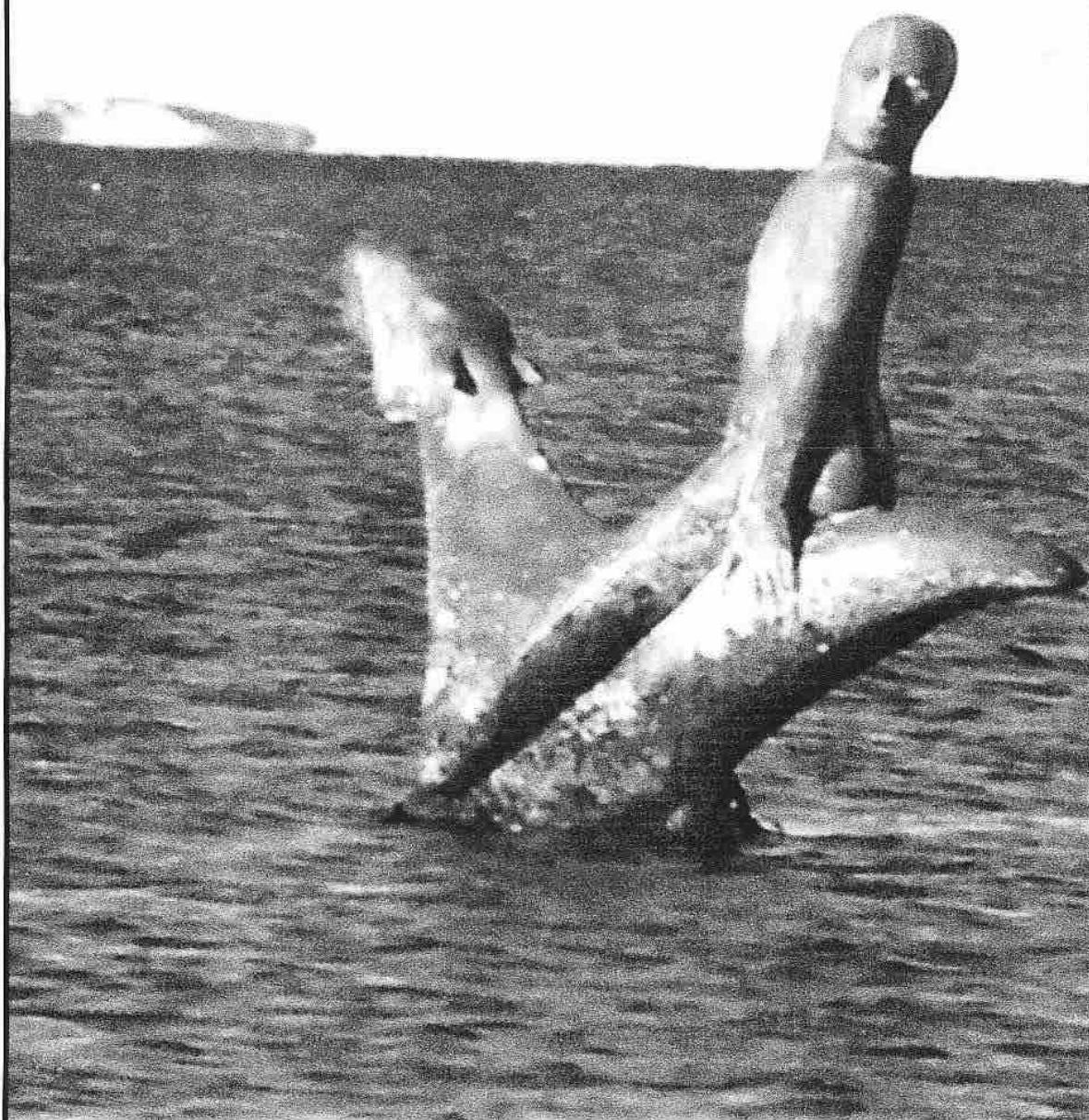


WA Seakayaker

Issue 59: March ~ April 2006



Newsletter of the Sea Kayak Club WA Inc. 28 Aurelian Street, Palmyra, WA. 6157.
Phones: President Judy Blight 9433 3719. Secretary/ Treasurer Eric Pyatt 9339 2952.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT



It is with pleasure that I have accepted the position of President of the Sea Kayak Club WA Inc. At the moment I am Trying to brush up on the finer points of meeting procedure and am trying to become fully conversant with the booklet on "Safety Guidelines and Operating Procedures" that was so

ably put together by Roger Lloyd.

This is such a fast growing time for the club and because of that it can produce difficulties, Particularly with communication. It is really important that all club members are aware of there responsibilities on club paddles and aware of the Sea Leader's responsibilities. Paddlers must be prepared and ready to care for themselves and others in the event of complications. Decisions will often be made according to a consensus arrived at through group discussion and it is important that all paddlers follow the decisions agreed on. All this information is in the booklet that was given to all club members but I am sure copies are available for those who have misplaced them.

