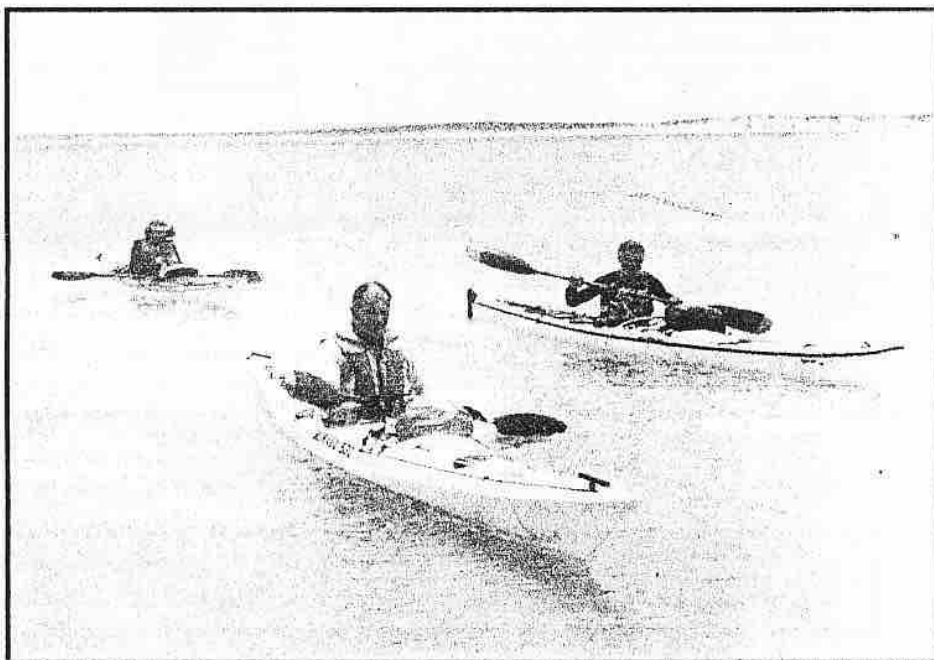


# WA Seakayaker

Issue 35: Mar ~ April 2002



**Above: (L-R)**  
**John Di Nucci**  
**Tel Williams and**  
**Terry Bolland at**  
**Dulverton Bay**  
**after their 30hr**  
**paddle along the**  
**Zuytdorp Cliffs**  
**Right: They ar-**  
**rive at Steep**  
**Point in Shark**  
**Bay. The end of**  
**an 800 km jour-**  
**ney.**



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# PRESIDENT'S REPORT



Ian MacGregor

Hello, and welcome to the newcomers to our club, many of whom I met at our last general meeting. For those not present I must say the meeting was quite an event. So many new faces, an interesting and much appreciated talk from Marine Safety, and plenty of socializing afterwards.

The noise emanating from "Eric's Shed" was almost on par with that from the front bar of some popular watering-hole on a Friday night. Any more participants and Eric may well have had a visit from the local constabulary. It's only a little shed. It was especially timely that officers from Marine Safety were our guest speakers for the evening – newcomers exposed straight-up to the legal requirements for travel at sea.

We are sea-kayakers, and we do need to act within the law for our own safety, peace of mind of those who care about us, and for us (the would be "rescuers") and for the reputation of the club.

If we all put an effort into complying with the regulations we can only but benefit individually and as a group. Think about it!

Not much else to say other than things are looking good, Broke Inlet was a great weekend, and the committee will do its best to see that all this new energy about grows into a good thing. Happy Paddling.  
Ian MacGregor

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**Absolute deadline for receipt of  
material for next issue of  
WA Seakayaker :**  
**Midnight WST. Wednesday 24th April**

## *This Month's Fiercely Contested* **DUCK FOR COVER AWARD** *Goes to Dennis Kerley*



It's often in times of great stress that our minds turn to absent friends. We had spent a stressful time fighting the elements, being trashed in the surf, washed ashore, battered, bruised and having to carry our boats and all our gear along a stretch of wind blown beach.

We contacted our ground support crew who had difficulty reaching the isolated spot. By that time the beer had run out and the ice had melted. And we'd been listening to Don's jokes for several hours. Stressful times indeed!

At last Brad arrived to rescue us but where was Dennis? He was absent! In fact he had been absent for about two hours. They say when the going gets tough, the tough get going, and that's exactly what he did. Just wandered off without a word to anybody.

Brad wasted his disturbingly low petrol supply driving round looking for our absent friend but with no result. He finally showed up as casually as he'd departed.

The petrol tank just made it to the S Bend service station which of course, was closed by then.

## NOTICE BOARD

### Welcome to the following; New Members

Terry Bolland	Bruce Payne
Viki Cramer	Jenny Pickerill
Robert Findlay	Darryl Poulsen
Byron Geneve	Ann Pringle
Nahum Harlap	Frank Pringle
Ronald Heelan	Lia Rader
Dafydd Emmanuel	Sandy Robson
José Garcia	Karen Sykes
Christine Hanson	Leanne Wheelock
Megan Halvey	Robin White
Brian McCarren	Charles Whyte
Joanne McDonnell	Emma Yuen

### Check out these web sites!

Warren Wilson has suggested we share interesting web sites and has started the ball rolling by providing a few.

