

WA Seakayaker



Issue 47: March ~ April 2004



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

12/02/04.



It's all happening! Good attendances to club paddles. Walpole is well supported. Dampier's requirements are fulfilled – we have reserves. The skills assessment program has been well received. It shows that members are conscious of improving their skills so making us a club right up there with our safety values. On behalf of the club, I must pass on our appreciation to Roger, Les and Marian for putting in so much time and effort making our club function so well that we can fulfill that we are on about: paddling for our own individual pleasure. To make it as safe as we possibly can in a risky environment.

There is still a lot of work to be done. We are surely on the right track. The deadline for this report is before our General Meeting. I take the opportunity to point out that this is your forum. Every member's chance to get up and question what your Committee is up to. More importantly, to contribute constructive comment and ideas.

Go to it!

ENJOY YOUR PADDLING.

Eric.

Deadline for next issue :

Midnight WST

Friday 16th April 2004

Cover Picture:

Terry Bolland, John Di Nucci, Tel Williams and
Don Kinzett on the Esperance Trip

Photograph by Les Allen

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NOTICE BOARD



Welcome to the following new members

Helen Cooksey
Antony Mee
Katherine Stokes

Insurance

Members and the club now have three levels of insurance cover for the \$22 included in their membership fee. We are covered for Personal Accident, Professional Indemnity and Public Liability.

Full details are available on the Australian Canoeing website.

www.canoe.org.au

SEA KAYAK CLUB WA Inc. CODE OF PERSONAL CONDUCT.

Participants in Sea Kayak Club WA Inc. activities are responsible for their personal conduct, both on and off the water. They are expected to act, at all times, in a responsible, adult manner and to ensure that their personal behavior is such that it is not offensive to others participating in club activities, other members of the boating fraternity or to the general public and does not reflect adversely on the club or the sport of Sea Kayaking generally.

The following behaviors are of special concern in any situation where they may be offensive to others.

- § Use of uncouth language.
- § Humor with sexual, religious or racial overtones.
- § Personal verbal abuse.
- § Personal physical abuse.
- § Immodest behavior.
- § Sexual harassment
- § Excessive consumption of alcohol.
- § Aggressive behavior when faced with conflicting points of view.
- § Loudness or rowdiness.
- § Discrimination on sexual, religious or racial grounds.



Les Allen Kayaks

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Breaches of the club's Code Of Personal Conduct will be dealt with according to
Clause 9 – Expulsion Of Members Of Association of the club constitution.

Post Xmas Specials

(While stocks last)

Marine Compass

Marine compass to suit Mirage Kayaks and most boats. \$95.00

Carbon Shafted Paddle

Ainsworth carbon shafted isometric paddle \$120.00

Aqua Pack

Use your mobile phone to raise the alarm or let people know you will be late from the water with a waterproof mobile phone case. \$30.00

Mirage Kayaks

Mirage 530	Glass	\$2580.00
Mirage 530	Kevlar	\$2800.00
Mirage 580	Glass	\$2680.00
Mirage 580 Kevlar		\$2900.00

*Remember, the equipment I sell is the
equipment I use Les Allen*

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CARNAC ISLAND

By Judy Blight



southerly trip from Woodman Point and coming home with the breeze.

"The worst that can happen is falling into the ocean"

Finally, my big opportunity arrived. I wanted to go, even if the breeze was 20 knots. I know it's difficult coming home with a strong following sea but I guess the worse that can happen is falling into the ocean. I had done the intro course with Les Allen and was feeling confident about the assisted rescue but not so confident about self rescue (I promise I will practice)! Although, having watched Marian make it look easy, it may be possible.

I arrived at South Beach expecting to see a crowd but there were only a handful; Les, Barry from Mandurah, Kevin, Eric and new to the club John Wass.

