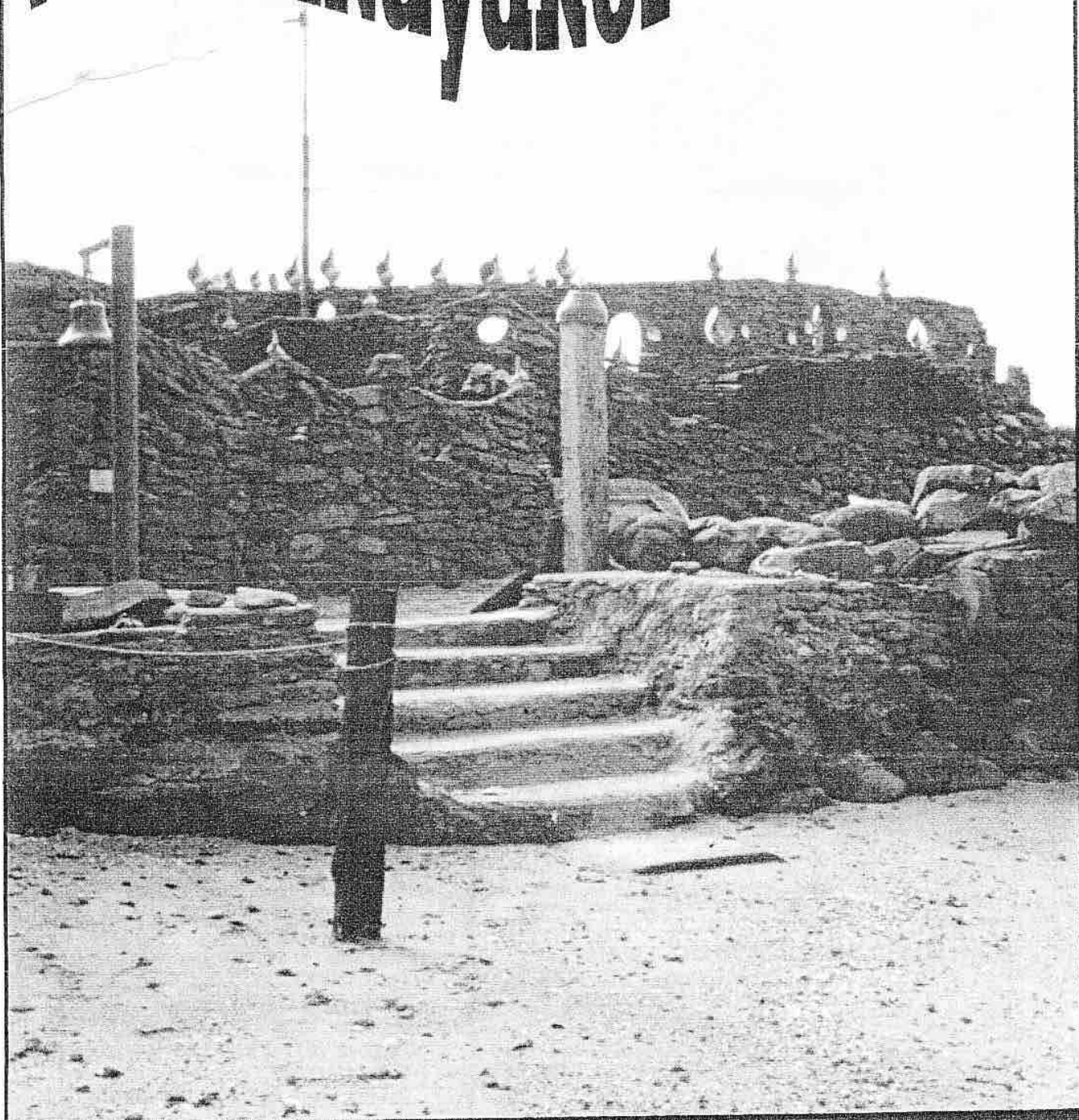


WA Seakayaker



Issue 48: May ~ June 2004



Newsletter of Sea Kayak Club WA Inc. 2a Braunton Street Bicton WA 6157
Phone: Pres. Eric Pyatt 9339 2952 Sec/Treasurer Roger Lloyd 9339 6860

PRESIDENT'S REPORT



It is important that we all complete our training to gain our Skills Award. Coupled with this, our Risk Assessment and Management Plan needs to be in place. This will be a great relief to Committee Members who at this moment are very vulnerable.

