. As we got to Dampier we had to stop at the local radio station to tape an interview and then on to the Dampier Transit caravan park. The park manager is a lovely lady and she had beers on ice and cooked a lovely BBQ for dinner that night. This meant staying up socialising which was very enjoyable but after only a few hrs sleep the night before, very taxing.

The trip we had planned was to paddle out to the Montebello Islands 120km off the Dampier coast. They consist of more than 100 islands and rocks and gained international recognition in the 1950's when the British exploded 3 atomic weapons on the islands. The trip would take us 90 km south of Dampier, island hopping off the coast. At Stewart Island we head straight out 55km to Parakeelya Island in the Lowendal group and finally across to the Montebello group. We pick up a water drop on Parakeelya, spend 8 days on the Monty's and retrace our steps back.

"No one had paddled to the Montebellos before...."

No one had paddled to the Monty's before and although we could get lots of information it was hard to get information we could rely on. Everybody I talked to had big boats and big motors so the tidal currents were not a problem for them. Most of the area we were going to paddle in was unsurveyed and we had heard horror stories of big sharks and tidal currents that would spit us out the seaward side where we would be lost at sea.

When you are tired, stressed, and not sure you have all your gear these warnings play on your mind. The distraction came from a smiling Michelle, the park manager, carrying hot coffee and starting to cook up bacon, eggs, tomatoes and sausages for breakfast. Country hospitality both north and south of Perth, the capital of Western Australia, is truly amazing. After breakfast she drove us down to the boat ramp to see us off.

Madly setting up shots to film and trying to pack was not improving my temper. We had to carry over 50lt of water, 3 weeks food, camping and filming gear. John and Tel had 2 deck bags and I had 1 big one that covered the back of my kayak. The cockpit had 10lt of water in my drinking system, an under deck bag full of day food, sail and split pole either side of my seat and a further 2lt emergency drinking system strapped between my feet. In these hot climates water is life. When I got in it was a tight squeeze, as I moved my legs under the thigh braces the pressure on my drinking system squeezed some water out of my drinking straw. If I went over I had good incentive to roll, as I doubt I could get out easily. I put my knuckles on the sand and tried to push off. Nothing happened, I was too heavy. I had to wait for a big wave and move 3 inches, then wait again. Eventually I got off and the boat was so low in the water my spray deck was just clearing the water by 1 inch. The other boats were just as heavy as we headed out.

".....the boat was so low in the water my spray deck was just clearing the water by 1 inch."

About 100 off shore John informed us his rudder had just broken so we turned back. I was fuming under my breath but there was nothing I could do but wait for John to discover a pin had rattled loose on the drive up and only required putting back. I was glad it was something simple and felt a lot happier. After a few minutes of swearing, as John stood on his head and struggled to reach the front of his cockpit to screw the pin back in, we were ready to go again. As we rounded East Intercourse Island we picked up the wind wave in the deeper water. There was a 15kn Easterly blowing right behind us producing a 1mt lovely wave to surf. I paddled hard to catch a wave but it passed under me. I did pick up some speed so on my next try picked up a wave and was off. At the end of my run I was more under water than on. The next wave washed right over my boat and I felt I was paddling a submarine. I looked behind and John was really struggling, his boat was nose diving and yawing on the waves. The Mirage boats Tel and I had were performing a lot better

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and it was frustrating to have to wait. It's also ironic that before the trip John was twice as fit as we were and could blow us out of the water with speed, but on the first day because his boat didn't have the same buoyancy, he was the slow one.

25km later we could see a strange pyramid on the horizon. It turned out to be the crane of the McDermott, a huge barge or derrick that had been blown onto the island in a previous cyclone (hurricane). Later we picked up Eaglehawk Island itself, which is only about 12mt above water. This is typical of the islands we would be visiting. They were formed about 8,000 years ago when the ocean rose to engulf the land. The islands are the tops of ancient hills protruding from the water. The whole area we will be paddling in is only 5 to 20 mt deep and forms the North West Shelf, an area rich in oil and gas. The Monty's are on the edge of the shelf and the water drops off sharply on the seaward side of the island group.

At Eaglehawk we set up camp and I was able to relax and start to get into trip mode. That afternoon we walked around the island and checked out the McDermott. It was huge and way up the rocks. Apparently it broke it's mooring and was washed up high on the rocks. The power of cyclones is legendary. Towns built to withstand them are sometimes almost totally destroyed by their immense power. I was glad this was the end of cyclone season and that they statistically only form here about once every 15 years in April. Dead tired, the first day ended as the sun set.

