

NSW Sea Kayaker

Newsletter of the NSW Sea Kayak Club Inc. 29 Westgarth Street, O'Connor, ACT, 2602.

Issue 27

June 1996

THE 1996 RUGBY TOUR

by Andrew Eddy

Stephen Brady and I had met at the New South Wales Sea Kayak Club Rock-and-Roll weekend in 1994 at Patonga. I assembled and paddled my new Feathercraft foldable kayak to Patonga from Bobbin Head on Friday and beached it at the campground before walking into town. When I arrived back, an hour later, there were two Feathercrafts! Stephen was assembling his almost-identical new boat only a few metres from mine.

A year later, at the 1995 Rock-and-Roll weekend, we were both ready to plan a trip which, unlike most club trips, would necessitate foldable kayaks. We had both been considering various remote places and had independently arrived at the idea of paddling in Bathurst Harbour and Port Davey. It had all the requisites of a first long trip for foldables: a remote area accessible only on foot, by small plane or by boat; few people; and fairly sheltered waters. We chose to go in mid-summer, to catch the warmest weather, and to make use of some free time that Stephen had before starting a new job in Adelaide.

We planned on spending the maximum possible amount of time on the water,

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Reflections

so I booked tickets to Hobart on a Friday afternoon and booked our charter flight out to Melaleuca airstrip for the Saturday morning. This did not allow time for shopping for food in Hobart, so we had to take all our food for ten days from Newcastle and Sydney. To be fair to TasAir, I had booked a plane for two passengers and the equivalent of four large rucksacks. I had estimated 110 kg of baggage. When we turned up at Sydney airport we found that we had 134 kg of gear in six large bags! The counter staff had us repack the two kayak bags, which were 34 kg each, in order to bring them down to under 30 kg. Now we had seven large bags. When we had done this they apologised for charging us \$10 each for the excess baggage!

On the Saturday morning, when we turned up at TasAir for our charter flight, they swapped us from the Cessna three-seater to a five seater and we flew around the south coast of Tasmania with two tourists on a joy-flight. The weather was warm and clear, so we got excellent views of the

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Editorial

Well, as this Newsletter is just growing and growing I'll not waste too much space on this bit (nobody reads it anyway!). I did use up some space on the Hall of Shame - this device is working well with most of our members. It's just a pity that the same tired old names keep reappearing - maybe the threat of physical pain is required.

I'd like to say thank you to all the contributors, who have provided a range of reading material that would be the envy of some professional magazines. Particular thanks to Norm Sanders for his efforts from both hemispheres. Thanks also to Jim Croft for his precise photo scanning and general assistance and to Arunas Pilka and crew for their assistance in getting this newsletter out to you.

NSWSKC Survey of Members

Please accept my profound apologies for the delay in collating the survey results - unfortunately this was beyond my control (see Hall of Shame). We have received 99 returns to date - a great response. Congratulations to Mary Lou Lamonda of Ingleside who was the lucky winner of the \$50 Paddy Pallin's gift voucher.

Womens Issues

One survey return included the suggestion that the newsletter would benefit from regular articles written from the perspective of the female paddle. This is a great idea, particularly for those who are heartily fed up with the macho tone of this newsletter. I hereby nominate the gallant proposer, Shirin Richards, to get the ball rolling in our September issue.

Any topic you like Shirin!