For some people in the club it seems too great a change from the days when we just jumped in the kayak and Paddled to Rottnest (as I did on my second paddle with the club). However, these changes are important for safety, Preventing litigation and making our club as professional as possible. We don't want to destroy the enjoyment and spontaneity of paddling but our aim is to make paddling more pleasurable by improving our skill level.

It is vitally important that we have Instructors in our club and so Les Allen will be instructing and assessing prospective candidates over the next couple of months, which augers well for the future.

Judy.

EDITORIAL

This is the best time of the year for paddling and it will last right up until June. The wind, generally, behaves itself. The prime season is here and it is now showing in programmed attendances, the support being very encouraging for the Programme Director.

Looking at attendances there are some very interesting statistics put forward by the 'Recorder' of our activities. We're nearly half way through our club year and 25% of our members have not been on a programmed club paddle or training. More amazing is that 60% have been on less than five paddles. It would be nice to get some feedback on this one. Why?

We are a very fortunate club with our liaison with Les Allen (a club member) of West Coast Kayaks who is supplying a training service that the club could not otherwise afford. It is also an avenue for finding and/or attracting new members; so very important as kayak/canoe clubs seem to have a high turnover of members. The committee is also working on other avenues of promotion.

This leads to a concern of the lack of interest of some of the long standing members; we want you back, motivated; running with the flow, for, despite the foregoing statistics, the club is running high. To the current active membership the training sessions are found to be exhilarating and the skills level have gone through the roof. There is progression through the various levels which are challenging and give the individual satisfaction and a feeling of self worth. Most important, of course, is that the safety aspect is enhanced, therefore, keeping litigation at bay.

The club is not what it used to be; it would die if we were not on our current path. <<

You have arrived when the meeting can't start until
you have arrived

You have made progress if every mistake you make
is a new one.

SEAMARK SERIES

Why "Seamark"? Well, landlubbers talk of "Landmarks", so, why can't we sea kayakers have "Seamarks". What the Editor is proposing is that we make a record of familiar metropolitan/WA (or any where else for that matter) seamarks on our travels. Have your camera with you where ever you may be and any iconic seamarks you may espy, snap them and email them to your Editor. It would be great if you could add to it a little bit of history or any interesting stories attached to it.

Most, I am sure are familiar with the Charles Yelverton O'Connor's history and his contribution to WA's development; his engineering of the Fremantle inner harbour and the water supply pipeline to the Kalgoorlie goldfields. Tragically, he suffered from depression and approximately where the statue stands is where he committed suicide. <<

COVER PICTURE

Seamark Series: No. 1.

The C. Y. O'Connor Memorial
Seen at O'Connor Beach, Coogee.
(North end of Garden Island in the background.)

Photo* curtesy of Eric Pyatt

NOTICE

BOARD

DIRK HARTOG ISLAND

10th to 17th May, 2006

Six days on the water, two days travel.

Make sure you get your Sea Kayak Skills Award There's time enough, but do it now.
Phone Eric, 9339 2952, to help you with your theory.

PERON PENINSULAR SHARK BAY

30th August to 5th September, 2006

Five days on the water, two days travel

Introduction to Sea Kayak Skills Awardees are eligible. The shoreline is followed all the way.
Anyone wishing to volunteer to lead this excursion:
Phone Eric, 9339 2952

2006

LONG WEEKENDS

Jun 3-5: Donnelly River/Broke Inlet-beautiful.
Sep 30/Oct 2: Hamelin Bay-plenty of scope.

Weekenders

Jul 29-30: Bunker Bay- lots of options.
Phone Roger: 9339 6860.
Dec 1& 2: Rottnest Island-speaks for itself.
Phone Judy: 9433 3719.

INSTRUCTOR SUBSIDY

The Committee is keen to encourage "Club Instructors". For those that are willing to dedicate their time, in a voluntary capacity to the Club, it will subsidise their training to a level of 75%.

The breakdown is: the Club- \$187.50, the member-\$62.50, equalling \$250.00.
The same applies to becoming a Sea Leader: The Club-\$49.50, the member-\$16.50, equalling \$66.00.

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

DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE
Midnight WST, Monday, 24th April, 2006.

Paddling around Dongara, Geraldton and the Greenough River.

by
Helen Cooksey



Last week Judy, Bill and I had three exciting days paddling around Dongara, Geraldton and on the Greenough River. My artist friend Helen came also. She very obligingly delivers my Land Cruiser to our pick up spot after our kayaking adventures. Sometimes she has time to do some painting

while she waits for us.