**Best paddling articles** (going forward at speed)

[www.bcu.org.uk/marathon/kayak\\_tech.htm](http://www.bcu.org.uk/marathon/kayak_tech.htm)

[www.canoe.org.au/story.asp?item=282](http://www.canoe.org.au/story.asp?item=282)

**Rolling** - absolutely brilliant as has animated illustrations and great hints on how to learn and to help others learn

[www.digitalbristol.org/org/sports/canoe/kayakrol/rolling.htm](http://www.digitalbristol.org/org/sports/canoe/kayakrol/rolling.htm)

**Weather report** and forecast for local and coast from Cape Leeuwin to Jurien Bay

[www.seabreeze.com.au/graphs/forecast.asp](http://www.seabreeze.com.au/graphs/forecast.asp)

**NSW sea kayak club site.** [Www.nswseakayaker.asn.au](http://www.nswseakayaker.asn.au)

**Laurie Ford's Seakayaking site,** Tasmania  
<http://www.tassie.net.au/~lford/epumps.htm>

### Some Feedback on Website

"The site is looking good so far and loads up quickly too. When I first searched for it I plugged in the name "seakayak" as one word together with a number of other parameters such as "club" and "WA" etc for no result. I got the link through the canoe assn. Site eventually. Perhaps Paul could put something in that will trigger search results from the word seakayak."

### Letter to the Editor.

"I wonder if in a newsletter members could be asked whether they are happy for a spreadsheet to be distributed, to help people contact each other? If it could include email addresses for those who want to give them, that'd be handy. I'm happy for my details to be circulated on such a list. Perhaps a rule of circulation that people not use the list for marketing, or even non-kayaking purposes generally might be desirable?"  
Gary Nixon, Geraldton

*Editor's note:* The above letter refers to a list containing contact details only. It does not include all the personal information on membership forms. If anybody objects to their phone number etc. being given out on request please advise a committee member.

### Avon Descent

The Avon Descent Novice Information Forum was introduced by Canoeing WA last year to allow potential paddlers to prepare, select a craft, and train, with quality information about the race well beforehand. This year it will be held on 19 March, at the hall at cnr Abernathy & Keane Streets, Cloverdale - seating for about 200. More information later as details are confirmed.

### Thanks from the Editor

*A great big thank you to all those who contributed to this magazine.*

*But just because I set an absolute deadline for articles, it doesn't mean you all have to wait till the last minute.*

*PLEASE get articles in as early as possible so I can allocate space or fill the gaps. The planning of a magazine begins immediately after the previous one has been posted. It needs to be completed to the point of fine tuning by the deadline.*

*To avoid duplicating articles that I have already asked someone else to write it is best if you let me know as early as possible if you're interested in writing something on a particular event.*

*You'd win even more brownie points if the material was received on floppy disks, or Emailed.*

*Marian Mayes*

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## Bloody Weather

by Don Kinzett

I decided to repeat the trip I did last year from Lancelin to Geraldton. I had two starters this year, Marian and Mick.

We left my house 6am on Boxing Day and many thanks to Eric for coming up and bringing back my car. We were on the water by 8am, even though Mick has been to Ian's boat packing school. There was a break after two hours of paddling and we enjoyed the sight of many dolphins in the area. The sea came in about 11.30am at roughly 18kmph.

We all arrived at Wedge Island for lunch by 12pm - I hit a rock and put a hole in my boat. What a good start! Left the Island and after three hours of paddling we set up camp about 3km south of Grey. Had a visit from a CALM ranger, who gave us some information on kangaroo ticks in the area. We had covered 45 km in that first day of paddling.

We left the beach at 6.10am (by the way Mick was getting noticeably faster) and made a short paddle to Grey, where we managed to set up the two parasails which Marian and Mick had. What a day! We were really flying and as I had my sail we were in Cervantes by 9.30am, where we filled our water bottles and then were off again.

We paddled to Hill River where we stopped for lunch, then got the

sails up again and left them up whilst we paddled until we stopped at Jurien Bay. It was such a hoot surfing down the big wind waves with a sail up, both Marian and Mick also had big smiles. The wind was 18 to 20, an afternoon south west. We arrived at Jurien at 1.30pm, stocked up on essentials (beer and ice) and headed north. Stopped about 4km out of Jurien - we travelled 49km this day.

Left Jurien at around 6.10am and across to North Head in 45 minutes. Trolled a lure but there were no fish. We saw the monument to Bob Bartle, who was killed by a tiger shark some years ago while spear-fishing at North Head.

A south wester soon arrived and resulted in a quicker trip to Green Head, where we stopped for a break. We are now inside the reef and we had a very fast paddle, so we arrived in Leeman at 12.30pm, staying the night with some friends of mine. We had a BBQ, a hot shower and plenty of cold beer. Marian forced me to stop, I wanted to camp out in the sand. *(Rubbish Don! I tried to force you to go on but you insisted on stopping to see your mate. Marian)*

Left Leeman at 5.50am, there was zero wind and so the sea was flat. We paddled for four hours and then came the wind, so we put the sails up again and off we went - it was a fantastic day. We were really moving fast and we only stopped twice. We covered 55km from Leeman. Marian and Mick had become very big fans of sailing and kayaking. There was only 22km left to Dongara in the morning.

Marian has been hanging around Eric too long. Only a couple of reds and she keeps falling off her chair.

