

WA Seakayaker



Issue 33: Nov - Dec 2001



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

Hello. I've done very little paddling lately so cannot report on experiences had by members or myself whilst participating in the regular Sunday paddles. I hope to paddle more soon as I'm missing it and do feel guilty about being a non-paddling prez! However, I can report on some particularly interesting administration stuff. At our recent AGM the incumbent office bearers were all returned unchallenged for another term. (Nothing startling about that, I know!) and a management committee formed. This committee being comprised of Pres., Secretary/Treasurer, Vice-Pres., Newsletter Ed., Warren Wilson, Wolfgang Schlieben and Mick McDermott. Now the interesting bit. This new approach to management, along with the positive energy gathered at the meeting (a beaut talk on packing a kayak was given by Les) has led to the development of a professionally

tutored introductory course to sea kayaking for newcomers to our club and pastime. And not so new-comers, if so desired. This course will be given by Terry Bolland, who is, for those who are perhaps relatively new to kayaking in WA, amply qualified to do so. Even though the scheme is in its infancy we've had a good response already. This was aided somewhat by Les' promotion of it at his enjoyable presentation on the expedition to the Montebellos. Eric and Marian have been working overtime to coordinate it all. So, a new era in membership and training is up and running. Once teething problems, if any, are sorted out it should prove a boon for our club and ocean paddling in WA. I like that word "ocean", I reckon I might use it more often! Happy paddling on our ocean. **Ian MacGregor**

This Month's Fiercely Contested **DUCK FOR COVER AWARD** *Goes to Marian Mayes*

Most Pathetic Excuse

According to Don Kinzett, the most pathetic excuse for not going for a paddle was offered by Eric: "My gear is damp"



In spite of my protests that our constitution clearly states this coveted award cannot be won by the editor, the decision of all those present was unanimous.

So I humbly accept recognition of my act of gross stupidity above and beyond the call of duty. And I'm not talking minor league stupidity such as trying to remove my boat from the roof rack without undoing the nose tie, I'm talking about major league stuff.

For complete details read "The Bimbo Factor" on page 5.

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**Absolute deadline for receipt of material for
next issue of WA Seakayaker:**
Midnight (Western Standard Time)
THURSDAY 20TH DECEMBER

COVER PICTURE: Don Kinzett near Challenger Beach in
Cockburn Sound
Photograph © Marian Mayes



NOTICE BOARD



Club paddles

Members are advised to contact the designated leader prior to every paddle as circumstances may necessitate a change of plans. It may also be advisable to discuss any concerns you have regarding safety issues.

If weather conditions, lack of interest or other reasons lead to cancellation or a change of venue, only those we know are coming can be advised.

Nov—Dec Paddle Programme

- Weekend at Peel Inlet, 10th & 11th Nov: Please note accommodation will be at the Ravenswood Caravan Park.
- Jurien weekend Friday 7th—Sun 9th Dec. Those unable to meet at Don's place on Friday afternoon can travel separately and meet there.
- Sunday 23rd December. Members are reminded this is a picnic and social gathering. Families are welcome to meet at the beach in Irvine St. Mosman Park.

Change of Meeting Day

At the AGM it was voted that the day for the general meeting be changed to the second Wednesday of every month instead of Tuesday. The time has also been changed to 7.30.

Annual Subscriptions

Members are advised that annual subscriptions are now overdue. If you have not paid, please forward your money to the Treasurer as soon as possible.

New Member

Welcome aboard to our latest new member, Austen Mullen.

Club Library

The club has allocated some funds to be spent on books relating to sea kayaking for members use. There are already some helpful articles and newsletters that can be borrowed and some books have been donated. We hope to build the library up gradually.

Digital Photographs

Paul Fuller has volunteered to build a club web page. He has requested any members who have digital images of club activities to contact him at:

pafuller@p085.aone.net.au

Lancellin to Geraldton

Easy 8 day trip leaving 26th or 27th December 2001

Anybody interested call Don 0418 923 717

Wanted To Buy

Small size Trangia cooker. Don 0418 923 717

Tuesday Paddles

Les will be paddling most Tuesdays at 5.30 from South Beach to Woodmans Point. Anybody wanting to come is welcome to join him for all or part of this fast training paddle.

