



Albany members of SKCWA

Photo Brodie Soanes Facebook

# WA SEAKAYAKER

June 2016



## Welcome

To the June 2016 newsletter of the Sea Kayak Club WA.

I am always looking for contributions to this magazine, if you would like to tell the rest of the club of your paddling experiences or your development as a kayaker., please jot it down and send it to the address below Sharing these stories makes for a richer club. Please send your articles to the secretary SKCWA at [info@seakayakwa.org.au](mailto:info@seakayakwa.org.au).

This edition has stories from across the club membership. Margaret Banks tells us of her paddling in New Zealand and Dave Tupling retells a very funny story of misadventure he had whilst paddling Ningaloo.

Gavin Evans from the Albany membership of SKCWA has a great story on how practice of training drills can become very important on a simple club paddle. Glen Colledge writes a great article on the Albany Symposium and its events. If you missed the Symposium, here is your chance to find out what you missed and to wet your appetite for next year.

The mighty little battery many of you have powering your electric pumps in your boats, do you know just how many pump outs you can expect from it? This article may give you a surprise!

Heidi Hutton writes on the great adventure they had around Fraser Island Queensland. This is part one of their adventures, you will have to wait for the September edition to find out all the detail!

This winter has seen a lot of cold fronts pass over WA. I have taken BoM data and made some plots of air pressure, wind speed, wind direction and gustiness. Study of the graphs should give you a better understanding of what to expect the next time a front rolls in.

Linda Glover reports on a club paddle to Carnac Island and the return paddle to the mainland, where the destination just doesn't seem to get any closer! Callan Gault gives an overview of a club training day at Hillarys where important skills were practised.

Don't forget to keep up with Sandy Robson as she now makes her way around New Guinea. Her travels and adventures can be read at <http://www.sandy-robson.com>

Don't forget to visit the web page <http://www.seakayakwa.org.au> which is regularly updated with photos and details of club events. The club's Facebook page <https://www.facebook.com/groups/SKCWA/> is also an immediate way to keep in touch with other club members.

I hope you enjoy this edition of the magazine,

Andrew

# New Zealand Paddling

Margaret Banks

Last November I took the opportunity to visit my old home town of Whanagerei, north of



Auckland. It was great catching up with old friends and I joined in an evening paddle with the Northland Canoe Club from Parua Bay to Motukioke island ( Rat Island). A bit of a head wind and a run back, finishing up with a delicious meal at the Parua Bay pub overlooking the bay and the view of Manaiakalani mountain.

Later that week my friend (not a paddler) and I took a quick trip to the Coromandel. This is an area of bush and hills just southwest of Auckland.

Originally gold was found there but last century the hippies found it and made their homes in the bush. The potters have stayed and in Coromandel town the old potters rail now takes tourists up through the dense bush to a spectacular view from the hills.

Across the other side of the peninsula is Whitianga, a popular holiday spot. I was up early in the morning to catch the ferry across the estuary to be picked up for a kayak tour. The kayaks were very



stable doubles and we paddled from Hahei beach to Cathedral Cove. I gave my partner the opportunity to take the rear steering position but she declined so I jumped in. It

was an easy paddle past the cliffs and into Stingray Bay. We were the first tourists of the day so we saw lots of rays in the shallows. Landing at the cove we took a walk along the beach and through the rock tunnel formation before coffee on the beach ( real cappuccino coffee). Launching I offered again to let my partner have the steering but she said no and I didn't give her another chance. Returning we paddled around the islands just a short way off shore. There was a hole in the rock to go through and we came out at the seaward side of the islands. With the wind behind us I grabbed the

opportunity to catch a little run. The wuss at the front was hanging on for dear life! There was a pinnacle standing apart so I decided to paddle around it. I'm getting worried said Wuss, just because we were 20 metres from the others! I had a fabulous time!!

Later that afternoon at low tide my friend and I found Hot Water beach and the hot water. It

is hot too, scold your feet if you stayed in the surface stream flowing over the sand by the outcrop of rocks. We had fun finding the best pools and digging for hot or cold water and mixing the two to get a warm spa!

A club member in Kerikeri in the Bay of Islands arranged a paddle there for me. The following Sunday saw me paddling out in a Sequel (Same as my first kayak) across a windy Kent Passage to Moturoa Island where we stepped for lunch. Michael and Dianne are great paddlers and showed me the caves before we portaged over the rocks to take on the headwind back to the Kerikeri Inlet.

Back in Whangarei I managed another evening paddle with the club starting from Onerahi, past Limestone Island and Rabbit Island to the main land coast at Portland. John a retired surveyor was able to explain all the fantastic rock formations. Don't tell the kiwis but some of the rocks around Whangarei were part of Australia a few million years ago!

All in all a great holiday. NZ is an outdoor resort, perfect for any adventure. South Island is fantastic and rugged but never forget North Island, lots of opportunities and a lot warmer!!



# Fronts, Fear or Fun

Cold fronts and what to expect by Andrew Munyard

This 2016 winter has seen a lot more cold fronts pass through Perth, providing interesting paddling. But when is it best to warm feet in front of the fire or to get out there and have some fun? To decide, you will need to have some appreciation of just how severe the approaching front is and the conditions it may produce.

An approaching cold front will cause winds to increase in strength, change direction and possibly a drop in temperature. The increasing winds will result in a rising sea state that will provide challenges. Table 1 shows a Beaufort wind scale from <http://www.sksa-ltd.com>. The right hand column, 'Effects On Paddling', relates the wind strength to sea kayaking and the difficulties to be had.

You need to be prepared for these changes, is your paddling clothing adequate for the changing conditions? It may be better to have the clothing on early, imagine how difficult it would be to put on a cag in winds gusting to 30kts and a lumpy sea.

**Beaufort Scale**

Beaufort Number	Wind Speed knots* (mph)	Seaman's Term	Sea State	Effects on Land	Effects on Paddling
0	Less than 1	Calm	Sea like glass, flat, calm.	Calm; smoke rises vertically	Easy going, perhaps boring for some. Good canoeing on sheltered bay. Practice your edging.
1	1 to 3 (1 to 3.5)	Light Air	Ripples with appearance of scales, no foam crests	Smoke drifts with wind direction; weathervanes do not move	Still easy to kayak or canoe. Go fishing out of boat. Perfect your strokes.
2	4 to 6 (4.5 to 7)	Light Breeze	Small wavelets (6"-8") Crests begin to break; scattered whitecaps	Wind is felt on face; weathervanes do not move; leaves rustle	Novices learn what the heck weathercocking is all about. Experienced paddlers can still canoe.
3	7 to 10 (8 to 11.5)	Gentle Breeze	Large wavelets (2') Crests begin to break; scattered whitecaps	Leaves, small twigs move; small flags extended	Good for intermediate paddlers to practice in. Fun trip for most. Take the canoe home. Buy a kayak.
4	11 to 16 (12.5 to 18.5)	Moderate Breeze	Small waves (3') with numerous whitecaps	Dust, paper, leaves raised up. Small branches move	Novices worry, early intermediates may be apprehensive. Experienced paddlers have lots of fun.
5	17 to 21 (19.5 to 24)	Fresh Breeze	Moderate wave (6') and many whitecaps and some spray	Small trees in leaf sway. Large flags ripple	Novices watch TV. Hard paddling into the wind for most kayakers. Intermediates worry especially in following seas. Rescues are not easy.
6	22 to 27 (25 to 31)	Strong Breeze	Large waves (10') whitecaps everywhere with much spray	Larger branches of trees in motion; whistling can be heard in wires and sailboat rigging	Small craft warnings. Intermediates watch TV. Experienced kayakers wish they were watching TV. Rescues become difficult. Tsunami Rangers are having fun.
7	28 to 33 (32 to 38)	Moderate Gale	Large waves (13'). Foam blown in streaks. Sea heaps up	Whole trees are in motion, resistance felt while walking against the wind	Headway very difficult. Hard to turn. Wind may rip paddle from kayaker hand. Very difficult to communicate.
8	34 to 40 (39 to 46)	Fresh Gale	Moderately high waves with longer length (18'). Crests break into spindrift	Small branches and twigs are broken off. Hard walking against wind	It's every man for himself. Constant battle to paddle. Kayak rescues are a miracle if they happen at all.
9	41 to 47 (47 to 54)	Strong Gale	High waves (23') Sea begins to roll; visibility is affected	Light structural damage occurs. Roof shingle torn from roof	Intermediates dream they can handle this. Advance have nightmares thinking about it. Kayak rescues are all but impossible.
10	48 to 55 (55 to 63)	Whole Gale or Storm	Very high waves (30') sea looks white as foam is blown in dense streaks; heavy sea roll. Visibility is restricted	Moderate structural damage occurs. Some trees uprooted	This is a survival situation. The only options which may or may not work, are running before the wind or using a sea anchor.
11	56 to 63 (72.5 to 72.5)	Violent Storm	Exceptionally high waves (35') Visibility is poor	Heavy widespread structural damage. Large trees uprooted	Agnostics find religion
12	Over 64 (74)	Hurricane	Waves may reach 45' in height. Air filled with foam and spray, visibility very poor	Very heavy structural damage. Coastal areas evacuated, very large trees broken or uprooted	Atheists who swear there is no heaven find religion