Half way through the day I saw a 4WD on the beach with a kayak on it. Decided to go over and say hello, when Brad hopped out - he had been driving the coast road between Leeman and Dongara when he saw the parasails up.

Away the next morning and ar-

rived in Dongara at 9.30am, just as the wind arrived. Met up with Brad who paddled down the coast to meet us. We waited for Gary and Dennis to arrive from Geraldton, had fish and chips for lunch and once again stocked up on more beer. We were away by 11.30am, with the winds a serious south west, with good swells. I can see that Mick and Marian are now not so keen.

Had a bit of trouble finding a gap in the reef, but eventually got inside. Dennis paid the price (twice) for playing in the surf, but the wind is very strong and the conditions not very nice. Marian got hit by two very big waves, but put in some good braces to stay upright.

We finally stopped and a decision was made to pull out about 8km short of Flat Rocks, which is half-way between Dongara and Geraldton. So, for the second year in a row, I have been stopped by the weather in the same place.

Soon had Brad on the mobile phone and after a lot of trouble, he found us on the bush track. Soon loaded up and on to my mate's place in Geraldton for showers, BBQ and drinks (thanks very much Brad for the bloody hangover). I have got to stop drinking rum. *(Cont. on page 5)*



Mick McDermott landing with kite up



Don Kinzett with sail up

(Bloody Weather from p 4)

#### My trip companions.

Well Marian and Mick were very easy to get along with. They weren't the greatest fans of my 4.30am wake-ups, but until the last day I think they were having a ball. I think they would

both agree with me, though they thought they should have done more training.

#### Sails.

I'm more convinced than ever on the use of wind assistance, it makes a huge difference to distance covered

for less effort.

Again many thanks to Eric and Brad for solving our transport problems.

We definitely would've been in trouble if it weren't for Brad's 4WD.

### **GOLF HUSTLER DEFRAUDS DULVERTON**

The inaugural Dulverton Beach Masters Golf Classic, played January 27, was marked by gale force winds and controversy.

For those not familiar with Dulverton, the links comprise a series of sand traps, water hazards, sloped greens, rocks and ground under tidal repair - with the constant threat of canine interference.

The course was designed by Tel Williams, whose creative planning talents extend to game fishing with cubes of squid and eating rice from a kayak in gale force conditions.

First up to the tee on hole one - a short par three - is Terry Bolland. Bolland selects a one wood from his arsenal of sticks and strikes the tennis ball with the style of ... well, a seasoned long-distance kayaker who is playing his first game of golf. A par three.

Gary Nixon steps up next. He confronts the tennis ball with the adversarial approach of an experienced beach cricketer. Whack. Another three.

Williams is jubilant with his result, a birdie two.

Carolyn Nixon expresses disappointment after her par three, complaining there was no ladies tee.

After three holes, Williams is a clear leader, three points ahead of Bolland and six ahead of Nixon G, who scores a suspicious seven on the third. At this stage Nixon C is a clear winner in the ladies division.

Number four is the start of Nixon G's miraculous recovery.

A downward sloping hole leading down to a water hazard doubling as the cup and protected by rocky protruberances and a bouncing surface, the fourth hole is adequately handled by Williams with a par three and Bolland with a bogey four.

Up steps Nixon. A seeming mis-hit slice rumbles into the rocky channel for a hole in one.

The gallery erupts.

Williams shows the grace of man who is still four shots ahead. Bolland shows the grace of ... well, a man who has run solo across the Tanami Desert.

The fifth is a short uphill pitted by sand rough. Up steps Nixon. Whack! Another hole in one.

The gallery is becoming bored but remains polite.

Williams cannot match it. The tussle between the two tightens as the gap is reduced to three shots. Nixon tees up for the sixth, a difficult par five forcing players to choose a chip shot over the one metre rocks or a straight hit through a narrow gap to the hole, which is hidden from view. Both options are highly improbable.

Nixon piles high his tee, preparing for a lifted chip shot. Thwack, the sound of another mis-hit. The ball is struck hard and low, hooking well to the left of the hole. It ricochets left off a rock, glances right off another, angles off another and dribbles into the hole.

It is some time before play resumes. The gallery is in hysterics. Nixon parades with one wood held aloft.

Suddenly Williams is concerned. After the sixth his lead is cut to one.

Bolland is also concerned. A 12 on that hole has him competing one-on-one with Nixon C for the Ladies championship, renamed B Division at that point. This competition is notable for its imaginative application of preferred lies.

Nixon tees up for the seventh. Another hole in one? No, three is enough and there's no Mitsubishi in sight. But he draws level with Williams on this hole.

Fighting hard and entertaining the gallery with colourful self-directed language, Williams relinquishes the lead on the eighth. He does not regain the lead on the ninth.

In the fashion of a true sporting hero, Nixon gets to wear the grotty blue camping jacket of victory.

A competitor mutters something about hustlers.

"Just another history lesson for Mr Williams!" Nixon is reported to have said in the post-championship media conference.

Meanwhile, B-Division ends in a draw. The play-off is yet to be completed and Bolland is taking golf lessons.

ANON

### **Mandurah to Cottesloe (By Graeme Lee)**

On the Australia day weekend I only had 2 days off, so as I couldn't go away with the club I decided to do something by myself. I put in at the chimneys, Mandurah and paddled to Cottesloe.

