

WA Seakayaker



Issue 39: November ~ December 2002



Newsletter of Sea Kayak Club WA Inc. PO Box 366 North Perth 6006
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PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS



There seems to be a few misconceptions around the club. Some are saying that they don't like the way the club is heading, others that what is happening now is not what they visualised.

Let me take you back on the history of the club. The inaugural meeting was in April 1997. That's only five and half years ago. We, in no time, had fifty members. April, eighteen months ago, that is, within four years membership was down to fifteen, with no regularity of meetings, no consistency in attendance or turning up to club paddles.

Something had to be done. With various efforts it is now seventy. This turnaround was within twelve months. But don't let that fool us! In effect by 31st December 2003, it will be, in reality, forty to forty five. So we have progressed to a nice level. This influx of new members has given the club renewed vitality eg. John Ross, Megan Halvey, "Stumpy" Payne, Terry Bolland, Graeme Lee, Sandy Robson, Barry Small, Charlie Whyte, The Geneve's, Anne & Frank Pringle etc; and some have returned to the fold, such as, Peter Cappendel, Derek Shaw, Stephen Digwood, Fran and John Satherly, our inaugural President.

Another comment has been made that they don't want the club to be too big. This is really a fallacy, referring to previous examples in our short history, there will always be a natural attrition, so there should be a program of recruitment to keep the club at a level. The club is for the community. Like ourselves, everyone

so inclined should have the opportunity to try sea kayaking.

On another tangent! It is only natural for people to mix with their own kind! People of like skills, sense of adventure, experiment with equipment, etc. This is Good! We're here to enjoy. As long as we don't exude a feeling of exclusion confronting new members.

Apparent cliques can destroy a club! The club's responsibility is to cater for all interests and requirements of members. I think the club has managed group interests as best possible at this early stage. We are always experimenting and listening to new ideas, we're still a young club, and with the will of all members we will improve.

Look at all the excursions arranged amongst members. Put together by their own volition. The new members have well and truly caught on. (John, Marian, Megan - Ningaloo) (Graeme, Warren - Geraldton).

Some members don't necessarily follow the club program. That's ok! Just beware the insurance situation! But, remember it is through the club that we have made our contacts and association. Through the club that we have met and are in constant touch with like minded members. I can't emphasise this enough.

I hope, with this short address that a few misconceptions have been cleared. I enjoy the company of you all and appreciate your acceptance of me, sure, there are differences of opinion! Let's debate them in an objective manner! Keep emotions to a minimum, respect democratic results!

Let's work together and enjoy our club!
President Eric

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This Month's Fiercely Contested **DUCK FOR COVER AWARD** *Goes to Steven allen*



Stevo was sitting beside a black, smoking, malodorous, environmentally disastrous campfire that had been lit using diesel, chewing with obvious satisfaction on a sausage of some description. He was in the process of raising it to his mouth for a second onslaught, when a kookaburra landed

on his shoulder, snatched the tasty morsel from his hand and flew to a branch far above. Too quick for Stevo to grab the nearest blunt instrument in his sausageless hand to bludgeon it and reclaim his prize. He was forced to watch in mouth-watering wonder as the bird ruthlessly attempted to kill its prize against a branch before devouring it while its heart was still beating.

Stevo made up for his embarrassment by declaring he could light a match with his toes. Naturally he was required to prove this claim. He could, and did. With magnificently co-ordinated prehensile finesse, and after using only half a box of matches, he was able to demonstrate this extremely necessary survival technique.

Cover Picture:
Megan Halvey at Yardie Creek
Photograph by Marian Dixon



NOTICE BOARD



Vale Terry Engledow

It is a sad day for kayaking and the community in Albany with the passing of Terry Engledow. Terry was one of those inspirational people who constantly motivated and encouraged paddlers over the last 16 years. Our hearts go out to Bev, his wife, and all who met Terry from Perth will miss him.
Les

FEES ARE NOW DUE!



To continue membership, please send your subscription of \$95 to:

Treasurer, John Ross
Sea Kayak Club WA Inc
8 Exhibition Way
Cooloongup WA 6168



Bear This in Mind

There are two overnight trips in the coming programme.

- Guilderton Caravan Park
Sat/Sunday 16th and 17th November
Phone Eric 9339 2952, John 9592 2432 or Mick 9245 2707
Eric needs to know numbers urgently.
- Harvey Estuary
Crabbing, Paddling, Fishing
Adventure group Phone Mick 9245 2707
Leisure group Phone Peter 9361 7534

Welcome to the following new members

Graham Mahony

Daniel Mahony

The Club Trip to Ningaloo

Will be on 22nd March 2003
Tentative plans are for 4 days travel,
plus 7 days on the water.