The forecast for the day was 18-25 knots early - easing to 13-18 later so I had a funny feeling that it may be cancelled but--no--we were off. Les is still in practice for the big FF ride around the coast and he was giving Kevin a run in his Mirage 580. It was decided that as it was John's first paddle on the ocean that Eric would take him out for a km. and then they would tour the various harbours. The 4 of us set off and although it was choppy and hard going it didn't reach the forecast expected.

I often feel that I have to paddle twice as hard to keep up -my boat is not quite as speedy as a Mirage and apparently after observing me Barry and Les decided that I needed a new paddle because mine is so short that I was missing the wa-

I had joined the Sea Kayak Club 2 months previously and was really keen to see Carnac but every time we were set to go the winds proved too strong for the club paddle and we ended up doing a

ter with every second stroke. (Les is an excellent salesman!!!!)

After trying Les's paddle it certainly made a difference. Of course I had to buy a new one straight away.

"The odd bronze whaler swam under Les and Barry"

Finally we crossed the shipping channel and the odd bronze whaler that swam under and between Les and Barry--I didn't hear how big it was---I just tried to keep upright. We reached shore and passed between a group of seals (sic) which were playfully swimming near us while some of the big boys lay around in the sun. I had once been charged by a bull seal and escaped by climbing a cliffside so even though I can enjoy them its nicer from a distance.

The island had a few boats moored and there was a tourist boat but everyone was taking care of the environment and not encroaching too close to the wildlife. The Fairy terns were nesting along the sand---why don't the seals squash them????

We had our packed lunch and then discussed the life of a seal---they laze around the islands down here (while their wives are up near Lancelin preparing for the mating season and keeping the home beautiful) and swim up the coast every 18 months. There seemed to be consensus amongst the paddlers that this was a great way to exist??

The trip over had taken about 2 1/2 hours so we were looking

forward to a faster journey home. It wasn't exactly a following sea as we were travelling in an easterly direction with the wind a south westerly. I enjoy the waves coming behind as you can really move along, although not always in the direction you want. Kevin was finding it tricky as his foot-setup in Les's boat was different to his old faithful. It took us 1 1/2 hours to return or thereabouts--the ever helpful president was waiting on the shore to assist us in --well done Eric.

I can't wait to go on the next trip with my second hand Raider-X-with sail and electric pump included.---This sea kayaking club is keeping me bankrupt.