Newsletter Contributions

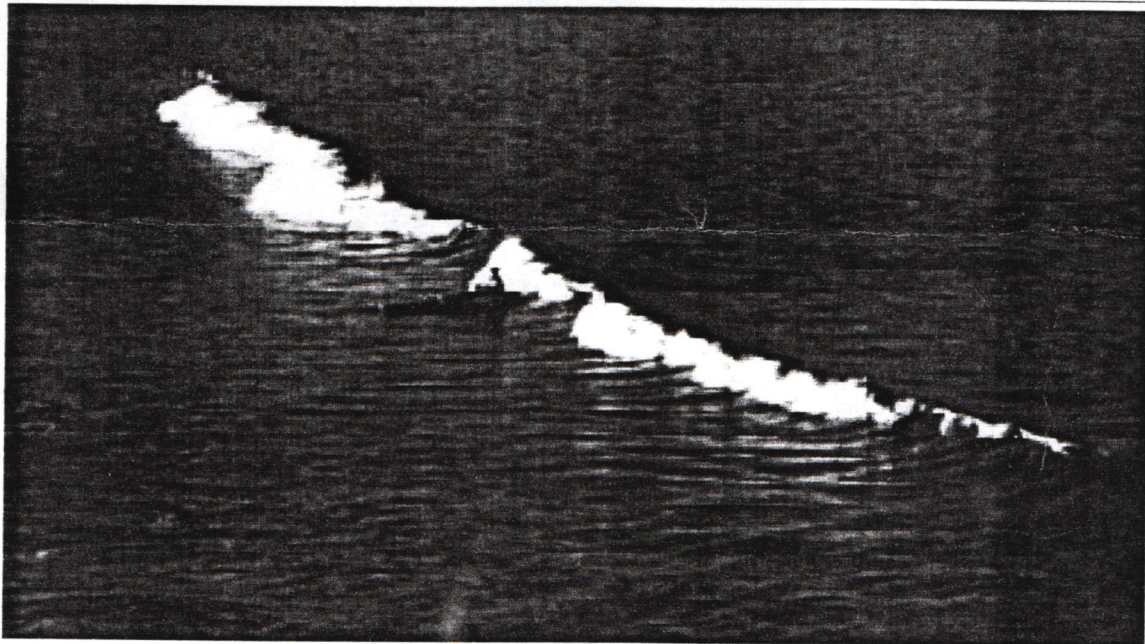
If you have an article or an exciting idea that may result in one, please call me to talk about it, or just send me the article, (on a diskette if possible -preferably MSWord format - all diskettes/photos will be returned).

Members Boat Reviews

This series allows members to detail their experience (good or bad) with their kayak. Thanks to Dave Malcolm for his review of the Arctic Raider in this issue. Still to come;

Greenlander 11
(reviewer Gary Edmond)

Dagger Apostle
(reviewer Jim Croft)



The perfect beginners wave - Surf Beach, Batemans Bay

This Newsletter produced with the kind assistance of Deloitte Touche Tomatsu, Chartered Accountants, Sydney, Canberra, Melbourne

Contributor's Hall of Shame

Felons	Crimes	Editor's Comment
D. Stuber	Mislead me about posting article. Late again.	Looking more and more like a one term President!
D. Winkworth	Late despite 6 reminder Faxes!	How can a man who packs a kayak in ten minutes take so long to get an article in?
J. Croft	Late with photos/Failure to deliver Survey database/losing my photos/only contactable on mobile phone which is rarely turned on.	Significant contribution again marred by missed deadlines. Persistent lateness marks this man as a future President.

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(Continued from page 1)

hannels and beaches near Hobart (a wonderful area for another kayak trip) and of the rugged coastal scenery of the South Coast Walking Track. The pilot flew close the coastal mountains and as we came up to Coxs Bight took the plane right down to fly along the beach just above the waves. Have you ever been surfing in a Cessna? He could not land us on the beach due to the weight, but promised the tourist couple that, once he had dropped off the kayakers and our gear, he would take them back

bushwalkers' hut, and we loaded our gear there.

When Max and Sheila Newman wrote of their trip here a few years ago they mentioned that when they launched into the Lagoon they "... got stuck in shallow water, much to the amusement of a couple of small girls paddling in the water! Gathering [their] dignity ...". Within a few seconds of launching we found ourselves in the same predicament as Max and Sheila. The water was too shallow to float the kayaks with our weight, and the mud

everywhere in the Harbour; the typical shore is either a short cliff of quartzite gravel topped with steep button-grass moorland, or a short beach of quartzite gravel up to high tide, topped by a metre-high step of peat, with Melaleuca (Ti-tree) scrub on top of that. Camping places by the water are few and far between. That evening we cooked on the beach before the tide came up, and pushed our way through the scrub to the button-grass moor behind. A spotted quoll (a small marsupial carnivore, about the size of a cat) sniffed at the kayaks in the dim light.



