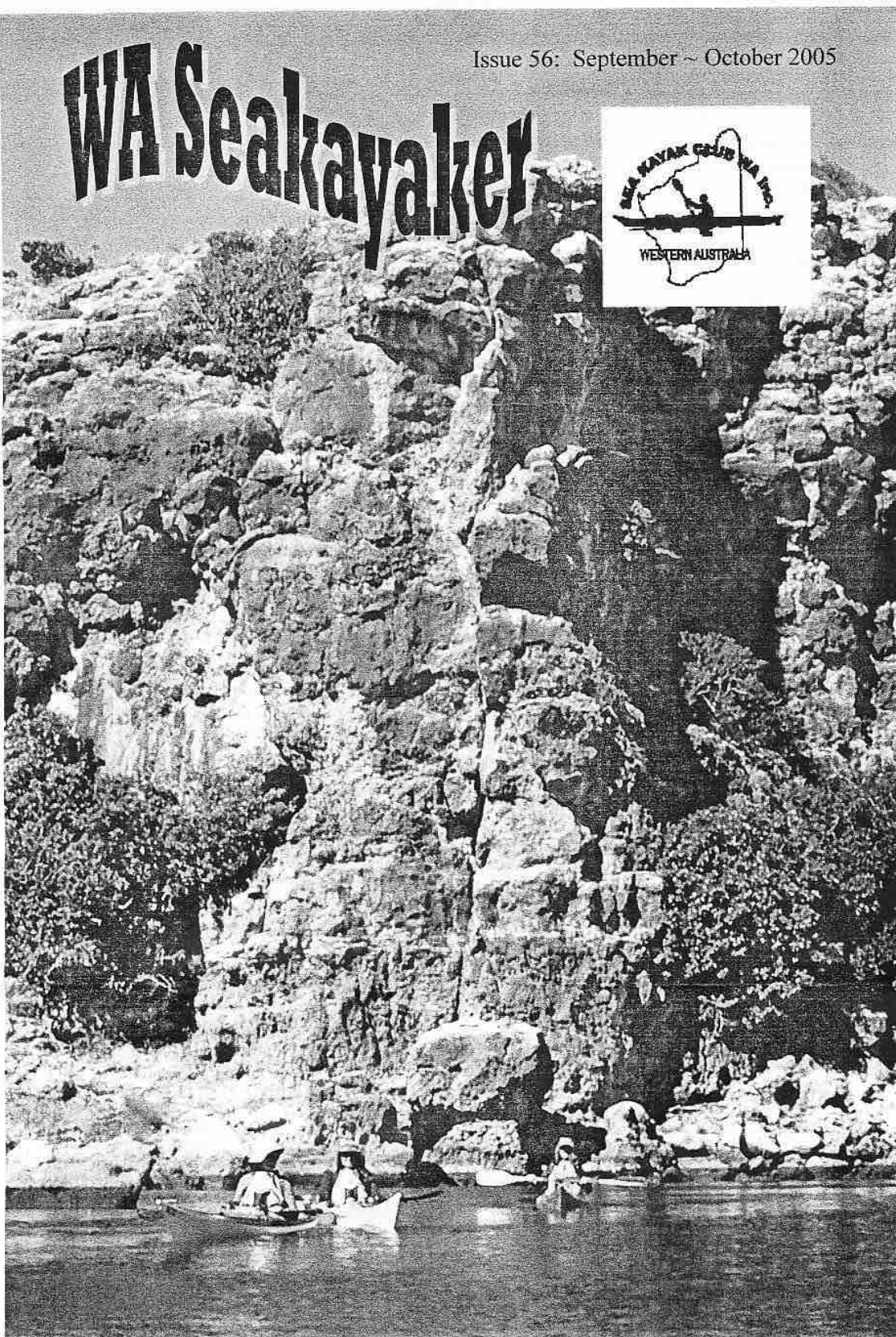


File Copy

# WA Seakayaker

Issue 56: September ~ October 2005



Newsletter of the Sea Kayak Club WA Inc. 2a Braunton Street, Bicton, WA. 6157.  
Phones: President Helier Beardsley 9299 6509; Secretary/Treasurer Roger Lloyd 9339 6860.

## EDITORIAL

This being our final Newsletter of our Club year, this is a time for review. It has been a year of progress, slow but sure. We now have a hard core of Level 1 and 2 Paddlers and those who do not have their Certificates please contact Les and see where you are at. It is necessary to send a photocopy of it to Secretary Roger to be recorded in the official files.

It is pleasing to experience the response, from members, to the request to become Trip Coordinators/Sea Leaders. This is what has been needed from the beginning: spreading the workload instead leaving it to the few. With the training that is involved it surely benefits the Club, making us all more proficient and efficient, therefore, lifting our safety levels. This also applies to our training days for all members under the guidance of Les.

With the new Club year beginning on 1st October and the AGM on the 19th October, please make sure you are financial. If you do not intend rejoining, out of courtesy, let Secretary Roger know by whatever means is convenient.

We're still hanging in there, despite the very, very slow progress towards the completion of the building which has the potential to be our headquarters. Of the three potential tenants, when all this started, it looks like we are the only ones left in the running. Some members have expressed concern about the expense. Can we afford it? The answer is if it is too expensive, we walk away!

There are two major events immediately ahead of us. The LWE down at Walpole and Rottneest in November. These are great opportunities to have a good time and enjoy the fellowship of your likeminded fellow paddlers. Please let Roger know as soon as possible so he can make sure they have the support needed to make them viable.

One final thing: prospects for the committee look encouraging but there is still room for more so if you are interested please put your hand up. Let Secretary Roger know you are willing to contribute and keep our Club bubbling along. <<

## ABUSE OF EDITORIAL POWERS.

By  
Roger Lloyd



Having recently had a capsize "experience," during a club paddle, while surfing a wave that must have been one of those BOM warns about, ie twice as high as average, involving lots of foaming broken water, a minor collision with another craft, being sucked out of ones boat while traveling at great speed upside down, a close

encounter with a nearby reef, trying but failing to slow ones boat down by hanging onto ones paddle thereby causing ones concertina paddle leash to unravel like a piece of limp spaghetti, loosing ones newish Arafat hat, having to swim more than the standard fifty meters in full paddling gear to catch up with ones boat only to find that some of the deck had parted company with the hull and then get rescued by someone else. It was a diabolical liberty to be told by the Editor that he wanted 200 words on the subject "written in a lighthearted manner" would you believe?

Well that's what happened, and I have nothing more to add other than to say that I did eventually get my hat back (which Yasser would have been pleased about if he was able), the paddle leash proved to be more resilient than anticipated but will never be quite the same again as it is now three metres long and with the help of a bucket of YUHU glue and some old shade cloth (we retirees have to do the best we can) the boat now only needs a little constant bailing to stay dry. Well, happy paddling and remember "he who dares wins" sometimes. <<

## NEWS REPORT

Police investigations now reveal that the skeleton discovered under the floorboards of the Northbridge Hotel was that of the WA Hide and Seek Champion.

### ROTTNEST WEEKEND

Friday, 11th to Sunday 13th November, 2005

Our old favourite, Unit 152, has been secured; the best spot on the island.

There are 8 sleeping berths, but can take up to a dozen, meaning that some will have to bring along their own sleeping gear.

