

# WA Seakayaker



Issue 36: May ~ June 2002



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



Hello – As I write this I'm travelling with others to Shark Bay. We're off to explore the area at the southern end of Dirk Hartog Island. We'll visit the most westerly point of the Australian continent. And I'm thinking how trips like this are what keep me enthused about sea kayaking. The experience of the coastline, wildlife, sea and camaraderie in a new environment continues to be attractive. As does the challenge of being self-sufficient (in a comfortable fashion) for a week or so in a relatively harsh environment. I mention this to give inspiration (if it's needed?) to those who may be becoming a bit jaded – finding the Sunday paddles a bit monotonous etc. Trips like these can really put some energy back into one's sea kayaking experience. Certainly does for me!

On a less lyrical note, Eric has been investigating finding us a home somewhere to have meetings, store gear etc. What has come to light so far looks promising. More discussion about it is needed at the next meeting.

Also Warren Wilson has done some excellent work clarifying what we need to do to resolve some of the safety equipment issues we have re regulations and Transport. More debate is needed to develop that further.

Lastly, we had an interesting presentation and talks at our last meeting from the group that recently did Perth – Zuytdorp – Shark Bay. Much appreciated. Paddling those cliffs was a tremendous feat of endurance. The sort of stuff very few get to experience.

A few other members are planning individual trips in the near future so we should get to hear some interesting stories in the coming months.

Happy paddling everyone.

**Ian MacGregor**

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## *This Month's Fiercely Contested* **DUCK FOR COVER AWARD** *Goes to Sandy Robson*



Sandy had a slight altercation with a concrete block at Albany. She was reversing her vehicle and noted the block on her right side so veered to the left. And hit the second concrete block.

I've been told by an unreliable source they always hunt in packs.

Sandy has been nominated for this award, not for hitting the block but for telling us about it. You have the right to remain silent!

It wasn't all bad. She says her tailgate wouldn't close before the accident and now it will. It just won't open.

While every endeavour is made to establish the veracity of these slanderous pieces of trivia I am at the mercy of those who report them. Truth invariably suffers in the interests of a good story. Editor

**Absolute deadline for receipt of  
material for next issue of  
WA Seakayaker :**  
Midnight WST June 26th  
But I'd LOVE to have it MUCH EARLIER

**Cover Picture:**  
**Les Allen at Carnac Island**

Photograph : Marian Mayes



## NOTICE BOARD



### Welcome to the following; New Members

Peter Cappendell  
Stephen Digwood  
Ewen MacGregor

Trevor Padman  
Derek Shaw  
Barry Small



### Change of Venue Sunday April 28th

#### Garden Island Circumnavigation

We are leaving at 8.30 from Woodman Point  
Power Boat Assn. Breakwater  
Not Garden Island Causeway as the programme stated.

### Club Trip to Ningaloo

Eric has proposed a club trip to Ningaloo for around August/  
Sept 2003. Let him know if you're interested.  
Eric Ph. 9339 2952

## CONTENTS

President's Report	Page 2
Duck for Cover	Page 2
Contacts	Page 2
Notice Board	Page 3
A Balanced Life	Page 4
Rottnest Paddle	Page 4,5
Shoalwater with Ascot	Page 5
Jurien Long Weekend	Page 6,11
Easter at Albany	
Marian's view	Page 7,8,9
Sandy's view	Page 10
Warning on Parafoils	Page 11
South Beach—Carnac	Page 12
Secret Life of Eric?	Page 12
Threading Reef	Page 13,14
Mainpeak	Page 15
Quokkaless Island	Page 16

### Eric is Working Too Hard!

How guilty does that make you feel? How can you help share the responsibility you may well ask? By filling in one of the "Nomination to Lead a Paddle." forms and returning it to Eric. It doesn't have to be a hard, long paddle, just one that suits your level and you think may appeal to others.

There are not enough members willing to lead a paddle.

### More Web Pages

Terry Bolland: [www.canoeingdownunder.com.au](http://www.canoeingdownunder.com.au)  
Canoe & Kayak Magazine: [www.canoeekayak.about.com](http://www.canoeekayak.about.com)  
Canoeing in W.A.: [www.iinet.net.au/~rokhor/canoe](http://www.iinet.net.au/~rokhor/canoe)  
[www.wetdawg.com/](http://www.wetdawg.com/)

### Compass Navigation Course

Les Allen has proposed putting together a compass navigation course involving theory and point to point navigation that includes a night paddle. Anybody who is interested contact Les on 9456 2129

### Apologies

For the quality of print in the last issue of the WA Seakayaker. The photographs were virtually unrecognizable. The problem occurred when the printer's digital copier broke down and he had to outsource the job. The good news is he only charged half price for it.

### Limerick

There once was a young man from Kent  
Who had a serious necrophiliac intent  
In a morgue he found work  
With an occasional perk  
And his lovers gave passive consent

© Marian Mayes

### Long Words

Talking about long words. We weren't, but we will.  
How's this?

"Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis"  
It means 'a respiratory condition caused by very fine mineral particles, such as might be generated by an erupting volcano'  
At this point in time you're probably all wondering how you got this far in life without knowing that.

From Good Writing Guide by NE Renton

In the words of the infamous philosopher, Helier Beardsley  
**Si hoc legere scis numium eruditionis habes.**  
(If you can read this, you're overeducated)



## A BALANCED LIFE

With a crook ankle, crook knee and a stuffed back running for exercise is out of the question. What would be a good alternative?

With these thoughts coursing through my head and a long held hankering to paddle a "canoe" at sea the obvious thing was to track down a club.

My first experience was 2 years ago with Neville, Wolfgang, Helier, John, Fran and a couple of others for a paddle around Penguin Island.

First thing was to hop in the club owned kayak, a Capella----my God this thing was rocking a lot! Then I launched it into the water and thought that the day's paddle would finish before we got going. Halfway to Seal Island the rudder controls came loose and after John played around with them for a while we simply disconnected it. So here I was in a wobbly tube at sea with no easy method of directional control. At one stage it was 15 minutes of paddling on one side only, just to keep reasonably straight. Three hours later and without, by some unknown grace, having tipped out we arrived back at the starting point. I was totally knackered.

Undaunted by this initial experience I thought that a "good" boat and some practice would make up for it so I promptly talked to Les Allen and surprise surprise I was soon the proud owner of a Mirage 580.

After a few months of being out on the water most Sundays, my wife Roz decided that she wasn't going to be a boating widow and so took delivery of a Mirage 530. Typical bloody female - she promptly took to it like a --- er---duck to water ha ha - and showed me up totally.