Port Davey and Bathurst Harbour are joined by the Bathurst Channel, 12 kilometres long, but only between 200 metres and one kilometre wide. I had visions of tide races, eddies, boils and other horrors, but in reality a tidal range of about a metre creates very little exchange between the two bodies of water. We had a very quiet paddle out to Schooner Cove, a sheltered anchorage just inside the western end of the channel. There is a small clearing, large enough for three or four tents, and fresh water from a creek. The cove was first recorded early last century and is well known to yachties passing through. We met one such yacht, returning to Melbourne via

to Coxs Bight and land for a little while.

Melaleuca airstrip is a very short strip of white quartzite gravel, rated for single engine planes and restricted to pilots who have been certified to land there. At Melaleuca there is a ranger station, staffed during the summer, a couple of Nissen huts as overnight accommodation for walkers and a small tin mine nearby, which is run by couple who are resident year-round. Melaleuca is the terminus of the South Coast Walking Track and the Port Davey Track and is around four to eight days' walk into the South West Wilderness from the nearest roads.

We landed late in the morning, took our bags down to the jetty at the end of the airstrip and assembled our kayaks on the jetty. The jetty was blocked by boats which made it impossible to load the kayaks in the water, so I paddled my kayak and towed Stephen's about a kilometre around to Melaleuca Lagoon, found a little beach near the

was too deep and soft to wade through. Stephen and I had been joking that the best way to avoid the notorious knee-deep mud, bane of the Tasmanian bushwalker, was to see South-West Tasmania by kayak. We laughed and compromised, with some weight on the coaming, and still up to our thighs in the mud and soon reached the channel.

As we paddled up Melaleuca Inlet, we soon had our first glimpse of Mt Rugby. During the next eight days, we were rarely out of sight of it: it rises 771 metres straight out of the Harbour and is central in the Port Davey and Bathurst Harbour area. It became obvious why we had to climb it. The general plan for the trip was to paddle out into Port Davey, the more exposed body of water, and see some of that while the weather held good, then come back in, walk up Mt Rugby, and paddle Bathurst Harbour.

On our first night we discovered a problem that a kayak-camper will have

the west coast from the Melbourne to Hobart race. They measured an ebb current of only 1.3 knots.

Our "best-case" plan would have taken us out into Port Davey and north into Payne Bay, up the Davey River to the Davey Gorge. This was an ambitious plan, which would allow a south-westerly wind and swell to bottle us up in Payne Bay for an indefinite period. The weather was still good on the following day, so we headed out the channel into Port Davey. There was a low swell running and very little wind, however we took the conservative option and paddled north, partly in the shelter of the Breaksea Islands, past the Boil Rock (aptly named - the sea boiled with only half a metre of swell) and up to Kathleen Island and the Needle Rocks. We then turned south, back past the Breakseas and Shanks Islands down to Spain Bay.

(Continued on page 5)

Spain Bay is a sheltered ocean beach, surrounded on three sides by land and has fine white sand up to well above high tide; good camping. There is some fresh water in soaks at the mouth of a creek but we had plenty of water ballast from Schooner Cove. We beached the kayaks at the head of the beach and sat in the shade for lunch. The sun was hot and strong and Tasmania was in the grip of a heat-wave.

Later in the afternoon we crossed the peninsula to Stephens Bay, which is fully exposed to the south-west. It, too, is a sandy beach but has rock outcrops at about water level and would be a treacherous landing in almost any sea conditions. We spent ages pushing our way through the scrub at the head of the beach to get there, but two fishermen told us of the track (!) back to Spain Bay. The track gives a high vantage point over both bays. I took pity on a poor lobster which had its uropods stuck in the soft sand at the edge of the water, unable to walk forwards or flip itself backwards. It may live to see its grandchildren. We had plenty to eat anyway.