Les is gradually going through current members with his assessment program. It is imperative that those he has not passed "on the water" they work on their skills and improve to a point where he can reassess and pass you. If you are in trouble call Les and he will train you accordingly.

He cannot present you with your Award until the paperwork is completed and handed in. Here again he is willing to assist, as is Secretary Roger.

I'm sorry I won't be around to contribute. Jo and I are caravanning around Australia from 4th May to 3rd September, so enjoy your paddling while we're away. Eric.

Deadline for next issue :

Midnight WST

Friday 18th June 2004

Cover Picture:
Sam's conch shell castle on Tidepole Island
Dampier
Photo © Marian Dixon

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NOTICE BOARD



**Welcome to new member
Michael Rowson**

Sea Kayak Club WA Inc

*Caps and Shirts are now available
In Royal blue with white club logo*

Caps \$12

Shirts \$28

Contact Roger or Mick

Senior First Aid course

The club committee is looking for some active members willing to complete a Senior First Aid course with St. Johns Ambulance. The courses are sixteen hours duration and can be done over two midweek days or one evening per week for five weeks.

The cost is around \$130 which will probably be subsidised by the club as the first aiders expertise will benefit all members. Would anyone interested please contact Roger Lloyd on 9339 6860 or Email rojoanlloyd@optusnet.com.au. Cheers Roger.

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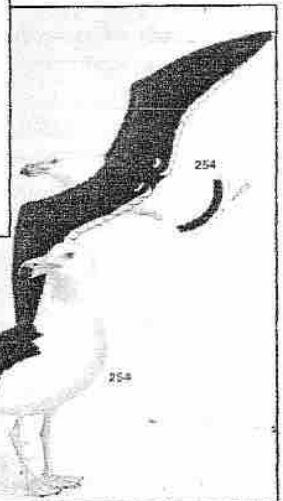
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Eric's Birds

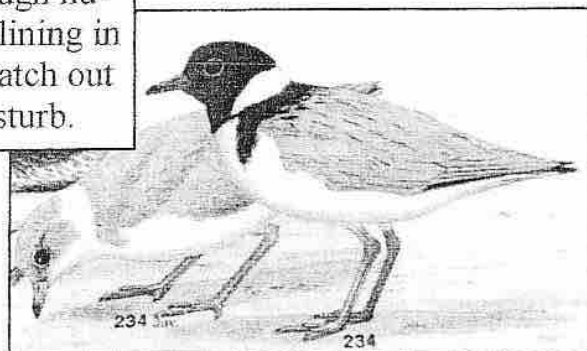
PACIFIC GULL:

While you were down South, you would have seen the Pacific Gull. Larger than the common old Silver Gull. Black and white with a red tip on its yellow beak. Common around Hamelin Bay.



HOODED PLOVER:

Talking of Hamelin Bay, you may have seen signs asking you to watch out for and not disturb the Hooded Plover. A tiny wader, feeds and hangs around the beaches. Through human intervention it is declining in numbers so we need to watch out for them and try not to disturb.



Trip from Woodman Point Around Garden Island and Back.

By John Wass

We were lucky to have very pleasant weather for the start of our paddle. A north easterly was blowing to help us across for the first leg. Les Allen turned up with a brand new Mirage for Helen Cooksey which we all duly admired. Are the Mirages the best sea kayak or is Les just the best salesman?

Helier, our trip leader for the day gave us our pre paddle briefing, splitting us into 2 groups and we set off 13 paddlers in all. During the trip across to Garden island the groups became split up because of the ideal surfing conditions. We rafted up mid ocean and a decision was taken to let the surfers go for it and we would regroup when we reached the island. This we did, unfortunately Robyn and myself did our regrouping in the boating channel and we were surprised by the hooting of a large pleasure craft bearing down on us. Another lesson learned!

