

# WA Seakayaker



Issue 45: Nov ~ Dec 2003



Newsletter of Sea Kayak Club WA Inc. 2a Braunton Street Bicton WA 6157  
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# PRESIDENT'S REPORT



Now that I reflect on it, what a hectic year it has been! A year as President, after being Secretary/Treasurer for the previous eighteen months, I found the transition far from easy. I am thankful to Megan and John and the Committee for their help and tolerance through that testing period. From my old hand written days we have now progressed to everything on computer and, wonders of wonders, motivated me to tackle this computer age.

Our Newsletter [thanks to Marian], our comprehensive program [well done John] and the effort put into our "Introductory Course" has had an unbelievable impact on our image, resulting in an unimaginable blow-out in our membership, which is now over seventy. Despite curtailing our activities with recruitment, it is still climbing. There will, of course, be the usual attrition rate, crossing into the New Year, but, in all, membership is very healthy. It is a little puzzling, the inconsistency of support for the Club Program, but no complaint, other than adverse weather conditions,

on a lesser day, there is always a few who turn up. A lot better than previous, when we only had fourteen to draw on; they were despondent times! The creation of the two tiers, the Adventure Group and the Leisure Group, has successfully added a new dimension.

Among the many highlights of the year, Ningaloo and Dirk Hartog stand out! The pressure is on to make at least one excursion such as these, annually. Dampier Archipelago is in our sights this coming year. Rott-nest weekend deserves a worthy mention. Except for one [suspect weather], the LWE's were well supported. There is a mixed reception for Overnighters, but we will persevere.

Our Training Director Les, with his unbounding energy, has had a full year. Particularly looking after new members. He organized a successful Navigation Course and many training sessions. A long term project is working in with Australia Canoeing to put in place Training and Leadership Programmes to protect members from legal ramifications and ensure that the insurance is comprehensive.

At Woodman Point, we have succeeded, tentatively, in obtaining "The Shed" as our Headquarters, but we need to be patient and wait for the money to be available for restoration. Further to this, in the distant future, land is available, on application, to build new premises with access to the ocean. In turn, as these proposals come to a conclusion, it is up to the Club Members to decide whether they are acceptable or not. Meantime, options are still open for alternative venues for a Clubhouse.

Whereas, we have not been very active socially, the Xmas Party and Barbecue at Mick's Home were well attended and enjoyed by all. The Coffee Breaks on the Club Paddles are well accepted. Guest Speakers and Education Presentations [2-way Radio, GPS, Navigation, etc] are to be persevered with! It is good to see the General Meetings well supported. It has been a pleasure to be your President for this past year and I thank the Club Members for their support, particularly through my little hiccup midway through. We look forward to a great and progressive year coming up!

Eric.

**Deadline for next issue :**  
**Midnight WST**  
**Friday 19th December 2003**

Cover Picture:  
Eric Pyatt and Roger Lloyd  
on the Peel Estuary  
Photograph © Marian Dixon

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## NOTICE BOARD



### Welcome to the following new members

Judy Blight                      John Cuthbertson  
Diane Bramley                Phillip Hill  
Ann Coulson                    Neville Hine

### Club Tee Shirts

Mick McDermott has proposed that we have tee shirts printed in club colours and design. Suggestions are being discussed as to whether we want short sleeved, long sleeved, with collars or without. (Sandy has suggested we get club gee strings printed) The approximate cost for short sleeved tee shirts will be \$20. Please contact Mick to discuss any ideas. Ph 9245 2707

### Christmas Function

Mick McDermott is trying to organize a night out at a Chinese Restaurant. If anybody is interested please contact him on 92452707

### Rolling Practice.

An informal group meets at Belmont Pool every Thursday night to practice rolling. BYO boat.

### A Christmas Barbecue

Will be held at Woodman Point following the paddle to Carnac Island on 7th December.  
The paddle will be held at 1pm and the barbecue at 4pm.  
Eric will bring a barbecue. BYO drinks, salads, chairs etc.

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### FOR SALE

Nordkap Sea Kayak  
Fibreglass older design, no rudder  
Comes with hand bilge pump, compass and spray deck  
Reasonable condition. For the smaller paddler only  
**\$350**  
Call Dave 9331 8446

**There will be  
no general meeting  
in December**

### Editor's Request

Thanks to all those who contributed to this edition. Please keep articles to maximum of 1500 words and send as a Word Document in plain format only. Fancy formats and text may not fit in the allocated space. If you leave it till the absolute deadline there's no guarantee it will fit in at all.

### This Month's Fiercely Contested DUCK FOR COVER AWARD Goes to Brad Reed



Brad has been known to turn up for a long weekend camping trip without so much as a sleeping bag, a tent or food. He does fortunately (or perhaps unfortunately) remember to bring his red wine. He frequently comes on club paddles without any food at all. So imagine our surprise when he turned up for a day paddle to Rottneest and return with so much gear he could barely fit it all in his boat. We watched in amazement as he packed in about 15 litres of water, and enough food and gear (including a tent) to camp on Rottneest for a month without visiting the shop. The amazing part was not only what he brought, but in how long he took to pack it. He made the previous record holders in the "slow packer" stakes look efficient.