I have had a few unscheduled dunkings and have given a few club members rescue practice in a variety of conditions and am very grateful for the advice, assistance and practical help offered by them.

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*"Balance and stability starts with strong pelvic floor muscles"*

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A recent visit from my Physio daughter (why do they leave town as soon as you have finished paying their way?) was very educational. She explained that balance and stability starts with strong pelvic floor muscles and then good back strengthening. My damaged back has left me with a legacy of neither of the above. She provided me with a program to aid both, and already it is paying dividends on the water. The addition of a 10-litre water bag in the cockpit floor has also helped (a bit like a keel on a yacht!).

The path to a more balanced life is looking much clearer. I just have to figure out following seas and surfing and wind and waves and - and - and - and

**Phil Evans**



Phil Evans  
Photograph © Marian Mayes

## ROTTNEST PADDLE

By BILL REYNOLDS

**WHAT takes nearly nine hours sitting down, cramps your style and gives you tight buttocks? (I promised I wouldn't use the word buttocks in front of Don, especially tight ones.)**

Anyway you've guessed it. It's a slow-motion paddle with the Rottnest swim-through, one of the longest ocean races of its kind in the world.

Wolfgang asked me to support a team of four gutsy relay swimmers, three of whom were making their debut in the big event. We decided to share the paddle and launch out kayaks from the power boat rather than from the beach. Hopefully, this would make the rendezvous with the first swimmer much easier, but it was the wrong decision.

We arrived at 4.30am and then rocked and rolled through the Heads and along the beaches, often overtaken by speeding oafs similar to those you meet on the freeways. Finally, we reached the armada anchored off Cottesloe.

Wolfgang decided to take the first shift and we unstrapped his boat from the deck and dropped it over the side. But getting into the kayak was difficult in the slop and the chop stirred up by so many boats.

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*"There was an ominous crunching of fibreglass against steel"*

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There was an ominous crunching of fibreglass against steel as Wolfgang tried to enter his Mirage with style. Moments later he was at right angles to the water, perilously close to capsize.

He recovered and set off through the fog of fumes to a yellow buoy, where he had arranged to meet the swimmer. Not so easy! There was a second yellow buoy. Our swimmer was at one and Wolfgang was at the other. Eventually they met and we were off just after 6.30.

*Continued Page 5*

(Continued from page 4)

It was slow going but the conditions were ideal apart from the acrid smell of petrol and diesel. Wolfgang was looking relaxed and, as the water flattened out, I joined him in my boat. The hours ticked by. A few kilometres from the finish Wolfgang took off for shore where we arranged to meet.

It was good to get there. I parked my boat and made my way through the human tsunami and rejoined my swimmers. No sign of Wolfgang or Graeme Lee who had paddled over with some other competitors.

An hour later I walked up to our overnight log cabin and jumped into a much-needed shower. Still no sign of Wolfgang. The team cracked open champagne in celebration and passed around some chocolates. Where was Wolfgang?

I made my way back to my boat and found him fuming on the shore, where he had been looking for me for

five hours. He raged at me for not searching for him farther along the beach when I first landed. I suffered in silence, thinking smugly of how the Poms hammered the Hun at soccer. But I thought now was not the time to mention the score!

I soothed him and, with Graeme we carried our boats to the accommodation. Wolfgang still muttering darkly. He confessed it was the angriest he had been



Bill Reynolds  
Photograph © Marian Mayes

since someone mistakenly drilled two holes in his new boat.

The next morning the we were up early to the irritation of the rest of the dormitory. Graeme got things going by putting on the kettle, which bubbled and hissed in the silence. It was so noisy we thought he was having a shower. It was a perfect morning for a paddle back to the mainland. We set off with John Ross and his mate who had escorted another team of swimmers in a bearable five hours.

Conditions were ideal, with a gentle following sea helping us on our way. Into Gage Roads, and we headed out of the unremitting sunshine for the shade of a giant tanker, aptly named the Cool Exporter. We stopped for a break and shared some of Graeme's coffee. Very nice, mate, but what about making it cappuccino next time? We parted company, Graeme for a landing at Cottesloe, John and partner for a paddle through the Heads (yes, they made it minus a hosing down from the port authorities) and Wolfgang and me for Port Beach.

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*"Minutes later we spotted a submarine heading for us."*

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Minutes later we spotted a submarine heading for us. We watched and waited as it passed close to our bows, the water churning in its wake. After three hours on the water we made a happy landing.

Quite wisely, Wolfgang has vowed not to repeat the time-consuming experience with the swimmers. But I am hooked so put me down again for next year. After all, it's something to tell those sun-starved Poms back home.

## Shoalwater Bay With Ascot Club

What a good idea! Full credit to President Peter Martin of Ascot Kayak Club who approached Programmes Director, Eric, to have a joint paddle on the sea. It was the club's pleasure to accept and host the proposal. The obvious interesting and safe venue was Shoalwater Bay, so a date was set. Twelve members and five guests supported our own club and sixteen from Ascot. It was an interesting line-up on the beach with such a mixture of craft. The smallest of river boats, middle size ones; some with spray decks, some without; on tops, single and double; double sea kayaks and our own array.

The crowd were very responsive and attentive to the briefing. The weather was perfect, so it was suggested to paddle across the sand-bar clockwise around Penguin Island, to Shag Rock, Seal Island, across the open stretch to Bird Island, weave between the reef to Point Peron into the bay and onto the beach at the far end for morning tea. There was the usual instruction, not to blast out on your own. Have someone with you and look after each other.

Eric had surgery two days before, so couldn't paddle, but walked along the beach timing it perfectly to join all at morning tea. With the binoculars, it was interesting to

observe how scattered thirty boats can become. Not to worry! Conditions were very safe and a good time had by all. There was some surf on the reef and generally people paired off or were in groups with an odd one or two loners. There were a few spills, but there was always someone to lend a hand.

The return to base was against a head wind of medium strength. This contributed to the group spreading even further, but the club should be proud of how its members looked after the batblers. The five club guests were very competent paddlers, up front all day.