Sponsor

Any member making purchases at Mainpeak Paddle Sports is advised to make them aware they are a member of Sea Kayak Club WA Inc and that their advertisement in our news-

FOR SALE

Sea Kayak Sail New

Don Ph 9448 4164 or Mob 0418 923 717

A Prayer for Today

Grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change,

The courage to change the things I cannot accept,

And the wisdom to hide the bodies of those people I had to Kill today because they pissed me off.

And also, help me to be careful of the toes I step on today as they may be connected to the arse that I may have

To kiss tomorrow.

And help me to remember....

When I'm having a really bad day,

And it seems that people are trying to piss me off,

That it takes 42 muscles to frown and

Only 4 to extend my middle finger and tell them to bite me!

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THE SERPENTINE DESCENT

Baldivis to Mandurah

We assembled at the starting point at the Karnup Road Bridge and viewed the water level with some misgivings. It wasn't as high as the previous year and in fact it had dropped several feet since the torrential rain we had two weeks previously. We de-

remained illusively just out of camera range as we set off down the river between high embankments with cattle gazing in wonder at these alien intruders.

Water birds were prevalent throughout the trip. Spoonbills,

chicks to safety away from the marauding kayaks, while the male attempted to lure us away.

We stopped on a convenient sandy beach for our morning break before continuing. We were able to paddle under the bridge where we had been obliged to portage the previous year.

At one point we glimpsed sudden movement ahead and saw a massive kangaroo splash through the water and disappear into the surrounding swampland. He was followed a few seconds later by his mate.

We arrived at our take out spot without incident after an enjoyable paddle. The boats were loaded and members assembled for a group shot with the new trailer.

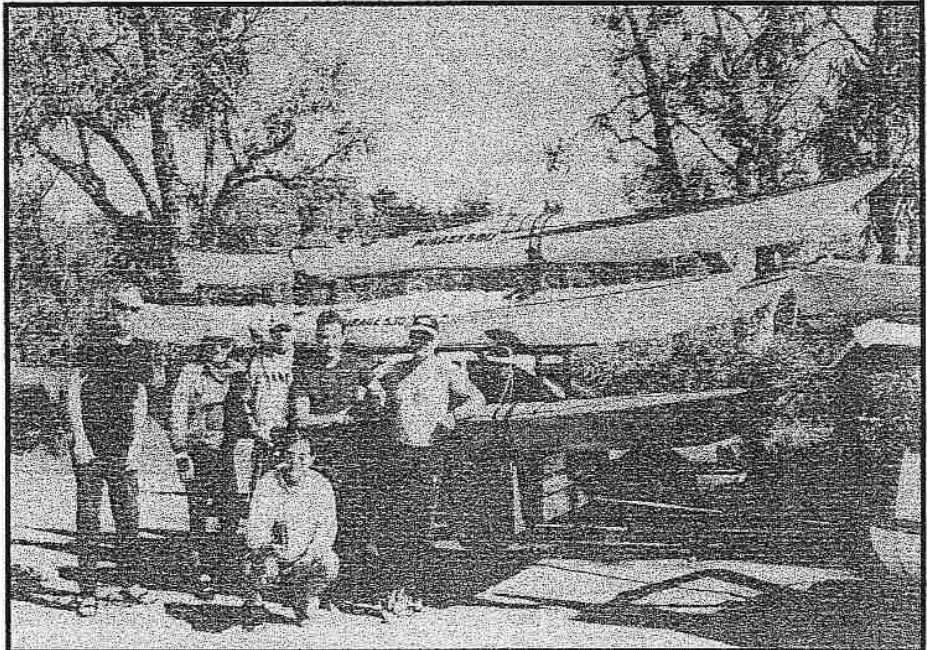
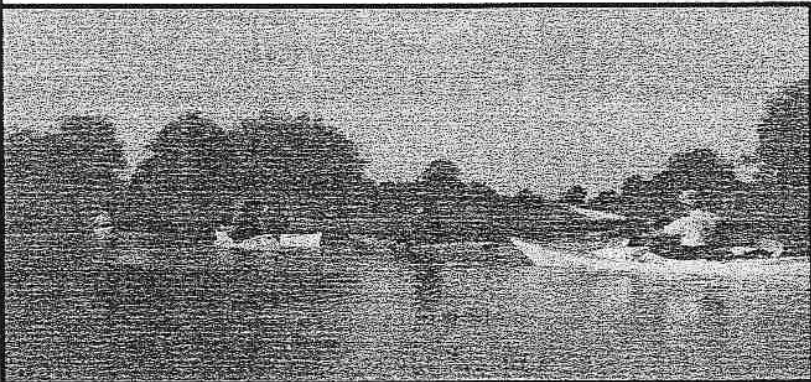
Marian Mayes

cided to go ahead with the planned paddle from Baldivis, down river to Mandurah.

