

WA Seakayaker

Issue 49: July ~ Aug 2004



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



Hello to all the members of the club.

As you probably already know, I am standing in for Eric as he has a well-deserved break and is travelling around Australia.

The weather has not been too good lately but by the sound of things, some paddles are still being supported.

There seems to be one problem in the club that needs to be looked at. There needs to be more communication between members and the leader of trips so he or she has an idea of numbers before the day arrives. This makes the job easier for the leader.

The same applies for social events and weekend trips. The leader's number is always in the program. It only takes a quick phone call.

Hope to see you on a paddle soon.

Happy Paddling!

Mick McDermott

Deadline for next issue :

Midnight WST

Friday 20th August 2004

Cover Picture:

Dave Oakley, Bill Reynolds, Helier Beardsley,
Neville Holden and Kate Watson on Malus Island
Photo by Marian Dizon

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NOTICE BOARD



Welcome to the new member

Don Kinzett

Sea Kayak Club WA Inc

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

Caps \$12

Shirts \$28

Some smaller ladies' sizes will soon be available. Contact
Roger or Mick

Newsletter Editor Required

I will be stepping down as WA Seakayaker newsletter editor at the October AGM, and the committee will be looking for somebody to fill this very time consuming role. It is an honorary position requiring some computer skills as well as regular attendance at paddles, weekend trips, committee meetings and general meetings. I am more than happy to discuss what is involved with any member who thinks they may be interested. This is an opportunity for another member to contribute fresh ideas to your newsletter.

Marian Dixon Ph 9592 3998

Communication is not a dirty word,
It's a necessity

Sunday Paddles & Overnight Trips

Are you one of those members who has complained you have turned up for a paddle and nobody is there?

**Then don't blame the
trip co-coordinator!**

Anybody wishing to attend a day paddle, must always contact the trip co-coordinator the night before. If nobody contacts them to say they are coming, they may:

- (a) Have something they'd rather do.
- (b) Change the venue after discussion with those who have contacted them.
- (c) Cancel the paddle through lack of interest or inclement weather.

If they don't know you're coming, they can't advise you of the change of plans.

For overnight or weekend trips, please contact the co-coordinator at least a week before so bookings can be finalized.

Moore River

24th & 25th July

Accommodation will be in a house.
River and ocean paddles will be available.
It is essential to contact Mick on 9245 2707
at least 2 weeks prior to the weekend

Dunsborough Weekend

11th & 12th September

Who's interested?
It is essential to contact Mick on 9245 2707
at least one month prior to the event

Rottnest Trip

12th and 13th November.

There is a strict limit of eleven participants for this popular trip so it is essential to put your name down as soon as possible
Contact Roger on 9339 6860.

CONTENTS

President's Report	Page 2
Office Bearers	Page 2
Notice Board	Page 3
West Coast Kayaks (Adv)	Page 4
So Here we go Again	Page 4
Burrup and Beyond	Page 5,6,7,8
Easter Cape to Cape	Page 9,10
Surfing a Wave	Page 11
Canoeing Down Under (Adv.)	Page 12
Eric's Birds	Page 12
Mainpeak (Adv)	Page 13
Important Trip Information	Page 14

Fremantle Harbour

Contrary to what we have all been lead to believe, kayaks are permitted to paddle through Fremantle Harbour. They cannot legally turn us back. However, common sense should prevail and if a large event is planned, the organisers should contact the Aquatic Council.

Club Library

For those who are not already aware, the club has a library of books, magazines and articles relevant to sea kayaking. We also have charts and maps of most areas in which we paddle. I have been promised a full list of the books to publish in this newsletter soon.

So here we go again.....

I know I keep harping about training all the time but it is important as it can make kayaking much more fun and rewarding. It does not have to be formal training sessions and in fact I believe you learn just as much on informal sessions where we share ideas. I was pleased when Phil Hill sent me a long and detailed E-mail pointing out his thoughts on my last training page in the magazine. Firstly I was pleased that someone actually reads it and secondly it was good to get information from other people, as this is how we learn. Sharing information can come in many forms. Different ideas on how to achieve the same outcome, technical points from people who have researched and have in depth knowledge of an issue and a novice view point that may not be right but gives trainers a novice perspective. This last point helps trainers as they can then modify their approach to better suit how a novice paddler thinks. So every body has a role in training.

The next step is a place. In July when I get back from Thailand I will be having a training morning at Woodman Point in the boat harbour every second Sunday. The still sheltered waters enable people to try a lot of different things like bracing, forward paddling, towing turning, self and assisted rescue as well as trying different boats. Towing is something that needs practice. Have you tried towing an empty boat off your paddle park? What is the best way to get a paddle back to someone who has lost it and would that method work in light surf? Who has tried a bow draw in a play or short boat? How good are your rolls and how many different rolls can you do? How well do you do edge turns through a slalom?