This was not about how far it was or how long it would take, it was just my learning time.

When we go on a club paddle we just have to turn up and have a good time. We don't need to think, as the leaders do it for us. Everybody just watches Eric. He knows the weather, the tides,

charts, swell, distance to paddle, time we will finish, how many paddlers and even the colour of their boats.

I wanted to know my position at all times, but laminated charts were too expensive so I photocopied 25 pages from the U B D street directory and put them in plastic sleeves, so if I had to beach at any time I would know where I was. I also borrowed a mobile phone.

(Cont. on page 6)

*(Mandurah to Cottesloe Cont. from P5)*

On Sunday I paddled OK and camped for the night near the Garden Island Causeway. It was a full moon that weekend and I did a lot of thinking about the boys paddling up north.

On Monday morning I woke up at 3.30 am. The moon was still up but setting fast so I decided to paddle by moonlight. By the time I had breakfast and packed up it was 4.30am. Have a guess where the moon was now. F.....ing gone! So I paddled in the dark for 1/2 an hour before the sun came up. It was different but I managed OK. Some dolphins surfaced about 50 yds away but it seemed like 2 ft in the dark.

The rest of the day went well. I just kept the Indian Ocean on my left and landed at Cottesloe Beach at 12.30. Picture this; you know how well I blend in to the environment. There were two young paddlers lying on the beach next to their kayaks, to see me coming in from the horizon. As I landed I asked them if they would help me carry my fully loaded kayak up to the road as I had just paddled from Mandurah. They said "WOW are you Terry Bolland we have always wanted to meet you?" I said "No sorry, I am just Graeme Lee."

## **SAFETY**

The Department of Transport, Marine and Harbours Water Police seem to be running more and more checks of safety equipment. It is up to each individual member to make sure they paddle with the correct safety gear. The committee is thinking about more checks on members before a paddle and you could be excluded from a paddle if you don't have the right gear. This is the minimum safety equipment you should have:

### **Within two nautical miles of the mainland:**

- A PFD (personal flotation device) Type 1
- Two hand held red flares
- Two hand held orange smoke flares

### **Between two and five nautical miles:**

- Add an EPIRB to that list
- Rottnest is EPIRB exempt

### **More than five nautical miles:**

- You can add two parachute distress flares
- Plus a 27meg radio
- If you have the two parachute flares you don't need the hand held red flares
- I also carry at all times a three minute smoke canister.

Most members use a Type 2 PFD. We are also meant to carry an anchor. Remember you could or will be fined and it also reflects badly on the club. It's also in your own interests to carry this gear.

At the February meeting, we were addressed by two officers from the Department of Transport. They confirmed that we would be liable to a \$100 fine (on each count) if we were not carrying a PFD type 1 and an effective anchor. The anchor must be deployable from the cockpit of the kayak. It is not necessary to actually wear the type 1 PFD as long as we carry one on our deck or in a hatch.

They suggested that if these two points create a problem, then we should write to the Department of Transport setting out our reasons for objecting and trying to negotiate an exemption.

The club now has a fairly good library and there is one book called "Sea Kayak. Deep Trouble". I urge all members to read this book. It's an absolute eye opener. It should be mandatory reading for all sea kayakers. But there are now a lot of good books for members. Just see Eric.

**Don Kinzett**

## **A Little Piece of Irrelevant Trivia. (or should I say irreverent?)**

**TOES UP TAXI**  
**City Morgue**

**You stab 'em**  
**We slab 'em**





## The Zuytdorp Challenge

The challenge of paddling 800 km from Perth to Shark Bay by sea kayak is not one to be taken lightly. Especially when 215kms of that journey follows the awesome Zuytdorp Cliffs where there is no landing point for the first 175kms. This landing point at Dulverton Bay is only accessible under favourable weather conditions. It is one of the longest unbroken stretches of coast in Australia. Paul Caffyn is the only person to have paddled it before in his circumnavigation of Australia twenty years previously.

Les Allen, Tel Williams, John Di Nucci and Terry Bolland were no strangers to extreme adventures. Most club members are used to reading of the exploits of Les, Tel and John. They'd been the first to paddle to the Monte Bello Islands in 2001 and from Perth to Esperance the previous year, not to mention innumerable other trips. John Di Nucci is a veteran of twenty Avon Descents.

body could rise to this challenge, they could.

They departed from the South Perth foreshore on 10<sup>th</sup> January, surrounded by a small group of family, media and wellwishers. The paddle down the Swan River to Fremantle was hampered by a head wind and cold, rainy conditions. As the four rounded North Mole and headed into the open sea they had 800 km of hard paddling ahead of them.

Strong tail winds and rough seas characterized the first few days. I met up with them at Jurien and found them in good spirits. They were elated by the thrill of surfing with a following sea stirred up by a wind that had reached 33 knots that day. Although they all have sails, they had opted not to use them, preferring to be "purists" as Tel put it and paddle the whole way.

They departed at first light next morning and I prepared to move on to

Gary Nixon and Dennis Kerley accompanied them on their departure from Geraldton and we all met up again to camp at Horrocks. We were joined by Caroline and Anna and of course, Tess the dog.

Les, John, Tel and Terry left early the following morning for Kalbarri. Gary, Dennis and their partners returned home and I drove on ahead of the paddlers.