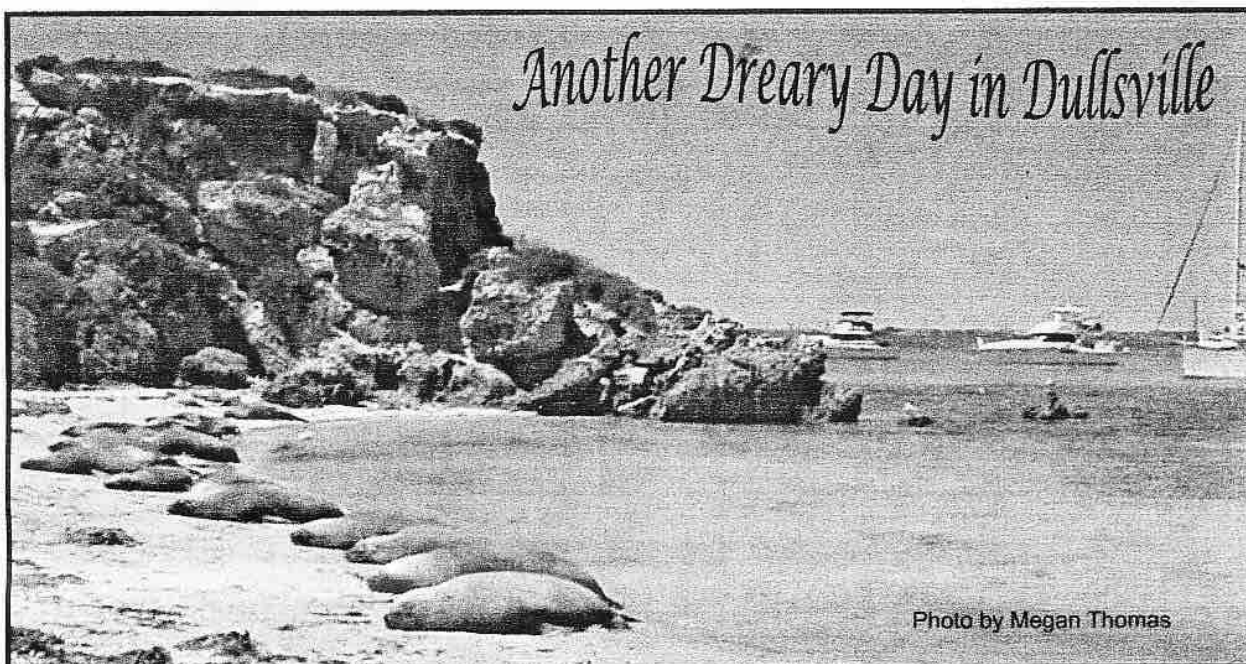


Photo by Megan Thomas

By Marian Dixon

Once again the headlines in the Sunday paper labelled Perth as Dullsville. Well, the nine of us who set off from Woodman Point bound for a barbecue on Garden Island wouldn't have it any other way. John R and Megan were road testing their new double Feathercraft and the rest of us were in our usual mode of transport.

The 12-14 knot north-easterly helped us all, particularly Helier who put up his kite before we left the beach. We choked on his dust all the way across Cockburn Sound. By the time we rounded the northern tip of the island, the wind had died and the day had begun to live up to its promise of being a scorcher. We found out later it reached 40.5 degrees.

There were dozens of boats moored in Herring Bay and a party atmosphere prevailed, with people of all ages paddling, swimming, drinking and playing.

We commandeered the barbecue and were entertained by some gregarious Kings skinks that knew exactly where to beg for food and water. Of course we didn't feed them (except for one small piece of tomato which earned me a scolding from Eric). A very shy tammar wallaby spied on us from the hillside but didn't stay long.

We sat in a circle in the water, reluctant to leave and waiting for the sea breeze that didn't eventuate. Finally, we stirred ourselves and paddled across to Carnac Island on a dead flat ocean. The whole of Cockburn Sound was

alive with boating activity and humming with the sound of outboard motors.

There were dozens of boats moored at Carnac Island and there were tourists on the beach and in the water. I shouted at a party of young people who were teasing the sea lions. A little while later, I saw one of the kids pick up a fairy tern chick and I could no longer control myself. I had to go and intervene, with Eric right behind me. It's actions like this that are going to get the whole island placed out of bounds and ruin it for the regular visitors who respect wildlife.

On the way back Graeme spotted something red in the water and asked Judy to pick it up. It was two perfect, fresh red roses that Graeme claimed he had arranged to be placed there for her to find.

We arrived back at Woodman Point just as a gentle sea breeze was starting. If this is dullsville, then bring it on. But please don't tell the rest of the world!



Photo by Megan Thomas

Israelite Bay To Esperance

Four Seasons in a Week

By Les Allen

Les Allen



The first thing that struck me was that peculiar ultra white, squeaky sand that is so typical of this area. We were at Poison Creek not Israelite Bay as the track to the bay was too rough. Poison Creek was just about dry which was good for us as the track for the last 200 mt is the creek. We had followed the creek out to a lovely hard white beach tucked into the corner of a bay with no surf, ideal for launching on the first day. For some reason it was frantic packing and off, when there was no real urgency, as we only had about 18 to 20 km to do that day. We waved goodbye to Pam and her friend Mike who had driven us out to the beach and headed out around the point.

Don Kinzett was out front, with me and Tel Williams just behind when Terry Bolland called out. John Di Nucci had turned back as he had left his maps in the car. It was at this point I noticed the wind picking up as we rounded the point. A dreaded head wind, and yes it was slowly building. There was sloping granite on our right with scrubby bush on the slope of the hill. There was a bank of white cumulus clouds on the horizon with wispy white cloud covering the rest of the sky that was typical of an autumn day.