After finishing and loading up, fellowship at the cafe was enjoyed by quite a group, some spilling out to an Ascot member's home in Safety Bay. More than a few went out of their way to congratulate the club on hosting and organising a very enjoyable outing. **Eric Pyatt**



Eric Pyatt  
Photograph © Marian Mayes



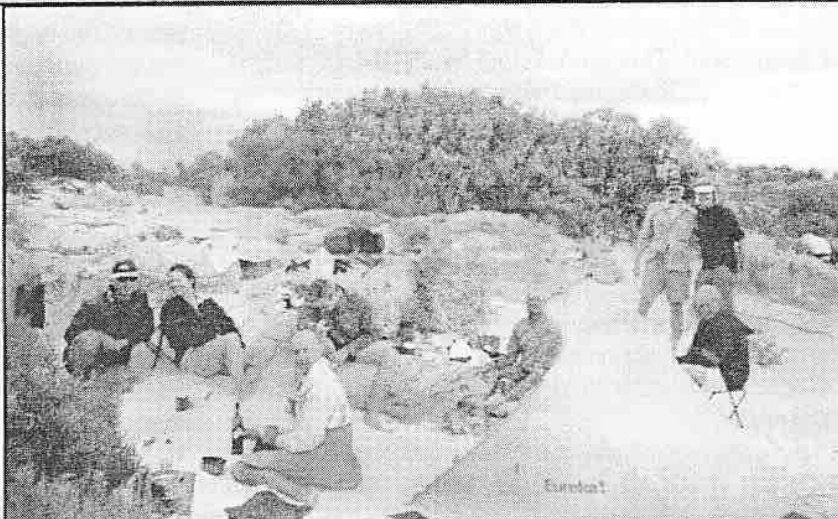
## JURIEN LONG WEEKEND

Reuters, 18<sup>th</sup> March, 2002

InterPol today released pictures of an international group of drunken, derelict misfits that it has been tracking for some time. This group is accused of being responsible for extreme drunken, lewd, non-politically-correct and totally naughty behaviour.

This group goes under the name of the Sea Kayak Club of WA and should be avoided at all costs. They have been known to corrupt innocent new members in an extremely short period of time, and so far there has

been no instances of any persons being saved from their grasp. If cornered, they are known to consume copious quantities of red wine and lose their way to their tent.



Back left to right: Don, Megan, Gary, Brad, Helier, Bill,  
Front: Neville, Eric.

Photograph by John Ross

And so we descended on Jurien on Friday... at first just a trickle, but this turned into a steady stream until we had a total of 15 kayaks, people and associated paraphernalia all camped at the Jurien Bay Caravan Park. It was quite obvious that the people of Jurien had not been totally exposed to the club because they were still smiling at us!

After a drink it was time to set up the tent (No !!!!!... not on THAT side of the white line !!!!!), and have a drink... and inflate the Thermarest... and have a drink... and unroll the sleeping bag... and have a drink.

The paddling started in earnest the next day with a paddle out to some of the islands to the south of the townsite. As usual the islands were very picturesque and presented us with some very easy yet beautiful kayaking so close to the mainland. Our usual concerns regarding Jurien's notorious winds were quickly put to rest as we paddled longer into the day without experiencing any Force 8 breezes. A nice surf break was located south of one of the islands and this provided an excellent opportunity for everybody to brush up on their surfing and self-rescue skills!

We pulled into a small site just north of Hill River and rapidly established a community in the dunes. After a quick brew everybody settled into their preferred pastime of exploration, reading or fishing. The fish were obviously suicidal that day as they seemed to be fighting each other to get caught. Most were released, but a few managed to find their way into the frypan for dinner. Ewan cooked

up a feast for himself and Megan that evening much to the envy of the rest of us. (Damn... and I packed noodles AGAIN !!!). Megan decided to lower the tone of the evening by introducing us to her favourite drink. C\*\*K Sucking Cowboys... so there we were, a group of politically correct, disciplined and morally strong people being corrupted by ONE individual whose thoughts aren't as pure as the rest of us. Obviously some work for us to do there.

After my 3<sup>rd</sup> or 4<sup>th</sup> C\*\*K Sucking Cowboy I decided that nothing really mattered anymore !!! Isn't life great !!!

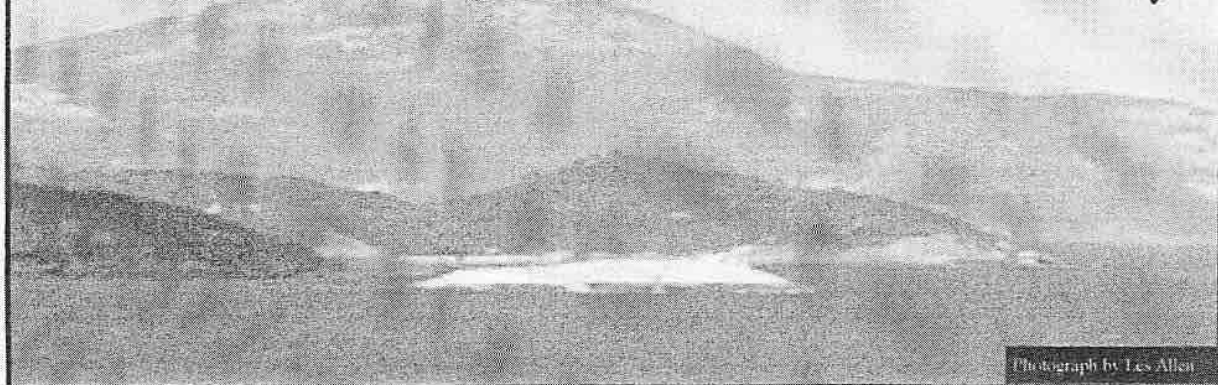
The following morning found us heading north in clear, calm conditions. Back out to the islands for some more surfing and into Jurien. Ewan was feeling rather ill (suspected lactose intolerance) and decided to head straight to Jurien to rest in the caravan park amongst the nymphs. Anna and Dennis had to make alternative plans and decided to meet up with us the following day as we returned.

A quick stopover at Jurien town allowed for re-supply of survival essentials (beer & ice). Bill was obviously worried about floods as he wandered through the town centre and into the supermarket wearing his PFD. Obviously an ex-Boy Scout !!!

After restocking, we headed further north to re-discover yet more amazing examples of the scenery that the WA coastline has to offer. North Head provided a stopping point and an opportunity to

(Continued on Page 11)

# Easter at Albany



Photograph by Les Allen

By Marian Mayes

Easter crept up and caught me unaware. Before I knew it, I was faced with the decision I'd been putting off for weeks. Did I have the courage to join the team camping on the beach and paddling in the Southern Ocean or stay at the bush block and do day paddles round the harbour?

Don Kinzett, John Di Nucci and I, travelled to Albany on Thursday, with Bill Reynolds and Wolfgang Schlieben in a second vehicle. We met up with Les Allen at the beautiful bush block kindly made available by Marcus and Mandy Geneve. The weather was pleasantly sunny with a strong wind and a front forecast for Saturday.