The wind started to pick up on the following day and the sea was a little choppy. It continued to rise as we paddled back to the channel. By the time we were well inside the channel the wind had produced sixty centimetre wind waves, so we had an exhilarating ride down through The Narrows, surfing our laden boats.

The ranger at Melaleuca had insisted on a float plan, and since we had no intention of planning more than four days ahead, we aimed to be back in Melaleuca about two days hence to proffer a float plan for the second half of the trip. Max and Sheila Newman had mentioned the hut at "Claytons" in their article and we had heard it mentioned by yachties. Near the hut, in amongst the rain forest, there is a spot big enough for a tent. Fishermen have taken over the maintenance of the hut and keep the rain water tanks in good repair. The hill behind the hut gives clear views toward Mt Rugby and over the nearer parts of Bathurst Harbour. We camped overnight, left our gear and paddled down to see the ranger then paddled back to Claytons.

The entire South West Wilderness seems to be covered in peat soils, so the fresh water draining out of the soils is infused with tannins. Much of the fresh water is the colour of coffee or tea; white paddle blades look brown in the

water. The negligible tidal flushing of the harbour means that the salt water is coffee-coloured too, and the high proportion of tannins in the water gives the water foaming properties. Wind creates streaks of foam which push up against the shore in bands of white froth. This can be a harbour with a good "head" on it. Claytons cove was rimmed with foam when we got back, and it continued to build after we returned.

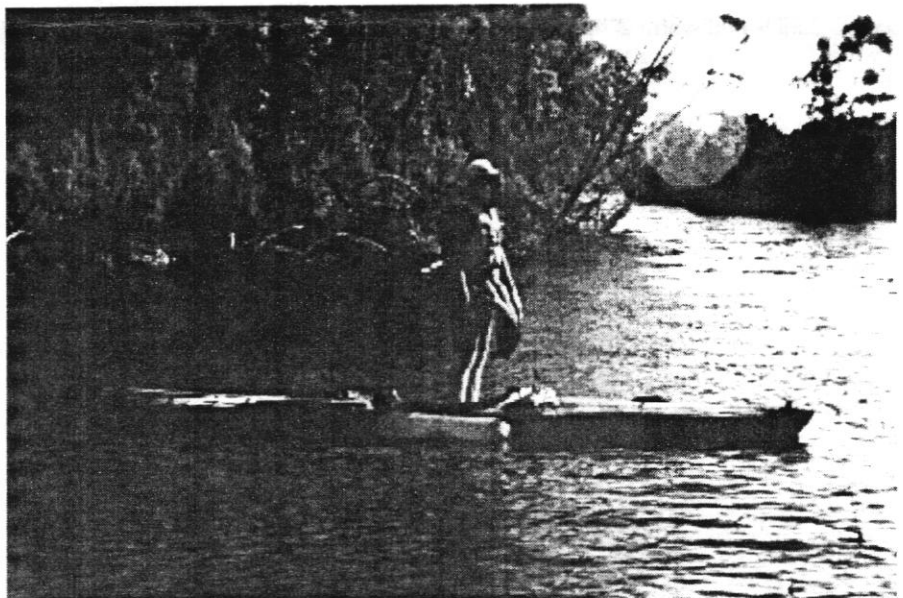
The next day was to be a short paddling day; from Claytons around the point and across the channel to Platypus Cove. Angus Finny had told Stephen about a track which ran up Rugby from the cove and a spot up Platypus Creek with space for a tent.

The previous days' wind had brought in some cloud from the south-west and this cloud banked up against Mt Rugby at about 300 metres altitude. We were not certain of having views at all from the top. It took about two hours to climb up through the cloud to the peak at 771 metres. At the top it was windy and cold but through sporadic breaks in the cloud we could look down over the places we had paddled, would paddle,

Since we hadn't gone up the Davey River to the Gorge, then perhaps we could paddle up the Old River, at least to the first set of rapids? Bathurst Harbour was calm, sunny and glassy-smooth in the morning so we paddled slowly beside the shore, up towards North Inlet, Swan Point, Black Swan Island. There is good reason for all the "Swan" place names: black swans may be the commonest sea-bird in the Harbour, flying in flocks of up to fifty.