### WHEN I FEEL SICK

Kung Chow called his boss and said "Hey, boss I not come work today. I really sick. I got headache, stomach ache, leg hurt. I not come work."  
The boss says "Kung Chow I really need you today. When I feel sick like this I go to my wife and tell her to give me sex. That makes me feel better and I can go to work. You should try that."  
Two hour later Kung Chow calls again.  
"Boss I do what you say and I feel great. I be at work soon.  
You got nice house."  
Joke contributed by Austen



# Island Hopping

From Dampier to Exmouth

Story and pictures By Les Allen



I had just come off a two week solo paddle around the islands off Dampier and was waiting in the caravan park for five mates to come up from Perth to join me on the next leg of my trip, island hopping down to Exmouth. For me, island hopping is what sea kayaking is all about. I love the idea of staying on remote islands surrounded by the ocean, with that Robinson Crusoe feel and no mobile phones. Well actually you need a mobile phone or more accurately a mobile satellite phone. One of the problems with island hopping, especially if you are up to 60 km off the coast, is getting good weather forecasts. In the Pilbara region of WA the islands have no water, the weather is always hot and they are very remote. It is possible to get up to a week of very high winds in this area and if you don't have enough water the option is to tackle very rough conditions or get rescued. Satellite phones are a brilliant safety line and on this trip we would be taking two, just to be sure.

When the boys arrived they were one short. John Di Nucci had cut his foot the night before the trip and could not come. This was a real shame and the first time I would be doing a big trip without him. The other blokes, Tel, Gary, Geoff and Dennis were also sad for John but looking forward to getting on the water.

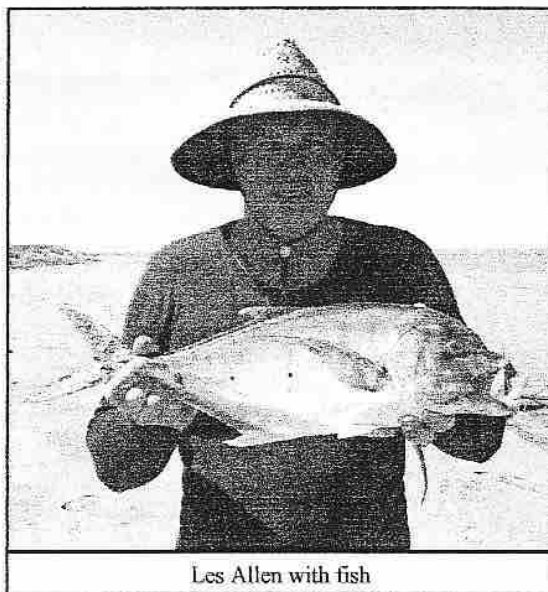
Two weeks ago this area was facing ferocious winds from cyclone Inigo but since then the weather has been fine and mild and the day we headed out was just perfect. We paddled out of Dampier Harbour and turned south into Mermaid Strait with a light tail wind. Day one was to take us 35 km to Eaglehawk Island. It is a magic little island with a wreck of a huge derrick beached on the northwestern corner. Just off the island is an older wreck of a Catalina floatplane that was sunk by a Japanese air raid in the Second World War. There is also a memorial plaque for a lost sailor. We landed at 2.00 so there was plenty of time to rest. Lying back on the sand it was hard to believe that such a tranquil place has such a violent legacy.

After we set up camp I was keen to try out my new hand spear. The water was a little murky from the tidal current but warm as bath water. After about five minutes and still only about 15 meters off the shore a school of Golden Trevally swam by. I took aim and wham, I had a 20 cm fish for dinner. I gave the fish to Gary and went

back in. Another five minutes later I had another one. As this was enough for all of us I gave up the snorkeling feeling very happy with myself. Gary had been nicknamed "Fang" because of his constant eating and huge variety of food and condiments he takes. In fact I cannot believe a Mirage can hold so much food. Not that I am complaining though as Fang took charge of the fish and cooked up a magnificent fish curry for five. Not bad for the first night out.

The first couple of days were reasonably hard as we had to do 35 to 40 km nonstop. Unfortunately there was nothing we could do to change that. After the first three days things get a lot easier as the islands are more numerous and they all have little

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Les Allen with fish

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beaches, just for kayakers. The weather had been kind to us with only one day of moderate winds giving us a 1.5 mt following sea on the third day as we headed for Shoal Island.

Shoal Island is 100 km south of Dampier and is the start of a group of 20 islands that span the next 120 km to Onslow. These islands are low limestone outcrops in amongst shoals. In calm conditions like we had the shoals were no problem but that would be a different story in a 20 knot wind as you would get bommies everywhere. The islands have a variety of bird life but the shoals are just amazing with the huge variety of marine life. It was absolutely stunning seeing the large fish shoals, turtles, snakes, sharks, soft and hard corals. Snorkeling was a delight and the hand spear was deadly. I was able to feed us all without any problems. Every time I took it in the water I brought home some food. Tel and Dennis were just as successful with lines and had to put back some fish, as we could not eat it all.

This area had us all amazed and vowing to come back. The easy way of getting here is to leave from Onslow and head north. It would be very easy to spend two weeks going from island to island ending up back in Onslow. That way you would miss the tough first three days from Dampier.