Kalbarri, at the mouth of the Murchison River is the starting point of the 215km stretch of the almost unbroken Zuytdorp Cliffs. They were named after the Dutch ship *Zuytdorp* that disappeared in 1712 carrying a cargo that included bullion and coins. Her fate remained unknown for over 200 years. In 1927 a station hand who was trapping dingoes discovered some bottles and other relics on top of the cliffs about 60 km north of the Murchison River.

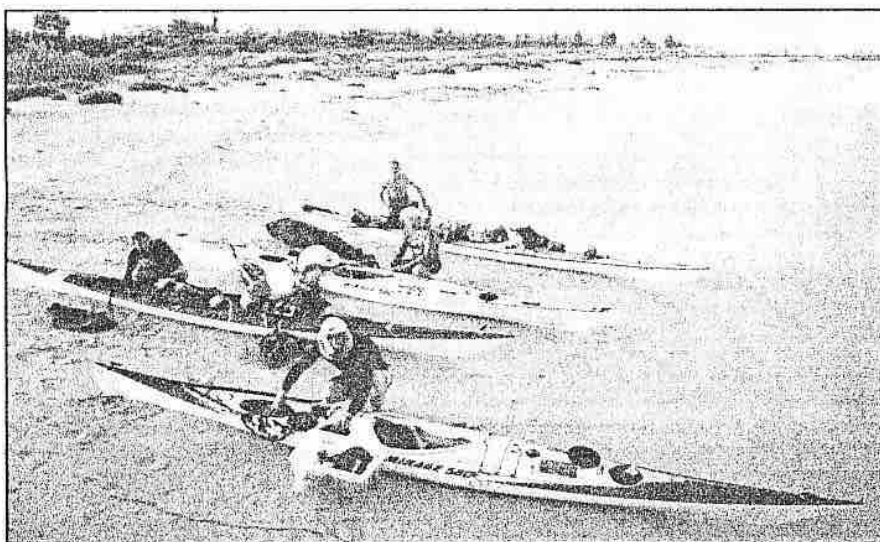
These relics and others found by subsequent expeditions linked the site to the *Zuytdorp*, leading to endless speculations regarding the fate of the survivors. The wreck site was identified in 1958.

On the day the paddlers arrived in Kalbarri, the weather was calm and hot. They planned a minimum of two days rest before tackling their major goal.

Les met me with the news that he was suffering from tendonitis and was unable to continue paddling. He had no strength in his wrist and it was swollen and painful. His disappointment was understandable. He had been the main instigator of the trip that had been twelve months in the planning. He had trained extensively for so long, only to have the opportunity of achieving this ultimate challenge

snatched from his reach by an injury beyond his control. He said he felt as if he was letting the team down.

Ken Wilson, who had befriended Paul Caffyn after he paddled the cliffs generously extended his hospitality to us. We camped in the yard of what was arguably the  
(Contin. Page 8)



Front to back: Les Allen, Terry Bolland, Tel Williams, John Di Nucci  
At Jurien

Although Terry Bolland was a latecomer to this particular team, his previous exploits include four trips in the Kimberley. He has paddled the entire length of the Mississippi River and competed in the Avon Descent fifteen times. He has also walked the Zuytdorp Cliffs, giving him an added incentive to view the formidable barrier from a different perspective.

Like all major outdoor challenges, this one was a long time in the planning. Les asked me if I would act as ground support and do some filming on the trip. Being of unsound mind, I readily accepted. I was confident that if any-

our next rendezvous. At Port Dennison they were still in good shape and spirits apart from blisters, although they had encountered some head winds. They had been averaging about 60kms a day and planned to reach Geraldton the following day.

The head wind continued, delaying their arrival in Geraldton where we enjoyed the hospitality of Gary and Caroline Nixon for the next two days. The time was spent resting and doing boat maintenance. Tel proved to be a great source of entertainment with humorous stories of his exploits during his early years in South Africa.



Hamish

(Zuytdorp from page 7)

most impressive house in Kalbarri, overlooking the river mouth, ocean and cliffs beyond. Ken was extremely proud of his life sized piper that played the bagpipes every time somebody walked past. Not good for a wandering insomniac who kept setting Hamish off at all hours of the night.

The weather forecast was favourable and they planned to leave on Thursday. I could feel the tension mounting as they examined charts and entered way points into their GPS. Landmarks they would pass included the Zuytdorp wreck site and the rabbit proof fence.

In the pre dawn stillness Tel, John and Terry packed and after a final goodbye, launched their boats. It's difficult to describe my feelings as I watched them negotiate the difficult river mouth, dodging the hazards of fishing boats heading out to sea. Finally, they were tiny specks in the distance, dwarfed by the enormous cliffs. They faced 175km of continuous paddling that they estimated would take up to 35 hours.

Les now accompanied me in the Landcruiser and we wouldn't see the paddlers again till they reached Dulverton Bay at False Entrance. We had arranged a satellite phone schedule with the trio for 6 o'clock that evening.

We met up with Gary, Caroline and Tess and drove to Dulverton Bay together. The final section was over a sandy 4WD track that provided a few challenges.

During the day, the southerly wind strengthened to around 30 knots. We walked to Zuytdorp Point and watched in awe as the waves pounded on the rocks, sending spray rising above the cliffs and collecting in salty pools on top. Our concern for John, Tel and Terry increased as we gazed out at the rough sea. There was no sign of the wind abating towards sundown as we'd hoped.