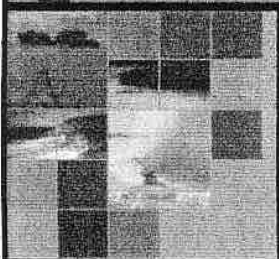
This is the tip of the ice burg when it comes to what you can do on training mornings. If you want to try some thing different let me know or bring down some mates and try it. Then come back and show me how to do it as I am learning as well. You don't have to come the whole morning if you just want to try one thing. Hopefully there will be enough people there that if you need some help to try a different technique you can get it. This is an opportunity for everyone to improve their skills, gain confidence and

learn a range of skills that one day may save your life.

So it is cold at this time of the year. The fact is it's the same temperature you would have to deal with in a capsize on a normal paddle. If your gear won't cope on a training day then how is it going to cope in the real thing? You don't have to come every time but at least give it some thought. Les Allen

West Coast Kayaks

phone: (08) 9470 9993 - fax: (08) 9470 9228



Now Open

Perth's newest Kayak Shop is now open. Les Allen Kayaks is now West Coast Kayaks and is stocking a full range of Kayaks, sit on tops and canoes. All club members are most welcome to pop in on a Thursday night or Saturday for a browse and a coffee. Even better bring a friend who is interested in kayaking as we are offering unlimited free training to people who buy our boats. Or ask us about paddling in Thailand as we will be offering trips to exotic destinations soon.

U2 187 Bank St East Victoria Park
Ph 94709993 or 0419 900 715

Burrup and Beyond

By Marian Dixon



Leaving Dampier Photo by Marian Dixon

April 2004

We planned a leisurely six day paddle round the Dampier Archipelago, camping on the islands and keeping our options flexible. There are 42 islands, islets and rocks within a 45 km radius of the town of Dampier.

We left Perth individually on Easter Friday. Bill, Neville and Dave had driven to Dampier three days earlier to have some extra time on the water. I met up with Kate and Helier in Carnarvon and we travelled together from there on.

Two of the bridges had been washed out following the recent cyclone and subsequent flooding, but temporary detours had been constructed.

As a result of the rains, the red hills of the Pilbara (Aboriginal word meaning mullet) contrasted starkly with the green Spinifex that I had only ever seen yellow and dessicated in the past. There was a disappointing lack of wildlife apart from brahminy kites and wedge-tailed eagles that feasted voraciously on road kills.

On arrival at the Dampier Caravan Park, we met the club group which had just returned from their trip. They had encountered seriously hot weather and all looked tired and dehydrated. Some were engaged in the time honoured Australian ritual of re-hydration when we arrived.

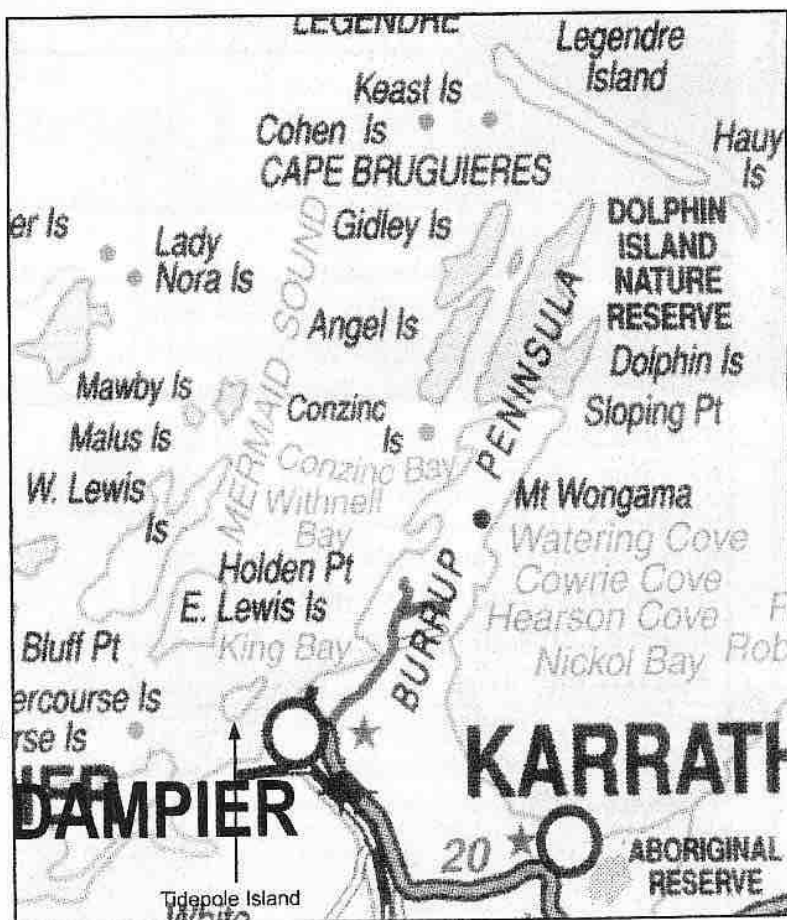
Dampier was named after William Dampier who explored the coast in 1699. It became the port for shipping iron ore in the 1960's and is also home to Dampier Salt and the Woodside North West Shelf Gas Project.