\* 1 knot equals approximately 1.15 miles per hour

\*\* Effects on paddling depend on many factors, whether wind is onshore or offshore, sheltered waters or open sea, skill level of kayaker, fetch, duration, ect.

Know your skill level and be honest with yourself about them. Paddle accordingly

Modified from Katabasis, LLC by SKSA-Ltd

**Table 1**

## Wind and how it is generated

Simplistically, winds are generated by a difference of air pressure at two locations. This is termed the pressure gradient, the bigger the change in the pressure over a given distance, the stronger the winds. Table 2 shows what kind of winds to expect for different changes in pressure.

Change in Pressure	Weather effect
2 Hectopascals	normal daily change
5 hectopascal fall in 24 hours	indicates an approaching front in the next 24 hrs
3 hectopascal fall in 3 hours	indicates strong winds possibly gale force in the next 6-12 hrs
9 hectopascal fall in 3 hours	indicates strong winds possibly storm force in the next 3 hrs
<b>Table 2</b>	From "A guide for sea Canoeists" by P Woodhouse

An approaching cold front produces a drop in air pressure. The severity of the drop is related to the wind strength. I have graphed the weather data from two fronts that have passed over Perth in May. Hopefully they will give some visualisation of how pressure difference is related to wind strength and what are some of the features of a cold front. This should give a better understanding of whether to hit the water or hit the couch.

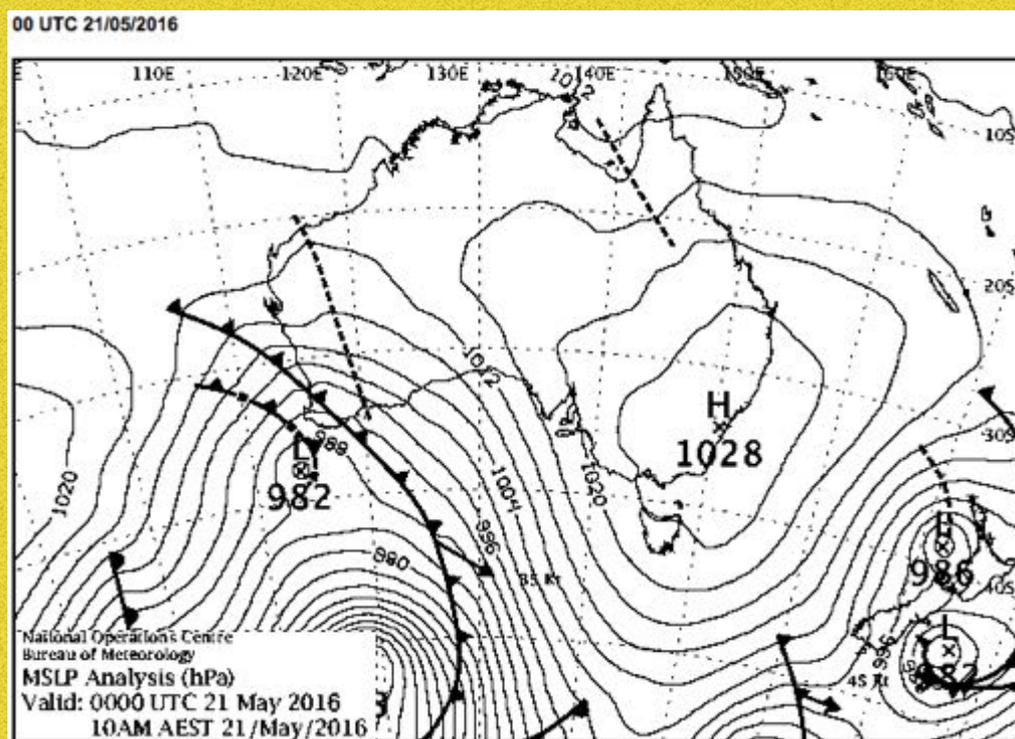
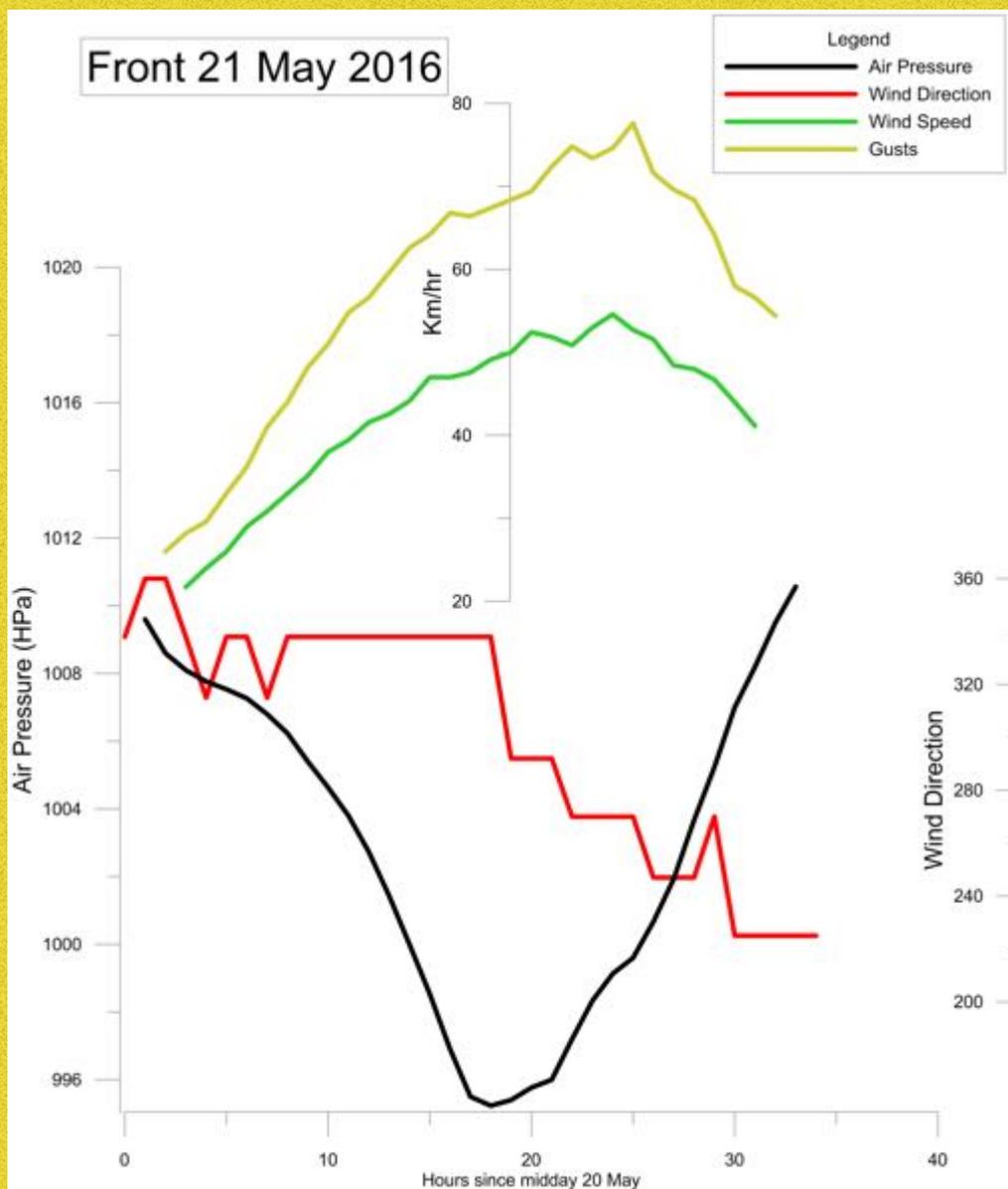
Whilst there is a lot of information in the graphs, it is necessary to plot the four features of air pressure, wind direction, wind strength and gustiness as they are inter-related. Air pressure is indicated on the LHS of the graph, wind direction (divided into 22.5 degree increments, ie S, SSW, SW, WSW, W) is on the RHS and wind strength is in the centre. Each has its own axis. The wind strength and gust data have been smoothed to illustrate general trends.