"We were surprised by the hooting of a large pleasure craft bearing down on us"

While we were having our morning tea at Her-ring bay, which we by no means had to ourselves, there were power boats in abundance. Les paddled around the corner to see if we would be able to paddle the Westerly side of the island inside the reef. His decision was that we would need to paddle outside the reef due to a heavy swell that was breaking on the reef. He hurried us up as he was concerned that we would have an early sea breeze that might make hard going of it. Helier buddied us up due to the inexperience of some of us. In the event this leg of the trip was in just about perfect conditions, despite a high swell, there was hardly any sea at all. We missed a bit of on the ocean drama by only a short time. We met up with another sea kayaker who informed us that he had assisted in the rescue of a runabout that had capsized on the reef after dragging its anchor. Both the sea rescue group and the Police boat had turned up to complete the rescue.

We had our lunch at a cove at the South west-erly tip of the island on a very steep beach, my

lunch was interrupted by cries of "John you are losing your boat." Apparently I hadn't dragged my boat up the beach far enough and a large wave was sucking it out to sea. I raced down to the water with Delton's assistance and dragged it back, not before most of the gear that I had left on my deck had fallen off into the water. We re-covered everything except my rear hatch cover. Despite myself, Les and Delton snorkeling to look for it in very murky water, it was not to be found and I had resigned myself to purchasing another. Les stuffed my rear hatch with PFDs borrowed from the group in case my flexible hatch cover was also lost and we were just about to set off for the last leg home when Dave spotted my hatch cover being washed up in the surf, he raced down to the water and recovered it, my hero.

"They put up their kites 80 metres at the seaward side of the bridge"

On the last leg, the sea breeze had come in and we had a following sea, making the paddling very easy. Helen left the group as we paddled into the sound. She had left her vehicle at the causeway as she thought the complete trip might be beyond her endurance. A head count beyond the cause-way bridge revealed 2 members of the group short, Les paddled back to see what had become of them. On his return he reported an incredulous story. They had put up their kites 80 metres at the seaward side of the bridge. Could this possibly be true? During the trip back to Woodman Ppoint the breeze intensified making it again ideal surfing conditions, even some of us novices caught a few waves. Of course Les and Helier made it look easy.

Back at Woodman point, after we had reloaded our boats, Helen had hot cups of tea for us. Robyn supplied nuts and raisins, these we had while socialising on a verandah. This had been mine and several other paddlers first trip around Garden island. It was a tiring but good day with excellent company.

The Islands of Dampier Archipelago

By Bill Reynolds

THE erotic-sounding names of the islands of the archipelago do wonders for the imagination. There are East and West Intercourse, and if that's not enough, try East and West Mid Intercourse. "You'll find a lot of shags there," said Neville predictably. "Perhaps there will be some nymphs waiting for us," chimed in Dave hopefully.

The only shags will be of the feathered kind and the nymphs will be accompanied by trendy youngsters in power boats.

The naming of the islands has no sexual connotations. When British explorer William Dampier sailed into the archipelago he stopped off for a chat with the natives. Well, he did have the time. So there you have it: purely social intercourse. Sorry it's a bit of an anti-climax.

WALPOLE WEEKEND.

27 February to March 1 2004

By Helen Cooksey

Wow! What a great weekend. Kayakers came from near and far. Bill from England. Neville from Queensland. Allan and Kate came prepared for rough road driving from Albany in their OKA wagon towing their off road caravan. Wayne, Jeff and Juliana also trekked across from Albany but in a more conventional wagon. John from Rockingham, Les, Eric, Robyn, Delton, Roger, Brad, Dave, Mick and Anna, Phill and Oxanne and myself, Helen, from Perth.