Eric must have final numbers by
15th December
Phone. 9339 2952



Another Web Site to check out

www.seekayak.com

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CHANGE OF VENUE

For Kayak Navigation Course
Lectures on Thursday 24th and 31st October
Will now be held at Eric's place
28 Aurelian Street Palmyra

Practical sessions on 26th Oct and 2nd Nov
Venue to be advised

Deadline for next issue :
Midnight Fri 20th December
Deadline not met, material not published

Wandering in Walpole

By Les Allen



All Walpole pictures provided by Les Allen

It's amazing the difference attitude makes. If your mind is right it does not matter what the weather or the rest of the people do you still have a good time. You float around in your own little world and everything is great. On the Walpole weekend I must have had my mind right as I actually enjoyed the drive down. The dense forest and tall trees flashing past in the lights caused the tunnel of light effect. As the beams probed the winding road it was like you had green on all sides and above as the high story was picked up in the top of the lights before it faded into blackness. The winding tar mesmerizing in its endless journey from around the bend to flashing out of sight under the car, with the hum of the tires echoing in the green and black tunnel.

The campsite when we arrived was perfect, the tall trees, undergrowth near by with reflecting light dancing on the water. As I got out of the car to be greeted by the smell of wood smoke and that earthy undergrowth smell I knew it was going to be a great weekend. Peter, Marian and Eric were seated around the fire and instead of going straight to bed Stevo and I joined them for a quiet chat and pleasant time.

Next morning I was keen to land on Saddle Island. I wanted to look at the Mutton Bird rookery as they dig burrows and breed underground. I think this is a decidedly odd thing

to do for a sea bird. So we all headed off to the river mouth to see what the conditions were like.

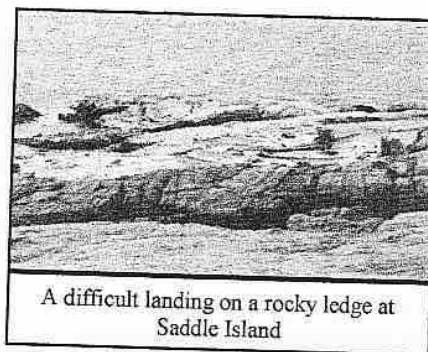
The estuary was flat and a lot nicer than I expected. The water was black, stained from the tannin in the 4 rivers that feed it. The river mouth has typical sand hills on the left coming down to a beach and a sand spit that juts out from the left side of the river mouth causing the river to wind off to the right before cutting back to the left and out to sea. On the right hand side is a bluff of granite with exposed boulders on the water line and dense green scrub rising up to make a small headland. Out at the river mouth the black water from the estuary was running head long into a very small ocean wave. We could have broken out anywhere we wanted but a boat came and showed us the easiest way out. Six paddlers decided to go out and see the islands so we headed off through a small intermittent break and into the sapphire blue waters of the Southern Ocean.

The weather was perfect, a light cool wind on my left cheek, with rest of me warm from the sun on my back. The sun was still low and the water had those sun sparkles twinkling as far as you could see on my left with a smooth sea on my right. We rounded the headland close to the granite where the low swells would surge up the rock only to recede leaving little waterfalls cascading down the rock and sparkling in the sun. The contrasting

colors from light blue sky to dark green foliage, gray brown granite and clear ice blue water lined with vivid white wash gave the feeling of a clean, pristine place totally unspoiled and inviting.

After paddling around the islands I was keen to land. On the northern end of the island there was flat rock just above the water height and the surge was small. If we were going to land this was where it would be so I started searching for a likely place for a rock landing. Tucked in a little indent was the perfect place. There was a large flat rock big enough to put six boats on and a ledge of rock that the water was surging over. On the left of the ledge was a large round rock that left us with this little indent that we could land on. The trick was to get your legs out of the cockpit and time the run in on a surge. I haven't had a lot of experience at rock landings, which is another reason why I wanted to land.

Oh well now or never. I took off the spray deck and popped my legs over the side while still sitting on the seat. This is quite a stable position and you can still paddle effectively. I edged closer and waited for the right surge. Three of four paddle strokes and I was over the ledge. The ledge sloped from right to left and the rock was covered in low sea weed, lichens and crustaceans. The surge kept going past me as I stood