Les's dire warnings about "waves as big as a three storied house", difficult surf landings through multiple lines of breakers and near impossible break outs through same almost eroded my confidence. All the "what ifs" leading up to the decisive moment were finally put aside and I decided to grasp the opportunity of raising the bar of experience in the company of four very strong paddlers in whom I had absolute faith. Even though they do take the piss out of me at every opportunity. And if there are no opportunities, they find it necessary to invent them. I should never have written that tongue-in-cheek article, "The Bimbo Factor". You never get a second chance to make a first impression.

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*"You never get a second chance  
to make a first impression"*

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Les, John, Don, Helier and I launched from a sheltered spot at Emu Point laden with all our camping gear. Bill, Charlie and Wolfgang accompanied us, planning to paddle round Michaelmas Island before returning to Emu Point and staying at the base camp.

The rocky shoreline provided an interesting opportunity of getting up close and personal with the local seabirds. The hills and islands in and around the inner harbour look really intriguing.

We stayed close to shore before heading into a bay for a short break. From there we paddled out towards Michaelmas Island, planning to do a figure of eight through Middle Channel and round Breaksea Island. Once out of the protection of the bay, we faced a strong wind with choppy waves and low swell. Charlie, Bill and Wolfgang turned back, leaving five of us to continue.

Michaelmas Island presents some magnificent rugged cliffs and rock faces with no landing places. A fitting place for the small seal we saw on a wave-pounded rock. We paddled between the two islands but the wind and swell was picking up. Rather than face paddling into the headwind down both sides of the islands, we went between them and headed round the eastern end of Michaelmas towards shore. The swell was about two metres high and provided an exciting reminder of what sea kayaking is really about, after a summer with no swell round Perth. Pretty exhilarating stuff!

We had a choice of two landing spots and some voted for the closer (Others just won't admit when they're knackered. They always need a scapegoat). My earlier concerns about difficult surf landings were totally groundless as the beach was sheltered.

We established camp and set about our various pursuits such as photography, fishing and climbing on or falling off rocks. Helier caught a couple of fish, one of which Don dropped back in the ocean. I've never understood why fishermen stand for hours untangling lines and replacing lost baits. There's clearly some finer point here that's eluding me.

We cooked our meal and sat around talking and indulging in an occasional sip of wine or beer. It

*(Continued Page 8)*

(Continued from Page 7)

never ceases to amaze me how these guys can produce so much space occupying food and so many gadgets yet still claim they have room to spare in their boats. I don't carry canned food, kettles, cans of beer, eskies, ice or other superfluous crap but still have trouble fitting it all in my kayak through those ludicrously small hatches. Perhaps its because I take a change of clothes!!! And once it's in there it expands like some nightmarish sci fi goo. With them it's the other way round. The boats expand to fit the gear. It's clearly a boy thing. Les suggested he design a pop top kayak for



It's not all hard work in the Southern Ocean.  
Les, Don and John relaxing.  
Photograph © Marian Mayes

me. I envisage a sort of hinged model like a plastic toothbrush container. He warned of possible flotation problems.

That night the full moon was superb, rising above the cliffs and bathing the whole bay with silver reflections. I'm sure we could have touched the stars with a little effort.

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*"Don couldn't make any headway because Helier was holding on to his boat"*

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Next morning Don was determined to be first on the water as usual, but wondered why he had trouble getting off the beach. He tried repeatedly but just couldn't



Helier was holding on to Don's boat  
Photograph by Les Allen

make any headway at all. Probably because Helier was holding on to the back of his boat. Every time he paddled forward a few feet, Helier pulled him back



John, Don and Helier  
Photograph by Marian Mayes

again on the next wave. He finally caught on and swore his revenge.

We paddled around to Rocky Point and stopped for a break at a sheltered beach. Our plan had been to go on further before camping but there was a strong wind warning and the headwind was already picking up. Adhering to our plan may mean a 40km paddle against a headwind if it swung next day.

We followed the bay round towards Mt. Gardner, planning to turn back when the wind picked up and return to our previous camp sight. Les was well ahead, with Don and John off doing their own thing somewhere. Helier and I went as far as a large cave near False Island.

We all turned back at various points and regrouped near Inner Island, before following the cliffs back to our earlier resting spot at Rocky Point. We stopped for lunch and a laze in the sun. By then it was quite hot with no wind and we smugly thought the front had passed. Unknown to Helier, Don placed a large rock in the front hatch of his boat while he dozed.

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*"Don placed a large rock in Helier's boat while he dozed"*

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We'd barely left the beach when the wind suddenly picked up again and yes, you've guessed it. It was another bloody headwind. It doesn't matter which direction we choose, it's always against us. Don blamed it all on Les (which is better than blaming it on me) and we paddled against it for what seemed like hours. They told me it was only 20 knots but I swear it was at least 35 knots.

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*"They claimed I was going backwards"*

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We stopped at Taylor Inlet for a rest with only two km left to reach our camp site. Once again, they used me as an excuse to stop, claiming I was going backwards but I know I wasn't the only tired one.

We camped at the same place as the previous night. We all watched in anticipation as Helier discovered the rock in his hatch. He hadn't caught on, even when

(Continued page 9)



(Continued from Page 8)

Les commented on how low in the water the front of his boat looked.

A little overnight rain failed to dampen our spirits and next morning we decided to paddle round Michaelmas Island again. Don complained about the extra distance and said he would hold Les accountable if there was another headwind. And of course there was, but it was a pleasant paddle anyway. It's a really spectacular island and we were able to get in quite close to the cliffs as there was no swell.

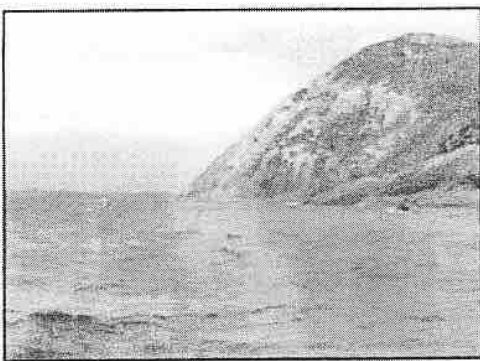
Don and Helier separated to go the more direct way back, while Les, John and I headed for the coast, then diverted to check out Gull Rock. It was interesting paddling close to the rock where an osprey, cormorants, terns, Pacific gulls, silver gulls

and shearwaters all competed for space.

We arrived back at Emu Point before noon and were met by Terry and Bev from the Albany Club. They live opposite where we landed and invited us over for coffee and hot pikelets. Their hospitality extended to a much needed hot shower. Just in time! Their dog was about to bury me.

All my fears had proved totally groundless on this trip. Although the strong headwinds had been tiring, the conditions hadn't presented anything beyond my skills and I couldn't have asked for four better companions.