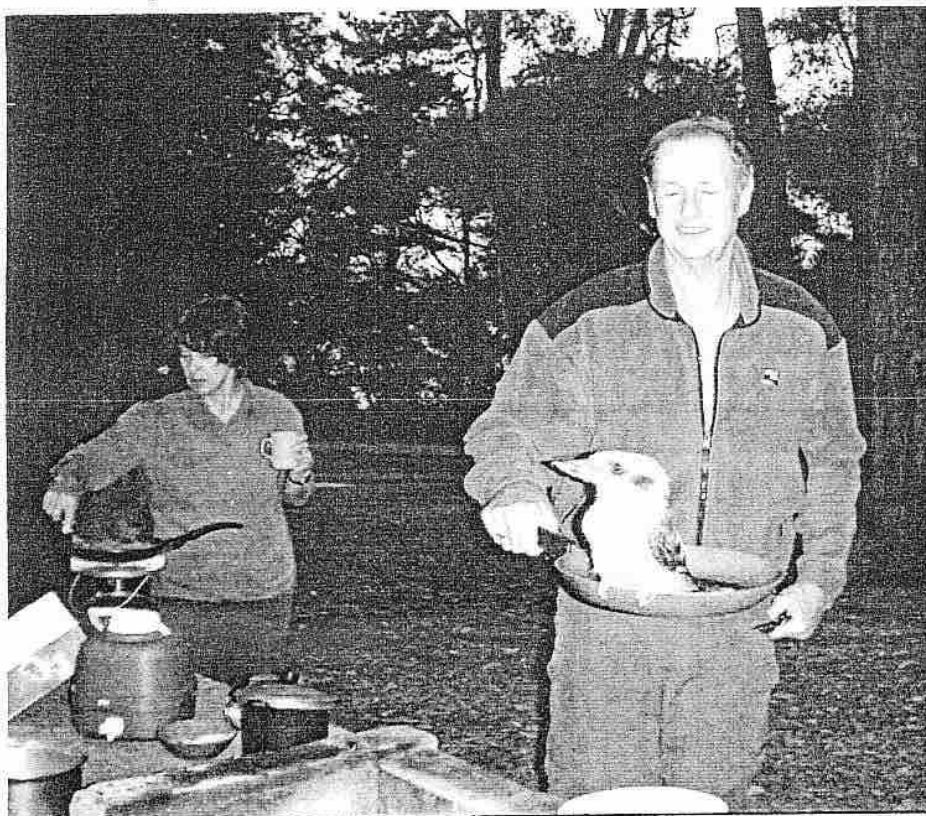
The camping ground at Rest Point is very picturesque on the west bank of the Walpole Inlet set amongst tall trees. Friendly Kookaburras keep a sharp watch from the trees for food and a tame stingray hangs around in the water waiting for fish scraps.

nalup inlet, out through the mouth to the Southern Ocean. We practiced our surfing skills on a small half metre surf break near the entrance for about an hour. As a new member with a two week old boat it was a challenge to see how the boat handled in surf. It was a great feeling riding the waves. John was pretty pleased with himself because although he tipped over in the surf he did an excellent re entry and roll.

"John tipped over in the surf but did an excellent re entry roll"

Les's plan was to paddle out around Rocky Head to Circus Beach. We divided into two groups of 6 with Les looking after one group and

Brad keeping an eye on my group. As with all good plans they often have to be changed. The sea was very sloppy with two and a half metre waves mixing with rebound waves off the granite rocks. Big breakers could be seen rolling into Circus beach so entry and exiting would have been difficult with the level of experience of some of the paddlers. Les gave us a choice of going with him around Saddle Island or straight back with Brad. I turned tail and hot paddled straight back as fast as my weary



GET YOUR LAUGHING GEAR AROUND THIS!

The Kookaburra flew into Robin's frypan but decided it was too hot and settled in Bill's

Saturday morning twelve of us were on the beach with our boats ready by 0830 as directed the night before. Les our leader gave the briefing emphatically stating "No safety gear, no paddle". We had a pleasant paddle across the Nor-

arms would go. I was so pleased to reach the beautiful sheltered beach inside the entrance near the boat landing. I collapsed on the beach but revived after a refreshing swim in the cool clear water, some food and a hot cup of tea. The

other group came in not long after us.