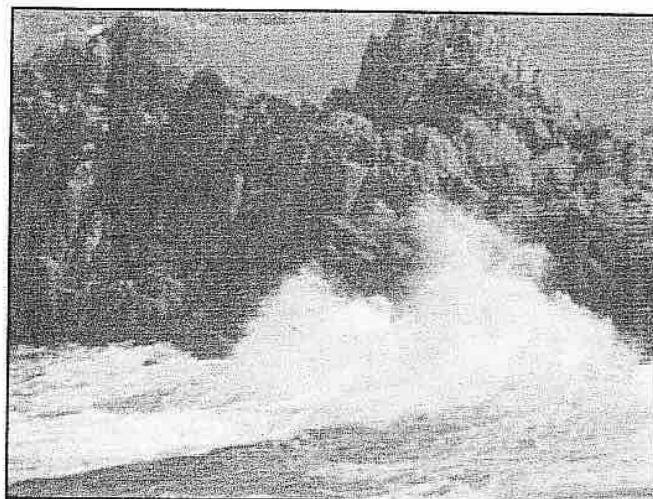
A difficult landing on a rocky ledge at Saddle Island

up. It took me a second to find my feet then I lifted my right leg over the boat as the surge retreated. The idea is to lift the boat up before the
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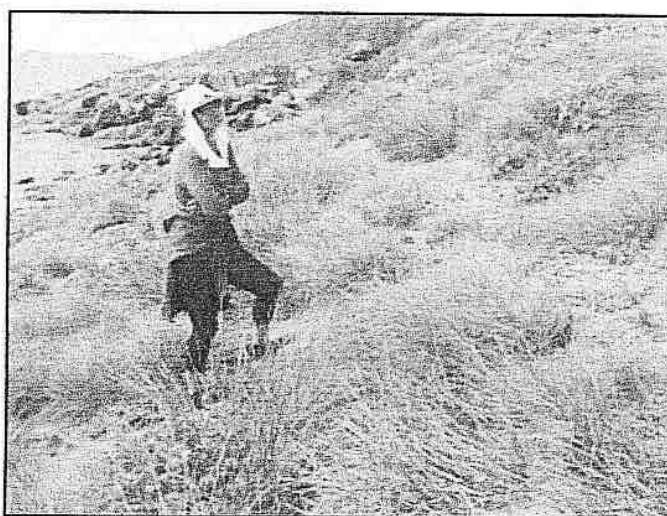
next surge. I struggled a bit to grab my boat and stop it being sucked out. As I started to lift, the next surge came in and swung the back of my boat onto the rock, crunching it. I staggered a bit on the rock but lifted my boat to safety.

The others were heading off not looking too happy about landing on rock. Stevo landed after me. It was quite easy to do with a person standing on the ledge to hold the boat. Now we had two of us in we were able to entice the others to try what they thought was a stupid idea. I think they were surprised at how easy it is to land on rock. Small cockpits are a problem and the person needs to be agile and able to move quickly. There is a risk of leg injury though. Hmm maybe I should have told them that on the day. Oh well it worked, we were



The Needles

all on the island.



Exploring the Mutton Bird rookery on Saddle Island

I was keen to see the Mutton Bird holes and headed for the sand. The island is unusual as it is granite and has soft loose brown sand on the northern end with low grass and not the usual thick scrub. We climbed up on the sand and could see the holes that looked just like rabbit warrens. As I was walking around the earth suddenly gave way and I was down to my knee in sand. The holes go quite deep but could not hold my weight. Marian "went off" and said we were environmental vandals destroying their holes. She was right so it was a scramble back to the rock feeling a little embarrassed. Well at least I did get to see the rookery. I was glad they weren't being used as I was still feeling bad about destroying a hole. So far, the weekend was better than I had expected.

WALPOLE IN A MELLOW MOOD

By Marian Dixon

I've never seen Walpole in this mood before. I've seen it wild, windy and wet on many occasions, while cycling or back-packing through the town. I've seen it overcast, cold and depressing. I've seen thunder, lightning and torrential rain but never calm, warm and mellow like it was on this trip.

The weekend provided a bit of something for everybody. I arrived in the late afternoon to find a deserted campsite and amused myself by watching the currawongs ransack Eric and Peter's camp kitchens.

For anybody inclined to enjoy solitude, try a night walk across the golf course and along the nearby Bibbulmun Track. The golf course and surrounding forest is alive with kangaroos round dusk. Rabbits scuttle across the open areas and I even saw a few bats. And later, as the darkness closed in, it wasn't difficult to imagine the nocturnal creatures who must be watching my quiet progress through the forest with frogs croaking and an occasional owl calling in the distance. This seriously beats the shit out of the claustrophobic surroundings of the city.

WALPOLE-NORNALUP INLETS

By Eric Pyatt (Extracts from his paddle report)

Thousand to one chance on the south coast. Fine, windless weather for three days and on a long weekend at that. It was an ideal camping spot, reasonably close to the water and a real camping fire allowed. A picturesque spot! Peter was the expert scrounging for wood. It was fascinating watching these big logs of wood burn.