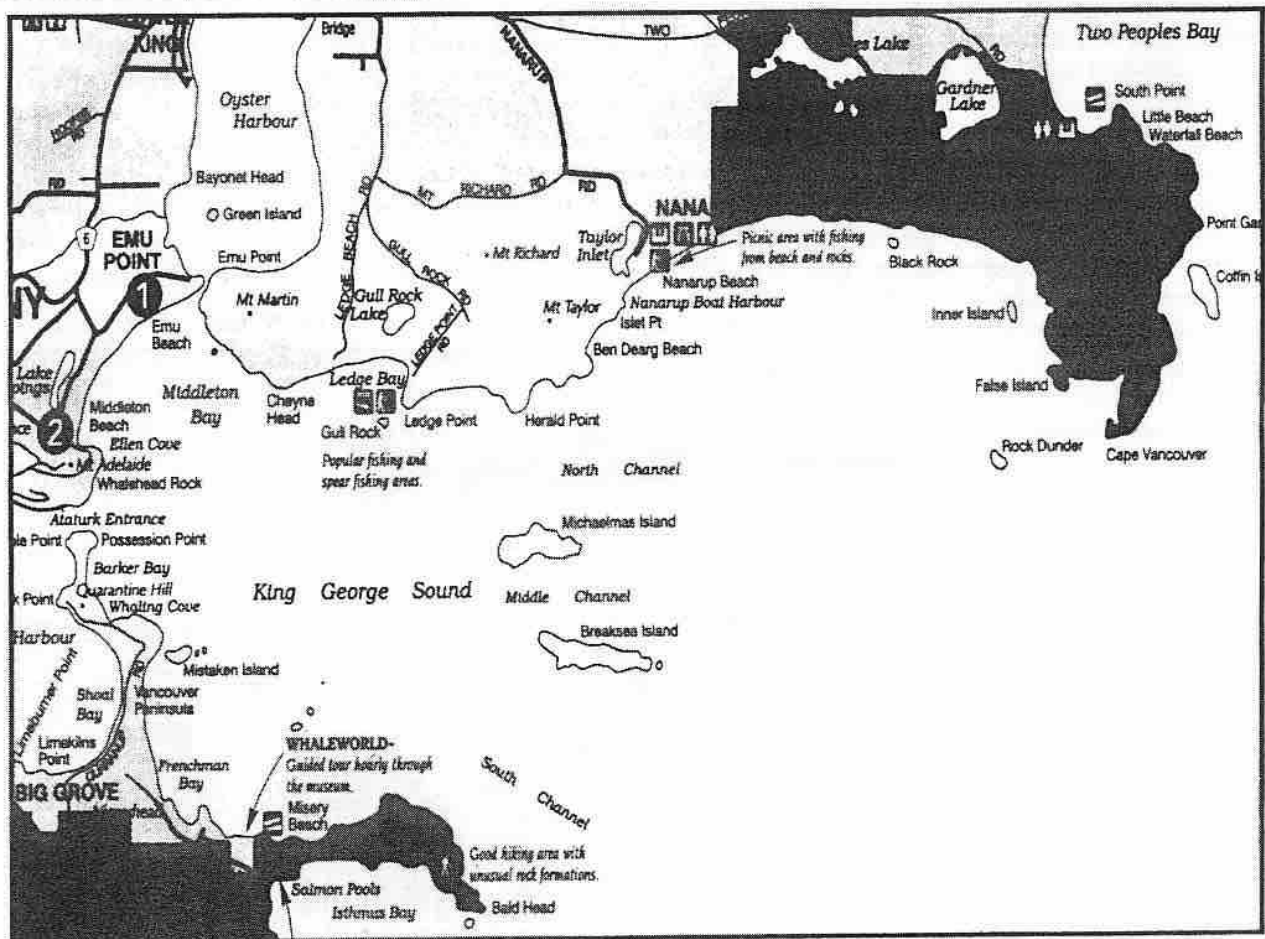
That night there was a barbecue at Marcus and Mandy's block. Overall, it was a wonderful weekend with hospitality above and beyond the call of duty from the Albany Club.



Left: Michaelmas Island

Right: We were able to paddle close to the cliffs at Michaelmas Island

Photographs by Les Allen





Sandy Robson  
Photograph by Marian Mayes

## ALBANY @ EASTER

By Sandy Robson

I arrived in Albany on Friday afternoon, by which time my fellow campers had already been out on their first day of paddling on the southern seas.

We called ourselves the 'B' team, choosing to base-camp in Albany and undertake a variety of day trips to see what Albany had to offer. Our group consisted of Wolfgang, Bill &

Sandy - camping at Marcus & Mandy's block; and Byron - staying at Marcus & Mandy's house (Marcus is his brother).

On Saturday we were up early and joined the Albany Sea Kayak Club members in providing paddle support at the Albany Swim-Through. The event is an individual 4km swim across the harbour from the Town Jetty to the Yacht Club on the other side of the Princess Royal Harbour. We arrived at 6am, were given a briefing on our role (including specific instructions that we were not to 'bonk' any of the swimmers!). We were on the water at 7am for the start of the race. The winner was over the finish line in just 53 minutes. Meanwhile, the wind had picked up and the harbour had become quite choppy. Some swimmers were having difficulty keeping the markers in sight, despite this challenge; they were all done by 9am. Following the morning event Byron, Bill, Wolfgang and I returned across the harbour and joined the Albany Club members at "The Bite" café for breakfast (not recommended for a repeat visit!).

Saturday afternoon Byron took us on the Mistaken Island adventure. We paddled out of Princess Royal Harbour into King George Sound and followed the coast around Possession Point. As you approach the island you realise that Mistaken Island takes its name from the fact that it appears to be a part of the peninsula rather than an island. We found that we could not land on Mistaken Island, but could easily land on the squeaky white beach opposite. On our return journey we hugged the shore to stay out of the wind and appreciated the shelter afforded by the peninsula until we re-entered the harbour and faced the head-wind all the way back to the town jetty. One of the advantages of paddling in Albany is that you can usually find somewhere sheltered to paddle.