"Brad's rudder was broken clean across"

At this point it was noted that the rudder on Brad's Raider X was broken clean across. However he still swears the flip down rudders are better than those on the Mirage kayaks.

We re-grouped and some set off along the west side of the estuary with the sea breeze behind us looking for a walking path leading off Sealers Cove. Oxanne and Phil looked a picture with their twin lime green sails hoisted on their double kayak we christened "Big Bertha". A group of us walked across the isthmus to Circus Beach which I considered a much better way of getting there. Les would regard it as not challenging enough I'm sure. We were all pretty tired by the time we got back to camp. A relaxing evening was spent cooking, eating, drinking and yarning at the camp.

Sunday was another beautiful sunny day in paradise. Les set off with twelve paddlers at 0830 again. Once out the inlet into the ocean he headed east towards Rame head. After a short time seven turned back to play in the waves near the entrance. Les continued with Roger, Allan, Delton and Dave punching into a 10 knot wind and one and a half metre seas. They didn't quite make it to Rame Head but stopped for lunch at a beautiful sheltered cove. On the return trip the wind had increased to 15 knots. When Les returned to camp he was bursting with exhilaration and told me how he had his kite up on the way home and was fairly flying downwind on the wind waves and swell travelling at 19 kmh. He had his GPS reading to verify his story.

"Les travelled at a speed of 19 kmh with a GPS reading to verify his story"

The others were also pretty excited about the down wind ride they had across the estuary. Eric hiking along with his sail up and Mick with his Kite.


John, Robyn and I had a very pleasant paddle. We drove to the Irwin Inlet on the Peaceful Bay Road where we launched our boats. First we paddled up the Bow River. We struck rocks after about 25 minutes then returned to paddle across the Inlet to where it narrows to run towards the sea. Hundreds of Black Swans took to the air as we glided past showing their white under feathers. The sand bar was

open so we paddled out into the Southern Ocean then landed to have our lunch sheltered from the sea breeze in the lee of a sand hill. We had an exhilarating swim by walking out into the surf then letting the current carry into the clear cool water behind the sand bar.

Late in the afternoon some of us drove 31ks on the North Walpole Road to Mt Franklin. The view from the top after the 20 minute walk up steps to the granite top was spectacular. The friendly man on fire watch duty in the dog box at the top chatted with us and answered our questions before he shut up shop and left for the day. On the way down we did the 1.5km walk around the granite core which was equally spectacular.

The evening was spent as the previous night with everyone feeling pleasantly tired and enjoying the fellowship.

The next morning I think most people got packed up before the rain set in and headed home after a great weekend. Thanks for organising it Eric.



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

DAMPIER TRIP

By Judy Blight

After a hit and miss approach to Dampier, our touring party of leader Eric, Roger, John, Rodney, Judy, Phil and Roz finally arrived before schedule. It was a new way of doing convoy--miss at one meeting point and catch up at another. We were well attended to at the caravan park by Mitch and finally left on our 6 day sojourn at 11 a.m.

It was extremely hot (in the 40's) and the worry was that if this was the temperature for the week we would soon run out of water. After a dunk in the water we were on our way with our first stop only a couple of kilometres to Tidepole Island where the local identity Sam Ostovich lives. He was a recluse for many years but these days entertains locals and tourists. We felt privileged to be invited to look around and inspect his neat and tidy dwelling. He has been on the island since the 1960's and has established a palm grove, built wooden huts and is in the process of building a stone castle with conch shells scattered on top which looks rather like an armed fortress.

We continued our journey around East Inter-course Island with the sun beating down. Had we come all this way to die a slow death from heat exhaustion amongst the harsh red rocks of these treeless islands? No wonder the early explorers said it was uninhabitable.

"The sun was hot, very hot,
Our water bags were draining
The sweat did drip
Our hands did slip
Back muscles stretched and straining"

There were great plans for catching fish as we passed schools leaping with great splashes from the water. Phil had given us all a dozen heat beads to carry so we could feast on fish in style.

We lunched on Mistaken island and again dunked in the warm, red tinged water. Hopefully, soon we would be away from the sight of industry. Eventually we found our way to Enderby Island with clear water and chose a sandy beach near Bluff Point for our first nights camp.