It is a typical industrial town, surrounded by large piles of iron ore and

permeated by the incessant hum of machinery and shunting ore trains. The sound of iron ore being loaded kept me awake all night.

We departed from Dampier the following morning with the help of Mitch from the caravan park. Our boats were heavily laden with water, supplies and camping gear for six days on the water. As usual at the beginning of an expedition they were sitting low in the water and difficult to paddle.

(Continued on page 6)



(Continued from page 5)

As the previous group had done, we visited the local hermit, Sam Ostovich on Tidepole Island. He invited us inside his hut and talked freely about his island and his lifestyle. Bill Reynolds, our tame and thoroughly house trained Fleet Street journalist, went in to full "interview overdrive", extracting information and useful quotes from Sam. When Bill asked him if he had any family Sam replied,

"The whole town is my family."

Sam is an 82-year-old Serbian who shares his island with a 23-year-old cat. At various times he has had a donkey (it died) a goat (he had to get rid of it because it ate everything) and a kangaroo (he had to get rid of it because the cat kept biting it). He says he first arrived on the island floating on a 44 gallon drum shortly after World War II. He likes all the islands in the archipelago but says his favourite is Dolphin because there are so many turtles.

We continued on our way, paddling against the tide and a moderate wind to the northern tip of East Lewis Island. After turning, we had some wind assistance passing through the passage between East Lewis and West Lewis Islands. We encountered some boaties in the channel who told us there was a dugong with calf nearby. Shortly afterwards I had a disappointingly fleeting glimpse of it.

There was a dugong with calf nearby

We paddled up the western side of West Lewis Island and were delighted to see a large manta ray leap out of the water in front of us. That night we camped on West Lewis and Helier caught enough fish to have a communal fish bake in the coals of a small fire. We were very aware of the tidal fluctuation here and Dave usually pitched his tent closest

to the water, to act as the canary so he would float away before our boats did. A highly commendable service offered for the good of humanity Dave.

"We devoured oysters "au naturale"

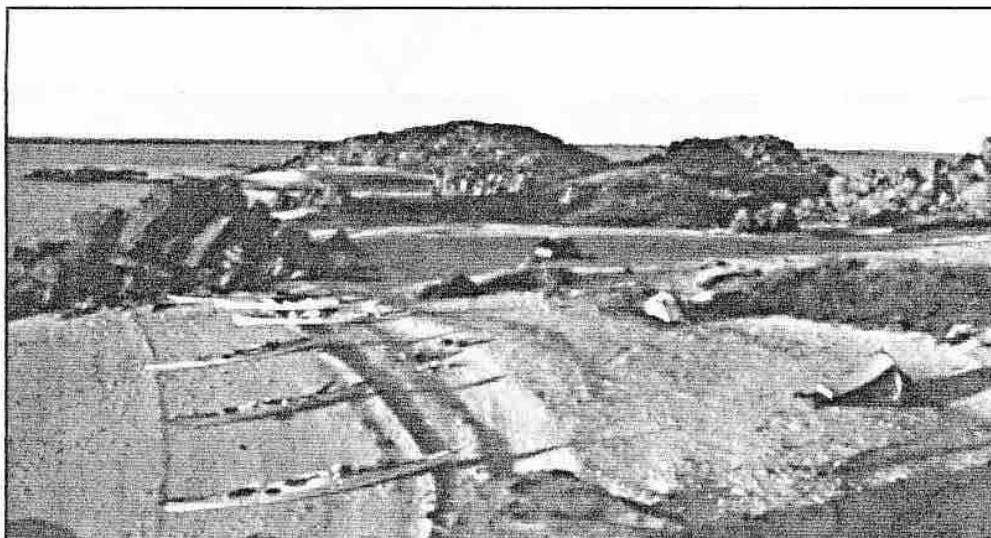
We awoke to the sound of a butcher bird that perched on Dave's tent and sang its heart out. Yes, his tent was still there and the tide was out so we had to empty our boats and carry them a short distance to a less rocky section of beach. We enjoyed a leisurely departure and set off for Malus Island. It was an easy day and we were in no hurry. At lunchtime, we stopped to chip oysters off the rocks and devour them "au naturale".

We set up camp on Malus Island which was the site of an early whaling station. We spent most of the afternoon swimming, reading or lazing under the hoochie. Unfortunately, we didn't have the bay to ourselves as a game fishing hut further down the beach was occupied, and several boats and noisy jet skis polluted the silence with their abominable buzzing.

The nights have been hot and nobody has used a sleeping bag but it does get a little cooler towards morning. I discovered on the first night that my brand new inflatable mattress refused to remain inflated for more than a few hours at a time.