The only problems were the

building head wind and constant rebound wave. The water was gray with a meter high swell coming from our left, a meter high wind wave coming head on and a half a meter rebound going at all angles. The boats were lifted and dumped lifted and dumped with the bow or stern sliding off at different angles breaking your paddle rhythm as the boats yawed through the mess. By the time we had done 18 kilometers the head wind was a steady 15 to 16 knots.

There was a bay on our right and the map showed a small knob we had to round to get into the bay. As we approached the rocky knob we could see it was attached to the mainland by a small sand bar and where the sand bar connected with the rocky knob was the perfect campsite. Sheltered from the wind with a stark white beach and crystal clear water lapping up to the beach. There were also well placed flat rocks that made excellent dining tables. There was no discussion. Everyone landed and started making camp. Don found heaps of large abalone that fried with garlic and chili made an excellent main meal.

"Two Pacific Gulls were trashing our camp"

The next day was a perfect summer day with light breeze and warm sun. We headed out to Middle Island and camped in the beautiful bay. I was expecting seals on the island as we had them playing with us at all the islands on the way out but there were no seals on Middle Island. We left camp for a walk and when we returned the camp was being turned over by two Pacific Gulls. They were turning over clothes, opening

bags and generally trashing the place. We thought this was a bit rude as they showed no fear when approached. To top it off a little while later a meter long lizard wandered over and did the same thing. He rummaged through all of Terry's clothes actually climbing inside jumpers and tee shirts. After deciding there was no food there he calmly wandered off. Of course Don found a heap of huge abalone so it was a seafood dinner again.

"We had our sails up and only had to put in two strokes to catch any wave"

Day three was a typical spring day with scuddy moving cloud and a 15 knot wind at 6.30 am. We headed off to Cape Arid and the wind quickly built to 20 knots gusting to 25. The seas picked up but as they were going our way it didn't matter. Rounding the cape was quite rough but crossing the bay was a hoot as Don and I had our sails up and only had to put in two strokes to catch any wave we wanted. The others just muttered to themselves something about feeling like they were in the Sydney to Hobart yacht race. We just laughed and sped off.

That night after an abalone dinner we got some light showers of rain and by the morning we awoke to full winter with heavy showers, inky black skies and strong winds buffeting the tent. Getting out of the tent was not inviting. Unfortunately the wind was a 15 knot head wind. We broke camp in the rain and headed out into gray rough water. As we rounded the headland the big sets were already 3 meters and the rebound made paddling difficult. We had a hard

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days paddle but at least our campsite was out of the wind. We set up camp in the rain, as it had not stopped all day. Don caught more abalone but by now was hard pressed to get us to eat it, yet again. I mean you can only eat so much abalone and I think he was a little put out by our groans of "Not more bloody abalone!"

It rained all that night and was still raining when we broke camp facing a 20 knot head wind. Constant rain for 2 days was starting to piss us off. We had to do 28 kilometers so it was going to be a hard slog. The seas had really picked up but in the bay there were two small islands we could use to shelter from the wind and waves. As we headed out around a little headland and island the gray seas melded with the gray sky. As I paddled up a wave the top spilled picking up the front of my boat and dumping it half a meter to the right. Hard left rudder and sweeping on my right the bow started to come around. Up, up, up and over the next wave the bow was back on track. Up the next wave and the top spilled picking up my bow and dumping it half a meter to the right. Ok, hard left rudder and swear at the wind. This was going to be one of those days. All you could do is hunker down and plod on. There was no point in getting pissed off as it was not going to change anything. Look at the scenery and forget the time and speed. Just try to enjoy the sensation of paddling a rough sea.

By the time we reached the second island Don was looking very tired and in pain. He told us his shoulder was painful but he would be all right. As we still had 11 to 12 km to go, in

that sort of head wind, it was going to be a test of endurance and pain threshold for Don. There was nothing we could do to help apart from tow him if things got too bad. I didn't mention that as he was doing very well so far.