Let Roger know so we can get organised:  
9339 6860

### DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE

Midnight WST, Monday, 24th October, 2005

#### COVER PICTURE

As far as we could go!  
Yardie Creek

Club Excursion, 2 - 10 July 2005  
Ningaloo Reef

Photo\* courtesy of Eric Pyatt

## NOTICE BOARD

### A.G.M.

The Annual General Meeting of the Sea Kayak Club WA Inc  
will be held at

**"Eric's Shed"**

28 Aurelian Street, Palmyra.

on

**Wednesday, 19th October, 2005 @ 7.00 pm.**

*All members are urged to attend.*

Nomination Forms for Committee are enclosed in this Newsletter.

All nominations must be received by the Secretary 28 days prior to the meeting.

*You must be financial to have a vote or stand for office.*

**Fees are due by the 30th September - a \$10,00 penalty applies after that date.**

### WALPOLE - NORNALUP INLETS

LONG WEEKEND  
24-26th September, 2005

Rest Point Holiday Village

*Keen for you to let me know so I can confirm  
the booking*

**It is a great spot this time of the year with  
plenty of alternatives to choose from the  
various places and activities**

PHONE ERIC: 9339 2952

### WELCOME TO NEW MEMBER

Matt Erkens.

Wine improves with age.  
The older I get the more I like it.

### WEBSITE

Sea Kayak Club WA Inc  
[www.seakayakwa.canoe.org.au](http://www.seakayakwa.canoe.org.au)

*Opinions expressed in articles in this  
Newsletter are not necessarily the  
view of the  
Sea Kayak Club WA Inc.*

### OFFICE BEARERS

**PRESIDENT:** Helier Beardsley.  
Also: Training, Promotions, Inductions.  
Phone: 9299 6509.

Email: [helier\\_beardsley@iinet.net.au](mailto:helier_beardsley@iinet.net.au)  
**VICE PRESIDENT:** Eric Pyatt.

Also: Newsletter Editor, Programmes.  
Phone: 9339 2952 Fax: 9319 9987.

Email: [ericjopyatt@bigpond.com](mailto:ericjopyatt@bigpond.com)

**SECRETARY/TREASURER:** Roger Lloyd.  
2a Branton Street, Bicton. 6157.  
Phone: 9339 6860.

Email: [rogjoanlloyd@optusnet.com.au](mailto:rogjoanlloyd@optusnet.com.au)

**COMMITTEE:** Judy Blight.  
Phone: 9433 3719.

Email: [carita@iinet.net.au](mailto:carita@iinet.net.au)

### A PERSONAL NOTE

Look whose **BIRTHDAY** it is:

Helier Beardsley	04/09/05
John Cuthbertson	28/10/05
Russell Hobbs	07/10/05
Don Kinzett	02/10/05
Austen Mullen	15/09/05
Geoffrey Mullins	29/10/05
Lee Openshaw	08/10/05
James Roberts	17/10/05



## KAYAKING WITH CANUCKS

by  
Russ Hobbs and Sue Harrington



Time was running short. We had spent too much of it admiring the harbour seals on the rocks at the entrance to Surge Narrows. Slack tide was already over and the current was against us for the paddle to our campsite on Quadra Island. At full surge the current can reach 15 knots, and although it had just started to run, it was already getting difficult to make headway. We made it past the worst section in our big high volume double, as did all the single kayakers, but there was one double to come through. With lots of yelling for support, they finally paddled like crazy and made it.

It was day 3 on a 5 day commercial sea kayak tour off Quadra Island, which is a small island between Vancouver Island and mainland British Columbia, western Canada. The group of islands it belongs to are called the Discovery Islands, after the Discovery Passage, named by Captain George Vancouver in 1792 when he discovered a protected route up the coast as commander of the *Discovery*. The waters are mostly very calm and extremely safe for sea kayaking except for some of the narrow passages where there are strong tidal currents. The whole area is a sea kayaker's dream in summer, with plenty to do and see, and lots of interesting alternative routes.

The first two days were easy going and the 8 guests were well looked after by the 3 guides. The food was great, and on the first night, in addition to the planned wild salmon dinner, our leader purchased some fresh shrimp from a fishing boat for a superb entrée. We camped on Read Island both nights and day tripped north to the Rendezvous Islands on day 2. The views were fabulous and we enjoyed seeing bald eagles, mink, Steller's sea lions, and Dall's porpoises. Some of the intertidal animals were spectacular, such as

the bright purple sea stars nestled in beds of lime green sea lettuce.

The water was cold, but that did not deter one of the American guests from snorkelling at every opportunity. He did not even have a wet suit, but after a few minutes in that water he was probably numb with cold ("no brain, no pain"). In any event, he seemed happy to swim around for up to 45 minutes.

On day 3, after paddling up Surge Narrows, we settled into our campsite on Quadra Island, and after lunch hiked through the forest to a lake for a swim and a wash in fresh water. That too was cold, but still well worthwhile. On the way up we saw some salamanders which were sharing their little ponds with hundreds of mosquito larvae.

The next day saw us returning to Read Island to our final campsite within easy reach of our starting point. It was a slack day, so 3 paddlers decided to detour to one of the villages on Quadra to stock up on beer and wine, which we had been deprived of on the previous nights.

Joining a commercial tour group was a first for us. We found it to be fun and we learned quite a lot about the local natural history from the guides. However, with most of the guests being novice paddlers, the maximum distance we travelled in a day was only 25km, and none of the paddling was difficult. We discovered that it would have been possible just to hire kayaks and paddle on our own, but it would be necessary to be familiar with the local tides and also the locations of campsites. Vancouver Island and the islands close by are a real treat for sea kayakers and if you have the opportunity to go there sometime we can highly recommend it. <<

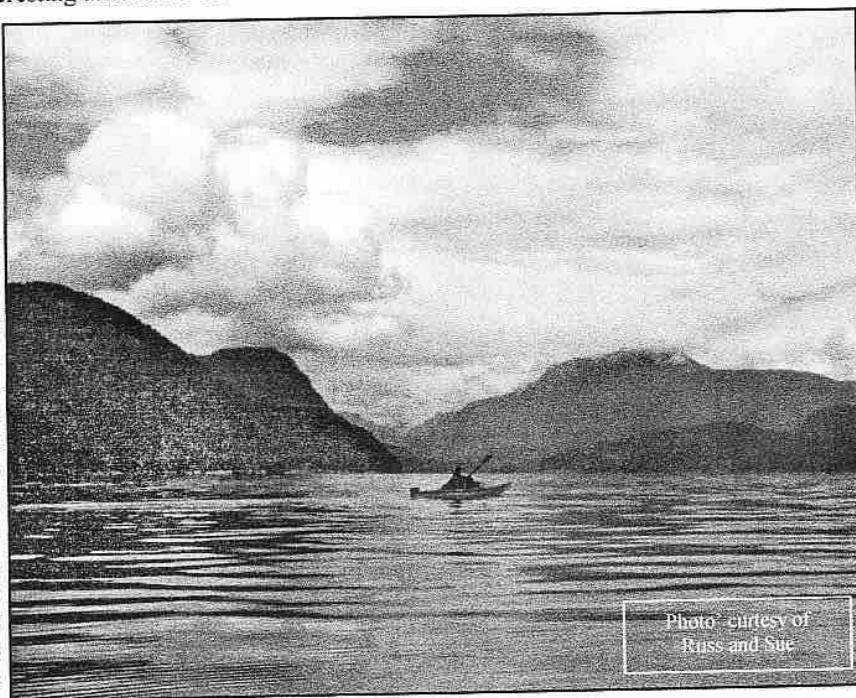


Photo courtesy of  
Russ and Sue

## NINGALOO EXCURSION

2—10th July, 2005

by  
Helen Cooksey



On Friday 1<sup>st</sup> July I packed up the Land Cruiser to drive north to paddle along the Ningaloo reef with 5 other members of the Sea Kayak Club. I seemed to have so much stuff spread out on the floor at home I wondered if I'd get it into the wagon never mind in my kayak. I had paddling gear, safety gear, fishing gear, boat repair stuff, copies of charts, maps and tide charts, binoculars, camera, tent, air mattress, sleeping bag, stove and metho, cooking utensils, food and water for 7 days, clothes, etc, etc. With everything finally packed and kayak on the roof I picked up my artist friend Helen who was going to drive along the coast with us but not necessarily be able to make contact with us. She had even more gear than me, then it was around to North Fremantle to pick up Judy and her gear and kayak. We over nighted at Dongara and Carnarvon on the way up. It was the beginning of the school holidays and the road was busy and Carnarvon booked out. I was glad I had booked accommodation before we left Perth.