This was to be the maiden voyage of the new club trailer modified by Don Kinzett to carry five kayaks. We unloaded the boats and organised a car shuffle to our finishing point at Lakes Road Mandurah. It was pleasantly warm and sunny and the prospect of not having to wear a PFD was attractive. The water was so shallow we had difficulty in negotiating the mud banks throughout a lot of the trip. In some spots we became grounded and had to back paddle to find a more suitable channel.

A pair of spoonbills that I had been trying to photograph for weeks

egrets, stilts, ibis, shelducks, black ducks, darters, cormorants, swans with cygnets, moorhens to recall a few. One mother shelduck became agitated trying to shepherd her fifteen fluffy



L-R Ian MacGregor, Eric Pyatt, John Howie, Mick McDermott, Don Kinzett, Graeme Lee (front)

THE BIMBO FACTOR

A How Not to Article

As one of a small minority of females in the club I cop my fair share of flak catching, but I also come in for more than my fair share of support and offers of help. But there comes a time when even a helpless female needs to take some responsibility for the modifications to her own craft, so when it came to mounting the compass I decided to give it a go. No worries! How hard was that?

When I ran out of excuses for not installing knee braces, I asked another member to run over his instructions again. He explained it again for at least the second time, making it sound so easy. As if holes really could be drilled in the direction you wanted and fibre glass could easily be filed to shape and what the hell is *Sikaflex* anyway? I nodded knowingly and filed the alien word in my short-term memory for later clarification.

Now, lacking the vocabulary that appears to be part of the genetic makeup of those bearing the XY chromosome, I refer to most things as goobies or gadgets. It makes life so much less complicated. Their esoteric jargon is just testosterone inspired; made up on the spot to confuse us. So when a helpless female visits a male dominated shop selling tools, goobies and gadgets, she has one of two choices. Pretend she knows everything; in which case she will leave knowing nothing, or play the total bimbo and suffer their patronising explanations. I chose the latter and braced myself for the inevitable unanswerable questions: What sort? Round head or counter sunk? What size? We all know how important size is to males but when I tried to find out beforehand what size screws to use, I received answers ranging from 5/16 to "the smallest size that'll do the job." Now how helpful is that?

I came away knowing little more than when I entered and bearing a large cylinder labelled *Sikaflex* along with a few other goobies. In a previous life I had regularly performed orthopaedic surgery. If I could re-align broken bones, drill holes to apply tension band wires, insert intramedullary pins and repair ruptured cruciate ligaments, surely I could do this?

But when I performed surgery, I had clean equipment and manageable tools. My cordless drill could be held in one hand and to determine what size pin or screw was required, I simply held it against the x-ray displayed on a viewer, then used my gauge to check the size. And naturally, I had an assistant to hold things in place.

For this job, my spouse produced a massive hammer drill, requiring two hands to hold, the bits were rusty and thrown into a tin together. For reasons which I decline to elaborate on, all the equipment was layered with a thick film of rust, dust and pig manure (hereafter referred to as R, D & PM).

I sat in the boat and determined the position to place the goobies that felt decidedly uncomfortable no matter where I put them. I spent considerable time shaping them with a large file coated with R, D & PM. When it came to drilling the holes it became clear I was at least one pair of hands short. How could I hold the goobies in place to locate the holes and use two hands for the massive drill? Obviously the holes didn't go where I wanted them. The drill had a mind of its own, skipping across the shiny surface at will.

When I began to squeeze the *sikaflex* out I realized I should have made the opening in the tube bigger. I tried to spread it with my fingers. With hands covered in white goo, R, D & PM I tried to align the holes and hold it in place till the goo hardened. This required two hands and at least two more to add more white goo and place the nut on the one screw that did fit and might assist in holding it in place. The boat was by then covered in white goo mixed with R, D & PM. Not an aesthetically pleasing combo for my previously white cockpit cowling.

With the first goobie finally in place, I went to work on the second. This one absolutely refused to adhere and I was left with no free hands to apply more white goo so was finally forced to call my spouse to assist. He leaned across the boat and dislodged the first goobie from its perfectly aligned position. As he tightened the nut, the second goobie pulled away from the side of the boat. My fault for drilling the hole at the wrong angle. At this point he casually mentioned I could have used his light weight cordless drill if I found it easier.