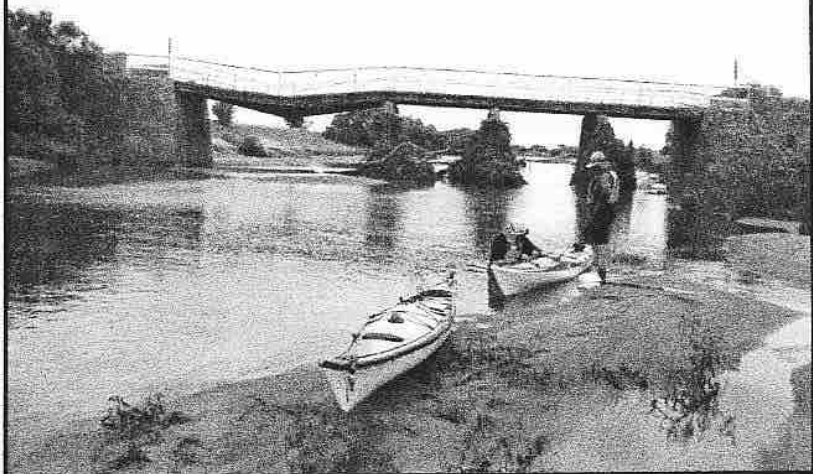
The first day was hot with an off shore wind so the South beach at Dongara was ideal for practicing catching waves in our sea kayaks. Judy had cause for some concern when the forward hatch cover came off when a wave hit her deck while going out through the waves and it filled up with water. Fortunately Bill came to the rescue and sponged the water out for her. I must admit I found it is a bit frightening the first time I tipped over until I found the loop on my skirt to release me. We paddled out to an off shore reef to catch some waves and I had a tip over out there but we quickly did an assisted rescue and I was back in my kayak in no time. We paddled around to the harbour and back for a bit more of a challenge.

The second day we drove up to Geraldton checking out the water level in the Greenough River after the flood at the Brand Highway, Walkaway and the mouth en route. We put our kayaks in at Bluff Point, north of the town, and paddled along the shore into the marina, past the town beach and harbour to Pages Beach where we stopped for lunch. It was very hot so I was frequently filling my hat with water for a quick cool off. Pages beach usually has beautiful clean water to swim in but was all muddy from the flood water from the Greenough River. Paddling around Point Moore, where the light house is, was interesting. They call it Hells Gate and the waves come

from all different angles. It's where the German wind surfer got eaten by a shark several years ago. From there we paddled SE across the bay to Southgate north of the mouth of the Greenough river where the sand dunes start. It was a welcome sight to see Helen waiting with the Land Cruiser on the beach.

The next day was even more interesting. We put our kayaks into the Greenough River at Walkaway. I spoke to a guy paddling at Pages beach who said some friends of his had paddled from there to the mouth on skis in 4 hours a few days before. It took us six and a half hours. I suspect it took us longer because the river had gone down plus our 5.8m kayaks would have been a bit harder to manoeuvre around some of the obstacles on the way. It took one and a half hours to get to the Brand highway bridge which is amazing considering it takes about 15 minutes to drive from there to Walkaway. We stopped to take photos old farm machinery from the 1940's era along the river bank and a python snake draped around a tree in the river. Fortunately it had no head. The river was flowing bank to bank so it was easy paddling and lovely and cool as we cruised along under the canopy of trees. Flood debris could be seen in the tree tops about 15' above us. After the Brand Highway Bridge the river shoaled out and you had to keep reading the river to pick the deep water as it zig zagged from bank to bank. The trees lining the bank had massive gnarly trunks. We had lunch next to one with flood debris caught in its branches which made a lovely cool shade house. Down south the rivers have tea trees growing in the rivers to make paddling interesting. In the Greenough there were wattle trees blocking

The damaged bridge. Photo: curtesy of Helen Cooksey.



Cont: P-5.

SAFETY GUIDELINES AND OPERATING PROCEDURES

Your committee has directed the Editor to present to you quotations from our SG&OP manual....Ed Here goes.....two topics of the moment:

1. SURF LANDING AND LAUNCHING:

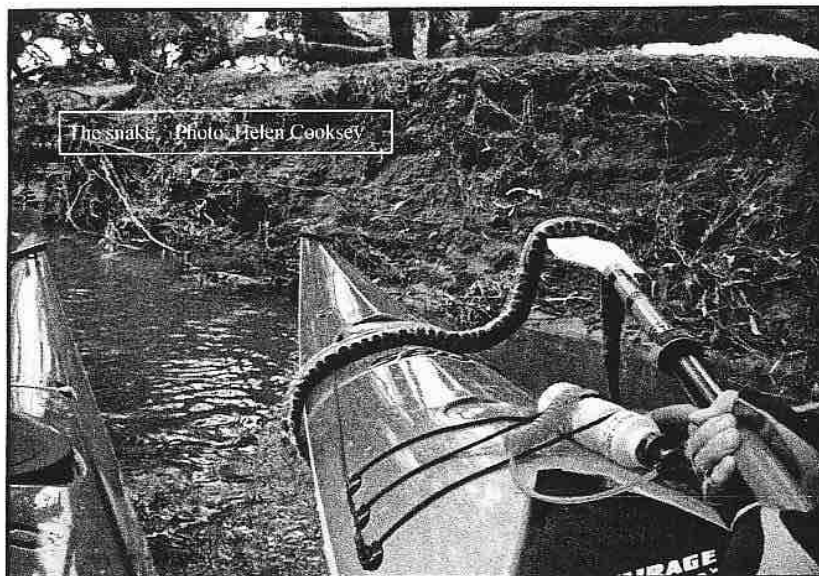
Where a group has to launch or land through surf only one participant will be in the surf zone at any time. The group leader will launch first and co-ordinate the group as it assembles beyond the surf line while an experienced paddler will launch last to assist others off the beach.