Sunday morning we arrived at Ningaloo Station by 1100 and went up to say hullo to Mrs Lefroy and her daughter Jane, the Station owners. By 1200 we were back at the gate into Jane Bay where we met up with Eric who had camped there the night before. Roger arrived at the same time as did Dave and Graeme who had driven up together. When we pulled up, my vehicle had a worrying tinkling sound coming from underneath. Everyone took it in turns to climb underneath and see if they could diagnose the cause to no avail. Everything seemed to be working OK so I followed the others in to where Eric had set up his camp on the beach. We didn't have time to admire the turquoise water in the bay and deserted beach as we quickly unloaded all our gear and set up our tents. We left Helen, Judy and Dave at the camp and the rest of us got in our vehicles and drove back along the 30ks of corrugated dirt road to turn left onto the sealed road and a further 100ks to Exmouth and another 30 around the Cape to Yardie Homestead Caravan Park. Eric, Roger and Graeme left their vehicles there and piled into my wagon for the 160k return trip. Fortunately by now the worrying tinkle had disappeared. It was dark by the time we got back to camp and I, for one, was pretty tired.

The next morning we had to pack up our gear and pack it into the kayak. Now how are you supposed to do it I had to ask myself. Light stuff in the pointy ends and heavy stuff in the middle. By the end of the trip I was in a well ordered routine. Clothes in my triangular air bags stuffed in the ends, two 5 litre bags of water in front of my foot pedals, 2 under my thighs and one in the day hatch behind me. Oh and the important 1.5 litre cask of wine in front of my feet. The rest of the gear stuffed into the 3 hatches. Annoyingly the two smaller hatch covers started to leak on this trip. Fortunately, I had everything in water proof bags.

We said good bye to Helen and left her to return the keys of the gate to Jane. She then drove up the coastal track to set up camp for three nights, where we used to camp with my boys when they liked surfing on the Yardie Creek break. Most importantly she was to drive to our finishing spot to pick us up at the end.

We paddled out to the inside of the edge of the reef where we could see the super structure of a wreck stuck in the reef. According to my map it may



**Finn Kayaks are pleased to offer an extensive range of Sea Kayaks, Racing Kayaks, Sit - Ons and Surf Skis. Included in this range are the Salamander Expedition Sea Kayak, Gecko Sea Kayak, Fantasea Double Fibreglass Sea Kayak and new for production in 2005, an exciting 5.2 metre multisport kayak (name TBA). We also offer a full range of paddling accessories and advice to ensure your enjoyment and safety on the water.**

**Call in and see us at 17 Sainsbury Road, O'Connor.**

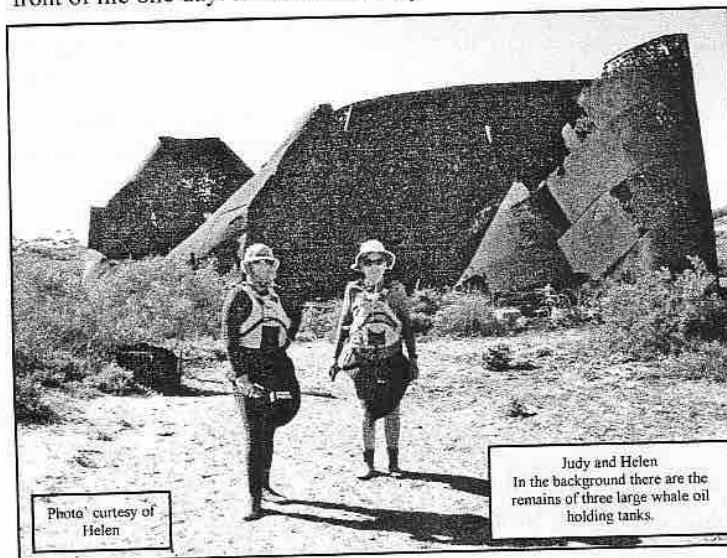
**Ph: (08) 9314 3109**

**E: [info@finnkayaks.com](mailto:info@finnkayaks.com)**

**W: [www.finnkayaks.com](http://www.finnkayaks.com)**

have been the "Perth" 1887. We were not able to get close because of the swell. We paddled north along the reef to where Fraser Island, "small sand island, visible at low tide" was noted on the chart. We had to alter course to either surf or avoid waves coming through a break in the reef. On looking towards where the island should be we could only see what looked like large rocks and decided we probably wouldn't be able to land anyway so decided discretion was the better part of valour and head to shore. I had no desire to tip over in a fully laden kayak even though we do train for this happening.

While paddling along there was sea life visible all around us. Turtles, some the size of coffee tables, manta rays and shimmering curtains of shoals of tiny white fish in front of us. Because kayaks are so silent the fish don't realise you are there until you're close to them. A snook jumped out of the water and walked along the surface on its tail in front of me one day. It looked so funny.



We were paddling back to shore when suddenly there was a loud bang like something hitting some ones boat. I looked sideways to see Roger with a very startled look on his face. While paddling along he had disturbed a 2 metre shark. It hit his boat, dived under it then leapt out of the water before swimming away. That got Roger's heart rate up a bit I think. I don't know who got the biggest fright. Roger or the shark.

When we reached shore we were sitting on the beach having our morning tea. On looking through the binoculars back towards what we thought was Fraser Island we could see four or five substantial pieces of superstructure of a wreck. I would love to go back out there again and look at it. If there is a next time maybe if you started from the station shearing shed you just might approach it from a different angle.

We paddled on to Norwegian Bay and explored the whaling station which operated from

1915 to 1957. Enormous rusting vats, boilers and machines dotted the sand dunes. On further exploring we discovered thousands upon thousands of empty beer bottles. The first night's camp was just around Point Edgar, north of the Whaling station.

For four days we had perfect weather for paddling. The sun was shining and the wind was behind us or on our starboard back quarter. Judy and Graham had their sails up a lot of the time and cruised along. Judy's V shaped sail was faster downwind but Graham's smaller triangular shaped sail with mast and boom was more versatile. He enjoyed himself tacking and reaching back and forth. (I must get myself a sail). On the second morning out Graeme, who liked to chat to everyone we came across, went near the shore to chat to a fisherman. Unfortunately he got his mast caught in the fishing line and over her went. This caused a bit of excitement on the beach for the fishermen. He soon extricated himself from his boat and recovered from this

little drama and we paddled on camping somewhere near Sandy Point (I think).

The weather wasn't so great at night. It was probably about 8-10 degrees C which wasn't too bad but the wind seemed to blow off shore all night every night. That is all except the last night, when there was no wind but then it blew all day from the North East/ North right on our nose.

On day three we had our morning tea break with Helen. She had set up her camp on a ridge overlooking the bay where we have camped numerous times before. She had bought painting gear, quilting, books etc to fill in her time but she was so busy making friends with

other campers and accepting dinner invitations she only got time to do some quilting and one painting which she gave away.