I have included the MSLP map from the BoM for each day to help you to interpret some of the features of the graph.

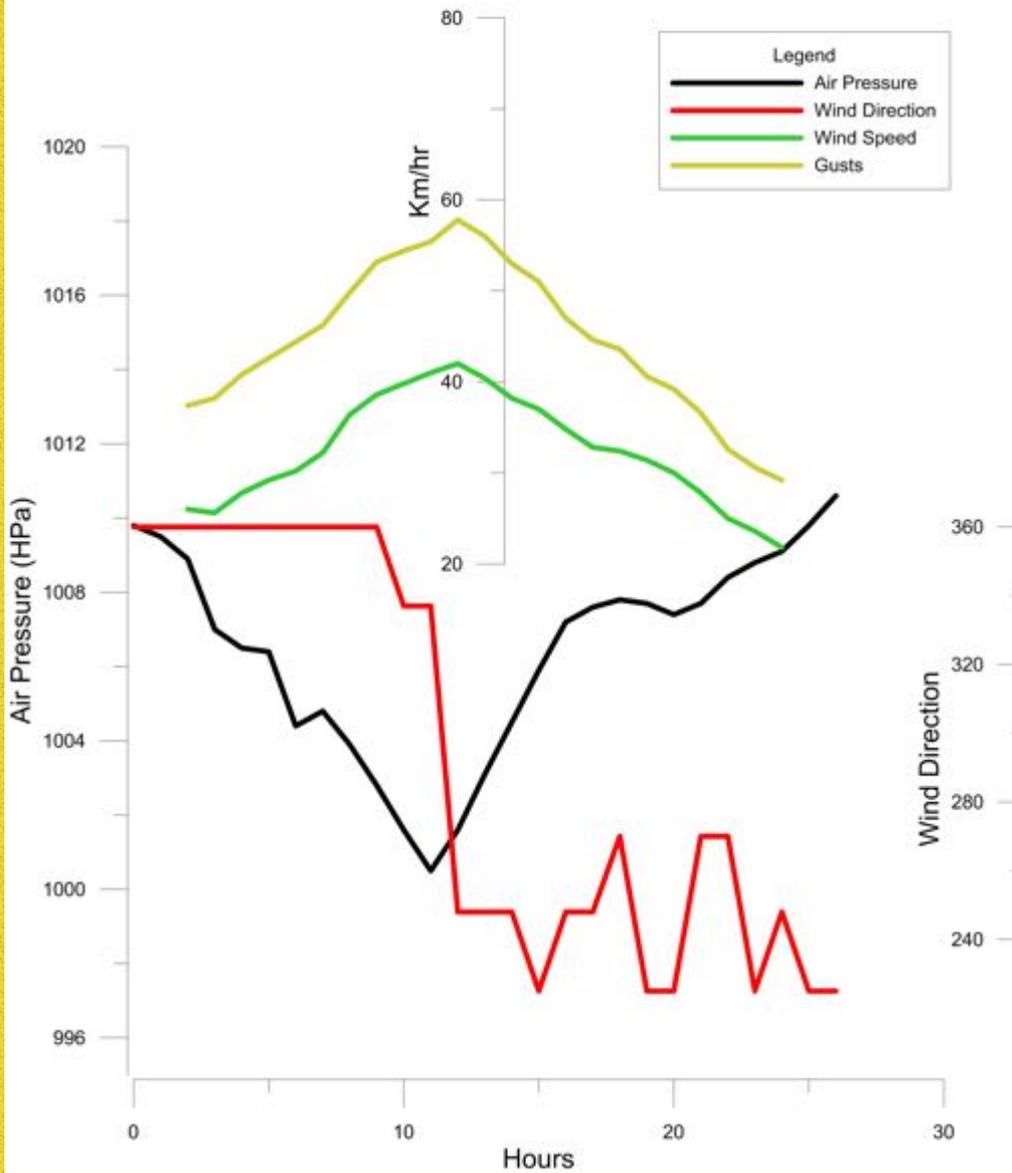
### Front - 21 May 2016

Things that stand out in this plot is the sudden wind change as the air pressure reaches a minimum, this is also the moment that the front is overhead. The wind was originally NW, then W and then dramatically swings into the SW and continues to move further into the South. Interestingly, the maximum wind strength and gusts were not recorded until 5 hours later, but an explanation can be seen on the MSLP chart which shows a second front behind the major front. Notice also the closeness of the isobars, this is the pressure gradient that generates the winds and the closely spaced isobars result in strong winds. There was a 8hPa fall in 6 hours prior to the front (taken from the BoM archives) and using Table 2 (3hPA in 3 hours), this indicates that strong winds with possible gale force will be coming. The graph shows the gusts at 70km/h (38knots) and remember I have smoothed out the spikes. The wind then increased to gusts of 80km/hr in the following 5 hours.

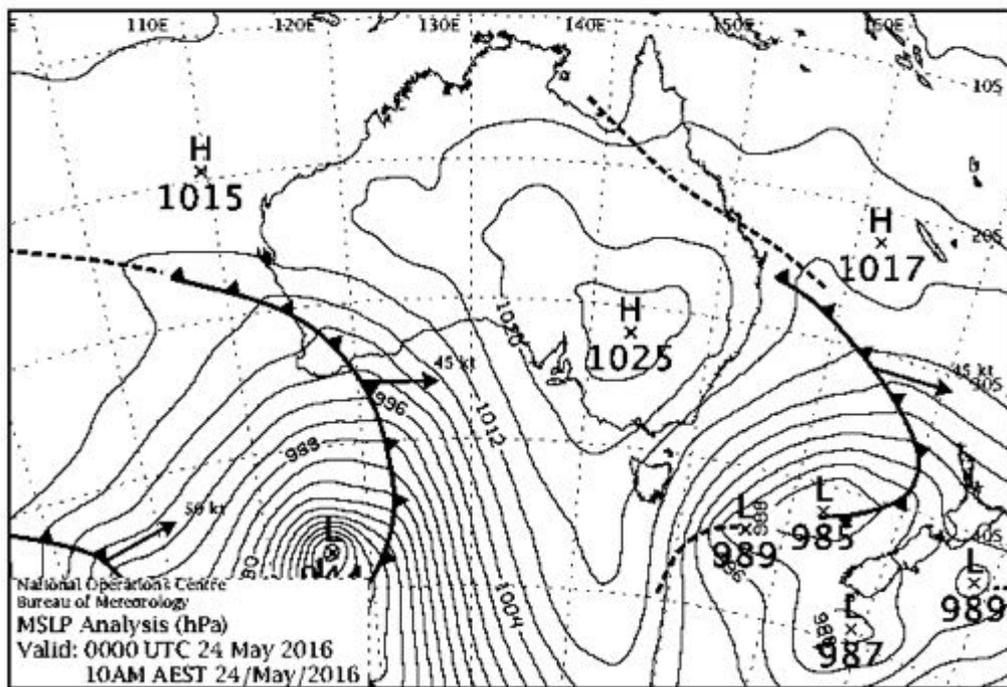
This would definitely have been feet up and keep warm weather!