When landing, an experienced paddler will land first to assist others onto the beach while the group leader coordinates waiting paddlers beyond the surf line. In the event of a capsize in the surf rescuers should approach the capsized kayak by paddling into the surf, not with it. Under no circumstance will anyone attempt to tow a paddler in the surf zone.

2. GROUP SIZE:

The ideal group size for SKCWA activities is five participants. Larger are difficult to manage, particularly in deteriorating weather and sea conditions and should be split into smaller sub groups of around five paddlers. The combined strength of each sub group should be similar. Each sub group will have it's own leader who will report to the Sea Leader. The sea and sub group leaders will between them set and coordinate the group dynamics for the trip. Ideally groups or sub groups should not comprise less than three paddlers.

On our recent trip to Jurien Bay these principles were applied with some flexibility - groups changed according to enjoyment - we couldn't draw the line when you do or you don't apply SL&L, so what do you do? You apply it under all conditions.....Ed.



The snake. Photo: Helen Cooksey

West Coast Kayaks

Dry Bag Specials

Liquid Life Dry Bags

15 lt	\$20.00
40 lt with carry strap	\$40.00
45lt	\$25.00

**Full range of Mirage
and Dagger sea kayaks**

041 9900 715

All Hrs

from P-4.

through. We stopped to take photos of the convict bridge which had lost one of its four pylons in the flood. It has with stood floods since it was built by the convicts in about the mid 1800's. The bridge deck was still intact but hanging precariously in mid air. I guess it is too damaged to be repaired.

Surprisingly the next part of the river narrowed to some raceways and a few rapids which

made it interesting.. We backed up quickly when we suddenly came across a square culvert bridge. Fortunately we were able to fit under it with head forward on the deck but if the river had been higher it would have been a different story. It was a hard slog when we got to the end when the river opened out into a wide expanse of water with no current assistance. Once again it was a welcome sight to see Helen and the Land Cruiser waiting for us. Most of the time this river is a dry sandy track so it was a great experience to paddle it. <<

STRAIT KAYAKERS EXPERIENCE A DEVIL OF A TIME

Four kayakers have paddled 800 km's across the notorious Bass Strait—battling rough seas, gusting winds and sea sickness—to help save the state's disease ravaged Tasmanian Devil.

Western Australian Tel Williams, Les Allen, Darren Geale and Ian Pexton said they had conquered the "Mount Everest of sea kayaking" after paddling into Hobart's Cornelian Bay to wrap up their 20-day journey yesterday.

Mr Williams, a high school teacher and kayak instructor, was inspired to make the epic journey after visiting Tasmania's "Something Wild" wildlife park on a school excursion last year.

"Coming to Tasmania as outsiders the devil symbolised Tasmania," Mr Williams said.

We spent some time at Something Wild but wanted to do more, and when we asked (owner) Ray Green he said the best thing we could do was raise awareness."

So Mr Williams rounded up friend and fellow kayak instructor Mr Allen, landscaper Mr Pexton and treelopper and former Tasmanian Darren Geale, who had never embarked on a major kayak trip before. "The paddle was something Les and I had always wanted to do, and adopting the devil as our cause just added a whole new character to the expedi-

tion," Mr Williams said.

The men got off to a bad start, with poor weather delaying their departure from Melbourne's Port Welshpool.