We paddled on to Yardie creek. The tide was right for us to paddle in and later there just enough water for us to paddle out after we had explored the gorge as far as we could go. The tourist boat had just started its tour. If you paddled slowly behind the boat you could catch some of the interesting information the operator was telling the tourists. The magnificent red ochre cliffs on either side of the water provide homes for countless pairs of birds that could be seen sitting on their nests watching us. We had a late lunch on the beach just past the Yardie Creek opening. Helen had driven up to the creek crossing, left the Land Cruiser on the south side and waded over to join us then later returned to her camp. We camped somewhere before Sandy Bay (I think).

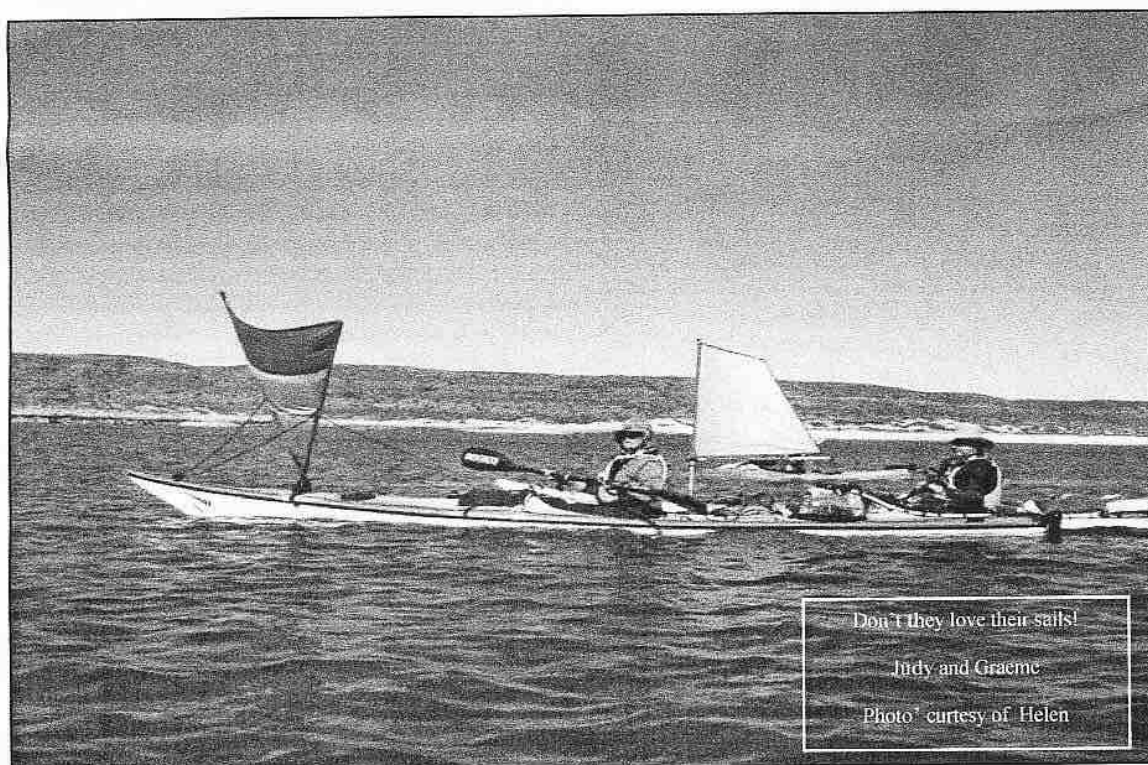
On day four we paddled out near the reef



for a while then returned to the shore line. Dave would have liked to stay out and catch a few more waves. Eric liked to paddle close to shore so he could observe the birds. We stopped south of Mandu Mandu creek and took photos of the Ningaloo Reef Retreat which has luxury accommodation in tents near the beach.

We were now paddling over a variety of corals including purple mauve staghorn. I got to have a short snorkel at Turquoise Bay at our lunch stop. We had planned to have a lay day the next day to have a break from the routine of unloading our

After having the water to ourselves for 5 days it was a shock to arrive at the Tantabiddi boat ramp. There were cues of vehicles with trailers waiting to launch or retrieve boats from one ramp. There were a couple of Marine Safety Officers hanging around at the top of the ramp. Their presence probably kept the lid on any tempers that might have frayed. Graeme hitched a ride to the caravan park with one of the boat retrievers and came back with his car to collect Eric and Roger to take them back to pick up their vehicles. Fortunately they ran into Helen at the caravan park booking office. She was



Don't they love their sails!

Judy and Graeme

Photo' curtesy of Helen

kayaks every afternoon, setting up camp then breaking camp every morning and re packing the kayaks so I thought I would come back and snorkel the next day.

We set up camp not far past Turquoise Bay, planning to stay there 2 nights. On dusk an officious volunteer CALM fellow came and told us we couldn't camp there. As we were already set up we stayed the night and moved on the next morning after deciding we'd paddle to the finishing point. Judy and I said we would have our "lay day" at the caravan park and drive back to Turquoise Bay with Helen in the Land Cruiser for a snorkel the next day, weather permitting. The fellows said they would drive home a day early. As I said before we had a really hard paddle with the wind on the nose all day. We found a nice sheltered beach surrounded by mangroves on the north side of Mangrove Bay for lunch but that was the only respite we had. It was head down and paddle, paddle paddle.

not expecting us until a day later so was surprised to find that we had already arrived. We were a very tired group of kayakers by the time we had loaded the boats onto vehicles and heaved our gear on board. We set up our tents at the caravan park and wallowed in the luxury of a hot shower that night.

The next morning I heard the blokes leave early. The sky was grey and cloudy and threatening rain so we decided we might as well pack up and head south as well. After seeing a few of the sights of Exmouth we drove to Dongara for the night then back to Perth the next day. All up the Land cruiser clocked up 3,090ks for the round trip.

It was a great week. Thanks for organising it Roger. <<

I'll thump the next jerk who says I'm aggressive!

# Broome to Dampier

by  
Les Allen



I woke slowly as it was 3.00 am in the morning. As my head cleared I was wondering how Ian was going to fare as yesterday was a bad day for him. We knew when we planned this trip it was not going to be easy and day 2 definitely proved that. The first day was an easy day just crossing Roebuck Bay from Broome. The 2<sup>nd</sup> day was a 70km slog with the last 22 kilometers into a head wind. We rounded Tyrone Pt just as the sun was setting to face a three quarter of a kilometer portage to get to the beach. By the time we had got 100kg of gear above the high tide line it was totally dark, Ian was totally knackered and feeling nauseous. He went to bed without any dinner which was going to the next day. We had planned to have breakfast on the water as high tide was around 1.00am and we need to get to the water as quickly as possible to reduce the portage.

I poked my head out of my tent expecting to see stars but was met with inky blackness. Then a couple of drops of rain hit my face explaining why there were no stars. Complete cloud cover, just what we needed. This was not starting well. We packed as quickly as possible and started off in search of the water. We were tucked in the base of a rocky headland with extensive reef that went out over a kilometer at low tide. At the base of the short beach, on which we camped, was wet soft sand merging into slippery rock and then back to soft sand. Walking was difficult and towing the boats very hard work. Fortunately we only had half a kilometer to portage our gear. Ian set off with his boat while I took 30 kg of water and as many dry bags as I could carry. My arms were screaming at the

end of the 7 minutes it took to walk the distance. Back I went for my second load and then my boat. By the time I got back with the second load the water was another 30 meters away. The wheels I took were a saviour as it would have been back breaking to carry the boats. Even so the wheels dug deep into the soft sand and it was a considerable effort to negotiate the soft sand and reef and frustrating to have to keep walking past both previous drops as the water was receding very quickly. Finally we were both packed and ready to go.