As we left the island and rounded the lee point a large breaking wave came through just as Don was over the reef. It picked up the boat and cork screwed him into the water. He recovered immediately he was back in his boat with the pump on before John got over to lend a hand. Talk about having a bad day. I felt sorry for Don, but once again there was nothing we could do. Fortunately Don is an experienced paddler, so the dunking did not affect his paddling, even though the "f" word may have been used in his descriptive sentences.

"It picked up the boat and cork screwed him into the water"

We had 7 kilometers to the next lee shore. Don kept up a good pace till the last few kilometers. When we arrived and could finally get out of the boats for lunch it was a relief for all of us. We had arranged to meet Pam at Hammerhead as she was going to do the last few days with us. I switched on the radio at the set time and called Pam. She suggested we go back 3 kilometers to a little sheltered bay to pick her up. We explained politely that there was no way in the world we were going back one paddle stroke let alone 3 kilometers. I think she picked up from our tone that the bay we had arranged, even though it was in the full force of the wind, was where we were going to pick her up.

When we got there, Pam's

friends had BBQ's and hot soup with crusty bread for us. We had to go up the track to get out of the wind but that was much better than back paddling. The lunch was magnificent and our thanks go out to the Sprags for their wonderful hospitality. Don was at a low point and was considering pulling out if Pam did not join us. As it turned out Pam joined us and Don kept going. We decided the best camp-site was 4 kilometers across the bay so we mentally prepared for the last slog. Fortunately the wind started to drop and it was not too bad. The campsite was perfect and the rain had finally gone.

"The big sets were the size of houses"

The next day the sky was still overcast and we still had a 10 to 15 knot head wind. Now as we rounded the headland the big sets were the size of houses. Up front was this huge spout of water. It must have been going up 100 meters. As we got closer we could see an island.

"The big sets were the size of houses"

The huge sets were crashing into the seaward side sending up incredible spouts, and then a wall of white water would cascade over the top of the island. It was spectacular and sobering at the same time. The raw power was unbelievable and paddling near the island dangerous. I got some video of Tel near the island but the lens was spattered with water and I nearly went over three times. We decided to move on to where the others were sheltering behind another island.

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It was a very slow day and a surf landing. The highlight was John picking up a huge wave out the back and surfing it. Everybody was expecting a bad outcome when John expertly did a cut back and came flying off the lip doing 20 kilometers per hour while the huge wave curled and thundered into the beach. Unbelievable!

When everyone was finally in safely we had a discussion. Pam was going to pull out, as she did not want to slow us up. Don was still not sure, so I rang for a weather forecast to help with the decision. A satellite phone is invaluable in these circumstances. The forecast was for light tail winds for the rest of the trip with easing swells. That solved the problem we were all going on. That is providing we got off the beach as the surf was picking up.

"A satellite phone is invaluable in these circumstances"

The surf was quite big in the morning. Where we landed the big sets were too big to break out and every now and then even bigger nasty sets broke 20 meters behind them. Not a good option. Up the beach a 100 meters there was a strong rip going out. The big sets would wipe you out but the smaller sets were not a problem. It was just a matter of timing.

I chose to paddle the white water to the rip while the others floated their boats. We decided to send Don and Terry out first Pam next followed by Tel, me, and John out last. The main

break was 100 meters from the beach with three to four sets of white water between the break and the beach. To make it easier two of us held the boats waist deep till the lull and then pushing them off to punch out the two to three small sets to safety.

At one point I was holding the front of Pam's boat when a particularly big wall of white water hit us. At 1.84 meters and 90 plus kilos I managed to jump up and keep my footing. John on the back being smaller and only 60 plus kilos was washed back 3 meters but like a terrier was back at the end of the boat in seconds. On the lull we pushed off and Pam lit the afterburner. Over one, over two and out, to join Terry and Don in the safe water. Tel next. Oops, we missed the lull. He was paddling furiously as he hit the wave.