We landed at Onslow to resupply with water. It would be possible to do the trip without landing but that would mean cutting back on our emergency supply and in this country it is not worth the risk. On the way in I kept an eye out for the wreck of the fishing boat that sank in cyclone Vance, killing a female deck hand, but unfortunately missed it. That night I was

forced to go to the pub with the boys where we had a great meal, then drank them out of red wine. Not being a drinker, the copious amount of alcohol they forced on me made breakfast and packing a 2 hr hellish operation. About 2 hrs into the paddle my stomach stopped churning but the headache stayed thumping in time with my paddle strokes for the rest of the day. Never ever go to the pub with Tel Williams or Gary Nixon as they will get you into trouble.

At about 50 km from Onslow is a small island called Flat Island. We arrived at 3.00 in the afternoon and set up camp. I was in the habit of snorkeling every afternoon and this day was no exception. The difference with this day was the school of fish the size of four bedroom house right on the shore. As I entered the water I saw a small shark. This was not unusual as we had seen lots of sharks on the trip so far. What was unusual was the way the school reacted. I was able to swim in them. It was truly unbelievable, as I swam they melted away and closed behind me. In the middle it was quite dark. I swam to the edge and saw a larger 1.5 mt shark cruising past. He was big enough to concern me so I headed straight at him with the hand spear in front. He turned and disappeared. I

stopped and next minute the school of small fish engulfed me again.

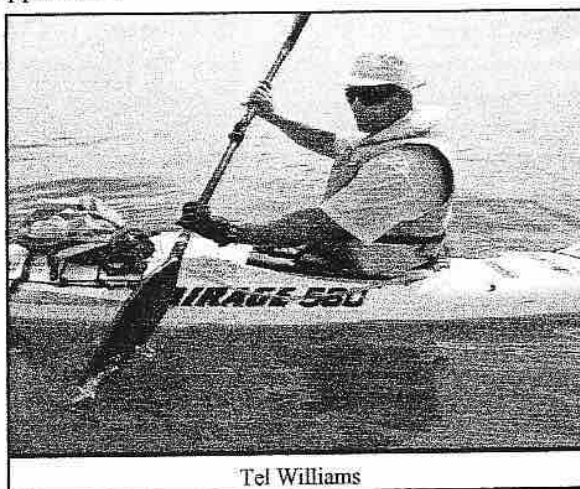
The next morning at a blood red dawn a stunning sight unfolded. Large 1.5 to 2.5 mt sharks were attacking the school of fish I was swimming with the night before. They

were charging in, taking fish right on the beach. Tel reckoned he could have grabbed a tail they were that close. I was able to get some great vision of the sharks at work. We had a late start that morning as the sharks entertained us for a long while.

The next leg was over towards the Murion Islands and the weather picked up a little. To quote Gary "it wasn't a following sea but a wallowing sea". We were in deep water now and I was enjoying the sea as we had had flat paddling for most of the trip. As we got closer to the Murions we felt the effect of the current flowing around the northern end. The chart shows over falls and as they were against us it was a matter of head down and paddle flat out. The last few kilometers were very hard work. For the first time in my paddling career we had sharks bumping us. Dennis, Tel and Gary all had hits. They weren't major problems but certainly got the heart rate up for those affected.

We had a rest day on the Murions so the boys went surfing after a game of beach golf to fill in the "rest day". My wrist was sore so I had a paddle free day. In the morning I had a revelation. All the time in Perth I wish I had a day to do nothing. Well now I did and it was great. I rested, walked, filmed and rested some more.

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Tel Williams

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The next morning we had to beat the tide to get back to Exmouth so it was a before dawn start. As we got to the end of the islands dawn was starting to break and we could see well. This was a bonus because the waves and tide were opposing creating a messy washing machine sea. Once we were a few kilometers off the islands the sea settled down and we flew into Exmouth on the flooding tide.

On the last night it was back down the pub but this time I didn't drink, unlike some of my mates. This was probably the best trip I have done because it was so relaxed and the marine life was truly stunning. I will be taking a club trip up there one day.



*"Mirage Sea Kayaks are the best sea kayaks on the market" ....*

*Ask me to explain why on a test paddle. If you are looking for equipment, try mine, because the gear I sell is the gear I use.*

**Les Allen**



Ph 94562129 lallen@touch88.com.au

Advertisement

## *Molloy Island:*

**By Diane Bramley**

The Sea Kayak Club had planned for Sunday, a river paddle up the Hardy Inlet to Molloy Island, a twenty-five kilometre round trip. The group was made up of Eric, Roger, Tom, Marian, Les, Jim and Diane. This sounded like a pleasant easy trip. The weather however was unsettled. On Sunday morning, turbulent clouds traversed the grey skies and the wind was already strong. Robyn photographed the group and waved us off. She was not going as her forearms were still complaining from the previous day's ocean paddle to St Alouarn Island.