With the Eric Pyatt system of lifting laden boats with a series of straps five of us carried boats to the cliff face to escape the rising tide. Needless to say, this was the only time this system was tried and we consequently reverted to empty the boats and carry with 2 people.

For the bird watchers among you, we sighted a beach thicknee or stone curlew which was a first time for Eric. Throughout the next few days we would see many sea-eagles, sandpipers, stints, terns, ruddy turnstones and many other small

grey birds that were waders of various description.

Our first night camping was extremely hot with not a breath of wind, but being out of the tent was not an option as the mozzies were in top gear-as Roger found out. Eric managed to miss the attack, possibly due to the red wine in his blood stream.

The next morning we crossed into a 8-12 knot north easterly and paddled along the west coast of West Lewis Island to protect us from the breeze. We were able to travel very close to shore as there was no back wash and we enjoyed wending our way through the rocks and exploring the bays. The only signs of life were a couple of deserted buildings used by CALM and local fishermen. In fact we were surprised by the lack of any obvious life on these islands.

We arrived in the early afternoon at a beach on South Malus. It was an interesting inlet with mangroves on one end and a beautiful sandy beach. To our great pleasure there was a very large rainwater tank behind the game fishing shack which enabled us to have a few pots of warm fresh water for a simple shower.

Some of us sat and enjoyed the freshwater on our skins while others such as John and Eric practised rolling --no, there were no black fins nearby. Rodney climbed the nearest hill and Phil checked places for fishing. We were really looking forward to these fish.

After the regular evening chat and drink a cool breeze came in and made sleeping much easier for those who had mattresses that remained inflated.

The next morning after being woken by Phil and John in noisy competition we left for our next camping spot on Angel Island. We edged around the coast of Malus only to be hit by a north easterly once again on our crossing of Mermaid Sound. We struck our first choppy waves coming across us and the semblance of a swell which was great fun but then it stopped almost before it began and we plodded on into the wind--Oh! To be able to paddle in the easy Rodney Slinn style into the wind.

We moved to the campsite on the east side of Angel Island and set up close to the spectacular rocky red cliffs behind. We tried our luck at fishing because we saw many fish leaping out of the water while we were paddling so they must be here. The only success story was Rodney who caught a baby shark and Roz who caught one leg of an octopus.

(Continued on page 8)

(Continued from page 7)

The next day Roz and I stayed at camp for some R&R (reading and relaxation) -we explored the land nearby, swam in the lagoon and enjoyed a can of ice cold coke which was delivered by motor boat from a friend of Rodney's.

Meanwhile the boys paddled across to Dolphin Island and explored the mangroves along the coast. They saw many turtles and stingrays and the odd shark but alas did not catch any fish. They crossed to Gidley Island and circumnavigated in an anticlockwise direction. A speedy current rushed them through the north passage but the difficult tide and current was against them in the south passage.

The trip must have been very tiring because that night the discussions became very heated with much venting of feeling. After a vote it was decided to move camp the next day a little closer to Dampier in case we struck a strong southerly on the way home.

We drifted and explored the interesting Dolphin Island coast --looking for turtles but we only saw stingrays and sharks. We finally set up camp on the northern part of the Burrup in a sandy cove facing west. We fished, netted, snorkelled and

then watched the beautiful sunset and again studied the starry starry sky. The only disappointment was the lack of fish--of course they all had stories about the ones that got away.

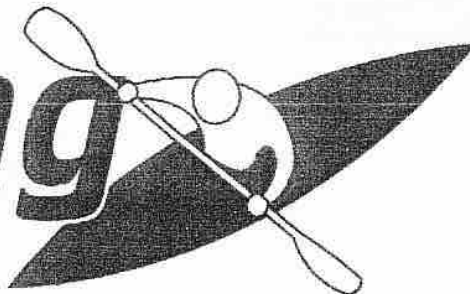
We had enjoyed our trip but we were looking forward to returning to the Caravan Park where we could have a fresh water shower and an ice cold beer.