Now we had the interesting job of navigating out through the reef and across the bay in total darkness. I had my head torch on to see to launch and read my compass. My whole world was reduced to what was in that small beam. I found the right heading; confirmed Ian was beside me and switched of my light. We had no horizon just blackness. A fuzzy black blur was on my left and I could not even make out the features on my kayak. Heading off into remote and strange waters was quite confronting. If you are prone to a wandering mind this is the time you will experience all those fears. It was then that my whole day change. Phosphorescence! What an amazing thing it is. Every paddle stroke left this luminous green pool in the water and green luminescent pools darted this way and that as fish panicked at our approach. In the inky blackness it was a magnificent sight.

Navigating was proving interesting as we had know idea in what direction we were paddling. To save switching on the light we started using CPS navigating. That stands for Cheek Positioning System. As the small waves passed under us you got a feel for the direction of the waves through the cheeks of your bum. The idea was to keep the same angle to the waves thus using CPS to keep your bearing. It actually works, so I will now use it in

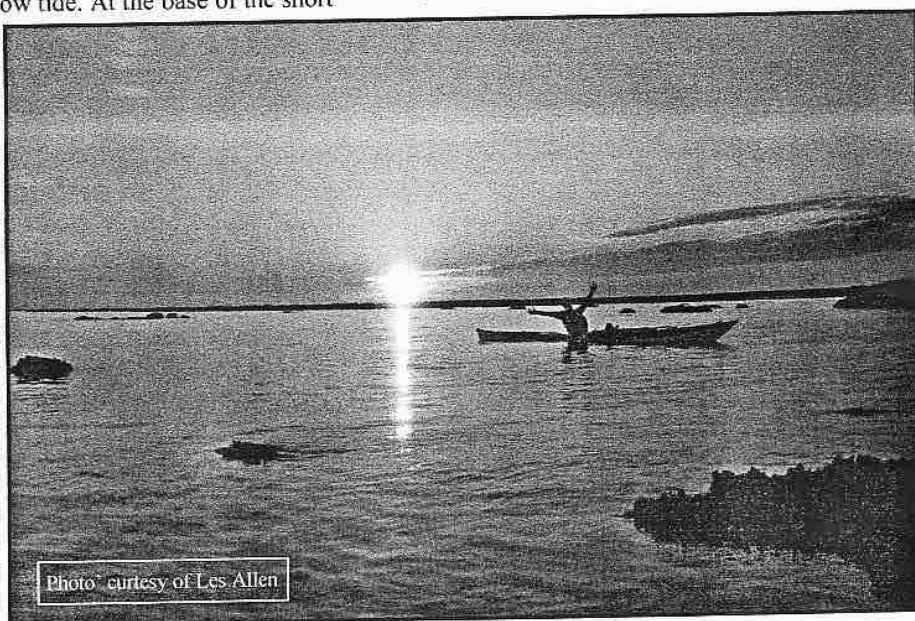


Photo: courtesy of Les Allen



future navigation classes.

After 2 hours of total darkness it was refreshing to start to get some half light. Very slowly the world started to open up. First I could make out my kayak and the fuzzy blur started to take the shape of Ian. Before long we even had a horizon which makes paddling so much easier. It is difficult to describe paddling in inky darkness but if you want to get the feeling we had, close your eyes and try to run. You will find it very difficult to do as your mind does not like moving into blackness.

At dawn I looked across to Ian. He had 5 blisters on one hand and looked real bad. I said 'How are you feeling' He looked across and smiled 'Oh fine, but I will need to stop and get some food into me, the tank is empty' I had a chuckle to myself as I knew how bad he was feeling. I was now satisfied I had chosen a good paddle partner. If he wasn't going to whinge now, he never would. This was Ian's first real big distance challenge. He had sea kayaked solo in Alaska and around Corsica and is an instructor, so was quite capable of handling himself. But as far as distance was concerned probably the Avon Decent was the biggest days he had done consecutively so far. On this trip we had 860 km of coast line to do in 13 days. That means 66 km per day. By cutting bays we could reduce it slightly but it was still a big ask. To do 10 to 12 hours on the water, day after day is very challenging. Add camping, remote area, long portages and you start to get the picture. At this stage of the trip I had it over him, as after this trip I have paddled a quarter of the Australian coast line and had good muscle memory from long days in the kayak. But Ian was fit, strong and at 32 years old I knew it was only a matter of time before he caught my aging body.

We headed in to stop on the sand-mud flat so Ian could cook up a double batch of porridge. Landing through small surf was easy but now the tide was starting to come back in. Ian set off 30 meters up the beach with his stove to cook his porridge. We set off from the middle of the bay. There was almost a kilometer of sand-mud before a small steep beach. There was a tiny rock headland to our right with exposed reef out another half a kilometer. To the left the beach had small rocky outcrops and we could see a thin layer of scrub before a gray overcast sky. Ian has a petrol stove that heats incredibly fast but the tide was faster and he ended up with his stove in the water as the porridge was cooked. He was now reduced to scoffing hot porridge standing ankle deep in water. The effect of the fuel was almost immediate as he headed out through the small surf strongly.

We were now into the Eighty Mile Beach and I was very happy that we had made every goal so far. Ian had bounced back strongly and we were now taking turns in feeling strong. One of the reasons I only wanted one paddle partner is the fact that

we all have good and bad days. Unfortunately it is impossible to synchronize them so the more people you have the more bad days you have. Also it is hard to find people who can handle this type of paddle as it can be wearing. We get up at 3.00 to 4.00 am and pack quickly. Breakfast is on the water with at least 2 hours of total darkness in which to paddle. Then as dawn approaches you have to face a full days paddling with 2 stops on mud flats as toilet and food stops. With the big tides it is pointless trying to shorten the days as you then face a huge portage through mud. Not fun! This is one section of coast line that has to be done tough. Paul Caffyn, who to my knowledge is the only other paddler to do this section, also had a tough time. In his book the "Dream Time Voyage" he said in this section that the parts of Australia he thought were going to be hard turned out easy and the easy parts turned out hard. This is very true because a quick look at the map makes this area look easy but believe me it is not.

This is July, the dry season for the Kimberley and Pilbara. Somebody forgot to tell the weather though. We were surrounded by huge dark clouds and we could see rain squalls heading our way. The most amazing thing was the direction they were coming from. They appeared to be forming over the land and heading out to sea. Most unusual! As I bent forward to keep the rain from stinging my face I was



## West Coast Kayaks

### Dry Bag Specials

Liquid Life Dry Bags	
15 It	\$20.00
40 It with carry strap	\$40.00
45lt	\$25.00

Full range of Mirage  
and Dagger sea kayaks

041 9900 715  
All Hrs

worried about my daughter Hayley. She was going to drive into Eighty Mile Beach to drop off a resupply and I was not sure she would get through the roads as we appeared to be getting a lot of rain.