Five of the group had sleek high tech Kevlar Mirage Sea Kayaks. It was my first club paddle and my new sea kayak was on order and a month away

so Jim and I were paddling in a twenty-one foot double surf ski. This restricted us to the estuary paddle. The boat had been tried and tested hard in the Avon descent which Jim and our son Lance had completed and it had the look of a seasoned warhorse. Its red deck was embellished with advertising stickers, an Avon map and black duct tape, shredded in parts, along its sides. It was scarred with gouges and scratches the entire length, having scraped and bounced over hundreds of rocks. She was not built for speed so there would need to be plenty of pull going into the paddle for us to keep up with the group.

Up ahead, Tom glided along trailing his lure in the hope of catching tailor or bream in the

estuary. Suddenly he had a fantastic strike. He turned around to see his catch. The sea gulls caught sight of it and began calling their mates and wheeling around. Tom's delight turned to disappointment and then anxiety. A bird was flapping vainly on the end of his line. It tried to take off but cart wheeled onto its back as it fought to be free of the hook. The doctor in Tom then became most concerned as the tern had a glassy look in its eye and was going down for the third time. Enter Marian the Vet, pulling alongside and holding Tom's kayak. Jim and I also came alongside. Jim threw his paddle overboard secured by its leash "Quick Tom, give me the rod" called Jim as I paddled furi-

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ously backwards to keep the boats together.

Tom extracted the hook from its beak and put the bird back on the water.

Due to the high winds, the boats were drifting at a fast rate and the bird was being pushed under his bow. Tom rescued it again, plucking it from the water.

"Give him to me," yelled Marian and it was plopped onto the front of her boat. It shook itself free of some water and soared away, giving quick shivers with its wings. Everyone was pleased.

The rescue completed, Tom was probably pleased that his lure truly looked like a lone sardine. However in the interests of wildlife he began to wind in his line.

Unfortunately Jim's paddle had been swept under the canoe and Tom's hook caught the leash and connected us up again, dragging us sideways. I paddled backwards as Jim carefully unhooked the offending line. Finally getting hold of his paddle, Jim pushed the boats apart.

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*I put in a violent left thrust, resulting in a classic capsiz.*

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"Quick, Diane, hurry, go forward!" I put in a violent left thrust, reefing the paddle back, resulting in a classic capsiz. "Grab the paddle Hold onto the boat. Don't let go," yelled Jim, knowing what can happen when you're up the creek without a paddle.

I felt cold water seeping through my warm, dry layers and my body temperature was reduced about twenty degrees. I was hindered by a PFD and Jim's jacket size XL, which was supposed to hold water out but now held water in. I was twice

my normal weight. "I'll get on first and pull you up," called Jim. As he pulled himself up onto the boat the near edge tipped close to the water and I scrambled up. The outer windbreaker held water in the sleeves, hanging from my arms like huge bladders. Balancing carefully I opened up the wristbands and lowering my arms released the water.

Both Jim and I were sodden through with a wind howling onto us. Jim was soon warm as he wore a wetsuit under his layers and as we paddled to catch up to the group I gained warmth. The river changed direction forming a wide expanse of water chopped up by the strong side wind. For the next hour the wind and water flow worked against us.

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*Roger suggested there might be dugites on this island*

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Up ahead, we saw Tom and Roger turn right and head for a small grassy atoll with a lone scrubby bush on it. We headed for the lee of the tiny island and when we arrived we got off the ski and gratefully flopped backwards onto the bed of thick dry reeds. Roger suggested there might be dugites on this island and my carefree enjoyment of the moment diminished. The sun burst through for a brief moment and we all relished its warmth as we munched on our morning tea snack.

"How much further is Molloy Island, Marian?"

Because it was only 10 kilometres to Molloy Island from Turner's Caravan Park and we had been paddling for over 2 hours, we hoped we were nearly there.

"Oh I think we're about half way," Marian said casually.

"Right," said Les, "Molloy Island or bust."

Once across the open stretch of water, we paddled close to the sheltered western shoreline enjoying a break from the noise of the wind. The silence accentuated birdcalls and the plop and swish of the paddles. In the distance we saw Molloy Island offering an inviting yellow patch of sand on which to land but to reach it required another heavy paddle across open water with strong side winds.

Les and Marian cut across and paddled around the corner into the inlet. Eric suggested we lunch at the Caravan Park in some comfort. A 10-minute paddle up stream and we crossed over the cable for the car ferry but the caravan park eluded us. I have since found out it is a few minutes further down the Blackwood River.

Drifting down the channel, the decision was made by the group to circumnavigate Molloy Island. Always encouraging, Les says, "You're over the worst and just around the corner you'll be in calm water with the wind behind you." As we swung around the corner, the wind caught us full in the face and the force of the crosscurrents and chop threatened to push us onto the rushy bank. Everyone paddled hard.

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*Les kept out of range of my paddle and said "Sorry, I lied!"*

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Les paddled alongside just out of range of our paddle and said "Sorry, I lied! You look cold Diane." I nodded. "I have a spare polo fleece you can borrow," offered Les. That sounded good. Les is about six foot three inches. I am under five. It should come down around my

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knees. I was not talking much, saving my warm breath to blow down the front of my PFD, in a futile attempt to get warm. Once we came into the passage between the islands, the air was still and we relaxed and let the current carry us silently along. My kneecaps began to jump and my teeth chatter. We arrived at Molloy Island at 11.30.am. It had taken three hours to paddle what would normally take seventy minutes. Eric noted that the strength of the wind kept forcing us off course and threatening to take us into shallow water and it had taken a lot of energy to combat this.