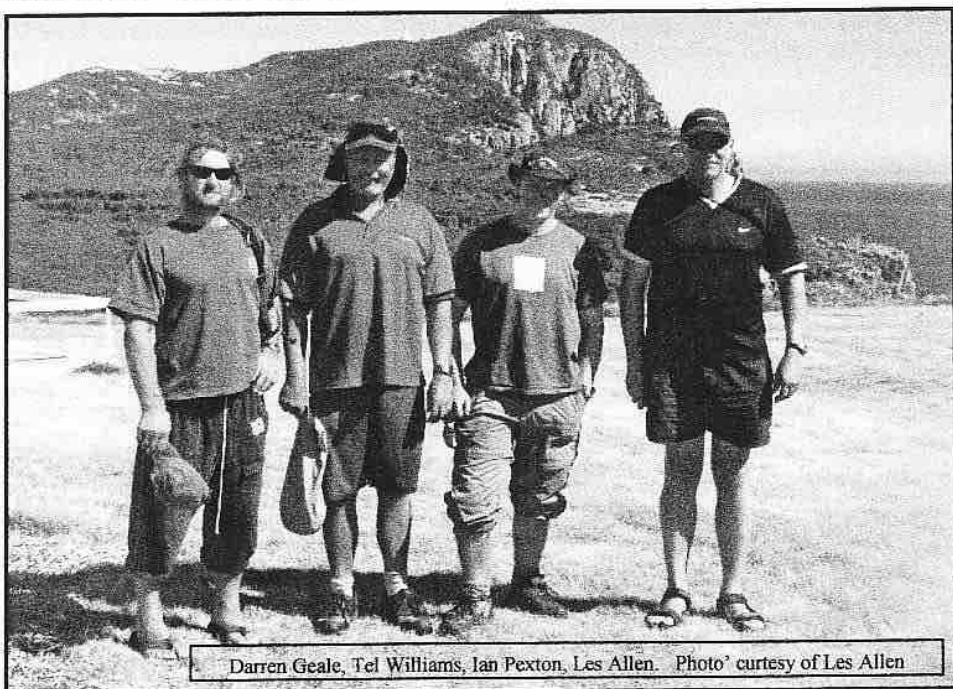
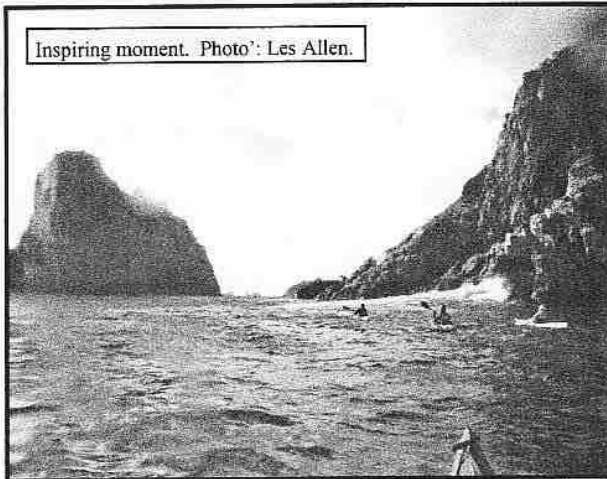
But they attracted media attention from the US and the UK as they island-hopped across the Bass Strait, paddling up to 12 hours a day and camping on dry land at night and during bad weather.

Mr Williams said the crossing to Hogan Island, off the Victorian coast, was the most difficult as the men carried two weeks worth of food and water as well as EPIRB's, radios, flares and a global positional system and battled strong

headwinds.

Something Wild owner Ray Green hoped the expedition would raise \$10,000 to fund two new Tasmanian devil breeding enclosures and private research into the facial tumour disease. A family fun day, including an attempt to break a world record for the most totem tennis players, will be held at Montrose Bay Reserve on Australia Day to raise funds for the devil.

Inspiring moment. Photo: Les Allen.



Darren Geale, Tel Williams, Ian Pexton, Les Allen. Photo: courtesy of Les Allen

PORT WELSHPOOL TO HOBART

VIA

BASS STRAIT

BY

LES ALLEN



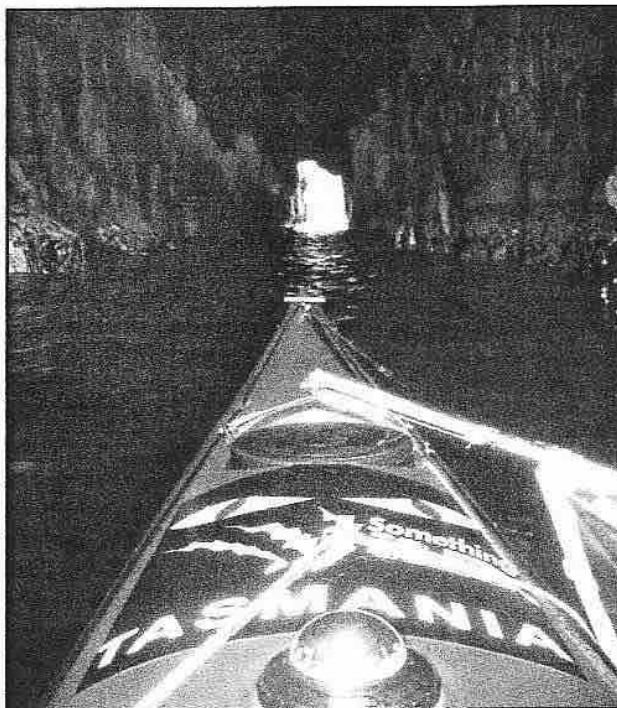
Ever had that sinking feeling in your stomach. I think we all have at some point and today as the wind buffeted me that feeling was growing. It was suppose to be the start of the Bass Strait crossing but I knew that it was not going to happen as the wind was now a steady 20 knots, gusting to 30 and forecasted to go to gale force. After all the build up, not starting was a blow. We had planned for bad weather days but this was different. I was nervous about taking on the Bass and stalling at the start was not helping. We had planned to paddle across the bay and camp before the wind really picked up but couldn't even manage that. The feeling of disappointment melded with frustration; and nervousness was greater than it should have been. I was feeling this way because the greatest fear is the fear of the unknown. Also we had an old lady telling us we were going to die, explaining how the last kayaker to cross Bass Strait left his car at her place and was lucky to be rescued by a helicopter 3 days later. She told us in great detail how the helicopter was looking for another missing boat when it came across the up turned kayaker. It was just luck he didn't die. I was keen to get away from such stories and settle into trip mode.