"The curl came over his head and I saw a hand and head appear through the water"

The curl came over his head and I saw a hand and head appear through the water. Oh dear. His paddle cleared the water still in his right hand. Much to my surprise after wobbling and surfing backwards he got his other hand to the paddle settled and started paddling out furiously. Up, up and over the next wave and he was out. Phew, that left only me and John. When we joined the others I said to Tel I thought he was a goner in the wave. He explained how he struggled to keep balance as the paddle was ripped out of his hand and he was slammed into the back of the cockpit hurting his back.

The rest of the day was uneventful till we landed at lucky Bay.

Where we landed was a small beach dump. Not a problem just needs good timing to get off. We had lunch and started to head off with Don going first. Oh no, he missed the timing and hit the curl of a big one. The wave broke stopping and spitting the boat out backwards.

"Don hit the beach 5 seconds after taking off"

Wobbling a bit but staying upright Don hit the beach 5 seconds after taking off. Poor Don, but it did look hilarious and we were laughing at him being spat out so fast. His second try was much better and he was out. Terry had the same problem but managed to punch the curl and after wobbling precariously punched out. When I got out I was joking with Don till he told me how he was slammed into the back of his cockpit also hurting his back. Surf can be dangerous so I should show more empathy before taking the piss.

The last day it was back to summer with a low swell no wind and wonderful warm sun. We called past Woody Island and cruised into Esperance Harbour to a Champagne reception put on by Pam's friends who also organized the media to meet us. For me it was a great trip. We had every season and everything from rough water to glassy conditions, surf and huge swells to roaring tail winds. The company was excellent and the coastline spectacular, what a shame it had to end.

Politically Incorrect Thought for the Day....

Men are like a fine wine. They start out as grapes, and it's up to women to stomp the shit out of them until they turn into something that is acceptable to have dinner with.

Jurien Bay 24-26 Jan 2004

By Roger Lloyd



Roger Lloyd

The Jurien Bay – Australia Day long weekend trip this year was a somewhat more decorous event, by all accounts, than the same weekend last year and I am sure the denizens of Hill River and Jurien were grateful for it. The paddling this year was excellent and the after hours social activities focused on quality rather than quantity. Robyn Khorshid, Gary Nixon and Roger Lloyd, turned up at the caravan park during Friday afternoon and Laurie Fuller, a Jurien local and club member joined us for the evening. The hotel on the south side of the caravan park generously provided “entertainment” in the form of rock music from 6-30 pm until well after midnight.

At 8-30 am on Saturday three somewhat boggle eyed campers were joined by Helen Cooksey, who had sensibly rented a house, pushed off from the beach for a circumnavigation of Boullanger, Whitlock, Escape and Favourite islands in a light SW breeze and overcast skies. The paddle out along the Southern shore of Boullanger to the SW tip of Whitlock Island was uneventful but pleasant in the cool conditions provided by the

overcast skies. Robyn photographed most of the rocks we passed with her No1 camera until she ran out of film and had to limber up the No2. We weaved our way across the one kilometre gap between Whitlock and Escape Islands through patches of rocky reef. As we rounded the SW end of Escape Island a 1.5 metre swell with small wind waves rolled in from the SW and pounded up on the surrounding reef making it impossible to round close-in to the island. Helen, who is new to sea kayaking but has good paddling skills, was a little apprehensive about paddling out and around the breakers but gamely agreed to give it a go and after some discussion we set off and paddled around the end of the island, about four hundred metres out, without difficulty.