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*The so-called thermals felt like ice on my skin.*

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The sun was quite mean with its warmth hiding behind the thick layers of cloud and only making short appearances. All warmth had gone from my body and I was freezing. The so-called thermals felt like ice on my skin. Les got out his polo fleece and sure enough, it was huge enough for me to disappear inside it. I sat hugging my legs. Marian offered her polar vest.

The sun broke out again. I stood like a shag drying its wings, the warm rays of sunshine delicious on my face. Tom offered some plastic trousers, which I gladly put on over my

long woollen leggings hitching them up under my armpits. I felt warmer already. "Wear the polo fleece for the journey home as well", said Les. "It doesn't matter about getting it wet." On it went over the rest, with Jim's big shower proof jumper on top.

"Michelin Man has got nothing on you Di," called Roger.

What did I care about that? I was warm thanks to the generosity of the group.

During the lunchbreak, Les took out Jim's kite and started manoeuvres to get it up in the air in order to dry it out.

Unfortunately two things were against us. It was wet from the roll over and because of the hills and trees; the wind was fishtailing and sending the kite up to 100 ft and then into a vertical dive into the estuary.

After several attempts Jim and Marian decided to get ready for a quick take off with the kite already airborne, with the shore group lifting the kites for us. Jim connected the kite string to the front. I'm in the back with two paddles keeping us balanced. Les launched the kite and with a racing start we're away, heading home at a steady five kilometres per hour and no paddling. It looked like we would have a dream run, at least for half the way home, before we hit the headwind when the river changed direction. About a kilometre out, the kite once again did

a sudden dive striking the water. A huge gust of wind picked it up off the surface of the water and took it straight up again. Two minutes later it came down, this time submerging and becoming a super efficient sea anchor, threatening to pull us off the canoe.

We looked up and saw Marian charging along with her kite soaring in full flight. Not long after, her kite also came crashing down. "Well, so much for those toys" said Marian as she slowly trawled in her semi submerged kite.

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*....her kite also came crashing down.*

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Eric and Les sailed blithely past. Roger and Tom, unassisted and unencumbered by kites or sails, but with Kevlar boats paddled steadily up ahead. We retraced our path to the Reed Island and regrouped ready for the next stretch across open water with crossing currents and the long slog heading into the buffeting wind and rough water. The afternoon breeze had stiffened and was coming straight down the estuary. Headway was slow as we made our way to our landing spot.

The warm shower afterwards was appreciated as was the friendly gathering that evening as we enjoyed the red wine, conversation and Robyn's chocolate treats.

## *Augusta Weekend: St Alouarn Island.*

**By Jim and Diane Bramley**

The Sea Kayak Club gathered at Augusta on September 26<sup>th</sup> to 29<sup>th</sup> August for a weekend of interesting paddling. The weather reports were of unsettled weather but that didn't deter the keen paddlers. As Tom said on Monday, "You do better to look out of your window than listen to reports." We experi-

enced weather of all seasons over the weekend but nothing of much concern.

Eric arrived at the campsite at Turner's Caravan Park at noon on Friday. Roger and Les arrived mid afternoon and Robyn a little later. Jim and Diane arrived in the night. Marian arrived Sat just after the group left for their

day's adventure and was disappointed to miss them, watching them disappear through the heads. She was also disappointed when she realised she had left her sleeping bag behind. Tom came later Sat morning. And that made eight all told.

The day's paddle was to an island off the coast of Augusta,

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Australia's South West Point, to one of the most southern islands, St. Alouarn Island. There was a sign next to the caravan park proclaiming "last fish and chips before Antarctica."

The group of five, Eric, Les, Robyn, Roger and Jim set off at 8.45 a.m. Eric found negotiating the surf on the sandbar on the journey out the heads exciting.

The group hugged the coast along Flinders Bay, heading for Whale Boat Loading Point where they could stop for morning tea, stopping on the beach before tackling the big, sloppy waves through the rocks. Diane followed their progress by car from the high, dry, coastal road and joined them on the beach.

Some of the group were looking forward to the challenge of the surf when coming back into the estuary later that day. Robyn however expressed concerns about returning through the surf so during the break Les gave her a few pointers for a successful ride through the surf.

The trip across to the island would be taxing and a backup plan was that Di could be contacted by phone to pick up any tired paddlers at Flinders Bay Caravan Park to save them having to negotiate the surf.

From high on a cliff, Diane saw the kayaks gradually moving forward, navigating their way around Seal Island. They were heading for St Alouarn Island where there was a tiny patch of golden sand visible to the naked eye. This limited area was to be their lunch stop.

Through binoculars, from her vantage point, Diane could see that the tiny coloured kayaks had clustered together near the break of sand. Then she was unable to see any kayaks on the water and presumed they had all

landed safely.

The wind had picked up and the smooth beautiful turquoise and royal blue seascape was now one of dark seas with white caps freckling its surface. It looked like it would be hard going on the return journey. Diane's pastel drawing of the islands was finished so she returned to Turner's Caravan Park.