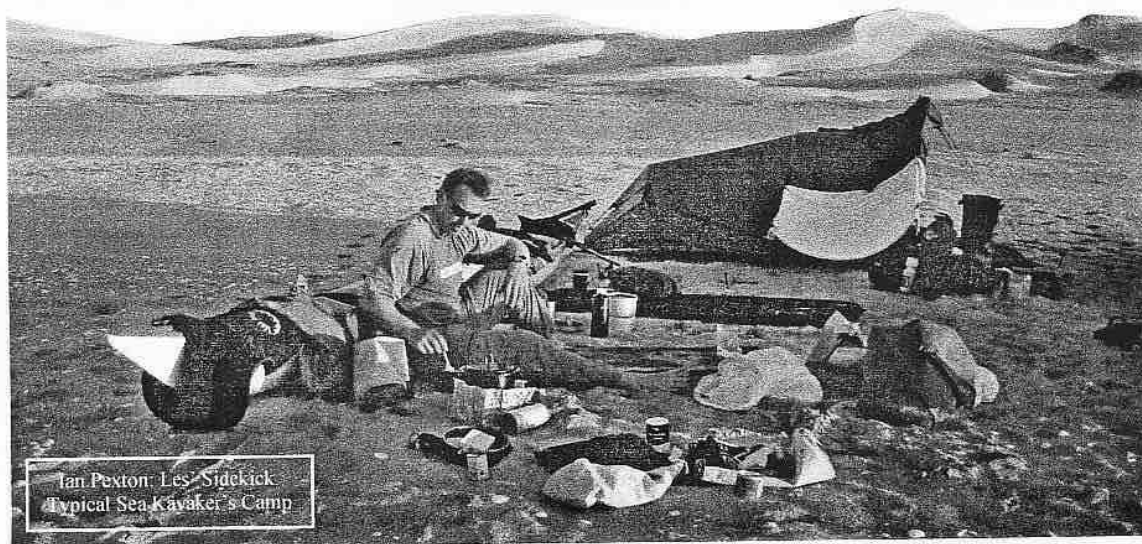
As the shower stopped we decided to run into the beach for a toilet stop. We now had small swells steaming into the beach from at least a kilometer or more out. We are used to them now but when you first see them you think they are going to break, they are going to break but they don't. They prop up to almost vertical and just keep coming. This of course gave us the world's most perfect kayak surfing waves. You just turn to the left, paddle hard to pick one up then you're on. You can stow the paddle, cross your arms or do a cross word as you surf straight to the beach over a kilometer away. I would love to come back with a play boat and spend hours playing on those perfect waves.

The only problem is that for every great

zon. The biggest problem with this maneuver was the time. It took half an hour to stop for a toilet break. The alternatives were pissing in the boat, not preferred, or hopping out into the water. As the water was discolored and contained large jelly fish and sharks, this option was not appealing either. Besides it gave us a few minutes to stretch and stand. We were breaking the day up into two and a half hour sections and the opportunity to get out, even if it was on mud, and for two minutes, was very appealing.

During these two and a half hour stints your mind can wander to all sorts of subjects. Ian stunned me by out of the blue telling me we were averaging 36,000 paddle strokes per day. Well, he was right, but how do you think of things like that. My mind wandered over what I would like to do, where I would like to go etc, not matter of fact things like how many paddle stroke I did today. But hey we had plenty of time to cover all subjects. Chatting was fun

Photo: courtesy of Les Allen



ride to the beach there became an equally painful break out. First you get the small spilling waves. You paddle hard in shallow water then the wave rushes up the boat, hitting your body with a thud and splashing your face. After 20 of them you get the bigger unbroken waves. Same thing, you paddle hard only this time you can pick up speed as you are in deeper water. You hit the wave hard leaning forward and the wave throws the bow skyward. As we had heavy boats they pierced the top of the wave leaving a section of wave to rush up the deck and hit you in the face. Then what goes up must come down and the boat smacks into the water as it flies over the top of the wave stopping you dead in the water. So you paddle hard and repeat the process over and over again till you are far enough out. You look back and the coast line is a tiny smear on the hori-

but you run out of conversation after a few hours so it's back to your own thoughts.

The scene was slowly changing. The northern part of the beach has bigger tide flats and they are predominantly mud. Now we are getting smaller tide flats with more sand, bigger beach and sand hills. The rain was easing back and we were looking forward to Eighty Mile Beach Caravan Park. The other big thing was the tides. We were now in neap tides and was launching and landing close to high tide. This cut the portage back considerably giving us an extra hour a day to rest.

After five days without a wash the shower was great and now we were re-supplied and ready to go. Hayley and her friend Tanya helped us carry our gear down at 4.00 am and we were ready for our next leg. As we headed along the beach the change

was very dramatic from the northern end. The southern end has sand stone cliff line, spectacular sand hills and interesting rock formations. I was thoroughly enjoying the difference. It was late in the day and we were approaching a cliff line that went to the horizon. It would have been nice to do another 10 km but the risk of not being able to land was too high so we opted to land. The water was too murky to see through and there were rocks on the beach. It was going to be touch and go with the landing as the rocks were jagged and razor sharp. We both chose a different route through the rocks. It was a case of slowly slowly avoiding being pushed forward by the small waves. As I landed I heard Ian curse as he just clipped an unseen rock. The gel coat had taken such a beating another bit off was not going to matter. The camp site was worth it though. Spectacular yellow sand hills behind us, blood red sand stone cliffs to our right and smooth white sandy beach as far as the eye could see to the left. It was one of those spots you look around and go, "Wow!" After the barren northern end the impact was magnified.

After our early stop the day before we now had to pay penance. The weather which had been so unseasonable was now starting to change back to it's normal pattern. Instead of headwinds or no wind we were starting to get light tail winds. Then at 9.00am the wind suddenly picked up to 20 knots. What a break on a long day. We were able to put up our sails and surf to our hearts content. The wind lasted till about noon then dropped back to around 5 knots. But in the three hours we had covered 30 km breaking the back of the day. We were now off the Eighty Mile Beach and had passed Cape Keraudren with only an 18km crossing to finish the day.

We were plugging away quite happy heading to an unnamed headland in the distance. As we got closer we could see a vehicle and a camp site. What a bummer as we did not want to carry on. Just off the point we could see a person standing looking at us, then he disappeared and next there were two. We rounded the reef that stuck out about 500meters and headed for the sand beach and our two onlookers. They looked totally stunned as we landed. When I got out of the boat I could see why. You could not see any land in the direction we came from so it appeared we just came out of the sea. They introduced themselves and helped us up the beach with the boats enquiring as to what we were doing and where we came from. The worst bit was they then offered us an ice cold full strength beer. After 12 hours on the water it did not last long and was quickly replaced with another. Fortunately after satisfying all the questions they were off to catch some fish so we could set up camp. Only problem was we were pissed. Two cans are all it took and I struggled to get my tent up. The two Kiwi brothers were really nice blokes but we were in bed at sundown as usual and did not see them as we were gone well before sun

rise.

Larry Pt will stick in my mind forever. Two hours ago we were 10 km away and we still looked 10 km away. Only difference was we were 4 km off the coast getting out of my boat once more to drag my boat over another sand bar. This is the most frustrating bit of coastline yet. It was desolate, the water blood red from the rain over the past few days and Larry Point was not getting any closer ever though we were working very hard. The water was very shallow so you can't paddle over about 4 km per hour and these sand bars radiate out up to 6 kilometers from the shore. Ian was handling it well but my temper was close to the surface. In fact his good nature and continual grin were very good to have around and Ian is welcome on any of my future paddles. Slowly, oh so very slowly, Larry bloody Point came and went and the paddling got back to normal. Three hours it took to do 10 km of coast line and we still had a long way to go. Welcome to sea kayaking. Some times it can be the most frustrating sport and others the most exciting.

Port Hedland was coming up slowly. We had made good time but as this was our re-supply and shower stop I was eager to get there. The Yacht Club had offered to put us up for the night which was much appreciated and we were really looking forward to the shower. On most trips you have a wash or salt water shower every day. In fact I have it down to a fine art. You get wet, soap up, then a quick rinse and wipe off with the detergent still running off you and you end up salt free and almost smelling good. Not on this trip as the water was discolored or toooo far away. Also it was only inches deep for a long way and with sting rays, stone fish and jelly fish with long tentacles the thought of wading out a long way was not appealing, thus, two smelly paddlers.