We were on the water by about 7.30. The tide was out again but we were able to slide our boats down the beach to launch. We crossed to Angel Island and at one stage were a little concerned we would cross paths with a barge. The guys were

(Continued on page 7)



Camp on Neville's Island

Photo by Marian Dixon

(Continued from page 6)

dying to play with their radios so they contacted Dampier Port Communications to warn them of our presence. The barge immediately implemented a 180 degrees turn. I somehow doubt this had anything to do with the power of the guys' electronic gadgetry; more to do with what it had been about to do anyway, but hey! The feeling of power it gave them!

We stopped near the end of Angel Island for a swim and a snack before continuing up Flying Foam Passage. The water was glassy smooth and we saw a dolphin leap completely out of the water about two metres in the air. It executed this feat several times before settling down to more mundane dolphin behaviour. Overall, the wildlife had been disappointing, consisting mainly of seabirds, turtles, rays and fish.

**"I sadly contemplated the
Flying Foam Massacre"**

We passed Angel Island with its awesome cathedral like pillars of iron ore. I sadly contemplated the Flying Foam Massacre in which an entire Aboriginal tribe was wiped out in 1868. There had been friction and unrest with the local tribe as farmers took their land and stock polluted their water holes. The massacre was said to have been triggered by the spearing of a Constable Griffis. Government officials sent out a party and wiped out 40-60 members of the Yaburara tribe on the Burrup Peninsular.

We passed Gidley Island with Dolphin Island on our right. Neville showed us a small island where he had camped previously. It was made to order with shell grit beaches, several large clear areas and some rocky monoliths for shelter. We all agreed to stay at least two nights, using it as our base to mount our assault on Legendre Island. As it

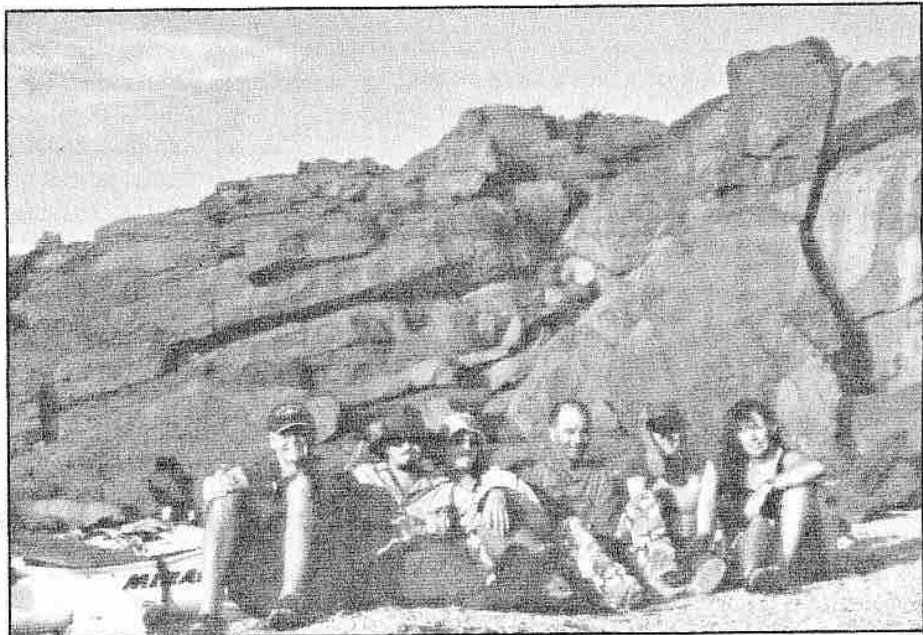
is unnamed on the map, we christened it "Neville's Island."

It was difficult to find respite from the sun during the afternoon. There was a cool breeze but only small patches of shade between the rocks and every nook and cranny was inhabited by large red biting ants. We also shared the island with two magnificent sea eagles. We spent a lot of time sitting in the clear tepid water.

In the late afternoon we gathered for our evening meal. Neville had placed his order for a fish which Fish Killer, Helier duly provided. We enjoyed the perfect solitude with the stars so plentiful and bright we could almost touch them and an occasional satellite drifting by. We were fascinated by some tiny spots of fluorescence in the sand but were unable to identify the creatures that caused it. Helier caught a shark but before he could take the hook from its mouth and release it, the line broke and it escaped. When I had my early morning swim next day I was very aware there was an angry shark out there with Helier's hook in its mouth and a burning desire for revenge.

It was a relief to not have to pack up and move camp next morning. Dave wanted to go off on his own but the rest of us wanted to paddle to Legendre Island but were aware it might not be possible due to the low tide. We paddled from our island to some interesting looking outcrops covered in

(Continued on page 8)



Bill Reynolds, Helier Beardsley, Kate Watson, Neville Holden,
Dave Oakley, Marian Dixon
Photo by Marian Dixon

(Continued from page 7)

oysters. It was very clear and shallow and there were lots of turtles. There was also a small shark lying motionless on the bottom. We set off towards Legendre Island but it was too shallow and the tide was receding. None of us relished the idea of having to walk and pull our boats along this uneven bottom with its sharp coral, rock and heaven knows what other traps for unwary players, so we abandoned the idea.