Over at the island a very precise procedure was taking place. In an otherwise rocky coastline the patch of sand was strewn with rocks and the only entrance was one metre wide. Luckily there was no swell or surge.

Les was aware that beaching and launching could be a problem. They must enter the bay with extreme caution. Les knew this and had a strategy in place. The group went into the bay and stood offshore. Les went in and alighted leaving his boat in the water. The second person came in, dismounted in the water and assisted by Les, moved the boats to the side, out of the way. The third, fourth and fifth person entered trying to avoid the rocks and was assisted in turning and alighting from their craft, carrying them onshore, turning them and placing them on any spot to be found. Some up the beach and all of them tucked in. If there were any kind of a swell running it would have been too dangerous to land. They enjoyed their lunch break and the view back to the Cape Lighthouse on the most Southwest Point of Australia. It was here that the Indian Ocean and the Southern Ocean met.

Getting out of this bay was done in reverse order. Robyn, Eric, Roger and Les first. Jim in his plastic was at the rear as there was no one left to steady the boat and if it did wash back-

wards onto the rocks, there was less chance of any damage, the other boats being the more unforgiving kevlar.

Once out into the ocean again they circled the Island and headed for home with a big following sea, the wind having picked up somewhat. This made for interesting hard paddling but also good sailing for Eric, Les and Jim.

Half way across, they broke into two groups with Eric and Les following.

Jim thought he was too far north and started paddling south to go over the sand bar. Les indicated to continue north, so with difficulty in the strong winds, they turned the boats, paddling in a big arc.

They grouped two hundred metres off the sandbar. Les went in first followed by Roger and Jim was to go in last. By now the surf had been whipped up by the SW winds and claimed a few casualties.

Roger ran the gauntlet but came to grief. He had turned over and Jim went to his aid. He was having trouble getting into his boat and didn't look happy. Jim rafted up alongside and turned the boat over. Roger tried getting on, head facing the rudder, resting on his stomach. When he turned over he flipped again. The next attempt got him onto the boat but it was full of water. Roger tried to bail out but it was no use. The switch to his bilge pump was "buggered", to quote Eric, so he decided to head for the shore to empty out. Jim however, was on the shore side of Roger and the next surf wave picked his boat up sideways and crashed him in on top of Roger, leaving Roger in the boat and Jim out of his boat.

Robyn saw all this happening

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(Continued from page 9)

ahead but Les's words rang loud and clear in her head "Paddle fast and keep paddling, lean forward, don't slow up." She wasn't stopping for anyone and through the surf she raced. Jim got back into his boat, skirt on, bilge pump on and off he went. Roger managed to get to shore, empty his boat and head off again. Lesson from this was **Rescue from the ocean side.**

Marian was relaxing on the beach, waiting for the returning group. She had driven out to the cliffs and seen the kites and sails up as the group came home, way out to ocean. On the outward journey, they had hugged the coast. Tired, paddling hard, they were taking the most direct route to the mouth

of the river. But she could only see four kayaks. She hoped five would arrive back. Tom, having recently arrived, paddled out to the surf where Les was having fun.

Robyn was still beaming when she finally staggered to shore to greet Diane and Marian. "I made it. I felt bad I didn't help Roger but there was no way I was stopping."

Some sails appeared in the bay, serenely floating past the spit, which obscured the breaking surf. It was Jim and Eric. So that was all five back safely.

They all felt it was good to be back at camp after a hard workout. Hot showers, lunch and rest were bliss. Jim and Di then went for a paddle on the double ski around the Hardey Inlet try-

ing out the kite, hoping to sail strongly along. The wind was so strong it blew the kite sideways, which pulled them off course and along the bank littered with branches, snags and weedy obstacles. They gave up on the kite and paddled around the bay practising working as a team, ready for Sunday's paddle up the inlet. Evening socializing was enjoyable with much red wine consumed, livening up the conversation.

(Editor's Note: After an extensive search of the www, atlas and maps I've come up with at least 6 different ways to spell the name of this island. Eric assures me this is the correct way, but even the local Tourist Bureau and Shire Council spell it several different ways.