# FRONT 24 MAY 2016



00 UTC 24/05/2016



## **Front - 24 May 2016**

Things that stand out in this plot is the sudden wind change at the passing of the front. The wind swung dramatically from N to SSW. The wind strength and gusts peaked at this time and there is a marked reduction in wind strength at the passing of the front. The pressure does not get as low as the 21<sup>st</sup> with a minimum of about 1000 hPa whereas on the 21 May it got to 995hPa. There is a bit more distance between isobars in the Perth region (Perth is roughly on the 30S line of latitude) causing a lower pressure gradient and consequently the winds were not as strong. There was only a 4 hPa fall in the 12 hours prior to the front (taken from the BoM archives). The graph shows the gusts at around 60km/h (32 knots) and there would have been a few stronger than that as I have smoothed out the spikes. The wind then fell away and the gustiness reduced after the front had passed.

I'll let you consult the previous Beaufort chart to determine whether you would have gone padding!

## **Things common to the two fronts**

The wind is always going to swing through the west prior to the arrival of a front. At ground level, wind approximately follows isobars lines (15 degrees away from an isobar for winds around a high pressure and 15 degrees inwards towards a low). Winds flow anticlockwise around a high in the southern hemisphere, clockwise for a low, so you can see that prior to the front the winds are NW. These NW winds have originated over land and you will find that they are quite warm, however after the front, the winds will be cool to cold and a drop in temperature is to be expected, as the winds swing to the -SW.

The change in wind direction is dramatic and provides a signal that the wind and gusts should reduce, your probably over the worst of it. But knowing the synoptic situation is important as shown by the 21 May when a second front meant wind strength increased for another 5 hours.

Increasing wind strength means a rising sea, so the sea state will change quickly and dramatically. Even with warm NW winds, wind chill will increase due to splashing from the waves.

## **Paddling considerations**

It may not be possible to make changes to your paddling clothing due to the choppiness of the water and the strength of the wind. This may leave you vulnerable to the dropping temperature. Prepare early!

- At 25kts and above rescues are hard, people are difficult to see in the water and you are probably starting to concentrate on your own survival.
- Even if a member of the group is seen to go into the water, the struggle of other paddlers to battle upwind means you will be alone for some time.
- As wind speed increases, everyone is travelling so much faster downwind. Seconds can put large distances between paddlers and spread the group. A buddy system would definitely be a good idea.
- If paddling into the wind at anything above 25kts you will make very little headway and your energy levels will fall off very quickly, escalating any emergency you may have.
- If you are going to use a weather event to gain skills, make sure you have an escape route. Make sure you can run downwind to a refuge inlet or perhaps a beach that does not have large surf. Make sure that downwind is a landfall that is accessible and not get your self blown off shore.
- If you are going to use the opportunity to develop skill, give some thought to how you might look on TV after being rescued if things don't go to plan!

## Adventures at Ningaloo

Dave Tupling

Several years ago I was paddling toward Exmouth, I was loaded up with every thing but the kitchen sink. I had been warned by the rangers not to camp in the national park. (which really means don't get caught camping in the national park). Anyway, when I made Mandu Mandu it was low tide and the reef was fully exposed so I dragged the boat into the Dunes to hide there over night and the morning would bring high tide. All through the night the incessant boom from the breakers and loud music coming from the Eco lodge (it was just over the dune I was hiding in), I didn't get much sleep.

After a walk along the coast line, seeing if I could make out a good route through the reef, I loaded up and headed out . Picking my way through, I found myself getting closer and closer to the breakers which appeared to be about a km out from the beach. It was getting a bit rough and lots of white caps over the reef. I didn't want to get too close, it was not my boat! All of a sudden there was a huge bang on the rear of the boat which forced me around. I didn't want to think what it was, so I kept paddling, problem being the rudder was stuck hard right. I had to decide what to do. Too rough to bail out and try to make a repair (get in that water, no way something is in there!). Paddle back through the way I came, not without a rudder. It wouldn't even pull up out the water.

I'm paddling with one knee up and the other flat down, not the best position to paddle in these conditions. Anyway, I thought I would count the breakers and give it a go pushing through them into deep water where I could do a repair job. Not one of my best Ideas! I think I went early, I know I went early. I got over the first monster then its big brother came to finish me off. I'm in the water its gone calm I decided to swim pulling the boat further out expecting more to come very soon. I was out of the firing line, knackered but

safe. I still couldn't shift the rudder so I pushed it up out of the water. Got hold of the paddle float, climbed back in and turned the pump on. I am now sitting in a sea going spa, my foot probably dragged the hose out and the water was churning around in the boat, am sure I've got some soap bubbles in my kit somewhere!

Ok, where's my bailer? I have it fasted to fishing line, not strong enough breaking strain evidently. I splashed around for a while to get a bit of water out (I even lost my cap). I made it back inline with the Eco lodge ... at least if I don't make it through the breakers my body should be found. Anyway I started counting breakers which was going to be the smallest, mmmm wouldn't have a clue lost my confidence or brains, I don't know which! To get through this in a fully laden boat half full of water and no rudder, wish I had ear plugs with me, not just to hush the noise from the breakers but from the scream I am expecting to hear.

I paddled hard behind what I thought was the smallest ... Mr monster soon caught up to me. I was slow, very slow. The boat kept it's line straight down the wave, breaking all around me. Then the next and the next. It was still a long hard paddle back to the beach and on the way back I realised it was not just the water in the boat that was making me so slow, my paddle float was still out there! Another use for a paddle float. A sea anchor! I never leave home without it! [The reason I could not steer was ] sand had got into the rudder cable tube the night before.

## Fifth Annual Sea Kayak Symposium 04-08 March 2016

### **Glen Colledge:**

The promise of comradery, magnificent coastlines, pristine beaches, invigorating sea air and challenging excursions crowded the senses of 30 devotees as they embarked on their yearly pilgrimage to sea kayaking's Holy Grail... Albany.



Albany Sea Kayak Club WA members Gavin Evans, Kevin Scoby-Smith, Chris Fry, Ian Pegden, Brodie Soanes and Gary Mannes provided invaluable local knowledge, served as excursion leaders and delivered safe back-up. Ian Watkins remained land based. He supplied weather data, sea conditions and quietly handled the multitude of essential behind the scenes tasks which are seldom noticed and rarely mentioned. Les Allen

cheerfully guided the event, ensuring the team's responsibly chosen daily challenges concluded safely and happily.

The Symposium consisted of two components. The daily paddles and the evening interaction in the hall of the Rotary Youth Camp stunningly located on the southern shore of Princess Royal Harbour. Typically on completing the daily paddle and after dinner, the group returned to the hall where

the evenings were spent uncovering the wealth of knowledge and magical talent of our club members.

Jason Beachcroft's power point presentation of his epic 15 month single handed kayak trip around Australia, including Tasmania, was both inspirational and a rare privilege to share a yarn with a disarmingly humble, extraordinary individual.



Les Allen displayed his latest version 101 tow rope and an inexpensive, durable see through kayak sail. Simon's information packed Trangia hike stove expose was an enthusiastic romp like no other, into the world of high-end hike cuisine. The amazing Trannie can even cook a meat pie!

Ian Watkins's obvious obsession with order mixed with an incredible knowledge and a very simple, unflappable desire to sleep in a kayak, had his audience spell bound as he delightfully guided us around his prototype craft."



He has slept soundly in the vessel on a number of occasions and claims it is like returning to the womb. Of course the cockpit has a canopy which wards off the elements. Cunning little windows allow the secure and fully recumbent kayaker to snugly observe the hostile external environment. Ian thus appropriately with great humour christened his vessel "Womb with a View"

On the last evening there was an opportunity for members to stand up and share a story with the group.

Wolfgang Wetzig hilariously recounted his day's endo, pirouette and wet exit as he

unceremoniously deposited (without damage) his own hand-made skin on frame craft on the Mutton Bird Beach. Happily his personal god given skin on frame also suffered no damage.

On the last evening I was

given the opportunity to show my videos to an audience on a large screen. It was very encouraging and satisfying to witness viewer's enjoyment. The club has given me the opportunity to develop sea skills and exercise my creativity. Bliss!