Midday found us back in the gap between Whitlock and Boullanger Islands where we had a break for lunch, swimming and a ramble around on Whitlock which proved to be like walking on a giant Swiss cheese as the whole island is covered in Frigate bird burrows. The scenery in this area is delightful with pristine golden sand beaches, rocky headlands, small offshore

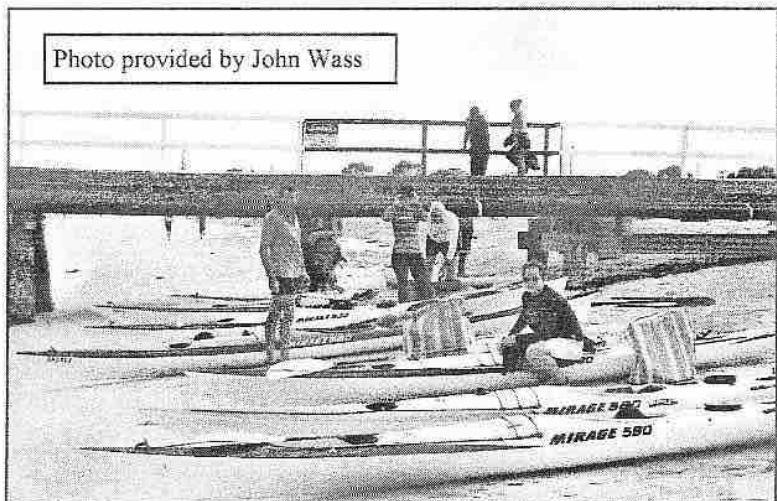
islands, shallow turquoise coloured water and excellent snorkelling. The sun had by now broken through the overcast and the breeze, still light, had turned to the West. As we rounded Favourite Island on the nine kilometre paddle back to the jetty we were amazed to see a huge Eagles nest on a prominent rock. Some heavy hints dropped about a volunteer to go and perch on it while Helen and Robyn took photographs were ignored. We were greeted at the jetty by Hellier Beardsley, Kate Watson and John Wass who had arrived during the day.

That evening, in the middle of a learned discussion by the resident wine buffs ree the merits of Grenache as a suitable tippie for cultured people the “entertainment” from the hotel started and was followed shortly after by a crescendo of sound from the tavern across the road from our campsite. We now had stereophonic “entertainment” that again continued until midnight. To make matters worse John brought out his plastic bottle of vintage Fruity Lexia and horrified people by offering to share it.

Sunday morning and six shell-shocked campers plus one sensible house resident were at the beach early. John, Helen, Robyn and Roger, decided to paddle across the bay to North Head and on to Sand