The next morning I wanted to do some filming at the McDermott before we left. The tides were running in excess of 4 mt (12ft) so the water was a long way off at low tide giving us plenty of time to film. I walked across the exposed reef looking at the myriad of marine life in the shallow pools. There were clams everywhere and I got some good footage of touching them and watching them try to squirt water at the intruder. The clams fascinated me as they were in a very exposed spot. Anyone could just come along and lever them off the reef. I believe they are good to eat but did not want to destroy these unusual animals just to see what they taste like.

"Then it happened! Tel slipped on a rock... Not life threatening injuries but a real blow at this early stage of the trip."

Then it happened! Tel slipped on a rock, put his hand out to balance himself and cut the palm of his hand on rock oysters. He had 2 cuts from the centre of his palm, to the heel. Not life threatening injuries but we all new they could get infected and certainly would not heal while paddling. This was a real blow at this early stage of the trip and it happened in a blink. How could Tel be so clumsy? I bit my tongue and did not say anything and actually felt bad about thinking it was his fault, as it could have happened to any of us. We walked back dressed his hand and started packing.

Three days later we were on Stewart Island. It was typical of all the islands we had passed. Low limestone base with rocks on all the weathered sides. Usually there is a small sandy beach in the lee with low scrubby vegetation on a sandy top. Stewart was about 300mt long and 200mt wide with a huge eagle's nest on the highest part. The nest was about 2mt wide and 1mt high and made of sticks. This intrigued me as we were 30 km from the shore and there were no twigs on the island. They must have carried every twig at least 30 km and when I looked at the size of the nest, and the thousands of sticks, I couldn't believe it.

"..it would be bad if the tides stopped us getting out there but a tragedy if we couldn't get back."

We were fortunate in that the beach was very steep and into deep water. This meant we would not have to carry our boats and gear very far for our early morning start on the long 55km crossing. I planned the trip so we would have spring tides on the way out and neap tides on the way in. I figured it would be bad if the tides stopped us getting out there but a tragedy if we could not get back. The tides were low at 6.30 am and high at 12.00. This meant most of the trip we would be pushing into an incoming tide but would have the benefit of an outgoing for the last few hours. Buoyed by a good weather forecast, giving us light tail winds we headed off at 6.45 am.

The sea was dead flat and the heat oppressive, as we had not acclimatised to the heat or the humidity yet. Each day was between 35 and 40 degrees Celsius with very high humidity in the morning. Even the evenings were

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hot, with the temperature dipping only to around 25 degrees. I had allowed 5 lt of water per day but we were using way over that, in fact, up to 8 litres per day. I was not concerned though, as we had far more water at our drop than we needed and had a good safety margin in the amount we carried. We were in high spirits as we headed out that morning and were making good time. We had no idea how much the tide was going to effect us as it was coming at 90 degrees on our right first off and turning a full 180 to be 90 degrees on our left later. We had two GPS navigators so we could find our tiny target so far away.

A few hours into our paddle we saw the first sea snake. It was the first one I had seen so close and it frightened me. It was so big, a yellow body as thick as a man's arm and 1.5 mt long with a black head. He just seemed to be sunning himself on the surface. About an hour later Tel gave a startled shout. He had not noticed a snake till it was just 2 mt from his bow. He turned off at full rudder as the snake came awake.

"It's head came out the water and it went straight for Tel's body."

It's head came out the water and it went straight for Tel's body. His face drained and his eyes were like saucers. As it got right to him he slapped its head down twice with his paddle. The snake dived and came up the other side of his boat very angry. Three times Tel frantically pushed the head under water right next to his hull. Then the snake got fed up with getting hit on the head and dived, so Tel took the opportunity to paddle off at a surprising rate. As he pulled away and realised, the snake was not chasing him any more, he started talking excitedly. "Did you see that, did you see it, it came straight at me". "Unbelievable, it was going straight for me". "I had to hit it under, did you see it, then it came up the other side, what a rush, I thought it was going to get me." "I'll just paddle on adrenalin for a while." "Man, I didn't expect that". I suddenly noticed I was also paddling flat out so I backed off and tried to look calm. As the day wore on we saw 5 more snakes but picked them up early enough to give them a wide berth.

By the end of the day we were 20 degrees off our original heading. We had plotted our course to take into account the tidal movement, but they were not playing the game right. We were discovering just how different the tides were compared to what the chart said. I was very glad we had GPS navigators with us, and even more glad when we could see the blip on the horizon that was our island. Tel was complaining about how tired he was and how hard the paddle had been.

"We had been pushing hard for 8 hours admittedly and still had an hour to go, but we certainly had done harder paddles in the past."