Lurking under the PFD, helmet, wet suit and sun protection, often floating on the ocean is frequently an individual of rare talent, exceptional experience and inspirational tenacity. This hidden treasure is literally gold in our midst. A bountiful resource to be nurtured and happily accessed in future Symposiums

Day One Paddle: Sat 5 March 2016

30 paddlers left Emu point at 9.00am and gathered at the entrance to the inlet for all to choose to perform Les's obligatory roll or alternatively the old always reliable, wet exit manoeuvre. As it does take time to have all 30 boats inverted and righted again, some waiting paddlers were cold and grumbly, impatient to be moving. After a while the group headed to Boiler Beach, a leisurely paddle 7 k's away. After lunch the group broke into 2 parties. Level 1 lead by Gavin travelled back to Emu Point.

Level 2 with Les leading, headed off into a 15 knot breeze intending to circumnavigate Michaelmus Island. Despite the lumpy conditions and rebound, the tiring journey was completed without incident, arriving back at Emu Point at 4.00pm for a total distance of approximately 30k's.

Day Two Paddle: Sun 6 March 2016

The level 1 group led by Gavin left the Rotary Youth Camp visited the "Cheynes II" wreck close to "Ataturk" the entrance to Princess Royal Harbour. Then paddled around to Mistaken Island for lunch and return to camp. A total distance of

Level 2 group led by Les left Frenchman's Bay bound for Bald Head. A 2.8 m swell, rebound and magnificent scenery made for a very memorable journey. A sea sick paddler required a two boat tow which proved to be an enlightening exercise. On the way back 4 paddlers broke away and continued on to

capsize which was very quickly resolved by eager rescuers.

Attempting to land at Mutton Bird Beach proved to be hazardous due to a nasty shore break. A quick reappraisal and plan change saw the majority landing easily in the lee of the appropriately named slab of granite called

The conditions demanded close concentration, so it was surprising to see Cosy Corner loom up unexpectedly. All landed safely, leaving at least a few paddlers very satisfied. Yvonne Colledge was particularly ecstatic, having bravely confronted a host of sea monsters.



30 kayaks on the ocean is always a challenge. Having some very inexperienced paddlers adds significantly to that challenge. However, throughout the Symposium, teamwork at it's best, provided an encouraging environment in which growth in

Goode Beach where they played in the shore break for a while. Then returned to Frenchman's Bay for a total distance of 12k's.

Day Three Paddle: Mon 7 March 2016

The whole group left Cosy Corner bound for Mutton Bird Beach a mere 5k's away. However, there was a brisk breeze and a 2.8m swell to contend with. The trip was capably lead through the bombies by Gavin and Les. Excellent radio contact throughout the group and journey made all plan changes safe and easy. This was very reassuring and confidence building for all those in unfamiliar territory. The only incident was one

Shelter Island. Everyone disembarked for lunch except Brodie, Les and Gary who played in the surf for a while.

Returning to Cosy Corner as one group proved to be the right decision, as the breeze had picked, up forming white caps on many of the quartering swells. Group dynamics were excellent.

Experienced paddlers stayed close, surrounding the little flotilla, regularly monitoring by radio. As an extra precaution, two craft had sails. They quickly moved around, ever vigilant for those experiencing difficulty.

skill and confidence was automatic. The Sea Leader team responsible for this Symposium are to be resoundingly congratulated on a job well done.

Finally on the last day Tuesday 8 Feb Les was interviewed by ABC radio. The topic, Sea Kayak Symposium. As we returned to Perth we listened as Les's commanding radio voice described Sea Kayaking. It was good.

A very fitting conclusion to a fantastic bundle of days, hosted by an exceptionally capable, enthusiastic team.

## Coogee Marina to Carnac Island then Herring Bay, Garden Island and Return (25 km)

Trip Leader: Andrew Munyard

Sunday 24 April 2016

I always look forward to



Andrew's epic paddles and the sense of achievement afterwards. What's more, the coffee and cake tastes so much better after a long paddle!

It was forecast to be a moderate 12 knot north-westerly breeze but the conditions were fairly benign for the entire paddle with a mild, 9 knot north-westerly blowing. We had 6 paddlers in total: myself (Linda Glover), Andrew Munyard, Wolfgang Wetzig, Dave Oakley, Ken Burton and Paul Browne. We made good time to Carnac Island stopping

for a short rest en route. Once at Carnac we rounded the northern side where there was some lumpy water to make it a bit more interesting. Due to the high tide, the reef was submerged and there was little surf. There were also few boats to be seen. For the 4 km paddle from

Carnac Island to Garden Island we had the wind behind us which offered some assistance. Two-thirds of the way across Ken requested we have a short break and no sooner had I started chomping on my muesli bar than Ken decided to take off as if his pants were on fire. We arrived at Garden Island after 2hrs 10 mins paddling and enjoyed a long lunchbreak while Ken kept us entertained with his life's experiences. One funny tale that comes to mind is when he visited Rod Coogan a few weeks ago to check

out some of the paddling gear Rod was selling. He drove down to Mandurah in his brand new Mercedes only to scrape it on Rod's driveway. When he complained about the damage, Rod told him he should get a 4-wheel drive! During the return paddle to Coogee the sky

darkened and coupled with the calm conditions, we wondered whether a storm was pending. The light was spectacular as I glanced back towards Garden Island and at that moment I felt great to be on the water.

After an hour of paddling we had a short break just past the channel markers before the final grunt home. As is always the

case with this paddle, another half hour turned into an hour as we slogged on, the Coogee breakwater forever in our sights yet so far away. We finally reached the marina and at that moment it felt great to be off the water. Paul headed off to the watch the Dockers lose another match, while the rest of us retreated to the Dome café for a well-earned coffee and more tales from Ken. Thanks to Andrew for your leadership and to everyone else for their camaraderie.  
Linda Glover

## Electric pumps for kayaks

Andrew Munyard

Do you have an electric pump?

Do you know how much time you have for running your pump?

Do you know how to best maintain you battery?

A common pump arrangement is to use a 500GPH (gallons per hour) this translates to 28litres per minute (<http://www.12volt.com.au/redirect.html?a=/General%20Htmls/webcat2003/pumps.html>), I measured 15 litres per minute on my boat. To find out how much water your pump is moving, just catch the outlet water into a 10 litre bucket and time how long it takes to fill it up.

Generally these 500GPH pumps are powered by a 1.2 Ah sealed lead acid battery. You will be suprised just how long this little battery can power your pump!

From the Rule web site it rates the 500GPH pump as drawing about 2amps. at 12 volts. I have recently done some measurements on the 800GPH pump (rated at 2.9A at 12 volts), however my measurements showed the 800GPH drawing only 2.3 Amps so using the same ratio we can say that the 500GPH pump likely draws about 1.6 Amps average.



Using the table below, and if your battery is new, it says that a 1.2Ah battery would supply 1.6 Amps for 20 minutes if the battery was fully taken down. It is unlikely n our paddling to use a pump for that long, my measurements ran the pump for 3 minute intervals (about the time it takes to pump out a boat) with some rest time in between to simulate a boat being pumped out occasionally during a day. The resting of the battery between pumping allows the battery to regain some additional charge and you can get more out of a battery. I ran the 800GPH pump seven times for three minutes giving me 21 minutes of operating time. If I had run the 500GPH with its reduced current I would have got even more operating time out of the battery.

### Costant Current discharge table (Amperes)

End voltage	5 min	10 min	15 min	20 min
9.60 V	3.90	2.72	2.04	1.65
9.90 V	3.85	2.70	2.03	1.64
10.02 V	3.79	2.66	2.01	1.62
10.20 V	3.66	2.59	1.97	1.59
10.50 V	3.40	2.43	1.88	1.52
10.80 V	3.15	2.27	1.77	1.44

Table 1. FIAMM 1.2-AH battery

Why not test your electric pump in your boat.? Put the boat on the lawn, fill it up to about 1/3 to half and see how long it takes to pump out your boat. Give the battery a rest and repeat the procedure until the battery is flat. This way you will know just what you pump is capable of. Remember to charge your battery immediately after discharging as you can damage it and lose capacity if it remains deeply discharged for long. (See below). If you do not get anything near 20 mins of pump time, this may be a sign that your battery is on the way out.