When I placed my boat on the beach at the next club paddle I wondered why all the other boats had their knee braces in back to front. Then the horrifying truth dawned. The confirmed piss-takers fell on the ground laughing while those still aspiring to be SNAGS tried unconvincingly to hide their smirks. Don set about removing my braces and I was unanimously voted as recipient of the next "duck for cover award". They pointed out the bolts were too big, but how big is *too big* for a male? My bilge pump worked overtime that day removing the water that entered through the holes.

Marian Mayes

A Weekend to Remember

The club trip to Seabird was certainly a weekend to remember. We had six people with a variety of skills and experience, a forecast for rainy periods on Saturday with cold, windy and rainy on Sunday. It had everything for an interesting weekend. We got up there at about 9.00 am and started getting ready for the trip. We decided to head north; that way we stayed inside the reef so if the weather got too bad we could have safe landings and more choice of campsites. We would look for a campsite close to Seabird and paddle back there that night so if the weather turned rough we would not have far to go the next day.

We launched into a half-meter beach break and had our first decision to make. Graeme was breathless when he got out. He had been crook off and on for a while but was feeling good on Friday so thought he would be all right on the weekend. He suggested we give him the keys to the car and he would camp there for the weekend. We basically convinced him to keep going as we didn't think of any other options at the time. As the most experienced paddler and knowing the forecast I should have stopped the trip and explored all the options. We could have let him drive back to Perth and come back the next day, or camp just down the track and paddle back to meet him that night. One for the memory; look at the warning signs. It would be easy to blame Graeme but this was his first trip and he did not know what bad weather was like.

As we paddled along Graeme came good so things were looking up. About 4km from Seabird Don found a ripper camp site so we were set. We headed along the coast into an 8 to 12 knot north-wester. At 11.30 we decided to stop for lunch near a rock outcrop. I watched the break for a while. It was small and obviously over some rock as it was spilling and dumping just off the beach with a rebound wave flattening the waves every now and again. I headed in and got out to help the next paddler.

"He mistimed the waves, got hit by a big one and took a swim."

Graeme mistimed the waves, got hit by a big one and took a swim. All part of the learning curve. He came up wheezing heavily and looked really bad on the beach. We were all a bit worried about him at this stage. After lunch he looked ok but decided to stay there and pick us up on the way back. Off we went again until the club bower bird, Don spotted a marker buoy on the beach and had to have it. He was going in to pick it up and go back to Graeme to wait for us. After heading up the beach for a while we turned back and as we approached where we left

Graeme we spotted a pink buoy and then two paddlers waiting for us. The run back to the camp spot was great and Graeme landed perfectly. Eric had a wash before landing and was muttering as he and the boat hit the beach separately.

"He had a wash before landing as he and the boat hit the beach separately."

The camp spot was excellent and everyone had a good evening all be it a short one. In bed at 7.30 snug and warm. 1.30 am the wind came up and the rain started. The morning was windy, cold and wet. Everybody was in good spirits and handled the conditions with ease. Hmm, the launching didn't look so easy though. We decided to send Marian and Eric out first so they could help Graeme.

"She paddled straight into a wave and over she went!"

We pushed off Marian who paddled straight into a wave and over she went! To her credit she emptied the boat and with a look of determination headed off again. This time she punched the waves and was out. Eric was next and after being pushed back almost to the beach twice he managed to punch out. Mick, Don and I pushed off Graeme who hit a big one and was tumbled out. He got back in and on the next attempt made it out.

"Mick had perfect timing. He didn't even get wet."

Mick was next off and had perfect timing. He didn't even get wet. I got in, set off and was hit by a 1.5 mt wave. I know it was 1.5 mt because it went over my head. It surfed me backwards and put me on an angle to the next wave that promptly surfed me sideways right up the beach. High and dry I had to get out and start again. Eric and Marian had headed off towards Seabird and Graeme was blown north and struggling in the conditions. I was irritated they had paddled off but it was obvious they were finding the conditions testing. I headed out again and made it through the break. As I got out Graeme was heading back in. I signalled for him to go back out as I was going to tow him but it was too late as he was committed in the surf. I drifted in as close as I could while Don was walking up to Graeme.

"A big one dumped on me. I was over before I could blink or get a breath."