Very leisurely next morning as we went to inspect the rivermouth. As it turned out, it looked very respectable so six headed for Saddle and Goose Islands while Peter and I went fishing.

Next morning there was a great show of enthusiasm for playing in the waves at the bar. The rest of the day was spent with everybody doing their own thing: fishing, paddling, walking, resting. It was followed by another enjoyable social evening around the fire.

Monday, the final morning, some packed and took off for home while others did the touristy thing.

Kimberley Challenge

By Don Kinzett

Photograph by Don Kinzett

Well it's the ultimate kayak trip and I was lucky enough to be included on this one. There were four club members: Terry Bolland (leader), John Di Nucci, Gary Nixon and myself plus Tel Williams and Pam Riordan. A lot of planning had gone into this trip and I was a latecomer. We all converged at Gary's house in Geraldton and headed up to Broome in the vehicles. We had some dramas on the way but arrived in Broome on Friday night the 27th September and had a nice meal in a café that night.

Visited the Broome markets next day and were to pick up Tel at Broome airport on Saturday afternoon. Had a very pleasant time at the airport watching the AFL grand final and drinking beer. This is my kind of trip. Tel arrived and we left straight away for Cape Leveque. What a bugger of a road! Arrived after dark and set up camp.

Next morning down to the beach. We were on the water by 10am and had a two hour paddle to Swan Point, our first tidal race as the tide was on the way in. Then on past Talboy's Island across to Escape Passage and stopped for lunch at the southern end of Tallon Island. Had my first taste of oysters here. Bloody lovely! Also had my first experience in a big eddy. It spun me around that quickly, I couldn't believe it. Then across to the bottom of Sunday Island. (Aboriginal Reserve). Then across to East Sun-

day Island for our first camp. This was also our longest day and I think everyone was feeling the strain of a first day.

We were on the water by 9.30 next morning waiting for the outgoing tide to slow down for the tricky crossing of Sunday Straits to Mermaid Island. It's only 14 km in a straight line but when you paddle in this place there's no such thing as a straight line. We got dragged seawards by the outgoing tide but as the tide slowed we shot past Tree Island on to Mermaid on the slack water. Weather is fantastic: not too warm and no wind. Saw some big schools of tuna in Sunday Strait. Another great campsite on Mermaid. Gary and I had decided to go dry this trip, but the weak bugger caved in on the second night and had some of Tel's wine. (I'm still strong. Can't believe this.)

Left Mermaid next morning and stopped at Wybron Island to wait for the tide to slow down. Saw a school of sharks in a feeding frenzy and I had such a violent strike on a lure it nearly tipped me out. Also stuffed my lure.

Cross Fantome Passage and along southern side of Scott and Pope Island. Tide really ripping on our next crossing. Lots of eddies and small whirlpools. Camped in Cascade Bay. Real Kimberley country – Boab trees and pandanus palms. Saw hundreds of turtles today, plus a lot of eagles. Next

morning Terry, John, Tel and Pam decided to do some bushwalking but I got stuck into some fishing. Caught five silver bream in 10 minutes in the mangroves. Next morning (my birthday) we headed back north through Hell's Gate but it was neap tides and very wimpy. First time we've had the current going the same way. Paddled around into Cone Bay, saw our first crocodile only about 1.5 meters long but it didn't hang about.

Camped at a campsite set up by some people from Derby. Even had a wheelbarrow to get our gear up the beach. We also topped up our water here from a spring. Pam sprung a surprise that night with a birthday cake complete with candles. Very nice! We also ate the fish I caught that morning. Left Cone Bay about 7.30 next morning. Sea like a mirror. Big pearling industry in Cone Bay. Went through passage between Richard Island and mainland where we saw our second croc. Was about 2m long and came close to Terry's boat. Across to Mary Islands. Stopped for lunch on the high tide under some large mangrove trees. Then across Strickland Bay and through Whirlpool Pass. We thought this might provide a bit of excitement but we went through with the outgoing tide only. No sign of the big whirlpool but the place would be a

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challenge on the spring tides. Found a really nice campsite on a small island at the northern end of the pass. Next day went north through Goose Pass and around to Margaret Island. This was our shortest paddle of the trip. Next day went through channel between the island and the mainland and headed straight up to Cockatoo Island. A large shark followed Terry's boat for several kilometres as we crossed Yampi Sound to Cockatoo. Arrived about 10am and topped up with water. Made a few phone calls and the drunks all had a drink, but as I'm always teetotal I didn't partake (I know it sounds impossible but it's true). Cockatoo Island is still an active iron ore mine site. Some fantastic old houses there. Left cockatoo and headed across between Kathleen and Irvine Island through the Galah Channel. Tel caught a fish on a lure here and we found a campsite on the southern end of Irvine late in the afternoon. The tides are now starting to increase. Had some strong headwinds today. Just your normal sea kayak trip.