On the last morning we were expecting to have the breeze with us but there was none--only the lightest of southerlies. We cruised past the industry and shipping with John stopping to take a few photos. He withstood a barrage of criticism so I can only say "The photos better be good!"

Roz was having problems with her water and kept spitting it out. Later on it came to light that the drinking tube had broken away and she was actually drinking warm sea water from the bottom of her boat.

It was a great experience even though it was very hot and perhaps midyear would be a better time to go because of the milder temperatures but it was an unforgettable time--thanks Eric for the organization, John for your enthusiasm, Roger for being prepared, Rodney for your easy nature, Phil for your ideas and Roz for being a gal pal.

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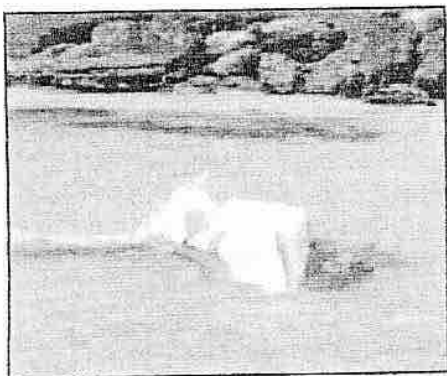
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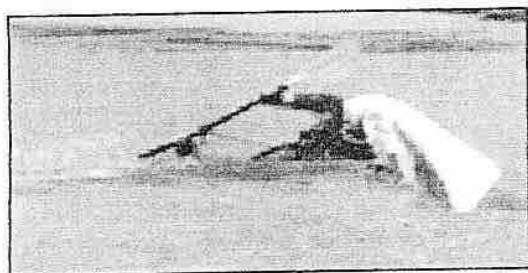
Rolling Your Kayak



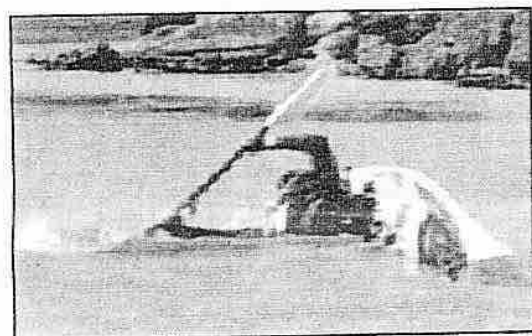
Step 1 Bring the paddle to the surface. Break the surface so as you pull the paddle away from the boat, it stays on the surface.



Step 2 Slide the paddle across the surface. Under the water it feels like you are sliding the paddle away from the boat.



Step 3 Roll your head to look at the sun. This will start the hip flick that rights the boat.



Step 4 Lean back as far as you can. This makes coming up very easy.



Step 5 Pull the paddle towards the boat as you come up



Sandy Robson



The Not Naked Chef

Here are some simple fun dessert recipes to make using a Trangia stove and share in a group...I have picked these up from students & friends that I have been camping with in the last couple of years. They are a hit with adults and kids alike.

*** Chocolate Fondue ***

Your favourite Chocolate to melt

Fruit (e.g. strawberries, banana, grapes) to dip - cut up into small pieces
Anything else you'd like to dip in melted chocolate & eat

Place the chocolate in the small Trangia bowl.

Make a Bain Marie for cooking: Pour water into your large Trangia bowl & place the small Trangia bowl (the one containing the chocolate) inside so that it just floats.

Light stove and cook on medium heat, stirring the chocolate continuously as it melts.

Once it is melted, dip and enjoy!

*** S'mores ***

Milk Arrowroot Biscuits (2 per smore)

Dairy Milk Chocolate

Marshmallows

When you look at a Milk Arrowroot biscuit it has a top somewhat curved side and a very flat bottom side. Those of you who have made smores before will know that the bottom flat side is called the working surface. This is the side that you will be melting chocolate and marshmallow onto.

Set up your frypan on the Trangia stove (simmer ring on) and place 2 biscuits in the frypan with the working surface down. Place 1 marshmallow on top of one of the biscuits so that the marshmallow will start to soften.