I was busy looking at what was happening on the beach and a big one snuck up and dumped on me. I was over before I could blink or get a breath. I set

up for a roll but the boat would not come up and I did not have the air for a second try. Not a problem I exited and swam the boat out a little so I could get back in.

Then I realised I could not self-rescue because I had a foam box tied to the back of the boat. When Graeme got trashed trying to get off I noticed he had a foam box between his legs. This is really dangerous as if it turned sideways it could lock his legs in while getting out in the surf. I tied the box onto the back of my boat, not thinking it would stop me from rolling and self-rescuing. So much for the experienced paddler! Mick came past but was very nervous as we were still in the dump zone of the big waves. He came back and steadied the boat while I struggled to get my leg over the box. Once in, I paddled out with a full cockpit of water to a safer spot before putting on my spray deck and pump.

"The conditions were very sloppy with 20 to 25 Knot winds gusting to 30 knots."

Don was heading out and explained that Graeme was going to walk out. We headed off for Seabird. The conditions were very sloppy with 20 to 25 knot on-shore winds gusting to 30 knots. The outer reef stopped the swells but the wind wave was steep and some of the bigger ones were spilling. About one km from town I saw Marian who was close to the break and struggling. She was also going the wrong way. The wind was blowing her into the beach and she was having trouble turning. When she passed me she shouted that she couldn't turn. A few minutes later she was in the surf zone heading for the beach. I should have thought quicker as I could have turned, run past and clipped on the tow rope and helped her turn out.

Don and Mick landed at the caravan park boat ramp and I continued on to the launch site where Eric's boat was. He was walking back to meet Marian. I picked up a big wave about 50 mts out and surfed it straight to the beach. The ride was the highlight of the trip for me. Fast and bumpy, but right up to the beach. I got out of my boat and got changed into my dry clothes and wet weather gear. Don walked up and we started making

plans to pick up the boats and people. The caravan park owner used his four wheel drive to get Marian's boat and we set off to get Graeme's with the help of a local and his four wheel drive.

One of the things that impressed me was the people. It was still wet, cold and windy. Some of the people still had wet clothes on and were shivering.

"It looked like we were going to have a real job to get the boats"

It looked like we were going to have a real job to get the boats but even in these conditions, all the people had a sense of humour, a positive attitude and there was no bitching or whinging. When the chips are down and things get tough that's when a person's true personality comes out and I must say I am happy to paddle with these people.

The weekend was an excellent training opportunity with on-shore winds and safe beaches the worse case scenario was a wet landing. There were some good lessons learned though. We should have made better plans for Graeme at the start so as not to put him under so much stress. We need to look more closely at the boats and gear of all paddlers so we don't have problems grabbing hold of boats in surf or rescuing in rough conditions. The box between Graeme's legs was possibly the most dangerous thing and we did not see it till the second morning. When you land in cold windy conditions it is important to get changed into warm clothes to avoid hypothermia before you set off helping other people. If you add something to the outside of your boat make sure it will not stop you paddling, rolling, self rescuing or impede the normal set up of your boat. Then there is the experience of paddling in strong winds and rough conditions; something you can only get from being out there. So all in all I would say it was a great weekend and all the people who came took something away from it that will improve their paddling and give them valuable experience.

Les Allen

Tuesday Night Paddles

Ok I know 5.30 at night is a lousy time for most people. It is a good time because there is usually a sea breeze and the sun sets at 7.00 so you come back in the half light. Yuk you say! Then consider this. At some time you will be required to paddle into a wind. When you first paddle into a wind everyone pushes too hard, does not have a good up-wind paddle stroke and finds it mentally and physically exhausting. If it is late in the day the prospect of paddling at night would be mortifying

and no matter what the conditions you would be under so much stress it would affect your survival prospects.

The only way to overcome that is to paddle into the wind and at dusk to get used to the oncoming night. Do you know what affect a 15 knot or 20 knot wind would have on your paddling? I know 15 knots takes 2 km off my speed and I can hold 7 km per hour for 2 hours and 6 km for 3 to 4 hours.

Continued on P8

BROKE INLET

The club trip to Broke Inlet on the long weekend had been eagerly anticipated, especially by those who'd been on the previous trip and hoped to find more water this time. Don, Eric, Ian and Marian were the only starters and it could be said we should all have known better. The weather forecast had promised strong winds, rain and cold.

We left Perth on Friday morning, and it rained for most of the drive down to the south coast. At first sight of the high water level Don and Eric were ecstatic.