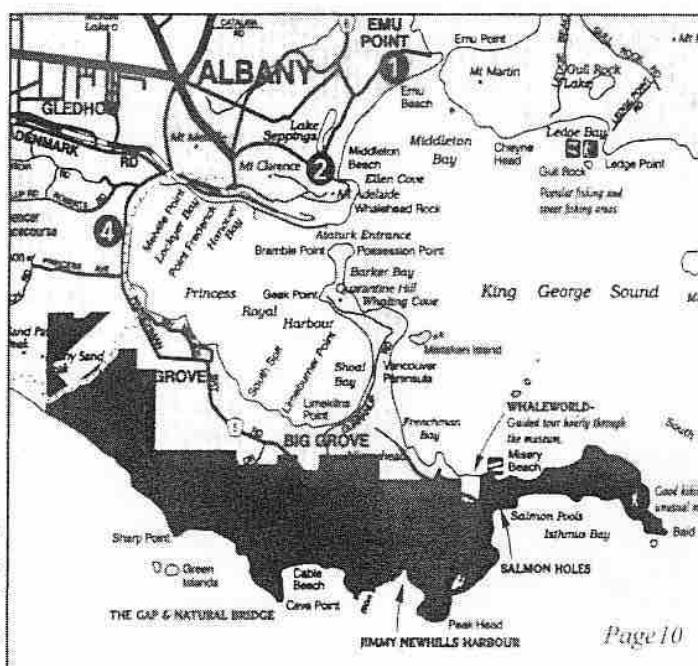
*"A relaxing start on Sunday with an Easter egg hunt and pancakes"*

There was a relaxing start on Sunday, an Easter egg hunt and pancakes preceded the drive to Misery Beach (on Frenchman Bay near the Whaling Station) to meet Bruce Pope

and the Albany Club paddlers. We launched from the small beach beside the boat ramp and followed the dramatic coastline of the Flinders Peninsula, out to Bald Head. Bill was fascinated to find that this was the very place that the Investigator (under the command of Matthew Flinders) had chosen to secure shelter and prepare for the examination of the south coast of Terra Australis in 1801. A small group of us later paddled around Seal Island (where Captain Vancouver had left a bottle and parchment in 1791, as did Matthew Flinders in 1802). We also visited the former navy destroyer HMAS Perth which is now the world's newest artificial dive reef and the newest sea kayakers challenge - to raft up to the mast, get out of your boat and climb to the top (Wolfgang says you can see the Dandenongs from there)! Unfortunately Wolfgang could not get out his camera so it all went by with zero media coverage.

*"Wolfgang says you can see the Dandenongs from there"*

By the end of the Easter weekend many of us had a new perspective of Albany and were envious of the opportunities on the doorstep. Our sincere thanks must go to the Albany Sea Kayaking Club members, especially our hosts Marcus & Mandy. We were fortunate to have their support in planning the program for the weekend, offering the block for us to camp on (it was luxury) and the hospitality shown in organising the BBQ on Sunday evening. Let's do it all again sometime.





Helier Beardsley  
Photograph © Marian Mayes

(Cont. from page 6)

get onto some higher ground & admire the scenery. A memorial stands on the top of North Head dedicated to a spearfisherman taken by a shark some years ago (1967 I think).

As we paddled further north we started to look for a suitable camping site for Sunday night. As it turned out, this was not as simple as it at first seemed. The large number of 4WD

campers had decided that they were going to use OUR campsites .... The absolute audacity shocked us all !!!

A number of sites were found that were fine for 2 or 3 people...but we had 12, and unless some of us wanted to get REALLY friendly overnight we were forced to continue up the coast until we located a suitable spot. Gary announced that he knew of a spot and took off across a bay whilst the rest of us continued to search for spots as we went.

We eventually caught up with Gary and sure enough we found ourselves in a great spot.

Again, tent-city appeared and we settled down to our afternoon leisure pursuits. As the sun slipped below the horizon, everybody ended up on top of a sand dune to watch what could only be described as a beautiful sunset. As the evening progressed, the drinking went from beer, to good red wine, to some **REALLY, REALLY, REALLY**

**BAD** red wine (Thanks BRAD !!!) and then onto a fine bottle of Port liqueur that Gary had purchased during the lunchtime stopover at Jurien. Of course, Megan persisted with her C\*\*K Sucking Cowboy's.

What is it with women and cowboys in this club ??????

It was late in the evening that Gary decided to show us his tracking skills by being unable to find his tent, largely due to alcoholic consumption.... actually it was **TOTALLY** due to alcoholic consumption. It was only due to a concerted effort by other's that he actually made it anywhere !!

The following morning saw everybody up, bright-eyed and bushy tailed.....except Gary.

Back on the water and heading south some of us made a slight detour out to one of the minor islands to be looked over by a family of sea lions including 2 small pups.

As we progressed towards Jurien, the wind started to build and we spent the last leg of the paddle heading into a growing Southerly wind.

Yet again, an excellent weekend amongst good company, and congratulations to the new members who joined us on their 1<sup>st</sup> Kayak club weekender. **Helier Beardsley**



Ewan, Megan, Eric at the Pinnacles. Photo by John Ross

## Warning on Parafoils

Parafoils are wonderful things. You can surf waves very easily, cover long distances effortlessly and get incredible acceleration to catch waves. With all these benefits they will certainly gain in popularity. There is a down side that needs to be explained though.

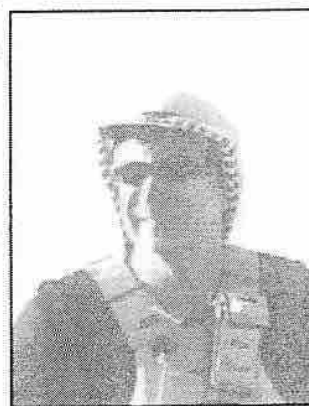
A parafoil has enough strong cord to tangle, strangle and drown at least three people. Managing the cord from your cockpit is critical for safety. An easy system of unwinding and winding in the cord must be used. If the foil crashes the cord must be wound in so there is no loose cord around the boat that can cause problems and tangles. Practice your system sitting in your boat on the beach before you try it in the water.

Foils are attached to the boat and pull them along quite well. A foil does not care if you are in the boat or out, it just keeps pulling. If you capsize and let go of the boat you are in for a big swim. A means of cutting the cord or a quick release is vital.

If you start off in a group and go over without people immediately seeing you their speed means it may take some time for them to find you after they realise you are missing. This means you have to be able to manage the situation on your own. If you are not comfortable with self rescue or the idea of paddling that area on your own, don't use a foil.

This is not designed to scare you off just to inform you of the potential problems of a fun piece of equipment. Used properly by a competent paddler they are quite ok. They may not be such a good idea for a novice.

**Les Allen**



Les Allen  
Photograph © Marian Mayes



## South Beach – Mewstone – Carnac

Well! The day turned out opposite to what was forecast by the weather bureau. The sea breeze was in already. A little north-west at first but quickly went south west. Which was just as well for there was a nice big squall on the horizon but the sou-wester was taking it to the northern suburbs away from us.