As we sat on the gravel of Black Swan Island, the wind started to pick up again. It generated wind waves up to fifty centimetres, which were parallel to our chosen course and which forced us to paddle further out into the harbour, to take them partly on the bow, and to allow us to surf down them into the mouth of the Old River. It is a quirk of the local topography that makes a south-westerly appear to be a westerly when you paddle down Bathurst Channel, but appear to be a southerly when unprotected by the low ground between Coxs Bight and Melaleuca.

The first set of rapids, about two kilometres up the Old River had a large gravel bar with a little shade, so we ate



Andrew Eddy demonstrates the inflatable sponsons

and over some of Tasmania's best known walking country, including the Western Arthur Range and down to Coxs Bight. The cloud, thick scrub and very steep bouldery ground had us geographically embarrassed for a little while on the way back down.

We took a short evening paddle without gear, to enjoy the sunset and the quiet at sea level.

lunch there and waited for the wind to die down in the afternoon. Stephen had brought a new self-rescue accessory, called Sea-Wings. These are two sponsons which sit uninflated on the deck behind the cockpit, and when needed can be quickly clipped in place and inflated to add enormously to the kayak's stability. We spent some of the time on the gravel bar fitting and adjusting the Sea-Wings, then testing

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them. Sea-Wings on an already-stable kayak make it possible to get up and walk around in the kayak. It is also possible to do some surprisingly aggressive leans without bracing.

By late afternoon the wind hadn't dropped, so with only three hours of daylight we set out from Old River for the southern side of the harbour at Moulters Inlet. We quickly met the strong southerly winds coming across from Coxs Bight, together with their fifty to sixty centimetre waves. It took two and a half hours to paddle five kilometres over to the shelter of Mt Fulton. We have no photos of this leg of the trip, since we both needed both hands on the paddle!

The sunset colours on Mount Rugby and on the clouds were well worth the effort to reach the southern side. We were lucky to find a tiny clearing in the ti-tree scrub, large enough for a tent. Without it we would have had to bivvy on the beach gravel (and hope that a neap tide really is a neap tide) or on the waterlogged peat (with the same tide problem).

Our last paddling day started out dead calm, sunny and warm. The reflections in the flat-as-glass water were perfect mirror images. If you want to photograph another paddler in such conditions, don't stop. The slightest movement of your hips will ripple the surface. The best pictures come when you are gliding at about half a knot; almost no wake, but enough speed to stay ahead of the ripples. We paddled right around the Celery Top Islands (the Celery Top Pines must have been logged out long ago) and down Melaleuca inlet to the lagoon, where we disassembled and

dried the boats and gear and carted it up to the airstrip.

From walkers we had met at Melaleuca, on the three times we had been through, we had heard of two bushwalkers who had flown into the beach at Coxs Bight on Boxing day with a load of pancake mix and coffee and who had been serving these pancakes and coffee to everyone walking down the South Coast Track. Two girls who were staying with relatives at the Melaleuca mine heard about this, borrowed a briefcase, walked the twelve kilometres down to Coxs Bight, pretended to be (very young) health inspectors in order to close the "Peripatetic Pancake Parlour". There were so many people walking through the South-West Wilderness after Christmas that I was glad we had had a way to see this part of the country and see so few people.

The TasAir pilot took us back to Hobart by the inland route, right over Bathurst Harbour, Old River, the Arthur Range, Federation Peak and the Huon Valley. From the plane we could see the lines of waves across Bathurst Harbour, swept along by the wind.

We spent the next day as tourists in Hobart, and when we fronted up on the last day at Hobart airport, the counter staff didn't bat an eyelid at our pile of gear. They were even better than the Sydney Ansett staff.