We paddled along the edge of the outcrops, then to the tip of Dolphin Island. There was an immediate difference when we rounded the tip, as both wind and tide were against us. We landed on a beach and snacked before embarking on the paddle back. Helier had been searching for Aboriginal rock art at every opportunity but despite the area being listed as a significant site for petroglyphs, he never found any.

Once we rounded the tip of Dolphin Island it was once again flat and calm. As we headed across to our campsite on Neville's Island the breeze was behind us and we barely needed to paddle at all.

Back at camp, we all hit the water for another skinny dip while we dealt with most of the world's problems. Our attention was arrested by a strange, unidentified object moving rapidly towards us.

"That'll be a sea snake," Kate said.

**"I've never seen so many bare
bums leave the water so fast!"**

I've never seen so many bare bums leave the water so fast!

We've been playing a word game where we are not allowed to mention a certain word. The last person to mention it when we arrive back in Dampier has to buy a round for every one. The ball changes court frequently, as for some reason the word frequently crops up in conversation and we keep trying to trick each other into saying it.

Helier caught another small shark that night and shared it for everyone to cook in their own way. They all claimed it was delicious.

We broke camp with some reluctance on day five. It's amazing how spread out and disorganised one's gear becomes after only two nights at one campsite. Before sunrise I saw a small animal about the size of a bandicoot scurrying in to Dave's rock hole. I didn't get a good look and was unable to identify it.

Dave has been nicknamed Rock Wallaby, as he scuttles to find a cave as soon as we land anywhere and doesn't emerge till near sunset.

We paddled round the end of Gidley Island and down a narrow channel between the next island. The channel was shallow and fringed by mangroves on both sides. We saw quite a few rays and turtles poking their heads up curiously. After rounding Gidley, we crossed to the tip of Angel Island where we stopped to enjoy another feed of oysters. Our plan had been to camp on the tip of Dolphin Island but there was a strong wind and current so we modified the plan to spend our final night on Burrup Peninsular. There is always mixed emotions on the last night of a trip. The sadness that it is almost over competes with the longing for a hot shower and a cold beer.

The final day we had a strong off shore wind as we paddled towards the distant refinery that never seemed to get any closer. However, we did finally reach it and shortly after stopped for a rest before completing the final leg back to the Dampier Caravan Park. We set about the unwelcome task of carrying gear and boats up to the park, washing off gear and setting up our tents yet again.

In the afternoon we went to explore Deep Gorge where we found abundant petroglyphs. That night we all relaxed over a huge meal at the hotel, washed down with a cold beer. Neville still held the ball for our word game and had to shout a round.

Marian Dixon

Upon hearing that her elderly grandfather had just passed away, Katie went straight to her grandparent's house to visit her 95 year old grandmother and comfort her. When she asked how her grandfather had died, her grandmother replied, "He had a heart attack while we were making love on Sunday morning."

Horried, Katie told her grandmother that 2 people nearly 100 years old having sex would surely be asking for trouble "Oh no, my dear," replied granny. "Many years ago, realizing our advanced age, we figured out the best time to do it was when the church bells would start to ring. It was just the right rhythm. Nice and slow and even. Nothing too strenuous, simply in on the Ding and out on the Dong."

She paused to wipe away a tear, and continued, "He'd still be alive if the ice cream truck hadn't come along".

Easter Cape to Cape Paddle

(by Megan Thomas)



John Ross & Megan Thomas

With only a few days available over the Easter break John and I started to investigate the opportunity of paddling from Cape Leeuwin to Cape Naturaliste. This

section of coastline is prone to extremes in weather conditions (hence some of the best surfing in the World) and after talking to other paddlers who had attempted this stretch of coast before, found that the chances of success were low. We figured that if the weather was too rough and sea too intimidating we could always go wine tasting instead. Somewhere along the way we convinced Jim 'Bones' Bramley that it was worthy of attempting and Diane 'Winger' Bramley agreed to act as our land support.

Planning commenced a few weeks out with maps, charts, long range weather forecasts and phone calls to those who had ventured before us (Les, Terry, Eric) and the local sea rescue and police at Augusta and Margaret River.

Hovering over Les' computer the Wednesday night before Easter (after our skills assessment) we checked out the long-range weather forecast and swell patterns (<http://facs.scripps.edu/surf/inda.html>) and the local boating forecast on Ocean Outlook (www.oceanoutlook.com.au). Weather was looking good from Good Friday to Easter Sunday but a front was due in on Easter Monday.

On the way down to Augusta on the Thursday night we stopped for a coffee with Mick & Anna who had spend a leisurely week in Dunsborough. Mick voiced that he'd be interested in joining us for the last day (should have got that pledge in writing as we didn't realise at the time but Mick had a few too many red wines). Later that evening we arrived at Turners Caravan Park in Augusta, met up with Jim & Diane and after running boom gates found a corner in the caravan park to set up for the night.