Stumpy suggested during the briefing that there is a shallow bank on a direct line to Mewstone. If the wind whipped up, it could be hazardous. A vote was taken to give this a miss and head straight for Carnac, round the island and return. This suggestion was taken up.

Les gave us a report on some navigation regulations. Three of the tail-enders had the opportunity to apply one of them when crossing the shipping channel. They kept their 500 metres from a ship passing



Peter is greeted by a welcoming committee at Carnac  
Photograph © Marian Mayes

through, instead of racing across ahead of it.

The "buddying up" is slightly improving but still a long way to go. Don had plenty to say on the subject when he arrived on the beach at Carnac. There are a few errant members, but even though well

spread it was good to see they were mainly in groups.

It was appreciated that the designated members looked after our guests effectively. It was noted that despite their lack of experience on the ocean, they are competent paddlers.

On the return leg, the wind had dropped, but visibility was poor. Landmarks were suggested as a rough proximity, but on getting closer to shore, adjust to well recognised landmarks. Some were quite astute. More work needs to be done on an individual level to improve this skill. Even to having a compass, learning how to use it and planning your own route, as was suggested by Les. "We are master of our own ship"

It is good to see a trend building up. Some are staying behind enjoying the environs and the fellowship of each others company at a picnic lunch.  
Eric Pyatt



Sea Lion  
Photograph © Marian Mayes

Does  
somebody  
here look  
familiar?



Does our beloved Secretary have a secret life? Wolfgang spotted this photograph of early morning swimmers collecting rocks at Port Beach.

## Threading Reef.

Threading reef is one of those things that make sea kayaking exciting or just plain scary. You will have to do it though, as we can't paddle our great coastline without encountering reef. From inshore reef is not that scary and you can even get right up to it and poke the bow of your boat into the white water. On the other side it is not so easy. To understand the dangers of being outside reef we must first look at the problems of different reef situations.

It pays to know the water depth approaching the reef. If the bottom is fairly shallow on the seaward side for a large distance, say 2 to 4km or more from the reef, the waves on the reef are going to be more predictable. This is because the shallow water is going to reduce the height difference between big and small swells. If there is deep water and a short shelf to the reef be careful. In these conditions the swell size can vary substantially. Then, every now and again, a huge powerful wave will break further out or in places that looked safe. These waves can be very dangerous and cause injury and broken boats. We don't see powerful waves in the metro area as there is a big shelf and outside reef that protects local beaches. Down south or in some of the northern areas you do see these big powerful waves.

Waves also strike reef differently. Smaller, slower waves tend to build up slower and spill from the top. Fig A This happens when the bottom slopes up or the wave has enough water to move over the reef easily. These waves are not so bad as the force is forward and you don't get the weight of water hitting you. A good kayaker can handle fairly large spilling waves. Where the reef is shallow compared to the wave height the wave builds quickly and dumps down on the reef. Fig B. These waves are a real problem as they suck back, almost stop and then dump down with considerable force. To have 4 or 5 tonne of water hit you is not out of the question. In deep water it's not as bad as you don't have a solid object below you. With the spilling wave it is possible to surf over the reef although this is a very dangerous practise as a big set can dump where a smaller set spills. The dumping wave has another problem. As the wave builds it sucks water back from the reef. A reef with up to a metre of water can suddenly be a jagged, exposed, flesh eating, monster. This can then cause the bow of the boat to strike rock and the boat is then pitch polled over with you in it. Not recommended! Where possible, if you get caught on a reef try to be broach on. I have surfed sideways across reef with jagged tips of rock sliding under the boat. The wave kept enough water under the hull to stop me hitting the reef. An exhilarating experience I don't recommend. If I was surfing the wave front on the bow of the boat would have hit the reef and I don't want to think of the next bit.

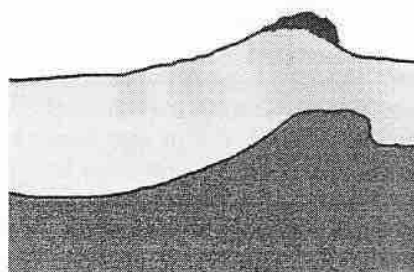


Fig A Spilling Wave

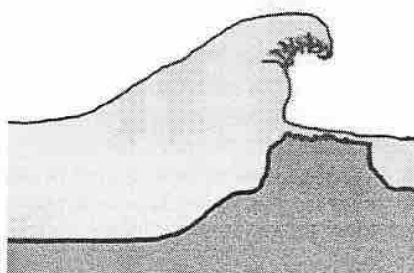


Fig B Dumping Wave

The problem with reef is you get suckered out and before you know it, all of a sudden you are dodging little bits of reef and next minute you are in big water and there is a never ending break between you and the shore. This happens very easily, believe me. Then what? Trip planning comes to the fore here. You should know where there is a safe entrance from the map or local knowledge. The problem I have found is this can sometimes be a day and a half further down the coast. In this situation, going back is a real option.

Finding a way in from outside is very difficult, if not impossible, in big conditions. The best option is to get one person inside so they can survey the area and direct you in from the beach or a handy sand hill. Having pre arranged hand signals is vital in this situation.

So, how do you get one person in? Don't rush it. Sit in safe water and look at the reef up and down for some period of time. Big sets can come every 5, 10, 15, 30 mins, or even every hour. Try to pick the timing so you have some idea of the time you have to work in. Look for the bombies and then look for the continuous regular break. You need to identify this, as behind that continu-

ous break is safe water. Consider dashing in looking around and dashing back to safe water. Try to identify the spilling waves and the dumping waves. When you have identified an area of intermittent break with a regular break next to it, work out your route as best you can. Fig C. Think about what would happen if you get trashed. Try to plan your route so you don't cut close to the back of dumping waves. You are better to cop bigger spilling waves than being dumped on a reef. If an intermittent break can't be found look for an area where there is a "U" shape in the reef and try to get across the side of the "U". Fig D Make sure your boat and you are ready for a dumping. No loose ropes or gear and hats off, helmets on.

There is a danger zone that you need to get through very quickly. Pick the sets and when you go light the afterburner. Don't hesitate, don't stop, don't panic just paddle. Keep looking right and left for the deep water. As soon as you are past the regular break, duck in behind it. Look all around keep alert and look for the next run in. If there is not one or rock on the beach you might have to go back out the same way and try again. A nerve racking experience. If you get trashed try to keep hold of your boat. If you are on the seaward side of the reef or in the danger zone don't panic just try to hold on to the back of the boat and let yourself and the boat wash over the reef. Don't get on the beach side of your boat under any circumstances. Try to swim your boat to the safe area inside the continuous break. If it is a dangerous situation for the paddler in the water don't try a rescue as two paddlers in a dangerous situation is twice as bad. The person in the water will probably be able to swim in and still guide the rest in later. If you are in the water and its really bad forget the boat and try to swim to the safest water. With a PFD and helmet you can survive some very rough water that you may not think you can. It is not a bad idea to have a play in surf with your PFD on just to see how well you can swim and what being dumped is like. In fact we don't do enough of this type of thing as we all have this "it won't happen to me" mentality.