Also it was out of character for him to complain. At the end of a hard day he is usually the one out front encouraging everyone else on. It just goes to show, everyone has bad days. I put it down to the heat, paddling on a sore hand, the snake incident, which would have sapped some energy after the adrenalin high and the fact that we all have highs and lows on an extended trip. At the end of the day he was whacked, and thought the paddle back was pushing the safety margin too far.

We were on the eastern side of the Lowendal Islands and only had one 20km jump to get to the western side of the Monty's. An easy days paddle, just a doddle in the park. We started by filming in some of the interesting formations at the Lowendals. It was getting hard to film as I was being moved by the tides too much to set up good shots so we headed off to the Monty's.

**"About 3 km's off I suddenly realised we were in trouble.
We were being sucked out to sea at a rapid rate."**

About 3 km's off I suddenly realised we were in trouble. We were being sucked out to sea at a rapid rate. There was a small rock or island about 2 km away and we set off at full pace for it. I was paddling at better than 8 km per hour but only making about 3 km per hour head way. It turned out to be a long 2 km. How could we be so careless? We were experienced paddlers and fell for a basic trap. Even though the chart was showing unsurveyed waters you would have to be blind Freddy not to anticipate strong currents and we had all the warning signs while filming. We would not make that mistake again. We sat in the eddy and waited a couple of hours for the tide to slacken and then dashed across on the turn of the tide. This was the first time we experienced strong tidal movement. We were now 120 km off the coast and had all that huge Basin of shallow water to rush past the islands into the deep water on the sea ward side of the Monty's.

Les Allen

To be continued in next issue



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(Continued from page 4)

aks 400metres to the roadside and waiting for the support crew to come looking. So it ended with us sitting on the side of the road for two hours. No photo finish here. Still, too old, too slow, 200km.

**"No photo finish here.
Still, too old, too slow, 200km."**

This was our kayaking adventure on the Ningaloo Reef. We are now a lot more experienced and we know what we can do. We did what we set out to do even when we had no idea of whether or not we

could do it. We are now confident and inspired enough to be talking of our next kayaking adventure from Denham to Monkey Mia in the Sharks Bay area; a shorter distance of 100km.

Jim Roberts

A few points to conclude;

1. The nights in a small tent even in April were very warm.
2. We consumed five litres of water each per day.
3. We took far more food than we needed. The total weight of food, water and tent for three days when we were totally self sufficient was approximately 40kg.

Sentencing Truman

A moralistic story is doing the rounds in the various club newsletters concerning the inadvisability of rendering aid to shipwrecked jet-skiers. Now, not being the alpha male I don't usually get to see the newsletters from other clubs, so stop me if you've heard it before. Apparently the story goes something like this.

An intrepid paddler named Truman from the NSW Sea Kayak Club witnessed a jet-ski sinking and decided to risk his own life in a misguided bid to render assistance. In doing so he trashed his own kayak and received no thanks for his efforts. The aftermath of this incident was that he was hauled before an extraordinary meeting of the Club's Disciplinary Tribunal to answer the charge of "Attempting to aid a stricken jet skier, resulting in the destruction of a fine Greenlander kayak on the rocks."

"Head bowed and pleading for leniency, Mr. Truman acknowledged that he had acted appallingly, but stated that, in a moment of misplaced humanity, he had feared for the life of the jet skier.

"Sentencing Truman to three months hard labour (to be split between assembling a Feathercraft and paddling a Tasman 19), with a non-roll period of one month, President Sanders reminded all club members that jet skiers are the lowest form of life on the ocean (way below even sea cucumbers), and should be treated as such. President Sanders also stated that putting a sea kayak in danger to help a jet skier was perhaps the greatest sin known to the paddling fraternity, and reading from Section 34, Part 4c, Schedule 5 of the Club Constitution:

"Should a club member come across a dismounted jet skier, and that person is in distress, any request for assistance should be ignored. Should a dismounted jet skier try to climb aboard your kayak, it is appropriate to strike the person with the flat blade of the paddle until the person desists or is rendered immobile. On no account should the physical rescue of a jet ski be attempted - optionally, if still intact, the jet ski may be towed into a wave zone that may lead to its destruction."

*Handed to Marian by Ian via Atlantic Coastal Kayaker via Sea Canoeist Newsletter, NZ
Reprinted with kind permission of the NSW Sea Kayak Club who declined to name their source. I am told the author is a reclusive individual who shuns publicity.*

LIES, LAUGHTER AND A LITTLE BIT OF SEA KAYAKING

Lancelin - Weekend 28th and 29th April 2001

I arrived at Lancelin around midday to find Don, Eric and Wolfgang had already arrived and set up a very impressive campsite. Apparently, nobody had told them we were only staying one night. Warren arrived, and we all drove to the beach, parking on the hard-packed sand.