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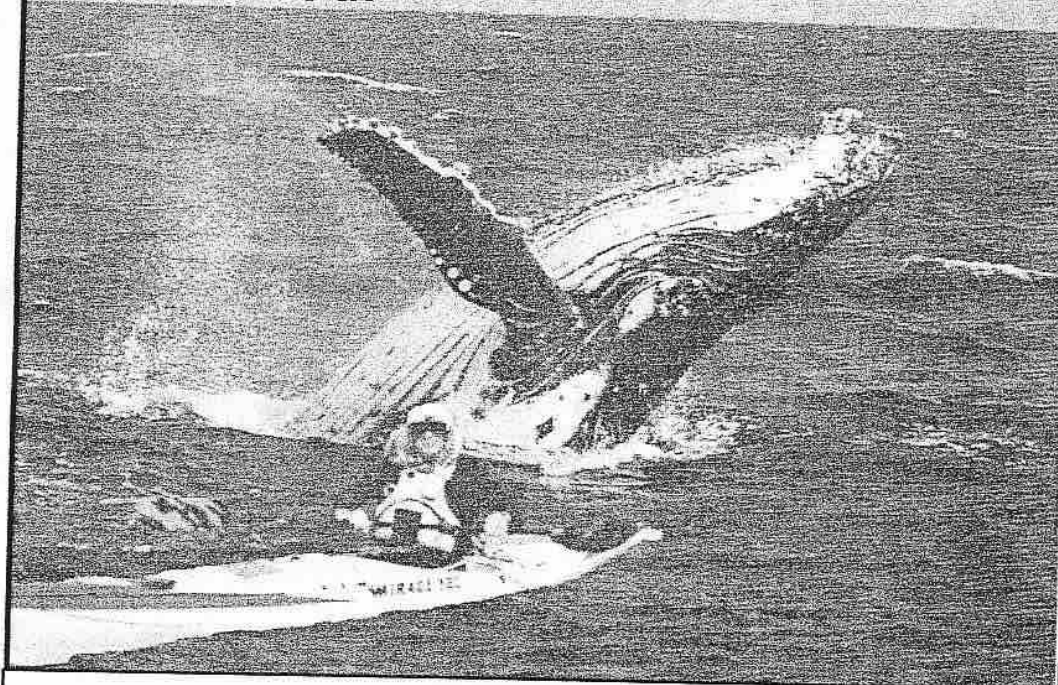
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# No Wildlife Hazard?

He lied!



Les Allen  
Photograph © Marian Dixon

As we all know, "To err is human, but to lie is a prerequisite for membership in the Sea Kayak Club."

The day was perfect for a paddle round Garden Island. The forecast predicted easterly winds (They lied) followed by a stiff afternoon sea breeze. (They lied again)

Les gave the customary briefing and specifically mentioned there would be no wildlife hazard. We assumed he was correct. After all, crocodiles are out of season at Garden Island and sharks rarely get into a feeding frenzy over schooling kayakers. Apart from an occasional encounter with a flying fish on a suicide mission or marauding little penguins, there was little to concern us.

Les, Eric, Jim, Roger and Marian set off from Woodman Point minus the easterly wind. In fact there was a slight sea breeze. By the time we reached Herring Bay for a short break the wind was still barely evident.

It was not a very challenging paddle down the western side of the island and we kept inside the reef all the way. We were nearing the southern end when I noticed two large smooth rocks just ahead. They were a very strange shape indeed. In fact what was even stranger was that they were moving and one emerged to spout water through its blowhole.

"Whales aho," shouted Jim and we paddled even closer in our excitement. The mother and calf were in no hurry and stayed on the surface. I got close enough to decide it would be more discreet to back off a little. Whale's tails can be even more lethal than marauding penguins or recalcitrant flying fish. That was the closest I've ever been to humpback whales and it's always been a pet dream of mine to get up close and personal while paddling. Mission accomplished.

Like any good wannabe journo I had my camera ready! But sometimes I lie too.