The following morning after a leisurely breakfast and pack, we logged on to the local sea rescue and Augusta police and finally got going from the boatramp in Augusta at 10am. We pad-

dled up to the river mouth, did the runner across the sandbar and headed across Flinders Bay and to the Cape Leeuwin lighthouse. Since our aim was to paddle Cape to Cape we started cursing that we hadn't put in at Flinders Bay and saved ourselves an hours paddling time in a 15-knot headwind.

Although having paddled to the lighthouse previously we'd never actually rounded the Cape before, so it was exciting to finally be doing it. Anyone that's paddled here knows that it can be an interesting paddle. The combination of wind, 3 metre swell, rebound and the meeting point of the Great Southern and Indian Oceans, makes you feel a little like you're in a washing machine. I took a slightly wider berth than John and Jim (they always seem to want to have a closer look!). Up to this point Diane had followed our progress to the lighthouse but from the cape we were on our own heading into a light NW wind up along the coastline. It was nice to leave the 'messy' water of the Cape behind and we started to get into our stride, rolling up and down the 2-3 metre swell. A muttonbird??? (where's Eric when you need a bird id) took a liking to our company and dive bombed the boats like a magpie in the park at nesting time, which provided us with a bit of entertainment.

We knew there weren't any realistic options for us to land for lunch, so we took along some snacks to eat along the way. By the time we got to Cosy Corner we were starting to feel a little weary and decided another 2 hours to North Point, was looking like too much hard work. Cosy corner was seriously over populated, so our options for an overnight camp were Hamelin Island or further up along the beach past Hamelin Bay. We paddled to Hamelin Island in the hope that the beach would provide us with enough space above the high tide mark for our camp. To our relief the beach on the east side of Hamelin Island proved a perfect camp area, white sandy beach, protected from the NW wind amongst the rocks with million dollar views back across to Hamelin Bay and up along the coastline. This ended the first days paddling after 31 km's. It wasn't until nightfall we realised just how much of a perfect spot it was when we saw lights flickering all along the mainland beach. The annual coastal salmon run seemed to have bought every man, woman, child, dog and 4WD out for the Easter Break. We settled in for the evening, with a fire and smug thoughts of the mugs on the

(Continued on page 10)

(Continued from page 9)

mainland. Unbeknown to us Diane had soft talked her way into spending the night at a local art gallery with dinner, bed and breakfast provided free of charge.

We woke to a beautiful day (7am, note Marian, Eric, Don....) and the noise of a cray boat heading out of Hamelin Bay. After packing up camp we surfed the long rolling swells from the island across the bay to North Point in a light NW breeze. Cruising up along the coastline 4WDs appeared on a regular basis. At one lookout a 4WD had the lights shining out to sea and we realised it was Diane checking up on our progress. I thought that was quite ingenious, as it would be very difficult to identify a support crew amongst all the 4WD. How Diane was able to spot us was a feat in itself, which I didn't appreciate until we saw the photo's after the trip, with Diane pointing out the tiny 'specs' on the ocean, which was us.

We paddled past spectacular limestone cliffs and Cape Freycinet to our lunch spot near Marmaduke Point. It looked like a good landing spot, but looks can be deceiving and a steep shore break awaited. Jim was rolled over by the shore break and had trouble getting his spray deck off. John landed but was dragged back by the backwash and was tipped out. After watching the crash test dummies and learning from their mishaps, I paddled straight in.

After lunch we headed back out through the shore break and north towards Margaret River. Even though the conditions had been calm for the previous days the main surf break at Margaret River was still awe inspiring and intimidating sight and surfers were taking the opportunity of the moderate conditions. We paddled out around Cape Mentelle loosing each other momentarily amongst the big rolling swell and paddled the remaining 8km's into Cowaramup Bay where Diane was waiting for us. This ended Day 2 after 42km's of paddling.

Day 3 saw us rise in comfort, having stayed with Mick and Anna at Dunsborough and making full use of a warm bed, hot shower and Mick's cappuccino. We realised then just how many red wines Mick had consumed on the Thursday night beforehand when he boldly stated that he'd join us for the paddle from Cowaramup Bay around Cape Naturaliste to Bunker Bay. Mick having had a relaxing week decided not to spoil his last day by over exerting himself and decided to join us for a quick look at the conditions at Yallingup where we'd be passing later in the day.

Diane ferried us back to Cowaramup and we headed back out at 9:30am with storm clouds predicted, starting to form on the horizon. The first

20km's to Cape Clairault saw us paddling over glass like water that you could clearly see rock shelves and reefs below, only 20-30 metres from the cliffs. We paddled around Cape Clairault and were disappointed we didn't have the opportunity to camp at the beautiful Indijup Beach amongst the sand dunes. Another hours paddling saw us round Canal Rocks and into Smith's Beach to meet up with Diane for lunch. After a relaxing lunch, finished off by a treat of an ice cream we headed across the bay at Yallingup directly for Sugarloaf Rock, 18km's north. When we arrived at Sugarloaf Rock we were amazed to see a snorkeller swimming so close to the jagged cliffs and waves breaking all around him. Some people just can't get enough excitement!