It was good to have a bought dinner! They did not have a caretaker at the moment so offered us the caretaker's house in which to stay. What a bonus! Incredible hospitality! I can't thank the Yacht Club enough for what they did as it was a real morale booster.

Now we only had 240 km to go; "Yahoo!" Spirits were high as we headed off down a small cliff line to Cape Thoin. The wind was only 5 knots but hey it was behind us so life was good as we ate up the kilometers in our now very familiar routine. I was looking forward to the islands but doubted we would reach Reef Island today.

The next day we had strong side winds and could get some effect from the sails. We were averaging over 8 km per hour and enjoying the wet ride as side waves slapped the boat and the odd white cap landed on the spray deck. It was also easy to stop for a break as the islands had steep sandy beaches. The big thing though was the clear water. From Port Hedland onwards, the water started to clear up and



we could see through it. Apart from the incredible number of long tentacle jelly fish it appeared inviting. Ian accidentally cut a section of the tentacles off one big one and had a meter of tentacles flapping from the end of his paddle. They stuck fast and it took some time and effort to get them off the paddle. We carried vinegar in the day hatch just in case we got stung. The way those long wispy tentacles stuck to the paddle was quite sobering. If they stuck to you like that they would have ample opportunity to inject large amounts of venom in to the skin. It's funny but people always ask about sharks when they are the least of our worries. Things like jelly fish are a much bigger risk and can be just as fatal in remote locations.

We were back in paddle mode with our minds of with the fairies when Ian suddenly shouted. I looked down and in between our boats were 2 mating 1.5meter sea snakes. They had thick yellow bodies and black heads. I instantly recognized them as the same species that had attacked Tel, my paddle partner on a previous trip. We took off splitting up as we went past the two snakes that were far too interested in each other than panicking sea kayakers. Well, that bit wasn't boring!

Ironically, it took until the last day for me to hear my tent fly rustling. Only 57km to go! Could we finally get the fabled tail winds for which we had been hoping over the last 800 km. Well I wasn't going to find out lying in bed! Where is the torch? The sleep in was nice as we would be launching in half light.

The start of the day was typical with only a very light wind but within an hour the wind had strengthened to 15 knots and was right behind us. The crossing to Boat Passage was excellent as we were surfing all the way and averaging 10 km per hour. What a hoot. Now we were on the last leg down to Dampier. The wind was at about a 45 degree angle behind us. The sail was working well and surfing was still the order of the day.

I angled right a bit to get a better start on the wave. Paddling hard I leaned forward at the start of a run. Waves don't come even or in a straight line. They come in fingers with each set building and culminating in white caps. The art of surfing is to pick up the sets at the right time. Just as they are building is the spot to be racing down the front of the wave as it continues to get steeper behind you and gives you the longest push. In fact some times you can punch through the wave in front and then pick up that wave. As we were heading in a 45 degree angle it was important to veer left every time you caught a wave so you end up in the right direction. This has the added bonus of letting you hit another set of waves and if you are lucky you can surf that one as well.

The wave I was on suddenly picked me up

and my speed rocketed. Left rudder and right lean started the veering off to the left. Another set was building to my left as I bounced down to the trough of the wave. I was now flying along much faster than the waves and heading into a wave building on the left. My legs were getting tired as it had been 5 hours of constant surfing, using my legs to lift the boat and cut the waves. I had to hug the building wave, not because I liked it but because if I didn't it would tip me over. My left elbow was in the face of the wave causing my arm pit to be blasted with water. With my paddle angled up above my head in a high brace position I lifted my right leg bringing the boat up onto its side. This allowed the bow to swing down the wave and as it did so the sail caught and the boat accelerated down the wave giving me an extra ride. The bow buried into the back of the small wave in front and then punched right through leaving a wash of water to rush up the boat ensuring I stayed soaking wet. Now I was rocketing along again and lifting the left leg to veer the boat left again and restart the process.

We did 57 km in 6 hours of surfing. The sails were a great help but surfing is still hard work. Very satisfied I dropped my sail and headed into the rocks at the base of the caravan park to a waiting Mitch and her dad. This was a very satisfying trip from the achievement point of view. To average 66 km of coast line for 13 days in 100kg boats, no wind or head winds and desolate tough terrain is a big drain you body. Add camping, starting before dawn and very little recovery time and you start to get the picture. The coast line has some very beautiful places and some damn ugly ones. It's a trip I am glad I have done but would not do again. My thanks go to Ian Pexton for being a fantastic paddle partner. People of his caliber are hard to find and as I said before he is welcome on any future trips. In fact he is coming on my next trip in January from Melbourne to Hobart. <<

## **MURRAY MARATHON 2005**

sponsored by

**RED CROSS - HERALD SUN**

**27-31st December, 2005**

For information contact *Mandy Svenson*:

Phone: (03) 8327 7706.

Email: [mvenson@redcross.org.au](mailto:mvenson@redcross.org.au)

Website:

[www.redcross.org.au/vic/murraymarathon.htm](http://www.redcross.org.au/vic/murraymarathon.htm)

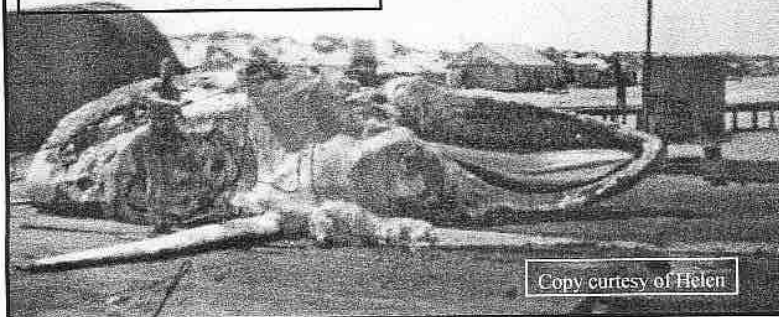
There is the possibility of a sponsor:

Gloria Jean's Coffees.

Website:

[www.gloriajeanscoffees.com.au](http://www.gloriajeanscoffees.com.au)

Note the buildings in the background.  
In the photo below Judy, Roger and  
Helen are standing on that site.  
That is only one heap of beer bottles:  
there are plenty more.



Dear Editor,

*This is a letter from a 78 year old man in the Over 55 Cycle Club. I thought you might be interested after our recent visit to the Norwegian Bay Whaling Station.*

*Regards, Helen.*

Dear Helen,

We've really enjoyed reading your bulletins and I thought that I would offer some of my early W.A. history, which rather ties in with your latest effort.

In 1950, I migrated from NSW, by Steam Trains (oil fired - on the Nullabor) at a cost of £80, which was an awful lot of money for a 23 year old - on £6/16/6 a week - so I set about finding work to recoup the cost.

I was offered a position (at £25/wk) at Point Cloates Whaling Station, which had - for several years - been operated by R. Moore & Sons, Auto Engine Reconditioners of 60 Short St, Perth. The Norwegians had long since quit the site & there were no other big money ventures up north (Iron Ore etc.) in those days. The 800 mile trip was done on an Austin truck, with most of the passengers lying on bags of stores on the 'table-top' tray. Also, rain fell during that trip - to add to their luxury.

I thought that the work would be in my trade but, after a few weeks, there wasn't much Auto Engineering - or much other Engineering - to be done, so I was mostly a Jack-of-all-trades. This even involved being trucky's assistant on a trip to Jerry Lefroy's Exmouth Gulf Station, when Ningaloo ran out of ancient wethers for our Cook to use, as a break from Spanish Mackerel, which were just teeming - in those far flung waters.