We launched on arrival and paddled across the inlet in the rain and strong wind. After investigating several potential campsites we decided on the lee side of Bald Island. The sloping beach necessitated major site works to level the ground. We pitched our tents and tried to get our gear under cover in the torrential rain. Don had clearly played in the rain before because he brought fire-lighters and managed to get a fire going and Ian had brought an extra tarp to rig as a communal cookhouse.

The weather cleared a little and the combination of good company and a warm fire helped to make for a pleasant evening.

Next morning the wind was up again and the icy rain was constant. We broke camp, planning to paddle to the mouth of the inlet and find a campsite where we could stay for the next two nights, exploring the Shannon River next day.

"We were already hypothermic and the wind, rain and squalls were relentless."

By the time we set off, we were already hypothermic and the wind, rain and squalls were relentless. The crossing from the island was not a welcome prospect. Don suggested we land again, build a fire and see if the weather cleared.

Don and Eric managed to get a fire started against the odds in the pouring rain using wet wood, and we drank hot soup and considered our options. The idea of returning to the car and going straight home was discussed but we were all reluctant to abandon the weekend at that stage. We decided to make a dash south and paddle to the mouth of the inlet in the lee of the shore. As soon as we left the fire, we were just as cold as before we lit it.

The crossing was difficult, with strong squalls and rain buffeting us all the way. Once we reached the lee it was a little more comfortable at first but the gusts and squalls made paddling cold and unpleasant. After a further group discussion we decided to go home, heading directly across the open inlet with the wind behind us

"We used the half metre wind waves to our advantage, hoping like hell we wouldn't capsize in the icy water."

We stayed in a group for the crossing, using the half-metre wind waves to our advantage and all hoping like hell we wouldn't capsize. The water was icy cold and the squalls were so strong that lifting our paddles out of the water caused wind interference. The crossing was accomplished in less than half an hour and gave us some surfing practice.

With the boats loaded and once more wearing dry clothes and the car heater going, Don suggested we call at a gallery and restaurant owned by friends of his. Great idea! An excellent lunch served in front of a roaring fire surrounded by interesting paintings, jewellery and other works of art.

On the law of averages, surely we will have a dry weekend away soon, or is every club trip destined to be wet and wild? But then again, perhaps we should take the weather forecast more seriously.

Marian Mayes

Continued from P 7 Tuesday Night Paddles

A 20 knot wind takes 3 to 4 km per hour off my speed depending on the seas. This information is vital if you are considering a return from Rotto in a head wind or have to make a decision on a trip.

Night paddling may not be something you're keen on but it's something you must be comfortable with as on trips you can get caught out if you can't land on the place you had planned, a head wind may have slowed you down or one of your party is injured and needs towing. By getting used

to paddling at dusk the fear goes and if you get caught out, psychologically you can handle the situation.

It also gives you better confidence with your paddling, you get used to turning in wind, handling chop on all angles, develop a good up-wind paddling style and it is safe. I only paddle close to the beach and if you go over you can swim the boat to the beach and try again. If you are doing trips it is worthwhile getting used to different conditions.