**Care for your Sealed Lead acid battery.**

Lead acid batteries do not like to be left partially and definitely not fully discharged. They love to be kept fully charged and you will get a lot more life out of your battery if you keep it well topped up.

So if you have had a couple of pump outs, stick it on the charger and top it up. If you have not used the pump for 3 - 6 months, charge it up as lead acid batteries self discharge over time and the battery can get to a low level of charge where the damage can begin.

When charging these small batteries, your charger should put in only around 300mA or 0.3A otherwise damage may occur to the chemistry of the battery

If well looked after the little battery should last many years.



## Emu Point to Ledge Beach

Saturday January 9. 2016

Garry, Brodie, Kevin, Ian P and

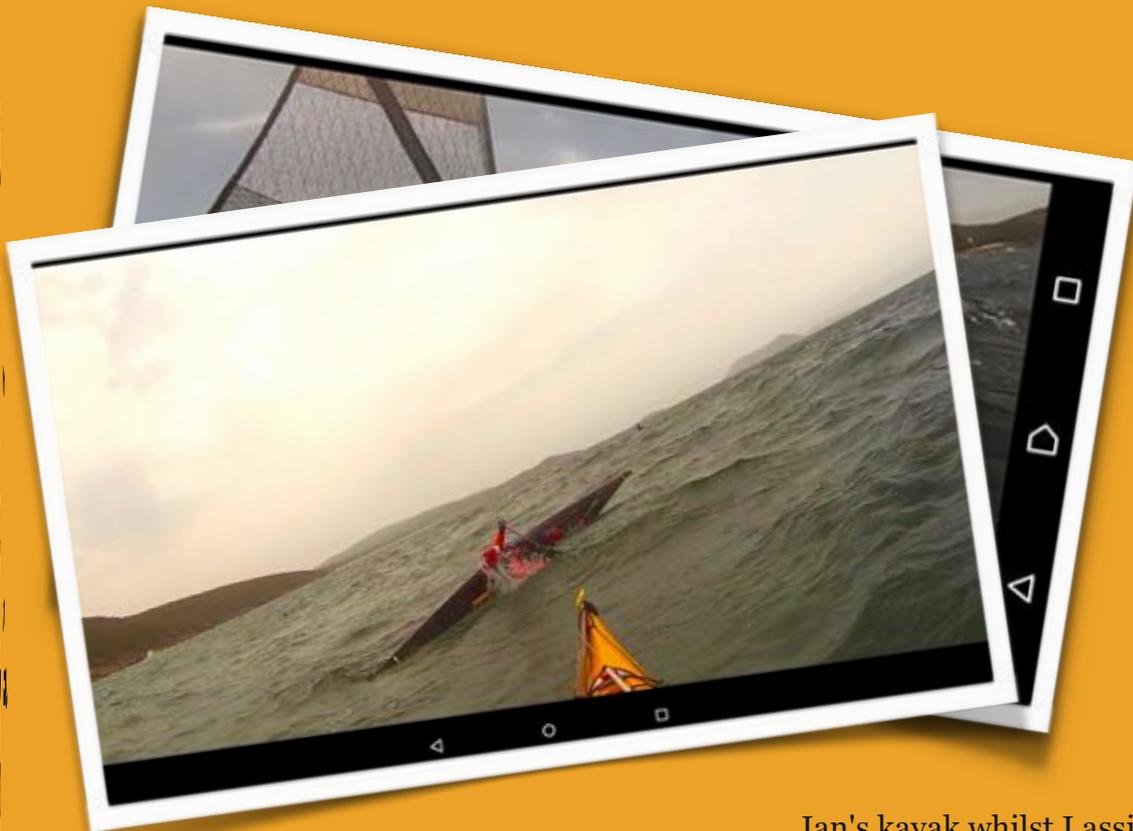
Gav. Photos G Evans

An interesting day when your training drills get used for real. As usual the Easterly was blowing and making us

surf and made it to the beach with a nice broach.

Looking forward to using our sails heading back I got Ian to get about a 200 mt lead so we could fly after him.

Unfortunately at about 200 MTS with following seas he was capsized. Garry and I raced down to assist. We got there with Ian a little closer to the rocks than I liked!! Garry was to put a tow rope on



work on our way east. Ian, fairly new to rough seas, was doing well as the waves and rebound were affecting us. I did have thoughts that he may not be as happy on the way home with following seas!!! We stopped in a fairly rough area and I got us all, except Ian, to practice our rolls where it matters. Kevin made easy work of his first rough water roll. We then did some reverse paddling as well. Earlier in the trip Garry did an assisted reentry in his new kayak. He did a variation of the heel hook which made it more difficult in my opinion! After getting to Ledge we all landed but not without Garry making an exit in the surf. I ran over the heel hook on the beach as we had intended to practice on the way home. Ian had his best ever result in the

Ian's kayak whilst I assisted with his heel hook reentry. Next I know Garry is out and swimming. Damn! I quickly got Kevin and Ian to get Garry back in whilst I got Ian in. Very fine effort from us all and two nice efforts from Garry and Ian with the easy to do Heel Hook. (When practiced). Not wanting Ian in again we tied my boat to his and sailed off. Shortly after, up comes Brodie and we have a beautiful trimaran whipping along at 6 kph plus. Again, the sails make for a pleasant way of getting someone back to safety in comfort. We met Ian W on the way home and he hooked onto the trimaran in his very unusual expedition torpedo shaped kayak. We had a yak and then he was off again trialling the big rig. It looks good. Another good day with all making it safely home. Thanks guys. Gav

## Club Training Day

13 March 2016.

Paul Cooper

My thanks to the following paddlers who came along and made the day a great one. Pel Turner, Matt Jordan, Jo Foley, Clive Dawkins, Lindsay Joll, Heide Bourne, Callan Gault, Geoff Heasman, Peter and Karen Armstrong.

The plan was to go out to little Island and do the rescue training, but the off shore wind was a little too strong. Instead we went out around cow rocks and started the rescues on the north side of the marina wall, after an hour we then headed into the marina and finished the training in front of Aqua.

I have to say that with the people that attended the training, skill levels were very high, Matt has been a tour guide in Norway and showed us his skills. Peter and Karen are very qualified, Peter can hand roll his Dagger, very impressed, and majority of the paddlers had no problems doing the T Rescue, Cowboy, Scoop, and the Eskimo Rescue, well done to you all. Also Callan has almost perfected the reverse sweep, he should have it down to pat next paddle.

Once we had our Kayaks on the cars we all headed to Spinnakers for well-deserved coffee. Cheers



Come along to the  
SKCWA get together  
6 July

6 July Mt Peasant  
Bowling Club  
Ardross

## SEA KAYAKING AT FRASER ISLAND

### AN ADVENTURE WITH LES

**DATE:** Monday 7 September - Thursday 17 September (11 Days) 1998

**DEPARTURE:** Urangan Boat Harbour, Hervey Bay.....the home of the whales!!

**DISTANCE:** 160 km's approximately (including whale chasing time)

---

**Monday 7/9/98: 11km open water paddle Urangan Boat Harbour to Moon Point, Fraser Island for lunch (North past Round and Big Woody Islands); plus 11km from Moon Point north past Coongul Point to camp 3-4km up Coongul Creek:**

It was a restless nights sleep last night, filled with dreams, or was it nightmares, of the sea; falling out of kayaks in turbulent waters, being eaten alive by sharks (thanks Glenn).....

The day began rather ominously with dark storm clouds, cool conditions and worst of all - an extremely strong South east wind blowing. This was the worst possible wind for our proposed crossing to the island. But, the more I thought about it, the more I realised that with two novices like Pete and I, any wind, in fact, any conditions could pose a problem. However, Les, our fearless leader, guide and hopefully....saviour on this trip remained calm at what may lay ahead. In fact, not once did I see any look of doubt cross his face.....thank goodness!!

DAY 1: Preparing  
to launch.



As soon as our gear was safely stowed we boarded the "Emocean" and once spray covers were in place we were ready to depart. Entering the water within the confines of the Urangan Boat Harbour gave the illusion of tranquility and peace. This was quickly lost as we headed to the sea opening. In the most normal speaking voice that I could muster, which, even to my own ears sounded strained I muttered, "Do we have to paddle through those breaking waves ahead?"