As there was no wet-canteen, all workers were given one bottle of beer each night and, as I didn't drink beer (and never have), I saved mine

all week and sold it to the highest bidder on Saturday nights, which made me popular, and gave me so much pocket money that I didn't have to cut into my wages, for any purchases from the store. So, now you know where the 'thousands upon thousands of empty beer bottles' came from. Over the years of operation one can only imagine the Swan Brewery's delight when the yearly Whaling season opened.

You didn't mention it, but, the Manager's house (from the Norwegian's days) was still there, on the top of one sandhill, and that is where my quarters were - real luxury, compared to the dormitory style for the labourers.

The waters were truly infested with sharks and they could demolish a whale (see attachments) in a very short time - we had riflemen on hand, to pop them off (with .303s) - as they leapt onto the carcass and this added Sharkmeat to our menu. Due to this abundance of sharks, near the Flensing Deck ramp, we used to walk about two miles north of the site, for a swim. There was always supposed to be a lookout on a sandhill, but, one day I was lazily floating around when I noticed a large shadow quite close by. I looked for my lookout, who was sound asleep, and I took off for the shore - at the same time as a huge Turtle (your 'coffee table' size) took off in the other direction.

At the end of that season, I came back to Perth financially sound and, later on - after I met Laurel, and was boarding with her parents - had enough spare cash to buy our first car, for the four of us. A 1936 Morris 8 Tourer, which I restored. What would that be worth now?

Love from Laurel and Doug.



	NAME	ATTEND
1.	Allen Les	6
2.	Beardsley Helier	17
3.	Blight Judy	23
4.	Bramley Jim	4
5.	Camm Lionel	3
6.	Collinson Rod	4
7.	Coogan Rod	5
8.	Cooksey Helen	5
9.	Cuthbertson John	1
10.	Dixon Marian	11
11.	Evans Phil	15
12.	Evans Roz	13
13.	Grose Adrian	1
14.	Harrington Suzan	6
15.	Hitchcock Tom	2
16.	Hobbs Brad	7
17.	Hobbs Russel	6
18.	Khorshid Robyn	1
19.	Kinzett Don	9
20.	Lee Graeme	11
21.	Lewis Kelvin	1
22.	Lloyd Roger	17
23.	McDermott Mick	2
24.	Mee Antony	5
25.	Mullen Austen	3
26.	Mullins Geoff	3
27.	Oakley David	13
28.	Openshaw Lee	2
29.	Piper Kevin	10
30.	Pyatt Eric	34
31.	Radovich John	11
32.	Rawlings Ian	8
33.	Reynolds Bill	5
34.	Robson Sandy	1
35.	Ross John	1
36.	Stender Kerstin	1
37.	Thomas Megan	1
38.	Wass John	21
39.	Watson Kate	1

To the 21st August, 2005 there have been 47 Sunday Club Paddles, six of which have been cancelled, leaving 41 possible attendances. <<

## A KAYAKER'S JOURNEY

by  
Phil Evans

The huge swell reared up over the reef and crashed through with a deafening roar. Surely we were going too close. We had to get around the point and headed for the side of the reef. The waves to the side were not breaking but as I watched the Roger, Jim and Roz go up the face there was a good 3 metres of water fore and aft of their 5.8m kayaks and as the wave approached me I could have sworn that it

was going to break this time. A few seconds of heart in my mouth and it was forward to the next one. An hour of this in 3 metre swells with the occasional 5 to 6 metre ones for good effect and coupled with 1.5 to 2m seas pushed by a good 15 kn wind and I knew why I had taken up sea kayaking.

Four and a half years ago I purchased my kayak and headed out with extreme trepidation into the unknown waters ahead. My sense of balance was non-existent and my skills were almost zero. With the help and support of many members of the WA Sea Kayak Club I have been rescued a few times and been helped with paddling skills and training. More importantly I have shared the companionship of like-minded people all trying to get the most enjoyment from our watery pastime. When I started out I could only dream about the more challenging aspects of kayaking and still can only dream about some of them.

I remember watching Ian (Past President) perform a few rolls and then complete a re-entry roll. Show off I thought, but since learning the basics of rolling and managing a few I can now do a re-entry roll myself! I love paddling along the edge of the surf zone and tempting fate with the break. Sometimes I get caught and either end up on the beach or trashed and other times I brace out and feel exhilarated with the joy of it. It all goes to help improve the skill level as well. 4 ½ years ago I could not have imagined that I would be able to do this. I still have a long way to go to be as proficient as I would like in handling my kayak but I take heart from the degree of progress so far. Small steps of progress have translated into a large increase in confidence and skill and the side benefit to this is the increase in enjoyment that comes with greater competence.

Life in a kayak is one of endless discovery and pleasure and I look forward with great anticipation to the rest of the journey. <<

## THE TRUTH ABOUT CARBOHYDRATES

Carbohydrates are the main fuel source for the body metabolic activities. The body converts carbohydrates into glucose in the blood stream. Carbohydrates supply long lasting energy, keep hunger pains away and helps maintain a stable body weight. A balanced diet comprises of 55% of our daily calories from carbohydrates, 15% protein and the remainder from vegies and fruit and a small portion of fat.. A low carbohydrate diet depletes the body of the natural energy supply and causes the body to 'eat' away at the muscles for an energy source. <<

My girlfriend wears a biblical dress, low and behold.





**Everything**  
*you need...*

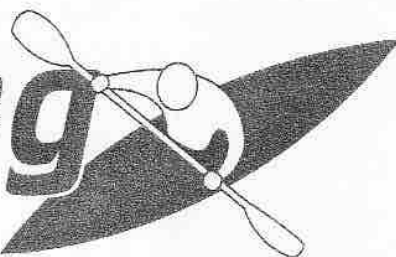


**35 JARRAD ST, COTTESLOE**

Phone (08) 9284 3759 Fax (08) 9384 0224

email [ken@mainpeak.com.au](mailto:ken@mainpeak.com.au)

# Canoeing DOWN UNDER



**Paddling Store**  
144 Railway Parade, Bassendean  
93781333

[www.canoeingdownunder.com.au](http://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.

## OBJECTIVES OF THE SEA KAYAK CLUB WA INC.

The objectives of the Club are to act:

- Through the Club's Newsletter as a contact point for members' sea kayak activities.
- To promote and encourage sea kayaking to the general community as an enjoyable, social and environmentally responsible pursuit.
- To unite and co-ordinate the activities of members in their sea kayaking activities.
- To promote safe boating practices and endeavour to make sure that the Rules and Regulations concerning Sea Kayaking (if any) are complied with.
- To encourage respect for our environment and to foster a positive attitude towards the conservation of flora and fauna and the practice of minimum impact camping.
- To act on behalf of members in their relationship with Canoeing WA Inc. and other organisations.
- To represent sea kayakers in consultation with government departments at all levels.

## CONTENTS

Yardie Creek	Page 1
Editorial	2
Abuse of Editorial Powers	2
Notice Board	3
A Personal Note	3
Kayaking with Canucks	4
Ningaloo Excursion	5
Broome to Dampier	8
Norwegian Whale Station Letter	13
Club Paddle Attendances	14
A Kayaker's Journey	14
Objectives of the SKC WA Inc	16

Sea Kayak Club WA Inc.  
2A Braunton Street,  
Bicton,  
WA. 6157.

## SURFACE MAIL

Mr. Roger Lloyd  
2A Braunton St  
Bicton WA 6157