We launched our boats and followed Don through the breaking reef and round the outside of Lancelin Island. There was a heavy swell and I found it a little disconcerting when he asked me if I could exit my boat without difficulty, assuring his assistance if I got trashed. Thanks for that Don! I had always hoped that was the system.

After circling beyond the reef, we headed back in behind it to land on the west side of the island. We climbed the boardwalk to the lookout that offered a view of the island, inner bay and surrounding beaches. It was a perfect autumn day, warm and sunny with a temperature in the mid twenties.

Back on the water, we circled the island to the protected bay to practice rolling. As usual, mine turned in to an exit and assisted rescue practice but the water was pleasantly warm, with no sudden shock.

We headed south again to check out the small rocky island near the camping ground. Don and some of the others had fun in the surf, while I admired an Osprey's nest.

Back at camp it was toy time for the gear freaks. Phillip and Ian arrived and joined in. Don had a new coffee pot. Wolfgang had a gadget that had an underwater whistle, compass, mirror and waterproof compartment for matches. It must be very comforting for him to know when he's hanging upside down in his kayak and can't exit, he can whistle for help, determine which direction is up and check his hair while awaiting rescue.

"Beerproof matches give a great survival advantage"

Don produced some waterproof, windproof matches and Wolfgang insisted he demonstrate if they were beerproof. They were. What a great survival advantage! Phillip put all out tents to shame with his silver Taj Mahal while Ian produced a mobile tent he could move any time he changed his mind. Phillip also displayed a 'large copper thing' he'd purchased in the Land of the Wrong White Crowd. It appeared to have something to do with boiling water and Ian suggested it might double as a propulsion unit for his kayak.

I was warned I'd have to lift my game, as my minimalist approach to camping wouldn't win me any points. Sorry guys but this was my first camping weekend with the club.

Later, over a meal some serious quaffing

(one of Eric's big words) began, combined with the inevitable lies, arguments and piss-taking. The conversation ranged between felicitous jokes to transvestites and all points in between.

"From felicitous jokes to transvestites and all points in between."

Next morning we packed up and headed for the beach. First stop was the Island lookout again. Apart from the common seabirds, we spotted a buff banded rail and a number of rock parrots.

We headed south in a heavy swell before landing on a beach near the point for refueling. While we were eating, a shark was spotted swimming close to shore, but it metamorphosed into two dolphins. A much preferred alternative.

We returned to the Island for some more skills practice and found a sea lion asleep on the beach. After practicing for a while we headed round the island to try some bracing practice in the surf but it was a bit extreme for the less experienced paddlers so we watched Ian, Don and Wolfgang enjoy the breaking waves. A sea lion joined them initially but found their company unacceptable and moved on.

"A sea lion found their company unacceptable"

Back on shore we loaded the boats and met at the bakery for a snack before heading home. This was a great weekend from my point of view, with something thrown in for everyone. Good company, new territory to explore, birds and wildlife. Not to mention time to practice some of the skills I always put off till next time because I'm too tired after the paddle.

Marian Mayes



The Lancelin line up: From Left: Eric Pyatt, Warren Wilson, Don Kinzett, Wolfgang Schlieben, Ian MacGregor, Phillip Evans, Marian Mayes

Rolling..... Yuk!

Are you having problems rolling? Well, I will try to help. You have probably had heaps of experts explain it and read about it in books, but can't figure out what you are doing wrong. Sometimes we make it too complicated with hip flicking and other un-natural acts. (Well flicking your hips whilst upside down and holding your breath is not natural to me) So, how can we make it simple to remember and do when you are disorientated and under stress.

Rule one. Set up correctly. If you look at the top picture you will see my paddle is completely out of the water. It's a lot easier to get the paddle to slide across the water if you start with the paddle out of the water.

Rule two. Swish the paddle across the water in a big arc. If you look at the next picture you will see my paddle swishing.

Rule three. Lean back. And that's it. Why lean back? Well most of the time I see people miss rolls because they try to come up too early. Also the boat is not upright when they try to come up. *Picture three* is where most people who don't roll start to come up. See how the boat is still nowhere near upright.