Our relief was enormous when the phone call from Terry came just after 6pm. He reported they were tired and the sea was very rough with massive wind waves. They'd covered about 82 km of the trip.

We returned to camp to find chef extraordinaire, Gary had caught a fish and was cooking it in his wok. He said it was a wok cod but I have my doubts.

The wind continued to strengthen and we lay in our tents all that night listening to it howling and threatening to tear our tent pegs from the ground. I got up repeatedly and stared out at the ocean, wondering how the weather forecast could have been so wrong and how their small craft could survive such a prolonged battering.

Les and I were up on the cliffs again at first light, awaiting the 6 am satellite phone schedule with consternation. We were extremely relieved to hear from them, but Terry reported they'd had a horrific night. Tel was in a bad way due to sea sickness and sleep deprivation and they were still about 30 km from Dulverton Bay. He requested another phone schedule between 10 and 11 am.



There's always an ironing board somewhere at False Entrance

Chef Gary started baking them a loaf of bread in his camp oven. Is there no lengths to which he won't go to get his name in print?

When the next phone call came, reporting they were 9kms away, we drove to the cliffs again. After a few minutes scanning with binoculars

I sighted the three kayaks well out to sea. Terry was still keeping up the regular paddle stroke that had earned him the nickname, "Eveready" early in the trip.

The landing itself proved to be something of an anti climax. Although it involved pulling on to a rocky shelf, the southerly wind afforded some protection and the surf was relatively small in the bay. In my eagerness to help, I fell in the water and got in the way of Les's filming.

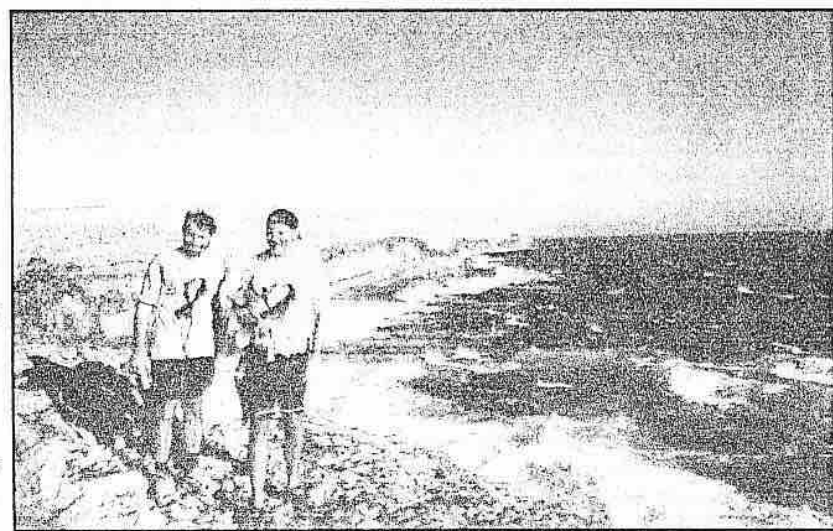
We assisted them from their boats on to shore. They were cramped and unsteady on their feet after spending 30.5 hours confined in their cockpits.

In spite of their exhaustion, they talked of the nightmare that had begun when the predicted 15-20 knot wind had intensified to a relentless 28-35 knots causing waves of up to 5 meters. John and Tel's pumps had failed so they were awash with water and had to stop regularly to empty their cockpits.

"It was the worst night of my life. I was sure I was going to die," Tel Williams said. "I kept falling asleep while I was surfing down the waves. The others were shouting at me and I kept slapping my face and pouring water over my head but I couldn't keep my eyes open. I hadn't slept at all the night before we left. It was so frustrating. The wind was so strong it kept snatching the paddle out of my hands. John rafted up and helped me. I owe my life to John."

After the moon set there was a lot of cloud cover and very little light.

(Contin. Page 12)



Terry Bolland and Tel Williams on top of the Zuytdorp Cliffs



## BROKE INLET

What could have been complicated turned out simple in the end. Everyone managed to be free on Friday. Eric overcame the biggest hurdle having family and friends look after Jo on her birthday. Don and his crew, Austen and Ian picked up Wolfgang at his place where Sandy and Kete joined them. Eric picked up John at Rockingham. Brad organised Mick and Bill as crew. All of us met at the Premier Hotel in Pinjarra.

All went well, so off we go! Broke Inlet or Bust! All information collected and a bit of intuition. Forget Walpole/Nornalup as an alternative. We'll take our chances on water level, bar open or not! Which it is. Blown open by dynamite!

A leisurely trip down. We were in plenty of time to unload, pack kayaks and away. The main bunch, leaving Eric, Ian and Kete to follow, went ahead to "suss out" a camping site. They found a beauty! Beautiful beach sand, plenty of room, sheltered from the wind, shady trees - Perfect! Up went the tents, gathered round the chosen community area, cooked up. A few grogs, entertaining chatter and off to bed.

Saturday morning after breakfast, the first item of interest was to inspect the bar. Very interesting compared to previous visits, seeing the water flowing through the opening out to sea. Ian and John paddled the cut onto the reef and played around. The rest of us climbed the rocky outcrop to enjoy the view and watch two fishermen on the reef who seemed to be taking a hell of a risk of being washed off. Kete decided not to paddle today and walked to the mouth.