The afternoon was atrocious with howling wind and sheeting rain. I was coming back from the shop, where we bought lunch, and had to shelter in a tourist information shelter as the rain and wind was so strong. I chuckled to myself as I had thermals, polatec jacket, gortex jacket, over pants and beanie; and this was 1st of January. What must winter be like? But more importantly what will the Bass be like? The bay was littered with white caps and six metre waves were forecast. I was very glad I was on dry land and could

not help but wonder what lay in store for us.

This time the wind was a lot better and packing the boat felt good. On reflection though the three days in Port Welshpool weren't that bad. We stayed at the Port Welshpool Caravan Park, right in town. They are not a proper park as they have chalets instead of caravan bays, but the owners accommodated us and gave us brilliant hospitality. I can strongly recommend them to any paddlers setting off from there. One of the older residents took us for a drive around the area and told us all the history. This filled in one day and was quite interesting. The night before we left it was drinks around the camper's shelter and even though it was 6.30 in the morning some of the residents were down on the beach with us, giving us a farewell. The packing finished we headed off across the bay with Refuge Cove our destination 42 kms away.

Port Welshpool is in a large estuary with green undulating hills and a wind farm behind.. To our left were some islands and low scrubby country. To our right the sky line was dominated with the mountainous hills of Wilson's Prom. I had settled into paddling with a good rhythm and was happy to finally be on our way. The current at the mouth of the estuary was really pumping and we were cruising along at 10 kms per hour without working. As we rounded the entrance and looked up the coast to Wilson's Prom. I was relieved to see the swells were not too bad. One of the Sydney to Hobart yachts was coming home and had been rolled last night by huge waves in the straight and there was a full scale rescue with helicopters and a coastal freighter trying to pick up 5 people. At least the conditions today would help them and make our paddle up the coast easy. >



Day one was going well with light seas and a light head wind. Sealers Cove looked beautiful and we were enjoying the rocky cliff line as we turned into Refuge Cove.

What a magnificent sight. A kidney shaped cove with two beaches and thick forest ruining down to smooth rocks and perfect white sand. To enhance the picture, a beautiful yacht lay at anchor. As I paddled in, I had a good feeling about the trip.

I woke feeling excited as today was the first crossing. Fifty kilometers was not a great distance and the weather was forecast to be a 10 to 15 knot side wind. The others looked happy with the day and were going about the business of packing as all around us hills were starting to form in the first half light of dawn. My nervousness and frustration at Port Welshpool was gone and to quote Tel, "*I was feeling strong like Russia*" and confident. I like that snug warm feeling when you first get in your kayak for a long day and as you head off the boat melds with your body and becomes an extension of your legs as you glide over the waves feeling the rhythm of the sea. As the dawn broke I looked around at clear blue water hearing the soft wash and dip of the paddle as the hull split the crystal clear water. Behind me Wilson's Prom looked dark and foreboding but I was feeling jubilant to be, finally, taking on Bass Strait.

Ten hours into the day and Ian was really struggling. The side wind was a straight head wind at about 12 to 15 knots with stronger gusts. We had been pushing into the wind for a few hours now and our speed was progressively getting slower. With 4 kms to go we ceased making head way and Ian was sea sick. He looked shocking as he struggled to paddle while spewing over the side of the boat. Tel was also struggling. He had enough fuel to make the island but needed to get there soon. As Tel and Darren headed off Ian declared he was knackered. Nothing left but to pull out the tow rope and put in some work. I was feeling strong and knew we were going to make it but one look at Ian and I knew how bad he was feeling. I had told him before that on trips everyone has bad days and if you do enough trips one day you will need your mates to give you a hand. All of us at some time have needed help for a variety of reasons but that knowledge does not make it easier when you are the one in trouble. I felt for him but there was nothing I could do to make him feel better.

The sea conditions were picking up. As we neared the island there was a 10 metre shelf around the island. The current was running left to right with the swell running right to left and the wind waves reflecting around the island at a 45 degree angle to confuse matters. This gave us interesting conditions. The waves were steep and stalling. A wall of beautiful dark blue water would rear up in front and then a contrasting snow-white whitecap would suddenly

appear. As you power up the wave you are slowed and the front of your kayak becomes engulfed, then you plummet down the steep back and start all over again.

The wind was steadily building and some of the gusts were quite strong and always in your face, slowing you down.