Left Irvine on the incoming tides and we are now headed back towards Cape Leveque across to an island called Dampier's Monument but found nothing of interest. Saw a couple of whales in the channel and I was lucky enough to get right up to one and get a photo. He realised I was there and dived. The tail only about a meter from my boat. My first close encounter with a whale. What a buzz!

Then across past Byron and Gaff Islands with hard paddling across the tide to the northern end of Hidden Island to the most fantastic beach. Pure white silica sand. It squeaks when you walk on it. So much glare my eyes were hurting even with the sunnies. This was where Tel Williams won the Hidden Island Golf Championship but as he designed the course, we all felt he had an ad-

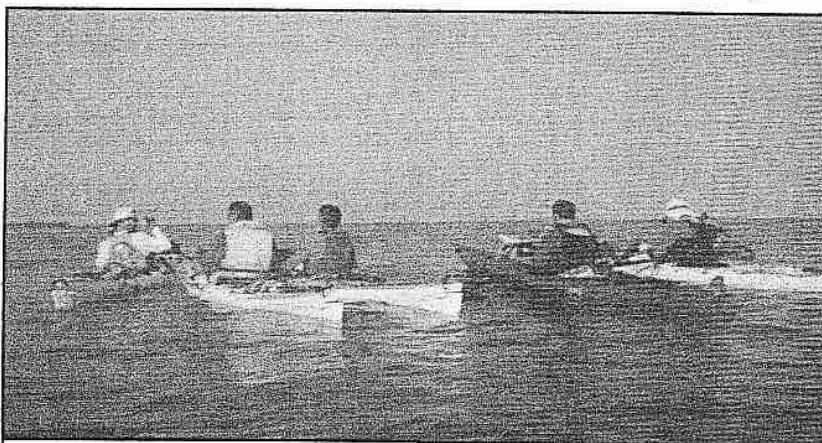
vantage. It was about 350 meters to the water's edge here at low water so the tides are getting huge.

Away next day at 8.15 as we waited for the tide to come in. Strong head winds plus tide rip. Across to Shirley and Dorney Island. Had to get through a strong rip between two islands. Tide really racing out. At one stage I thought I was doing OK but when I looked at the island I realised I was going backwards (slowly). I told Tel who was next to me "Tel I'm going backwards". He just laughed, the bugger. By now the wind dropped off and we got through and stopped for lunch and waited for the tide to slack off, then a fast paddle on the slack water heading for Margaret Island. There's two different Margaret Islands. Another great camp site. Caught a few fish here as well. Terry and Tel both got a small shark here.

that night.

This is a very scary place. We watched the tide from high up on the island. We have about an 11 km crossing of Sunday Strait tomorrow in spring tide. Doubt is starting to creep in. I'm looking at a crossing that looks like a raging river. Have standing waves, unbelievable tide races and we've got to cross it in the morning. Lying in our tents that night there's just a roar of water at night. Just like that sound on a big surf beach. I'm sure most of the crew were a bit nervous that night. This place has gone from being OK on the neap tides to bloody hair raising on the springs. To watch the sheer volume of water moving in and out of King Sound is unbelievable. Tomorrow is going to be very interesting.

On the water by 5.15 and sat in our boats for two hours waiting for the tide to slack off. Terry and



Photograph by Don Kinzett

Up at 4am today and away at 5.30 to catch the tide. Big ferry glide across towards Mermaid Island. Currents are crazy. Going in all directions and really moving fast. Did a big arc and finally landed at Tree Island. Our original camp site we looked at on the outward leg was not big enough for six but found another. Had to wait for the tide to come in to paddle up to the beach, otherwise it was a long carry. Soon had camp set up and into the fishing. Caught silver bream, trevally, wrasse and a good shark. Had a big sea food cook up

John both kept checking to see how the conditions were. At 7.10 Terry decided now was the time. Tide still going out but slowing down. The next 15 minutes was absolute mayhem. Like being in a washing machine. A mad ferry glide through hell. We managed to get around Hancock Reef but we were being pushed out to sea in a big arc at a hell of a rate. We really put the paddle down here and were trying for West Roe Island. This is bloody hard work.

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Tide started to slow down, then went slack. Made a mad dash for West Roe and got about 1km away before the incoming tide started to rip. Then did a ferry glide towards East Roe Island. Some furious paddling and we just made the eddy behind the island. Otherwise it would have been a long day sitting in our boats in King Sound, not knowing where we would end up.