Facts:

Location: South-West National Park, Tasmania (43 deg S 146 deg E), part of the Tasmanian World Heritage Area.

Time: January 12 to 21, 1996.

Group and grading: Two paddlers, trip planned for NSWSKC grade 2 (weather could take grading to 3). Daily distances up to 20 km, trip total 120 km.

Maps: Tasmaps (Port Davey 1:100,000 and Old River 1:100,000), Nautical chart for Port Davey (surveyed 1899, 1902, 1922 !), tide tables (Hobart and Stanley), Australian Pilot.

Gear: 10 days' worth of food, camping gear, two Feathercraft K1 Expedition Single kayaks, and paddling gear.

Flights: Ansett scheduled flights between Sydney and Hobart, TasAir chartered flights between Hobart (Cambridge airfield) and Melaleuca.



Intercession for those at Sea

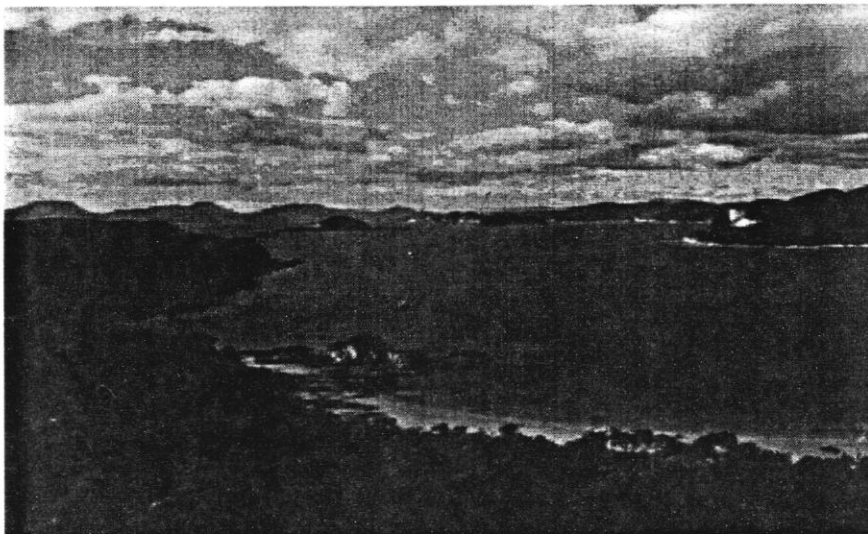
Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Saviour! whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep:
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Sacred Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace:
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

(The above anthem has been suggested as a Club Song by baritone Arunas Pilka. Arunas's wholehearted rendition of the song (recorded at a recent home-brew night) is available at the giveaway price of \$4.95 - Ed)



Spain Bay



Letters from America



Norm Sanders is rediscovering the country of his youth - this time with a paddle in his hand. The following disjointed communications describe his adventures so far.

4 MAY - OLD SEA DOG SURFS THE INTERNET FROM AMERICA

The OSD has apparently overcome his Neo-luddite, anti-Internet prejudices sufficiently to leave an account of his North American adventures in the NSWSKC mailbox.

He says that the 12 hour nonstop flight from Sydney to LAX was uneventful except at the end, where a one liter bottle of a white, powdery substance was found in the bowl of one of the loos. Apparently, somebody chickened out at the last minute.

US Customs, already alerted to the presence of miscreants on QF 7, pounced on the OSD's custom paddle case (skillfully crafted to hold an Alan Wilson folder) and accused him of carrying a rifle. All's well that ends well, as they say, and the OSD was soon released from custody into the LA smog. He made his way to his Uncle and Aunt's place in Redondo Beach, whereupon his Uncle presented him with an Ad clipped from the paper which read "KAYAK MAN - INSTRUCTION, RENTALS, ETC." There was even a phone number: 1-800-374-6248. Uncle Dan thought the place might be in nearby King Harbo(u)r.