Ian had his towrope on the deck so I used it. As the rope caught I checked the GPS and we were up to 4 kms per hour, which gave us just under an hour to go. No problem, just keep the paddles turning. Ian's towrope was too big for my cleat and the waves were steep and nasty. As I would drop off the back of a wave the rope pulling over the wave would lift out of the cleat and I would miss a stroke reaching back to lock it back in. This was happening time and again so I decided to use my towline. I pulled Ian in and he stowed his rope under the deck lines. As I came along side to clip mine on, a steep wave picked me up and smashed the boats together. My drinking tube was between the boats and ten centimeters of line was squashed with such force it spilt both sides.

The tow was going well and Ian was now becoming stronger. I have seen Ian dig deep before and had every confidence he would bounce back. The drinking tube was now a problem, as I could not get a drink. Luckily I keep a one litre drink bottle in my day hatch just in case. I have always carried it and this was the first time I needed it. As we approached the sheltered area of the island I was doing very little towing as Ian was almost keeping up with me. His green face was slowly turning to white and he even smiled. Considering how debilitating seasickness is that was a big effort. Tel was rested and Darren picked up the tow as we had to get around the end of the island into a strong tidal current. I went off ahead to find the way. At the end of the island I stopped in an eddy. The landing we wanted was at the end of a race with two rocky spits on either side. I had reconnoitered it and it appeared not too bad with the middle of the race not braking. Tel came up and looked all in as the battle with the tide had taken its toll. I showed him the entrance and he headed off disappearing through the waves at the entrance.

As Darren arrived he said he was also knackered from towing Ian in the tide. The bay and entrance were no place for towropes as there was the occasional big spilling wave coming across. The bay was also confused and although the waves were not big they were very steep and nasty. Ian was picking up so they stowed the rope and followed me to the entrance. It still looked OK but I waited till they were through just in case. All was well, as I looked around at the beautiful sloping grassed hills at the back of the race. A wave picked up the back of the boat forcing me to concentrate as the boat accelerated into the entrance. Two quick strokes and I was

surprised to see two other paddlers and as I turned to land next to Tel one of them grabbed the bow of my boat and pulled it up. Eleven hours of hard paddling and I was feeling good. I guess it was my turn to have a strong day.

The two other paddlers were from the NSW Sea Kayak Club. There were thirteen of them staying two weeks at Deal Island, our next destination, 43 kms away. They had paddled over that day and landed half an hour before us. Having never been to Hogan Island they thought it would be a good idea to paddle over and check it out.

The next day it was quite windy in the morning and, unfortunately, straight into our face. Oh well, we have plenty of time and I was keen to explore the island anyway. The others were happy to stay over. The decision was to leave the paddling gear and off to explore the island.

The wind had died down and it was a beautiful balmy night. I crawled into my tent feeling happy with the day. As I started to drift off the sleep I was awoken by a rustling noise near my head. It took a few seconds to register. Suddenly, I realized there was a rat trying to get into my tent. I whacked the tent with the back of my hand sending the rat flying. Content that I had taught it a lesson I relaxed and started to drift off. Oh no, not again. The rat was back. Hang on there was two, no three. I grabbed my torch and opened my tent. There were rats everywhere. As I shined the torch around they just ignored me. I thought rats were supposed to be scared and run away. Not these fellows. They were not going to let some human stop them getting a meal.

"Pissed off" is an understatement. Dawn was breaking and I was in foul mood as the rats had kept me awake all night. They even managed to eat two holes in my inner. I was in the middle of packing when Tel shouted some obscenity. He was standing over his boat shouting at a rat that had got into his boat as he was packing and managed to eat through one of his dry bags. We were 'gob smacked' at there audacity. They showed no fear and were still hopping around as we packed in the half-light. I was glad when we pushed off and left the rats on Hogan Island. Tel was muttering about going back with a carton of Rat Sack and some peanuts. It is so uncharacteristic for Tel to get mad but the rats on Hogan Island managed to do it.

The trip over to Deal Island was uneventful with a light side wind and light seas. As we neared Murray Pass I could see the tide ripping through. The NSW guys said it was not too bad if you hugged the side and worked the eddies. The others were a fair way behind as I rounded the headland and started into the pass. I slowed down a bit and concentrated on finding the areas with the lowest tidal influence. The pass has steep rocks on either side with high hills making it look quite dramatic. The paddling was easier than I expected and as the others

caught up I found myself gazing around at the rock formations. I stopped in the lee of a small kink in the pass where there was a large rock about two metres off the steep granite sides.

I headed off, going through the gap. As I moved through I saw out of the side of my eye a larger than normal wave hit the outside of the rock. Oops! Bad timing. The wave came around behind me creating quite a suck, slowing me down. As the back of the boat started to rise the wash appeared around the front of the rock as a small building wave. Locking my knees under the braces I paddled hard to gain speed. Suddenly the boat accelerated forward and the wave behind took control of the boat. The bow dove into the on coming wave slowing the bow and yawing the boat. Using my legs I lifted the low side of the boat as the bow broke through the top of the small wave. A small wall of water hit my chest causing an involuntary grunt and as the wave passed under the boat I accelerated through the gap. Sensibly the others went around the rock.