And Les remarked, in a non-strained casual toned voice, "Oh no, that's just the sea, we don't just paddle through it, that's what we paddle into."

But, I shouldn't have worried. The "Emocean" was a true sea faring craft, at times reminding me of a cork, bobbing along in the sea, at one with the sea, correcting her balance naturally so that she could continue on her merry way. Then, at other times she reminded me of a frisky colt, rearing and bucking and frolicking in the sea.

Only a short time into the paddle I found myself "Yehahhing" and "Wooping" before my consciousness even knew that I was going to do that! It turned out that the sea was a friendly competitor, making the trip more fun and interesting. I was actually getting quite the knack of it when at lunch Les told us how he and his kids love playing around in swell three times as big. Pete and I obviously have alot to experience.

Even though this is only Day 1 already food takes on a whole new meaning. Dry crackers, a hunk of cheese and the widest selection of dried fruit I'd ever seen never tasted so good. If restaurants could tap into the magic component of "camp food" they would be tapping into a goldmine!!

After our lunch stop at Moon Point we continued a further 11km's to Coongul Creek, our first campsite. On the way we were bombarded with wildlife. We saw dolphins, a great ol' grand-daddy of a turtle, a "logger fish" (Les' term for a floating piece of driftwood) which none the less, made us jump with excitement before we

realised what it was, heaps of birds and.....2 rather large dorsal fins.....that then disappeared never to be seen again!!!



Walking kayaks up Bowal Creek to camping area.

Bloody Bowal Creek





Getting ready to go yabbying for bait, followed by fishing for Whiting.

The weather just kept improving with the day and in the late afternoon, as I sat in the tent, the sun shone with all its brightness as it set over the ocean. I'm sure we heard the sizzle as it hit the water. Our camp was nestled amongst a stand of Casuarinas with the sea on one side and a freshwater creek on the other. A dip in the creek to clean our salty skin was a great way to finish the day. With night approaching the camp fire oozed the smokey smells of the bush and the sea serenaded us with her constant and familiar chant.

By the time the full moon arose we were all sitting comfortably around the fire, sipping our Kahlua or Rum laced coffees - a rather extravagant extra on this trip. Our bellies full from dinner and our muscles satisfyingly tired we were content just to sit and take in the mood of the island.

### Tuesday 8/9/98: 2nd night camping Coongul Creek

No sooner were we up this morning than Les spotted a whale a couple of kilometres from shore. We were quickly into our paddling gear, and within minutes of the sighting, were madly paddling in the general direction of the whale. As we approached we could clearly hear and see the spray of water from the whale's blowhole as it surfaced....and then it was gone. We stopped where we thought it had last surfaced and waited...but nothing. We were just about to turn back, thinking we'd lost our chance, when all of a sudden, not 20 feet away, it surfaced. Pete and I got so excited that, in the whole trip, this was the closest we ever came to tipping in!!! What a magnificent sight. We watched it surface a few times, and as it dived, its tail would come out and gently, even elegantly glide back underneath the surface. And then it was gone. The trip back to shore was alot slower than the one out, due to a rather strong breeze and the lack of adrenalin that fuelled us on the way out.

After breakfast Les gave us a lesson in bread making. Once the dough was kneaded and sitting in the sun to rise we paddled down Coongul and Salt Creek, crabpot in hand, exploring the mangrove lined banks and the fish filled waters. Before returning, we deposited the crabpot and then began what could have been a long, slow slog back against the current. However, Les, ever the opportunist, remembered a short cut over the bank to get back into Salt Creek, and with the current - at least for part of the return which was appreciated.

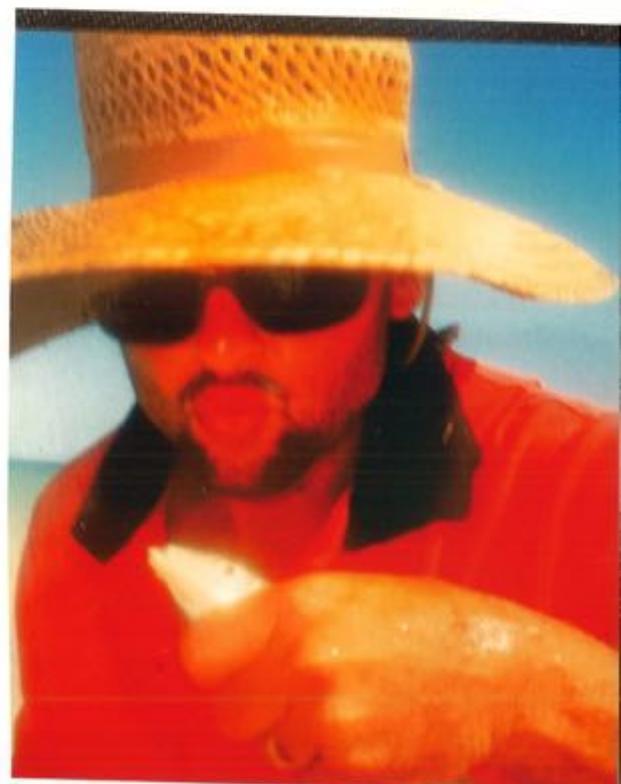
As the tide went out we were able to do some yabbing in the creek. Les manned the yabby pump whilst Pete and I attempted to catch the scurrying yabbies as they were exposed. They were only very little and I was feeling quite disappointed with their size, thinking that we were going to be there for hours before catching enough for dinner. Expressing my feelings Pete and Les quickly enlightened me, telling me that these were to be used for bait to catch fresh Whiting with. Phew!! And what a "fishfest" the afternoon turned out to be. No sooner were the lines in than Les had caught his first Whiting. This was followed by a second, a third, a fourth.....and so on. Pete soon joined in catching plenty.....and then there was me. The whole afternoon I only managed to pull in one fish, which, no matter how much I tried to stretch it, still didn't make minimum size. So I had to throw it back!!! And this was using all the underhand tricks that I knew, like stealing the boys spots as they went to bag yet another fish. It didn't seem to matter, the boys kept getting fish and I kept pulling in an empty hook.



Yabbies galore!



Checking the crab pots



Dinner!

Eventually I left them to it and went for a jog instead. The feel of the sand through my toes, the sun on my skin and the sound of the waves was so good that instead of running just long enough to warm up...I just kept going, returning just as the sun began to set. On my return the fire was already going with the brew, our deliciously alcoholic additives and cashews ready - our afternoon ritual after only 2 days!!!

That night we feasted on fresh Whiting, cooked whole in the coals of the fire - no scaling or gutting required. When cooked we merely lifted off the skin (with the scales) and ate. This was accompanied by the freshly baked bread, dripping with honey. Life doesn't get much better than this! Went to bed very happy....until I

began to itch. The sandflies really gave me a workover during the day and boy, did I suffer through the night. Obviously, all the Aerogard did was attract them to me. I seemed to be the only one using the stuff, yet I always seemed to have a cloud of sandflies around my head. The only answer, as I discovered the hard way, is total cover-up!! I guess the sandflies make Fraser Island a sunsafe island!!

Wednesday 9/9/98: Coongul Creek to Woralie Creek - 6 km to lunch stop; Woralie Creek to Bowaraddy Creek - 4 km to camp

It really blew last night and there were no signs this morning that it looked like it would ever stop today. We tried delaying leaving for as long as we could, but once we had recovered the empty crab pot (except for 2 totally unedible toadfish) we had no other excuses.

As we pushed off from shore there were a few little waves to paddle through. I think the biggest one of the day broke straight onto my head. I thought the kayak would cleave a passage through the wave or bob up over it, but oh no, it ploughed straight into the wave. It was like hitting a brick wall. My head snapped back, hat flew off, glasses, nose and mouth filled with water.....I think I nearly suffered concussion!!

The paddle was long and hard due to the galeforce winds. I had enough trouble getting the paddle through the air, let alone the water. At times we would have to actually stop paddling and just brace ourselves against the wind in order to stay upright. After a lunch stop in the protected waters of Woralie Creek we slogged our way, through rain and wind, up to Bowaraddy Creek.