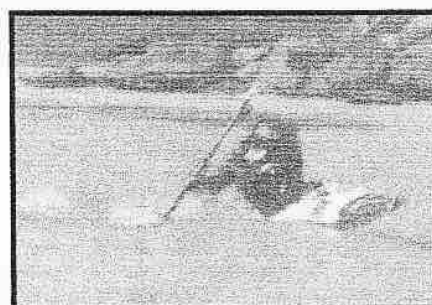
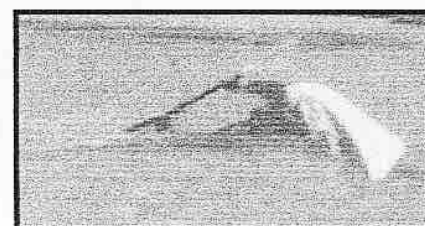
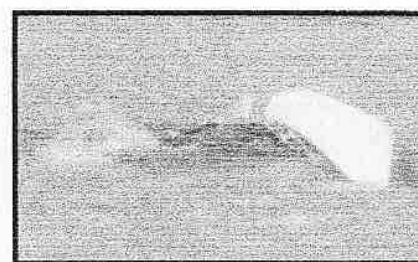
Now look at *picture four*. The paddle is in a similar position but look at the body position and the angle of the boat. That's the secret to rolling. It is impossible to lean back with the boat upside down and the paddle on the surface. This means as you lean back you automatically hip flick.

So when you get to the point where you feel like you want to come up don't. Lean back instead. If your paddle is on the surface and you lean back you will come up.

So practice leaning back with your paddle on the water. Get some one to support your boat and start from level with the water and finish the roll to get the feel. By the way that will also teach you a high brace from water level.

When you finally get it you must practice it and practice it..... and practice it..... and practice it. I will be doing rolls every club paddle (remind me if I don't) so there is no excuse.

Les Allen



SOMETIMES IT PAYS TO BE CRAZY
Long Weekend 2-4th June 2001

How crazy would you have to be to go camping in June? Five eccentrics (Ian, Eric, Don, Wolfgang and Marian) set off from the Mandurah Ocean Marina on the Saturday morning to find out. It was calm and overcast with no wind, but the forecast had indicated a strong front would move in on Monday.

A big swell on the first leg down the coast forced us to forego the planned stop at Falcon Beach in favour of a wide sweep out to avoid breaking surf. We entered the Dawesville Channel without incident and rounded the breakwater to lunch on the beach in Harvey Estuary.

The surface was glassy smooth as we headed south, hugging the western shore. There were many bird species, including crested terns, Caspian terns, pelicans, egrets, darters, cormorants, ospreys and a variety of ducks. We then headed across the estuary to camp on the eastern bank.

**"Mosquitoes as big as elephants
but much more aggressive"**



The mosquitoes were as big as elephants but much more aggressive. It was pleasantly warm sitting round the campfire solving the world's problems. The rain held off until almost daylight on Sunday and was intermittent as we broke camp and prepared to hit the water.

Continuing south close to shore, we enjoyed the tranquil scenery and leisurely explored a small drainage ditch. When it became too shallow to follow the ditch any further, we discovered it was almost too narrow to turn round.

We didn't linger long over lunch at Heron Point as it was too cold. Re-crossing the inlet, we paddled round the small island. The beaches and sand banks were a haven for many water birds and the island had an interesting biodiversity of plant species. At one spot we encoun-

tered about 200 little black cormorants floating on the surface in a raft, together with a few pelicans.

We headed north again, before crossing back to the eastern shore to find a new campsite closer to the Peel Inlet. There had been intermittent rain and the gathering black clouds signalled more was to come.

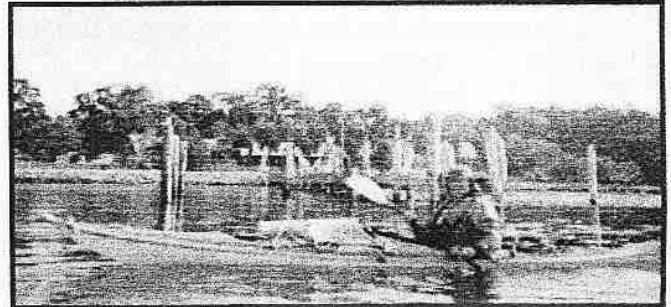
We were driven to bed early by rain that continued sporadically throughout the night. By morning, the wind was picking up and the decision to head straight back to where we had left our vehicles at Ross's place was unanimous.

The crossing of Peel Inlet was rough, with a strong south easterly whipping up the whitecaps. We arrived, wet and cold at the beach and had to concede the weather bureau had got it right for once.

"We got what we deserved!"

You might say we got exactly what we deserved. A fun weekend filled with interesting wildlife and the opportunity to explore a wetland that has attracted world interest by the tidal flushing associated with the Dawesville Cut. All this, together with good company and a few challenges thrown in. Yes, you'd have to be crazy to go camping in June!

Marian Mayes



Eric Pyatt, exploring the Harvey Estuary

FOLD

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