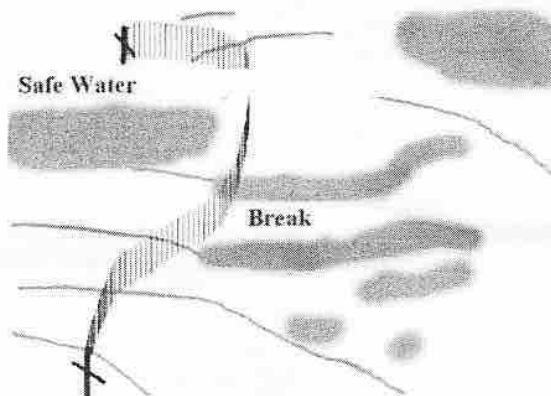


Fig C Showing Path

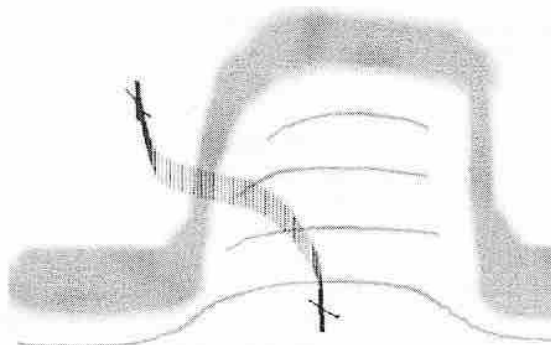


Fig D Showing Path

Once you are in, stop and look for the safest way in from the sand hills. The others will have to wait till you do a good reconnoitre. You may have to walk a km or two to find the safest place. You can always get your boat there later with the help of the group. The group must have patience, stick together and keep watch for the signals. Getting impatient and paddling off or splitting up is just plain stupid. Easy to say, but when you are nervous or shit scared the time passes very slowly and 10 mins seems like 2 hrs. Patience and good hand signals are important if everybody is to get in. Time is one thing you do have. Look at all the options, as going further than planned or going back is better than someone getting hurt.

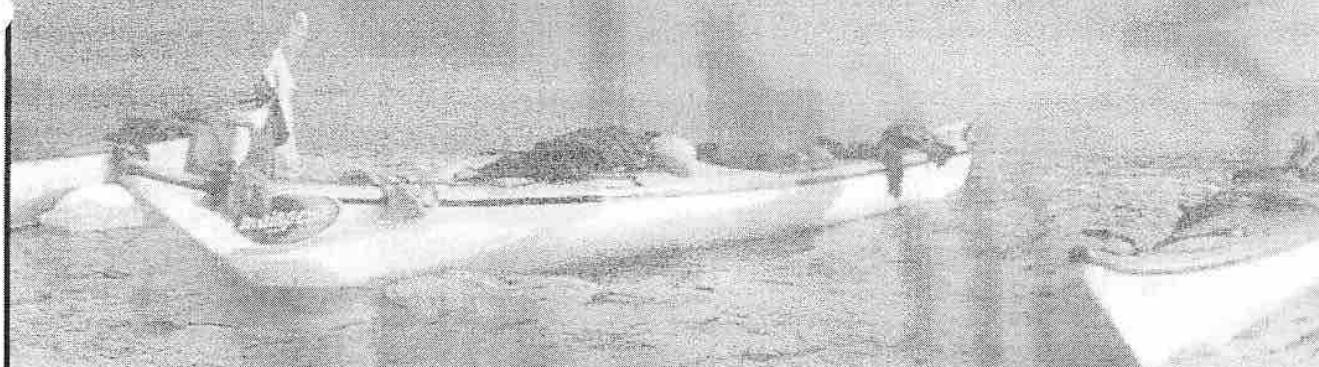
Once again this is where trip planning comes in. If the paddle is planned for 6 hrs you should have enough water and food for at least 12 hrs or more. Night paddling without prior experience is a major problem and not recommended. If you are comfortable with night paddling, going on or back into the night is always an option.

This is a simplistic solution to a complicated and difficult situation. The most experienced paddler needs to be the one going in and the next most experienced needs to keep the group safe, motivated and together. Communication is always difficult in these situations and is also the critical element to getting people on shore safely. Les Allen





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## QUOKKALESS ISLAND

By Marian Mayes

Sunday was a great day for the paddle to Rottnest Island and back. Les, Don, Barry, Peter, Sandy, Marian, Stumpy and John started from Cottesloe with a calm sea and no wind. Les must be losing his touch. After the Albany trip we rely on him to produce head winds.

To some it was a repetition of many previous trips but to others it was a first crossing. To Helier, who wasn't there, it was a repetition of many previous experiences of not reading the programme and getting the time and/or place wrong. We left at seven and Helier was in time to leave with the others at 8.30 for a paddle down the coast.

---

*"Helier, who wasn't there  
didn't read the programme"*

---

We had the usual encounters with dolphins and flying fish. It's amazing how far they remain airborne when there's no wind to speak of. The sea remained unbelievably calm until we were almost there, then a slight south westerly started. Barely noticeable but they all hoped it would pick up before our return trip.

Several boats started setting off flairs and smoke canisters as we approached the island. There was an escorted small boat trip and safety demonstration taking place, with official craft and uniforms very thick on the ground. It was the first time I'd actually seen how effectively the smoke canisters work. I longed for an excuse to use mine. They're sooooo pretty!

Surprisingly we weren't pulled up and checked for safety gear as we'd been expecting.

Lunch in Thomson's Bay was a relaxed affair with a pleasant warmth still in the autumn sun. Barry claims it's official. Quokkas don't exist on Rottnest because he didn't see any. But how does he know? He didn't see them not existing, he just didn't see them. And we all witnessed him not seeing them not existing. Peahens however, do exist.

---

*"We all witnessed him not  
Seeing them not existing"*

---

Back on the water we found the wind had picked up a little but barely enough to give us much of a following sea. The surfing enthusiasts were disappointed but made the most of the small waves. It was a great day with no dramas or problems even if it was quokkaless in its entirety.



Eric gets sent to bed on a club trip  
Photograph by John Ross

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