On arrival the sun reemerged and we set up camp in a spot overlooking both the ocean and the creek. We could see some whale boats stopped a few kilometres from shore, obviously having sited some whales. But, nothing could entice us back into the water again today!

That night a dingo raided our camp. He got away with our lunch bag, even though it had been stored away in the hull of the kayak. The dingo managed to undo the ties and the hatch, without having to tear or bite through any of it. If Les hadn't actually spotted the thief it would have been hard to believe that a dingo could have made such a clean getaway. Actually, the idea of Les running around in his knickers chasing the pest in the middle of the night made us laugh, and lessened the loss of some of our best dried fruit....including 1 whole bag of dried Mango!!

The dingo that ran off with our lunch bag.... and all the remaining dried mango.



Windy as ever so decided on .....hiking!! (anything to keep off the water). We made our way to Bowaraddy Lake, one of the perched lakes of the island (nestled between sand dunes over impermeable sandrock). We had lunch on the banks, after a pleasant 2 hour walk, some of it even through rainforest. Our company for lunch consisted of some inquisitive tortoises who would pop their heads up out of the water from time to time. Our return took us around the lake, which was also the long way. By the time we got back to camp, some three and a half hours and a total of 32 km's later, our legs ached and our tummies grumbled. We contemplated dinner over coffee and cashews. During dinner a little Sugar Glider paid us a visit. A piece of apple enticed it to stay on it's perch in the Pandanas tree that it occupied. A little later the Glider paid us a more personal visit, arriving unannounced on Pete's shoulder. Obviously it was letting us know that it was out of apple.

A game of cards followed a delicious Coconut Rice meal before we retired for the evening. Les' antics from the night before weren't enough to deter the dingo, who returned and successfully made off with the oil bottle and candle container. However, it mustn't have been to his liking as we found these a short distance from camp the next morning. Our little Glider friend visited us during the night. It crawled between the fly and tent and looked curiously in. What a delight!! It also began to rain steadily during the night. Thank goodness we were on a sand

island, which successfully absorbed much of the water. Otherwise, we most surely would have been flooded out.

A most  
welcome guest



Friday 11/9/98: 12 km paddle to Bowal Creek for lunch; 6 km paddle to Wathumba Campground (plus extra 4 km chasing whales out and up from Wathumba)

The dingo became bolder with his last thievery and was still hanging around this morning. Whilst it kept it's distance it was no more afraid of us than we were of it. Pete approached it and it howled and frolicked around him for some time, before losing interest in us and wandering off. With all the rain, and the continuing showers, we thought for sure that a fire would be out of the question. But, we underestimated Les' persistence on this matter. The whole time that our attention was diverted by the dingo Les was trying to start the water logged fire. After 45 minutes of hard labour it finally took but just as the billy went on, the rain came down. To make matters worse the billy then tipped over, spilling it's contents into any flames that remained. Back to square 1.

Well, the tea did come off and from then on, the day just got better and better. The wind and rain ceased and paddling on the millpond of an ocean that was left was just glorious. We stopped at Bowal Creek for lunch and just as we had finished we noticed 2 whaleboats stopped 2-3 kilometres from shore - directly in line with us. The thought of seeing a whale was enough to get us into top gear and we were soon paddling madly directly out to sea. The whale was a beauty and as it was heading in the same general direction as us we stayed with it for some kilometres. At one stage it surfaced not 10 feet from us, it's barnacle encrusted back clearly visible, before diving directly underneath our kayak. We could clearly see it's outline as it passed, our hearts in our throats as only metres separated us from it's tail. We hoped it's radar was working properly and that it wouldn't misjudge it's position in relation to what we now thought was one very flimsy craft!! The "Ohs" and "Ahs" that came from the tourists on the boats added to the thrill. I think we became just as much of an attraction as the whale. Finally, we had to let it go as it continued out to sea and we made our long, long way back to shore and Wathumba campground. This campground had cold showers and real toilets (no mozzys biting me on the bum this time), but it also had millions of sandflies. Thankfully they disappeared at dark and we only had a few mozzies to contend with as we ate Les' "Fraser Island Special" for dinner - Spaghetti Bolognaise using air dried mince. Rather delicious - a great way to end a great day.



A humpback in  
all it's glory

Notice the gouge  
out of the  
whales back. We  
thought it could  
have been caused  
by a boat prop.

If the photo was  
clearer you  
would also see  
a "slight" look  
of concern on  
Les' face.



Whilst we waited for the tide to come in (so we could get our kayaks out - at low tide they were stranded pretty high) we went yabbing along the mudflats. As we walked along the mudflats we came across literally thousands of Soldier Crabs. I never realised how apt the name was. They did march in determined effort in their armies, never faltering, always in their cohesive units. It made me laugh at how determined they were to march in a certain direction, but as soon as I walked amongst them they were equally determined in their efforts to walk in totally the opposite direction. Their blind faith in the crabs up front was amazing....though stupid??

Once we got paddling again it wasn't long before we once again sighted whales. As they were travelling in our general direction we were able to enjoy their company for some kilometres. Eventually, we had to leave them as we had long past our destination. Once we arrived at Blowah Rocks we climbed the great yellow sand cliffs to enjoy a commanding view of the coast. We saw rays in the shallows and many whales frolicking further to sea. We jumped off the crest of the great dune and rode the golden barrel of sand in an exhilarating ride of pleasure down to the waters edge some 120 metres below.

We set up camp a few hundred metres to the south and then sat back to enjoy the day. For me this involved lying in the sun reading my book, but the sandflies thought different. So, not to be deterred, I took my book into



Another perfect camp.

Perfect, though cool conditions



the tent to read. The only trouble with this is that as soon as I'm lying on my bed, I fall asleep. The next thing I knew Pete was at the door of the tent (some hours later) wanting to know if I wanted to go snorkelling, or should I say "goggling" as we only had our swimming goggles with us. Just as we were about to enter the water we saw a pod of 4 whales not 400 metres away. Another mad scramble ensued and then we were, once again, on our way to the whales. It didn't take long to catch them and they kept us company for over an hour. During this time they were very demonstrative. They snorted and blew and swam all around us. There were pec slaps and even a half hearted tail slap. At times they had their whole head out of the water - looking at us as closely as we looked at them. At one stage a whale totally circled us, putting us into a whirlpool type effect. I guess the closest we came to them was when I happened to look down in the water beside me and thought, "What's that?" It slowly dawned on me that what I was looking at a pec fin and attached to that was a huge whale - not 10 feet away. If we hadn't stopped paddling we would have run into it!

During this time we spotted at least another 2 pairs of whales in different directions, and even more again as we turned around to head back to shore. We would have loved to stay longer but the fading light and thought of our "special brew" kept us heading to shore. As we sat drinking our coffee we looked up into a starlit night and in the distance over the mainland lightning gave us a tremendous display. What a day! I seem to be saying that after every day.



Whale watching  
has become a  
much loved  
memory

Sunday, 13/9/98: 22km paddle Blowah Rocks to Bowal Creek

Woke to the sounds of Les scurrying about getting his kayak ready to launch. Sure enough, not 400 metres away was a pod of 4 whales. Pete and I quickly followed suit and soon we were amongst the whales again. One of the 4 had a huge slice out of it's back. It was also the one exhibiting the most outward behavior; bellowing, pec and tail slapping and half rolling. Whether these displays were due to it's injury we can't say. Yet, if it was in distress it still treated us with the kindest respect. At one stage a whale surfaced directly in front of us and it's tail would have hit the kayak if it had not turned side-ways in mid dive to avoid us. We had whales swimming underneath us, around us, everywhere.

Later I made pancakes for breakfast as a change from our regular porridge. Even without butter or syrup and the fact that they turned out more liked "scrambled pancakes" (the non-stick frypan being no longer non-stick) they were still the best damn pancakes ever!!

We then spent some time fishing but couldn't reproduce our form of a few days earlier, managing only a few throw-back Whiting. No matter. Began the long paddle to Bowal Creek in perfect conditions and with the company of 2 whales. Their antics kept us amused (and kept our minds off paddling) for over an hour.