Nice camp site with two sea eagles nests on the rocks. I'm getting too bloody old for this. Next morning the tide is really ripping out between East Roe and Sunday Island so another mad ferry glide across. Once we got to the northern end of Sunday we were mostly out of the tidal influence. Had a few ferry glides across the passages between Poolngin and Salural Islands plus a tricky crossing to Talboys Island. Then a paddle on slack water up to Swan Point. Tide had just changed to incoming and we camped at Swan Island. Our last camp and we can see the lighthouse at Cape Leveque. Only about 15 kms in the morning. This was a hot day so spent a bit of time under the tarp or swimming.

Away next morning. Decided to go around Cape Leveque and camp

at the back beach. Gary was getting a bit wound up by now as Carolyn was waiting for us at the Cape. We saw another whale at the Cape in very shallow water. Tel and Terry got very close.

Finally arrived at the beach with big grins on our faces. Soon had everything back at the camping ground for a clean and dry out. Am now feeling a bit of an anti climax. Had a nice dinner in the restaurant that night, but horror of horrors. No beer! Will have to wait till we get to Broome. No one looking forward to the long trip home except Tel who's flying back. Finally got my cold beer in Broome and for me the trip was over. A fantastic experience. Not a single problem between six different people on the whole trip so we must have all done the right thing. Finally.

1. This is not a place for the faint hearted. Don't even think of it unless you go with someone with good previous experience. You need good maps - charts, tide tables and local knowledge, especially on the spring tides.

2. Clothing - Less is best. Tent essential but wouldn't bother with a sleeping bag again. Just a sheet.

Plenty of sunscreen and insect repellent. Although we had problems with sandflies, hardly any mozzies or flies.

3. Make sure all your equipment is up to scratch.

4. Fitness. Unless you put in some serious training forget it. This is a hard place. Terry told me a crossing isn't over until your boat hits the beach. He was right several times.

5. You need to carry a minimum of 30 litres of water and you can't rely on catching fish all the time so you must take food for the whole trip.

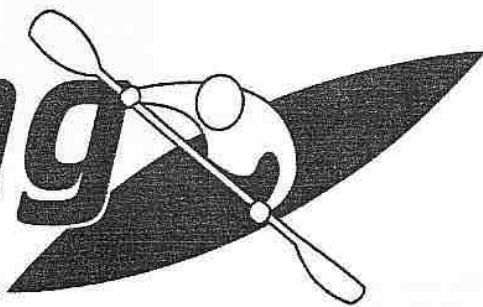
6. Crocs. They weren't a problem in the areas we went but you must be aware of them. The ones we saw were only small. Sharks were no problem.

7. Weather. We were just plain lucky but it could have been very different. This place can bite you really quickly.

8. Camping sites. Almost every island had nice camping spots.

9. You can't hurry in this place. Your trip is controlled by tides. Sometimes you may not need to be on the water until 9am. Others you might need to be ready at daybreak. You can't always afford the luxury of a nice sleep in.

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Why do I suddenly Turn When Trying To Surf?

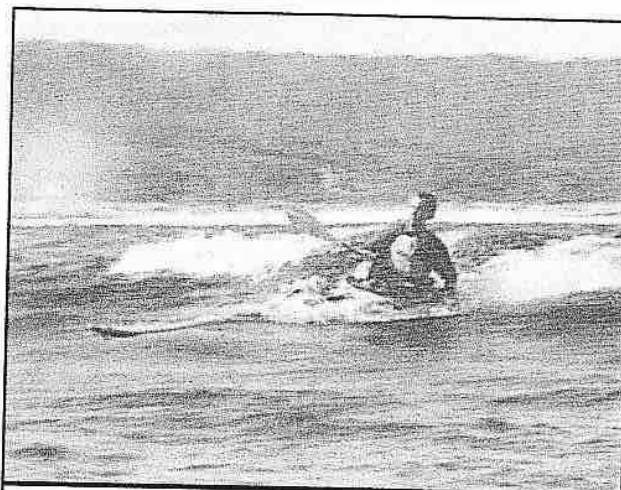
It is important to understand what happens to your boat when you try to surf a wave. If you can predict what is going to happen before you are in the water it gives you the chance of correcting in time. What I am going to do is look at a "typical wave" in a "typical" boat. What you have to do is apply this theory to you and your boat, as all boats have their own characteristics. Even so, the basic principals still apply to all boats.

Waves come at various speeds. Wind waves are much slower than swells that can travel around 20 km per hr. Trying to judge the speed of the wave is important because it is the speed of the wave that determines how easy it will be to surf. This is because you have to match the speed of the wave to surf it. Your sprinting ability and the hull speed of your boat are also going to be determining factors on what waves you can catch.