Further up the pass we came across a magnificent bay on our right with a similar bay on our left. On the left hand side the bay had a small jetty and you could see a path up the steep hill where a small settlement was nestled on a niche with a big hill behind it. On top of the hill was a light house. I believe it was the highest light house in the southern hemisphere. The problem was, when ever there were storms around the light house, it was in the clouds and could not be seen. Someone made a 'boo boo' as the light house was pretty useless. Well that's the story I was told and looking up I could well believe it. We stopped in the bay on our right for a 'pee' and a swim to refresh ourselves.

As we paddled across the bay to the jetty some of the NSW paddlers came down to meet us. We wandered up to the house to be treated to wonderful hospitality and refreshments. Every time I have met the NSW Club paddlers they have been very hospitable and really nice people. This was no exception. Coffee, bread, biscuits, now this was living. Unfortunately we still have to go to Winter Cove as we wanted to be ready to head off in the morning, weather permitting. They gave us food to take with us and told us we were welcome back if we stayed on.

The 10 kms to Winter Cove were done at leisurely pace and we were now veering right into the cove. The cove is funnel shaped with rock either side and a white sand beach at the back. The steep hills either side and thick bush made it a beautiful cove to paddle into. The surf was not too big but you could imagine it being very different on a big swell day. I shouted to the others that I would go in first and film them landing.

To be continued next issue.

CLUB PADDLE ATTENDANCES

	NAME	ATTEND
1.	Allen Les	9
2.	Beardsley Helier	1
3.	Blight Judy	13
4.	Bramley Jim	3
5.	Collinson Rod	1
6.	Coogan Rod	6
7.	Cooksey Helen	12
8.	Cramb Mike	0
9.	Di Nucci John	0
10.	Dixon Marian	0
11.	Erkens Matt	4
12.	Evans Phil	17
13.	Evans Roz	15
14.	Fuller Laurie	4
15.	Foot Sheryl	2
16.	Gove Aaron	2
17.	Grose Adrian	1
18.	Harrington Suzan	4
19.	Hitchcock Tom	0
20.	Hobbs Brad	4
21.	Hobbs Russell	7
22.	Hudson Ralph	1
23.	Holden Neville	0
24.	Lee Graeme	11
25.	Lewis Kelvin	0
26.	Lloyd Roger	16
27.	Mahony Graham	0
28.	Mahony Daniel	0
29.	Mullins Geoff	0
30.	Nixon Gary	0
31.	Oakley David	19
32.	Openshaw Lee	5
33.	Orum Maggie	2
34.	Pexton Ian	6
35.	Piper Kevin	8
36.	Pyatt Eric	11
37.	Radovich John	20
38.	Reynolds Bill	4
39.	Rawlings Ian	4
40.	Roberts James	4
41.	Robson Sandy	15
42.	Stender Kerstin	2
43.	Stocker Wayne	11
44.	Thomas Charlie	13
45.	Wass John	21
46.	Watson Kate	0

This is being recorded, the Club year, 1st October, 2005 to 30th September, 2006.

To the 6th March, 2005 there have been 30 Club Paddles, Training etc, 1 of which have been cancelled, leaving 29 possible attendances.

An income is what you can't live without, or within.

A PERSONAL NOTE

Look whose **BIRTHDAY** it is:

Judy Blight	09/03/06
Rod Collinson	29/04/06
Kevin Piper	25/04/06
Charlie Thomas	29/03/06
John Wass	05/04/06
Kate Watson	05/03/06

Apologies for errors in last issue:

Ian Pexton	11/12/05
Sandy Robson	22/12/05

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

.Sheryl Foot Ralph Hudson

WEBSITE

Sea Kayak Club WA Inc
www.seakayakwa.canoe.org.au



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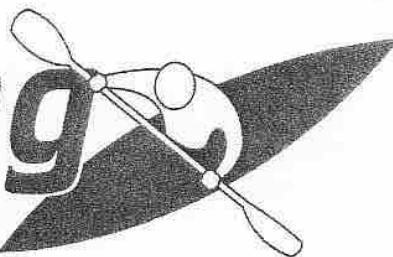


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OBJECTIVES OF THE SEA KAYAK CLUB WA INC.

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.
- 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.

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OFFICE

PRESIDENT:

Judy Blight.

Phone: 9433 3719

Email: carita@iinet.net.au

VICE PRESIDENT:

David Oakley.

Phone: 9331 8446

SECRETARY/TREASURER:

Eric Pyatt.

28 Aurelian Street, Palmyra. 6157.

Phone: 9339 2952

Email: ericjopyatt@bigpond.com

BEARERS

COMMITTEE:

Susan Harrington.

Phone: 9335 5182.

Email: susandruss@bigpond.com

John Radovich.

Phone: 9242 3529.

Email: jrado_7@hotmail.com

Rod Coogan.

Phone: 9535 4515.

Email: rodneycogan@optusnet.com.au