With the storm clouds starting to loom larger we paddled the last 3km to Cape Naturaliste and upon rounding the Cape we felt quite chuffed at our achievement. We thought after rounding the Cape that the last 4km's into Bunker Bay would be an anti climax, how wrong we were. We paddled with a pod of dolphins and came across a small rocky island that was covered in baby seals. Jim and I paddled past not wanting to disturb them, but John floated in to have a closer look. This seemed to excite the seals and started a magic half-hour of the seals playing with the boat, ducking, diving, clapping and waving their tail fins. Reluctantly we left the seals and paddled around the point into Bunker Bay where Diane waiting, along with about 100 people fishing for salmon. Even though no salmon appeared to be caught, nobody seemed to care. The afternoon autumn light, on the red rocky outcrops which form the western edge of Bunker Bay, was beginning to fade creating a picture perfect setting to the end of our 42km day and 120km journey.

After hearing some of the previous horror stories about the quickly changing weather conditions, massive swells, breaks and minimal safe landing spots we felt privileged to have been able to complete the Cape to Cape paddle in near perfect conditions.

As predicted the front that had been looming arrived on Monday with strong winds and big swells, turning the coastline into a very forbidding place, unrecognisable from the ocean we had just paddled.

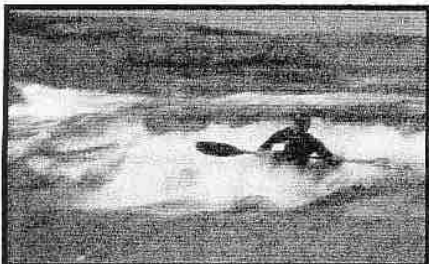
Many thanks must go to Diane for her unwavering support and countless hours gazing out to sea in search of us.

Surfing A Wave

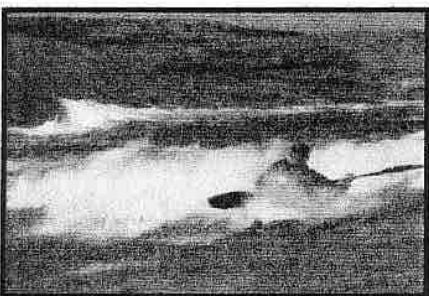
Many times when surfing a fast wave you will be turned and have to take the wave sideways. This will help you to handle that situation



Step 1. As the wave approaches paddle hard to get down the front of the wave. If you stay on top of the wave it will twist the boat capsizing you in front of the wave. This is the most common cause of capsizing on a wave.



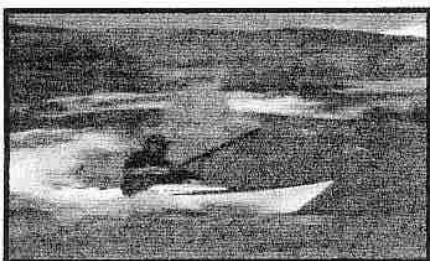
Step 2. Once down the front of a wave your boat will probably turn left or right. Start with a low brace and lean into the wave.



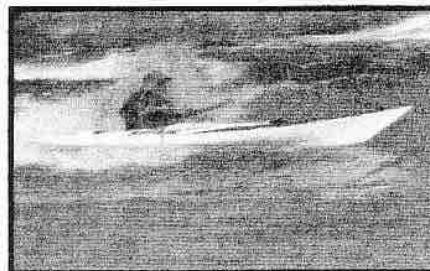
Step 3. As you turn more side on to the wave convert the low brace to a high brace and continue leaning into the wave.



Step 4. Maintain the brace as the boat accelerates while still leaning in slightly. Lean forward and adopt an aggressive attitude

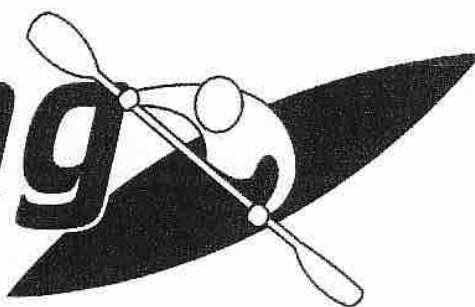


Step 5. You will be going very fast now and will need to sit upright but still keep the brace ready as you will slow down and the wave will catch you.



Step 6. As the wave catches you keep the high brace and take the wave broach on. This is not as difficult as it seems. The trick is how much to lean into the wave so you don't tip over in front of, or over the back of the wave.

Canoeing DOWN UNDER



Paddling Store
144 Railway Parade, Bassendean
93781333

www.canoeingdownunder.com.au

**If you want the best advice on
Sea Kayaks & Equipment**

Just talk to Terry Bolland who has over 25 years of sea kayaking experience in all different conditions and environments.