By Marian Dixon



# Eric's Birds

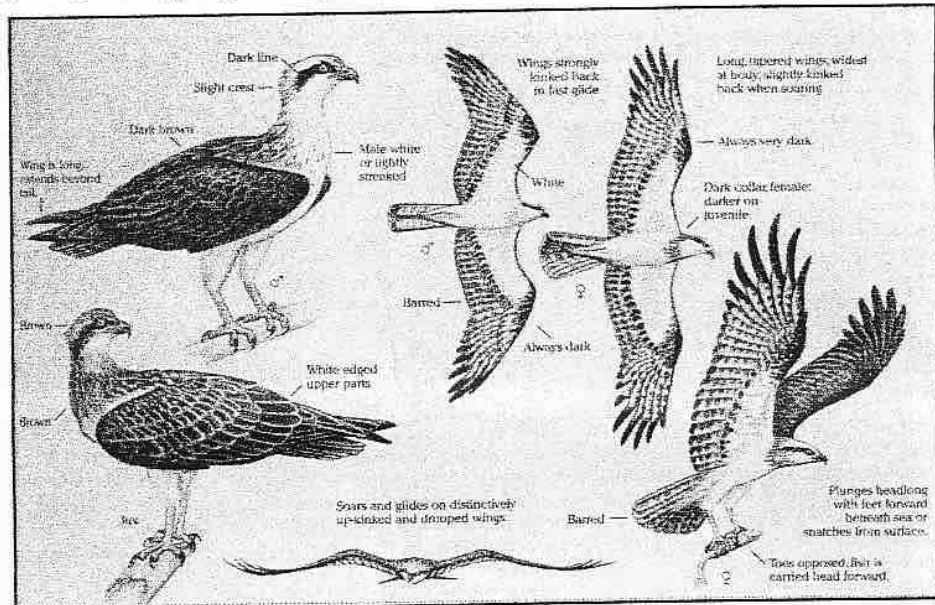
Pictures courtesy of Michael Morcombe

## Osprey and Sea Eagle:

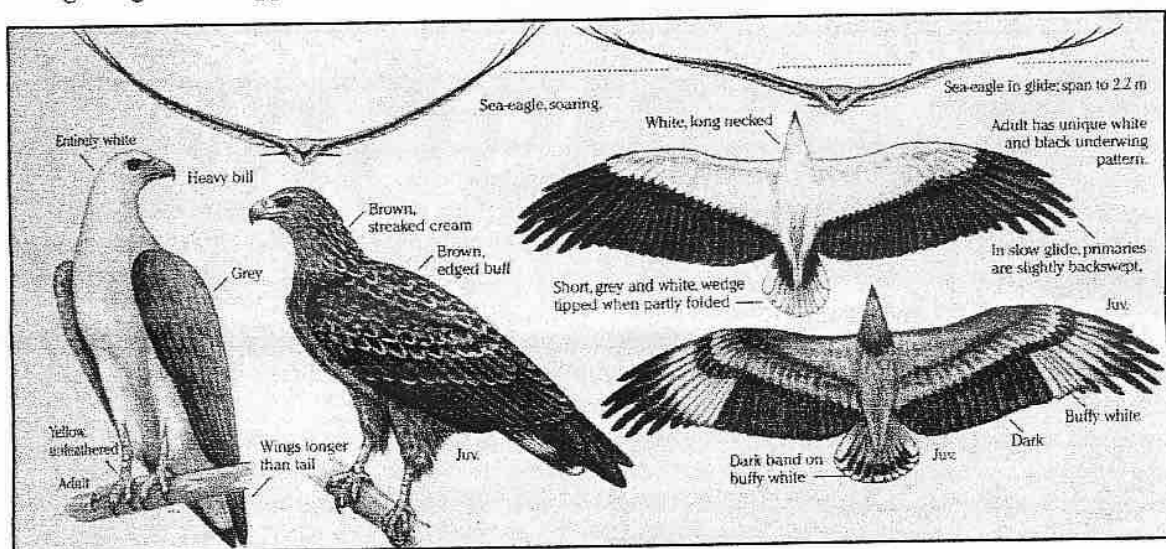
*It is commonly confusing identifying the difference between these two.*

The Osprey is more common, especially in the metro' area. They can be seen any time, often in numbers, at Garden Island. On the Swan River you will find a nest in a dead tree on the Claremont cliff face. They often find their way over to Alfred Cove and roost on the top of the Wireless Mast.

They are best recognized by the dark line through their eye. When gliding, their wings are flattish. First off they may attract with their whistling call.



The White-bellied Sea Eagle, as the name implies, has a well defined white belly and chest as is the underside front half of the wing delineated by an obvious black back half. The wings are upswept when gliding. It is a bigger bird than the Osprey.



### Correction:

In the last issue the following paragraph was incorrectly placed under article under Bridled Terns. It should refer to Fairy Terns:

They, seemingly stupidly, nest and breed on the open beach. It has been seen on Carnac Island where CALM have fenced off an area to protect them from people unknowingly walking over them. The chicks just hang around on the open sand.

Sorry for the confusion!



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## The Not Naked Chef

### \*\*\* How to Make a Chocolate Cake on a Trangia Stove \*\*\*

© 2003 Sandy Robson & George Scorgie

This dessert is a hit if you are cooking a meal as a group. Cooking time is about 1 hour, so put the cake on early i.e. before dinner. If your group has the luxury of 1 stove for cooking dinner & 1 for dessert then you will be cooking up a storm in no time!

#### The Cake

Purchase 1 pkt chocolate cake mix.  
Eggs & Water as required for making the mix (refer to pkt).  
Tip: Buy a mix that needs only water & eggs to make, including for the icing.  
Foil.  
Butter, Marg or Oil to grease pan.

- ⇒ Make up the cake mix in a bowl, following the packet directions - don't forget to make the electric beater noises as you stir on high speed with your spoon or fork!  
Grease **small trangia bowl** with a little butter, marg or oil.  
Pour in cake mix.  
Cover pan with foil.  
Push foil down on 1 side so you do not puncture foil with the billy grips when picking it up.  
Seal edges well.

#### The Cooking Secret

Trangia burner filled completely to the top with metho'.

Water

- ⇒ Make a **Bain Marie** for cooking: Pour water into your **large trangia bowl** & place the small trangia bowl (the one containing the cake mix) inside so that it just floats. Light stove and cook on high with **lid** on top until the water boils.  
Remove pots momentarily and put on **simmer ring** so that the cake cooks at a simmer. Return cake to heat & continue cooking with the **lid** on so that the cake cooks evenly.  
Occasionally check the water level & refill as needed - **do not let it boil dry**.  
Once the metho' in your burner is completely used up, your cake should be ready. Put it on for a little longer if it is not cooked to your satisfaction.

#### Serving Suggestions

Long Life Cream (250ml)  
Icing (as supplied in pkt)

- ⇒ Mix Icing mixture while the cake is cooking.  
Serve cake warm with long life cream and icing mix-

#### Note

- This recipe/method is designed for a trangia stove with a metho' burner. Gas converts will need to experiment to see if you can get it to work on slow heat.
- The chocolate cake that comes with raspberry sce is my favourite!
- Eggs may be packaged by cutting a portion from an egg carton. Put in your eggs, then wrap in bubble wrap or paper. Once wrapped, pack them inside a lunch box or in your trangia. Single eggs can be easily packaged into your cup.

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