Sea Kayak Club WA Inc—Sea gradings and descriptions

Sea Grade	Grade 1: Not Difficult	Grade 2: Moderate Difficulty	Grade 3: Difficult	Grade 4: Very Difficult	Grade 5: Extremely Difficult	Grade 6: Limit Of Possibility
<u>Waters</u>	Small, glassy or smooth waves, 0-30cm and or a very low swell, 0-30cm	Moderate waves 30-100cm, some breaking crests and or low swell 30-100cm.	Large waves, 1-2mt many white horses some spray and or moderate swell 1-2mt.	Dangerous high seas 2-3mt, blown foam and spindrift and or strong swell 2-3mt.	Very dangerous. Very high hazardous seas 3-5mt, crests topple and blown spray is painful. Much foam and spindrift and or very high swell 3-5mt.	Extremely dangerous, precarious seas >5mt. Dense foam and spindrift. Visibility seriously affected. Extremely high swell >5mt.
<u>Winds</u>	Light Airs or breeze 0-6kn, 1-11km	Gentle to moderate breeze 7-16kn, 12-28km.	Fresh to strong breeze 17-27kn, 29-49km.	Very strong breeze to gale 28-40kn, 50-74km.	Strong gale to storm 41-55kn, 75-103km.	Violent storm to cyclone. 56-70+ kn 104-130km
<u>Conditions</u>	Calm smooth and relaxed. Extremely good sight of other paddlers. Access almost unlimited.	Brisk sloppy and wet. Wind affects the boat. Good sight of other paddlers.	Heavy strong choppy waves blown spray. Moderate sight of other paddlers.	Very heavy powerful high waves. Uncomfortable paddling. Wind sometimes knocks down paddler. Poor sight of other paddlers.	Extremely hazardous and heavy, very powerful and high waves. Wind often knocks down paddler. Very poor, rare sight of other paddlers.	Most extreme, confused conditions - extremely powerful, high waves. Wind constantly knocks paddlers down. Extremely hazardous conditions - only expert sea paddlers may survive. Near impossible sight of other paddlers.
<u>Skills</u>	Basic paddling skills. No specific sea skills or experience required.	Elementary sea skills, good steering and support strokes. Awareness of rescue techniques to assist. Ability to roll may be useful.	Capable sea skills for confident control. Capable rescue skills. Ability to roll some times needed.	Accomplished sea skills and experience for definite and precise control. Advanced rescue skills needed. Ability to roll required.	Extremely experienced and accomplished sea skills for extremely accurate control. Very advanced rescue skills needed. Ability to roll is essential.	Exceptionally experienced advanced, confident, and expert sea skills and rescue skills, and the ability to roll instinctively, are critical to survive
<u>Dangers</u>	Very Low. Rescues easy.	Low. Sloppy conditions. Rescues fairly easy.	Moderate. Rescues difficult. Self rescue ability strongly indicated.	High. Rescue very difficult. Self rescue ability is required.	Very high. Rescues extremely difficult. Self rescue ability is essential.	Extreme. These conditions are hazardous to life. A mishap may mean death
<u>Notes and Sealing factors</u>	<p>You are the captain of your boat and must take full responsibility for your safety. These grades are a guide only. Water temperature <10c, air temp >35c or very remote trip add one grade. Water depth will greatly vary waves. Sea descriptions and wave heights are for coastal areas, double for open sea deep water.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Beware conditions can change quickly.</p>					

Club Paddling Philosophy

1. Club trips will be at the level of the least skilled person in the group.
2. All safety gear required by law will be carried at all club events.
3. P.F.D.'s will be worn at all times on club events.
4. Groups will stay together for the duration of the trip unless pre-arranged and the safety of all the paddlers is not compromised.
5. All available assistance will be offered to any paddler in distress.
6. Only sea worthy kayaks can be taken on club events.
7. Club paddles will endeavour to be environmentally friendly.

Sea Kayak Club WA Inc-Basic paddling skills-Recommended for grade 1 seas	
Swim	50 mt in kayaking gear.
Capsize drill	Confident in calm conditions
Forward stroke	Able to paddle straight
Forward sweep	Able to turn a kayak in calm conditions
Low brace	To have a basic understanding of the stroke
Emergency stop	To stop the kayak in calm conditions
Rafting up	To be able to raft up in calm conditions
Deep water rescue	To be able to get back in the kayak using club technique in calm conditions
Important Notes	<p>Paddlers with basic skills should only paddle in calm conditions with an experienced sea kayaker who is aware of your skill level.</p> <p><i>Further skills are needed to paddle safely.</i></p> <p>These are the minimum skills required to paddle with the club.</p>

If you do not have these minimum skill levels contact the club president or event co-ordinators and they will arrange for them to be taught to you one on one at no charge.



Everything
you need...



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BUNBURY CHAPTER

Sat 22nd Sept

Les Allen has made contact with a group of paddlers in Bunbury who have expressed interest in forming a Seakayak Club to be affiliated with our group. Three of our members accompanied Les on a trip to Bunbury to introduce them to the wonders of sea kayaking. John Ligndekker, owner of Mountain Designs in Bunbury had arranged for about fifteen interested people to meet in the Bunbury Canoe Club rooms.

Les gave a talk on boats, gear and safety issues. A few who had to leave early tried out some boats. After lunch about eight keen pad-

dlers with widely varying experience went for a short paddle to try out various types of boats supplied by John and Les. They included sit-on kayaks, plastic kayaks, doubles and Mirages. They were shown the basic paddle strokes, rafting, exit and re-entry skills.

We later adjourned to John's house for a barbecue. A lot of interest was generated and a meeting will be held in Bunbury in the near future.

Marian & Les



Les Allen (foreground) with some paddlers at Bunbury

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