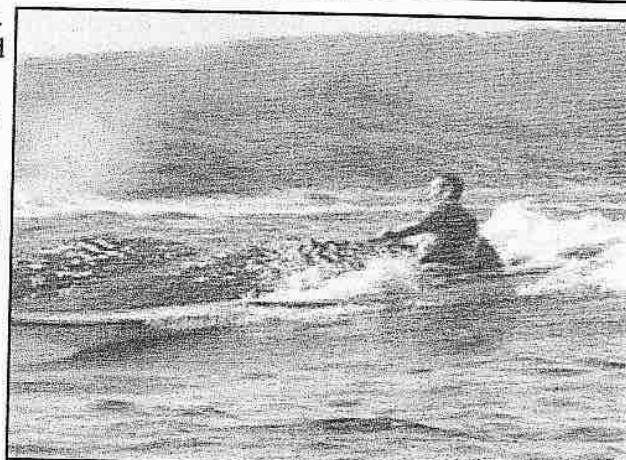
Now lets look what happens when a wave approaches from behind. The first thing to take into account is the approach speed of the wave. If you are doing 10 km per hr and the wave is doing 14 km per hour you need to increase your speed by 4 km per hour. As the wave hits the back of the boat it will push forward and in most cases try to turn the back of the boat. This is because the water will rush down both sides of the boat and unless you are at a perfect 90 degrees to the face of the wave one side of the boat is going to have more water rushing down it than the other. You need to put all your effort into increasing the boat speed to match the wave speed so you will be paddling flat out forward.

To correct your direction you need to lean your boat as at this speed it is the most effective way to turn the boat. A boat that has a predictable turn from leaning and good secondary stability is an advantage at this point. The rudder can help, but a lot of the time as the wave moves down the boat a little, the rudder is out of the water.

If you get this part right the boat will accelerate quickly, the nose will be pushed into the water and you will need to turn a little one way to stay straight in line with the wave force. **Keep paddling hard** to further increase your speed so the nose lifts and you surf down to the front of the wave. At this point you can relax a little as



Pic 1: The wave is approaching the boat at a faster speed than the boat. The paddler should be paddling hard.



Pic 2: The wave is faster than the boat and is starting to rapidly turn the back of the boat. It's at this point the head should be forwarded and into the wave.



Pic 3: The wave is now trying to force the boat to roll forward and starting to bury the nose.

you will be doing the same speed as the wave and your boat will be level with water. This is the position you must be in to successfully surf a wave.

All beginner surfers don't paddle hard enough early enough to get their speed up and continue to paddle hard till they are down the front of the wave. We tend to back off at the initial acceleration or worry about trying to steer before the boat is down the front of the wave. If the nose dips you need to have faith in the boat's ability to bring it up so you concentrate on paddling hard.

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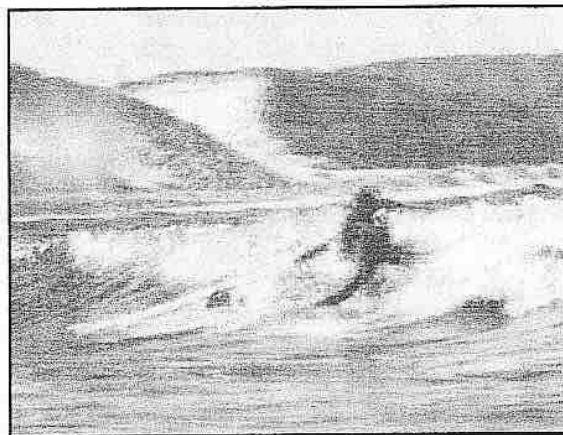
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If you don't get the acceleration to match the wave speed in half your boat length you will not surf the wave. The next chain of events happen incredibly fast and most new paddlers end up in the water. As you are going slower than the wave, the wave moves along the boat. The effect is to lift the boat at a higher angle and bury the nose. At the same time it is turning the boat rapidly. The nose stops going forward increasing the turning effect and the back of the boat increases in speed giving the boat a lot of momentum. The effect is to roll you in front of the wave with the boat parallel to the wave.

This can be corrected but it requires lightning reflexes as this happens very quickly. The moment you realize you can't get the speed required, you need to throw your head forward and into the face of the wave with a low brace into the face of the wave. If you can get that action quick and strong enough you will turn parallel to the wave and take it sideways. It is a difficult maneuver as the force of the wave is trying to roll you in the opposite direction.

Speed is the key to surfing. Try to find slow waves to learn on as the acceleration required to catch them is a lot less. Swells that have covered a lot of shallow water are ideal as they have slowed considerably. The southern end of Garden Island near the Causeway and the sand spits at Shoalwater and Catherine Point are good examples.