Once the working surface of your biscuit is sufficiently hot, turn over the biscuits; place the marshmallow on top of one biscuit and a square of dairy milk chocolate on top of the other biscuit.

Now rub the chocolate and the marshmallow on to the working surface of the biscuit using a circular motion. As you have heated the working surface, the chocolate and the marshmallow will melt as you rub in a circular motion. You need to do this quite quickly so that the other side of the biscuit does not burn. Once your chocolate & marshmallow are sufficiently melted you remove the biscuits from the stove and sandwich them together with a gentle squeeze.

Voila! You have a delicious Smore. Eat it while it is hot.

On a conventional Trangia stove, the most difficult part of this dessert is controlling the heat so that the biscuits do not burn. I tend to put the simmer ring on for this one and sometimes I remove the pan from the heat so that the biscuit does not burn. You get better at this with practice. The frypan will get quite black underneath, but the fun dessert is worth the clean up.

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RED DOG

By Bill Reynolds

HIS pals in the Pilbara treated him like a treasured pet. When Red Dog died they mourned him like a hero and raised a monument to his restless life on the open road.

A tribute on his statue cast in bronze and mounted on a knob of iron ore outside Dampier reads simply: "The stories this old dog could tell if only he could say would add a page in history for ever and a day. But still he'll be remembered by those who knew his way, the Red Dog of the Pilbara from the north of WA."

Twenty-five years after his death in 1979 locals are still talking about the famous kelpie cross who roamed the sunburnt outback of the North West, hitching rides on trucks and iron ore trains.

"Mitch," our obliging host at the Dampier campsite, remembers Red from her schoolgirl days. "He was a lovable old bloke," she recalls. "My most vivid memory of him was seeing him join the Hamersley workers for lunch in the air-conditioned shopping malls in town. Red never went hungry."

His huge appetite did no favours for his digestive system and he soon earned a reputation as a right stinker when it came to breaking wind. He observed no code of conduct and let off in the most delicate of situations.

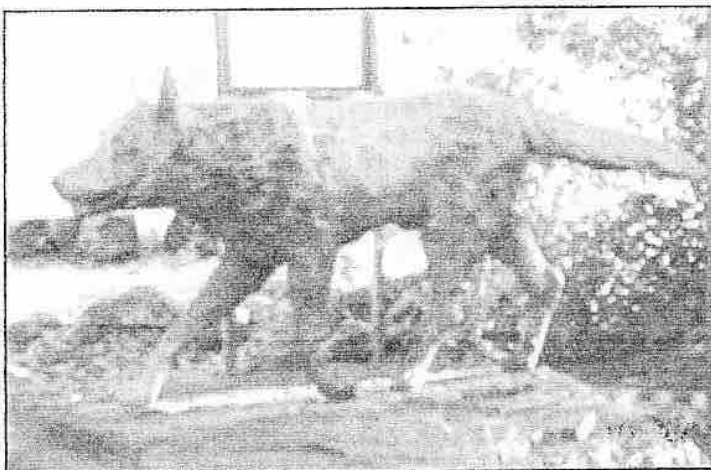
Red belonged to no-one. One family adopted him for a few days when they left Dampier for a holiday in Perth. They were devastated when he deserted them on one of the beaches and they returned home alone only to find him waiting for them. He had been given a lift by one of his truckie mates.

Red was none too impressed with life down south. He preferred to wander the bush of home where the rocks run deep red, the sunshine white hot and the flies devour you.

The endless stories about Red have inspired writers to record his adventures. Louis de Bernieres, author of *Captain Corelli's Mandolin*, was captivated by "this splendid dog". His book, "Red Dog", is highly readable and packed with amusing anecdotes about the extraordinary animal that is surrounded by myth and legend. If you love dogs you'll find the last chapter sad and depressing.

His death was headline news and the unveiling of his memorial was televised across Australia.

I would have loved Red. I would have admired his independence and free spirit and worried about his wanderings. He would have been my top dog. But I shall never ever tell my cat...



Red Dog Statue in Dampier
Photo by Marian Dixon

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SURFACE MAIL



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