In the afternoon, Ian decided to have a rest while those remaining paddled to Bald Island. Very pleasant! Bill kept falling asleep while basking in the sun on the nice warm rock. Could have been left behind, but his sixth sense warned him what we were up to. On returning to camp all had to agree "A very pleasant day". Pristine surroundings. The only inlet in WA where the water shed is not fed from farmland. Don and Eric tried a little fishing with no luck.

It was interesting to note that while at the mouth, Don being a Kiwi noted limpets clinging to the rocks. In true "hunter gatherer" fashion a few grabbed some rocks and bashed them and in no uncertain fashion dislodged them. Next step was to dig out the meat, wash and clean them ready for the pan. Don and Wolfgang were the competing cooks. There was great

debate without any real conclusion, whose was best.

Sunday, the group split up. The main headed for the Shannon River. Some to the mouth again and some relaxed around the camp.

The group at the mouth experienced a couple of fishermen washed off the rocks, but fortunately washed back on again. Immediately they took off for their camp, having had the fright of their life. They had been holidaying here for thirty years. It's taken all that time to respect the ocean.

Meantime Don and those with him found a plethora of abalone, borrowed a lever from said fishermen and harvested their discovery. So abalone for lunch.

The Shannon paddle was a real joy, first skirting the islands in the inlet, sighting the Albany group in their red Canadians, and another couple in sea kayaks who had the perfect campsite on one of the islands. It wasn't easy to spot the mouth of the Shannon, but we made it.



Right from the start was this poor swan who didn't have room to take off. It swam in front of us for nearly all the way to our picnic site. It was so relaxing and pleasant paddling leisurely through the greenery of the shrubs. Then further on into karri country to the fork in the river where conveniently a four wheel drive track ended on the bank exposing an ideal picnic area. First we undertook a walk along the track for about an hour and on return, had lunch, and relaxed in the sun.

Time to head for the camp. We were well sheltered in the river, but on hitting the open inlet we had our work cut out against a very strong headwind. Brad and Wolfgang towed Kete until Wolfgang had all sorts of trouble with his tow line. From there Brad did a great job. We even had to portage in some spots. Great to be back at camp where there was concern for the welfare of the group, being so late. Who cares about time when you are having fun.

Sunday, breakfast, pack up and paddle back to the vehicles. A great decision was made. We would stop for lunch at the gallery owned by Don's mate just outside Pemberton. Very enjoyable, relaxing, good fellowship time had by all. We all headed for home on a great parting note.

It was great to have such a pleasant weekend, pleasant company where there was "not one shot fired in anger". Not bad for a group of eleven.

**Eric Pyatt**

### Ancillary Dickheads

On the subject of **Wolfgang** again. He guided the driver on a short cut on the way back from Broke Inlet. Yes, you're a step ahead of me. He got lost.

And Wolfgang has at last revealed his secret weapon. An electronic mosquito zapper imported from Germany at great expense. Also available in Dick Smiths at a fraction of the price.

For seven years **Bill Reynolds** has possessed a sealed con-

tainer for keeping waterproof matches and he's only just found out how to open it.

And I guess I (**Marian Mayes**) deserve a mention too. Well how was I to know John Di Nucci's boat was behind my Landeruise when I backed up the driveway at Kalbarri? What's wrong with a bent rudder anyway for God's sake? After my look of horror, he confessed he'd bent it the day before.



## Oooooops ..... Splash.

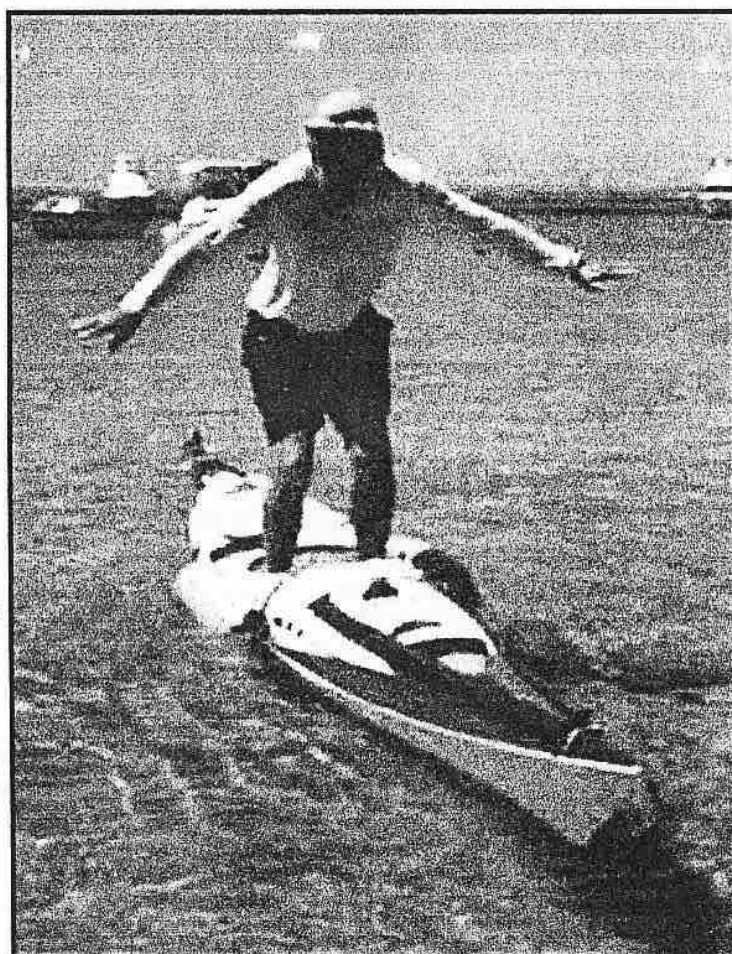
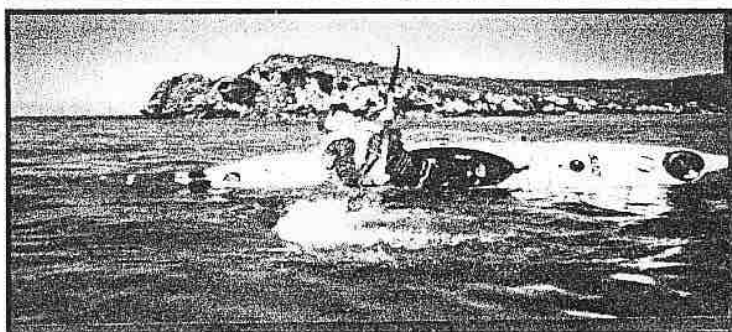
Yes the dreaded capsize. It does not matter who you are, if you sea kayak enough you will capsize. So the best thing to do is get used to it as soon as you can. Lose the fear of capsizing and you are on the road to being a good kayaker. The other thing you need to learn and practice is self rescue. There will be times when you find yourself all alone in the water. You accidentally get left behind or get caught and washed over a reef and end up on the other side to everybody else. Then what?