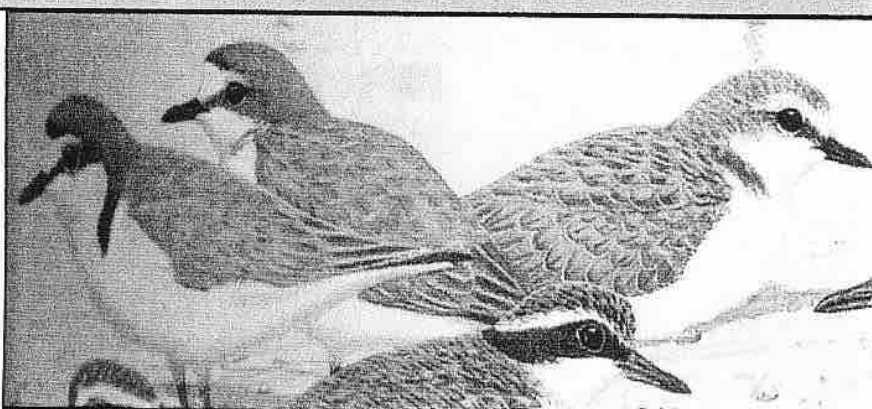
Sea Kayaks, Paddles, PFDs, Cags, Spraycovers, Booties, Paddle Floats, Paddle Leashes, Pumps, GPSs, Radios, Dry Sacks, Water Carriers, Lights, Flares and much more.

Eric's Birds



Eric Pyatt

Illustrations from Simpson and Day

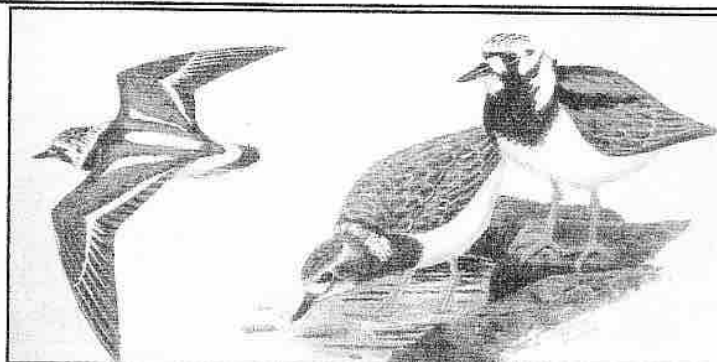


RED - CAPPED PLOVER:

If you stroll out to Woodman Point (the headland) with your binoculars and keep your eyes peeled looking close to the ground (beach) you'll see these little cuties, the Red - Capped Plover. There's a family of about twenty out there. They breed there!

RUDDY TURNSTONE:

This one you will also find regularly at Woodman Point. Hard to see with a seaweedy and/or rocky back ground. Their camouflage is very effective. This is the *Ruddy Turnstone*. It obviously got its name from the fact that it does turn over stones (small ones) looking for tucker.





Everything
you need...



35 JARRAD ST, COTTESLOE
Phone (08) 9284 3759 Fax (08) 9384 0224
email ken@mainpeak.com.au

Important Trip Information

You

- What weather extremes can you handle?
- What weather and seas are you comfortable in?
- What distance can you do in extremes?
- What distance can you comfortably achieve?
- What speed do you want to sit on?
- Do you have any medical conditions, phobias or other concerns that could affect you in extreme conditions?

The boat

- Do you have enough emergency food in your cockpit?
- Do you have enough food to cover contingencies and is it waterproofed and safe to eat?
- Do you have enough water available from the cockpit to cover emergencies?
- Do you have emergency water available from the cockpit if your drinking system fails?
- Are hatch covers, water systems, bailers, maps, emergency food, split paddles, paddle floats etc tied on well enough to handle extreme conditions?
- Is gear inside the hatches water proofed properly?
- Can I repair the hull and all machinery on my boat on land and water?
- Is all emergency equipment, tow ropes, self rescue equipment available from the cockpit?

Emergencies

- Who and where is the nearest rescue facility?
- How can you contact them?
- Do they know who and what they are looking for?
- Can you raise the alarm with the nearest rescue facility and pinpoint your position from the boat?
- Can you raise the alarm with the nearest rescue facility and pinpoint your position from the water without your boat?
- Do you have enough water to cover contingencies, a water container failing and is it safe?
- Do you have enough medical and first aid to cover your requirements and accidents?
- Do you have shelter and clothing that can handle the weather extremes?
- Do you have and can you update current weather forecasts?
- Do you have charts, maps nav-data sheets and escape routes available from the cockpit?
- Do you have contingency plans and communication with other members should the group become split up?
- Do you have casualty evacuation and non emergency evacuation plans?
- Do you have historical weather extremes, and expected weather patterns for the area?
- Do you have enough first aid to cover expected lag times in evacuation?
- Can you receive emergency medical advice or do you have first aid or medical information with you?
- Are you aware of and researched local hazards?

Les Allen

Sea Kayak Club WA Inc
2a Braunton Street
Bicton
WA 6157

SURFACE MAIL