If you are having problems surfing and you want help, let me know and I will organize a small group to learn surfing. (This does not include big powerful waves, just the basics.) **Les Allen**



Pic 4 The nose has stopped and there is no way out now.



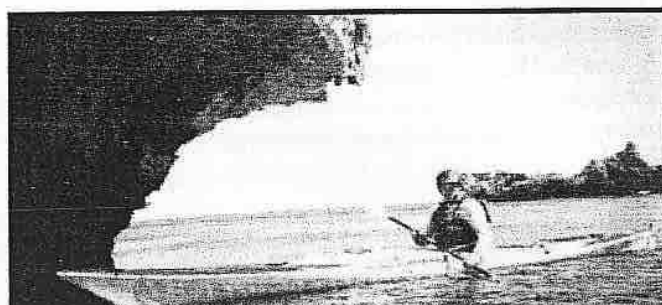
Pic 5: The boat is parallel to the wave and the paddler's taking a swim.



"I know my kayak hatches are bursting with gear, but there is always room for my gown."
Expedition member
at base camp on Dirk
Hartog Island

Photo and caption by Wolfgang Schlieben

All pictures for this article are video stills by Les Allen



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Letters to the Editor

NINGALOO

Just a brief update report from your northern neighbours. Our Ningaloo trip at Easter was superb, but I never got around to sending in a trip report, & by now Ningaloo trips seem a dime a dozen! Anna, Dennis & I spent 8 days paddling from Coral Bay to Exmouth, while our ground crew of Carolyn & our nephew Evan spent the time snorkelling & relaxing when not tending to our every need & wondering why we hadn't arrived yet. It was interesting to cover the whole distance, but we agreed we should have slowed down & had more time in the best bits. Jim had told us the best of it was from Point Cloates on, and he was spot on. I was keen to do the more southern stretch also, mainly to go through the dugong sanctuary. Unfortunately we saw no dugongs there, though Anna & I think we saw one briefly a yard under our boat near Exmouth.

We plan to go back & spend at least 5 days lazing, fishing & paddling around Point Billy some time. It is a magnificent north-facing bay not far north of Point Cloates, with the reef only 1km offshore. Leaving Point Billy I hooked onto what was almost the only good fish catch of the trip. When I stopped paddling hard to wind in the fish it bugged off. All we caught were a few feeds of slimy cod & a NW blowie. The last 2 days were a hard slog into a nor-easter. What we thought would take about 3 hours each day took 5-6 hours, & drained our morale. Nothing that a night in a chalet next to the lighthouse & a few wines couldn't cure! The view from our balcony on the range was magnificent. A trip thoroughly recommended.

Since then we've had a bit of a hibernation. Dennis went to USA for a few months' work, & Anna, Jim & I didn't fit in many paddles through winter. Now we're back in earnest. Sandy Robson contacted us while up here for a weekend, & she, Dennis & I had a 2 hour paddle a few weekends ago. Unfortunately we headed north instead of south to the main harbour where a whale entertained onlookers for hours. Any others coming through, please look us up.

Hopefully by the time you read this I'll be in the Kimberley & intact!

Cheers, GARY NIXON

BAVARIAN LUST

Going on holidays overseas? Packing your needs, toiletries, etc. etc. Beware of Lustre Crème. Never take this to a German-speaking country, it gets you into trouble. Here is how it struck me.

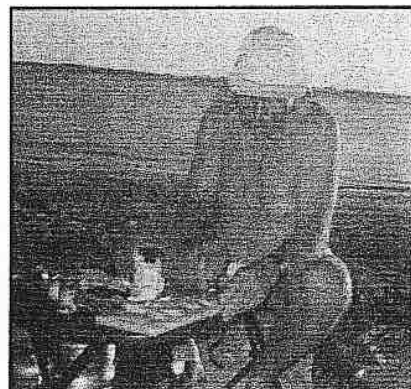
I was a guest in the house of my cousin in Bavaria, I needed to shampoo my hair. Unfortunately I left the tube of Lustre Crème in the shower recess.

Next morning at the breakfast table my cousin and her two teenage daughters had this everlasting grin on their faces. On my inquiring why the grins, I was told about the Lust Kreme I left in the shower the night before.

Now Lust Kreme in Germany you never use to wash your hair. It is a more sex-oriented crème which is readily available there. Consequently

I never shampooed my hair again.

Wolfgang Schlieben



"Now look here! This is how I make fresh potato chips on a kayaking expedition."

Eric on Dolphin Island Dampier Archipelago. Photo and caption by Wolfgang Schlieben

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