A good kayaker knows and practices at least three different self rescues. (important safety tip) New kayakers all look at rolling as the best self rescue to learn. Unfortunately there is no such thing as the bomb proof roll. So even if you learn to roll you still need to be able to get back into your boat after a swim.

The way I use is to climb on the back of the boat, drop my bum on the seat and pop my legs in. This is good in calm conditions but in rough conditions I need to clip on my sponsons. Then I have a safe self rescue, in all conditions. If you are a new paddler this is what I would concentrate on. If you are going to use a paddle float, sponsons, blocks of foam or any form of aid you need to practice and practice with it till you are 100% confident you can get back in by yourself.

My three means of self rescue are the roll first, sponsons second and if I am out of the boat and have to get back in quickly I use a re-entry roll. These work for me and of course are not the only ways. What you have to do is find what works for you. Once you have mastered self rescue, you will be a lot more confident and happy when you are sea kayaking.

Les Allen







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Tel Williams leaving Dulverton Bay

(Zuytdorp from Page 8)

"Tel couldn't keep going, so we just drifted for 3.5 hours," Terry said. "The three of us tried to raft up but it was too dangerous in those conditions, so John leaned across Tel's boat and supported him while he tried to snatch some sleep. I just kept floating and I was suffering from seasickness. We drifted about 30kms without paddling during that time.

"John capsized when he let go of Tel's boat and sat upright. It was about 4 o'clock in the morning and he was disorientated and missed the roll. His boat drifted away and I had to help him re-enter," continued Terry.

During their horror night it was impossible to open their hatches

or take their hands off their paddles to eat their rice so they could only snatch pieces of muesli bars and other food from their sodden deck bags. They

also suffered from fatigue and hypothermia and their lights had proven inadequate. Terry said in hindsight he should have used a strobe.

Tel's irrepressible humour soon re-surfaced. "My biggest regret was when I saw a fishing boat anchored out there. I wanted to paddle over, knock on the hull and ask them the cricket score. I would have loved to see the look on their faces. I'll always regret I didn't do that," he said.

Tel, John and Terry were keen to continue on the final leg to Steep Point the following day but the wind had strengthened further so they decided to have a rest day. Beach golf, sleep and exploration of the cliffs were the main items on the agenda.

Gary won the golf with more arse than class. Just call him "Tiger" Nixon from now on. A man of many talents!

It wasn't till they walked along the cliffs and witnessed the power of the waves breaking on the rocky shelves at their base that the enormity of their achievement really hit home.

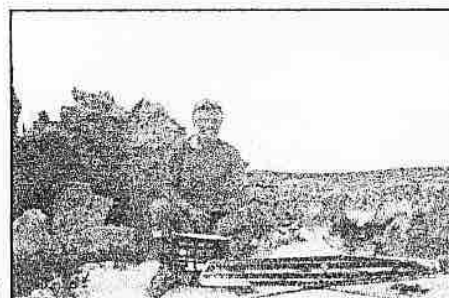
Next morning Tel called, "The wind's dropped to a gentle hurricane. Let's go!"

I photographed them breaking out through the surf and heading towards the cliffs on the final 40km stretch.

Les and I arrived at Steep Point at the same time as the paddlers due to mechanical problems and difficulties in negotiating the sand track. In no time we had the boats loaded on the trailer and were heading back to Perth.

Their elation at being the second ones to paddle this stretch of unbroken cliff line was understandable. Although each paddler had some remarkable achievements in their own right, this was considered by each of them to be the ultimate challenge, amounting to the "Mount Everest" of paddling. They'd overcome hypothermia, fatigue and sleep deprivation to achieve their goal.

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John found a dunny on the cliffs. Oh yes, and another ironing board

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