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Photo provided by John Wass

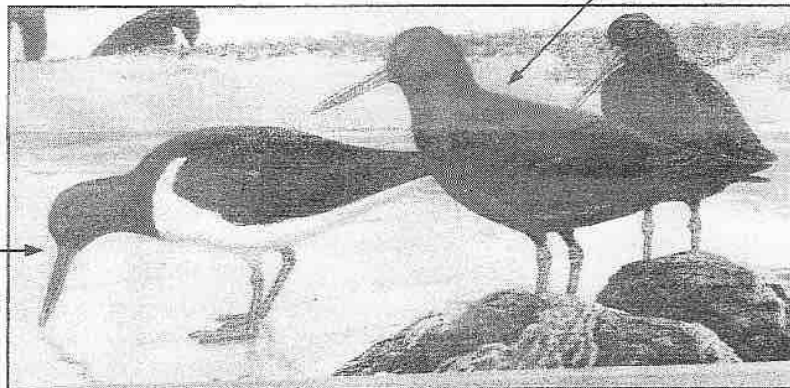




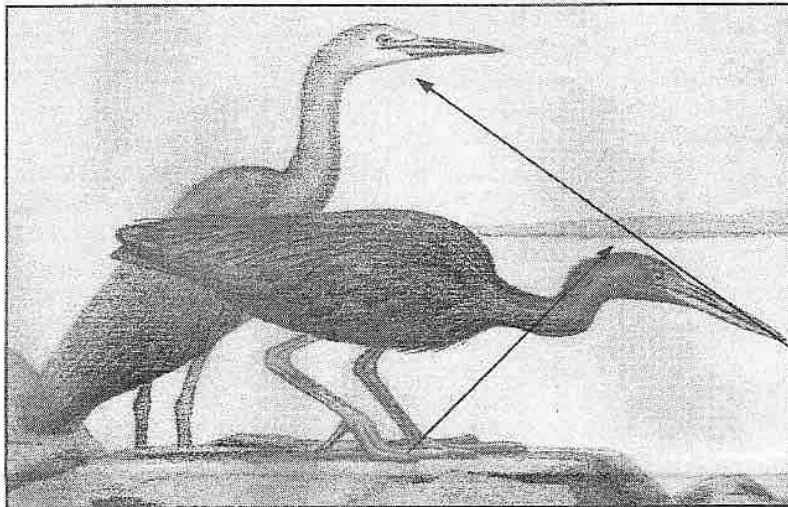
Eric's Birds

In the near future, seeing we are having a few trips down south you will see, mainly on the waters edge, the *Sooty Oyster Catcher*. The same, but different, by their colouring as the names imply, to the *Pied Oyster Catcher* we commonly see up here in the metro' area. The 'Sooty's' colouring varies from dark brown to black. Mostly black! Whereas the local is pied, that is, black and white. They both have a red beak, red eye-ring and pink legs.

Sooty Oyster Catcher



Pied Oyster Catcher



Reef Egrets come in both a totally grey bird or a totally white bird. They are both of the same species. The grey is the most common. It has a long strong grey bill. The legs vary: greyish, greenish, yellowish. As the name implies they hang around reefs and rocky outcrops.

It hasn't the white face you see on the lighter grey *White Faced Heron* which is an obvious name. This one is common wherever you go. Looks spindly

and delicate compared to the *Reef Egret* which is more stocky and a darker grey.

(Continued from page 9)

land Island, a round trip of some 25km, while Helier, Kate and Gary opted for a trip to the islands. The weather was identical to the previous day and we enjoyed an easy paddle across the bay to North Head. The views from the headland were spectacular, south to the quaintly named rocky bluffs of Pumpkin Hollow and Sandland Island and the bays and beaches to

Green Head in the north. We paddled up to Sandland Island, where a trio of sea lions sunbaked on the beach and back to a sheltered cove below North Head for lunch and a swim. The wind had kindly swung to the west again and pushed us along on the return trip to Jurien.

Helier, Kate and Gary reported that they also had enjoyed a great day out, in particular snorkelling on a patch of large coloured corals and

tropical fish near Tern Island.

Sunday evening and the canned music from the hotel was a mere dull roar compared to the previous two nights allowing everyone to get some much-needed sleep. A great two days paddling, good company, fine weather. Makes one glad to be living in boring old WA! Most people were on the road home by 10-00 am to beat the returning hordes on Monday morning.



Mainpeak

PADDLESPORTS

Everything

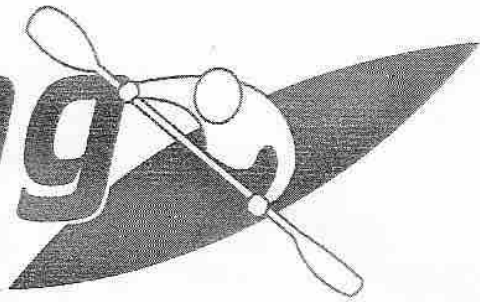
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Advertisement



The Not Naked Chef

Sandy Robson © 2004

Banana Ally-uk

1 banana per person, Dairy Milk Chocolate, Marshmallows, Enough Foil to Wrap Banana

Slice a slit in the banana length ways, then stuff this slit alternately with pieces of chocolate & marshmallows. To prepare for cooking, wrap the banana in foil and place in the Trangia bowl. Heat over the Trangia long enough to heat sufficiently and melt the chocolate and the marshmallows inside. If you put the lid on then it will heat up like an oven, but this is sometimes not possible as the banana sticks up out of the bowl. Once ready, scoop out this delicious dessert and eat.

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SURFACE MAIL

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Can Circuit