The OSD called (rang) the phone number and a young woman with a Southern drawl answered. The OSD, asked where the Kayak rental firm was located. The operator said she didn't know, but offered to page the KAYAK MAN who would call (ring) the OSD right back, which he did.

Doug (all Yanks are eager to be called by their first names) said he indeed did rent Kayaks at King Harbo(u)r and was duly impressed by the OSD's modestly imparted qualifications. Doug said the young woman didn't know where he was located because the paging service was based in GEORGIA, several thousand miles away. Apparently transcontinental phone calls are cheaper than local ones, or something. The OSD's mind was boggled.

Anyway, he showed up at the KAYAK MAN's place and was allowed to rent Doug's very own craft, a Dagger Seeker, a little sister to the Apostle. The rate was \$15/hour for the first hour and \$10/hour thereafter. The OSD made a good show of putting his paddle together and donning all his gear. There was a slight delay as Doug scouted around for a spraydeck, which is not normal equipment.

The OSD eventually got kitted out and hit the water, from a floating dock. He paddled up the coast for about 5 miles into a 10 knot wind and reports having a pleasant time of it. On the run back, the Seeker didn't track all that well, but was in general a nice boat - kind of an American Skerray (with less room for the feet.)

The OSD was feeling so pleased with himself that he let his hubris get the better of him as he returned to the KAYAK MAN's dock.

"O.K. if I do a roll?" he asked Doug. "Yeah, great. Wait a minute until I get the rest of the guys. They've never seen a roll before," he replied.

When everyone was assembled, the OSD turned over with great confidence, got set up, and BLEW IT! He claims his knee slipped because of lack of padding. He tried again - and again. Finally, he exited and attempted a re-entry and roll. Still no luck. Crestfallen, he swam to the dock and climbed out of the water. He now learned about THE BASIC DIFFERENCE between Yank kayaks and Aussie ones. Yank Kayaks often have no bulkheads. The beautiful aquamarine Seeker was full of water and weighed 1000 pounds (500 Kg.)

Now thoroughly humiliated, the OSD helped Doug peel off the aft hatch and bail out enough of the Pacific Ocean to pull the Seeker up on the dock.

When the Seeker was finally restored to normal operating weight, the OSD paid Doug for the rental. Doug's parting words were: "It's nice to meet someone who knows what he is doing." The OSD still isn't sure if this is an example of sardonic Yank humo(u)r or not. Anyway, he plans to try again in a few days, at which time he hopes to erase the blot he has placed on the reputation of Australian sea kayakers.

He promises to make contact with the NSWSKC again in future, if he can sit on his prejudices and scrounge the use of some more hardware.

STOP PRESS - STOP PRESS BEARDED MAN GOES BERSERK IN STORE

Torrance, California - May 5. A long-haired, bearded man was subdued by security guards today at a local REI store after going berserk.

The man, who spoke with a strange American-Australian accent, had been shopping during the REI annual sale. His shopping cart was loaded with items such as Petzyl Micro Headlamps for \$19.95. REI Nightlight tents for \$99.99 and Dagger Apostles for \$500. (The store later denied this figure and said the real price was \$1265.)

The bearded man started frothing at the mouth and shouted something which sounded like: "Hallelujah, Hallelujah, I have died and gone to heaven!"

When finally laced into a straight jacket he became more docile and began to cry as he was carried from the store. His last, sobbing words were, "All the lovely gear. All the lovely gear."

He has been taken away for observation. A hospital spokesman says that when the patient is recovered, he will be transferred to a half-way house run by Gear Freaks Anonymous.

Meanwhile, police are attempting to determine the man's name from a waterlogged passport which was apparently soaked during a kayak mishap in which a non-bulkheaded compartment was flooded after a missed Eskimo roll.

18 MAY - OLD SEA DOG DEFIES CORIOLIS FORCE!

In his latest message from North America, the OSD proudly announced that he had mastered the Hemispheric Block to his Eskimo rolling.

During his stay in Santa Barbara, he scored the loan of an Aquaterra Chinook for three days. He enjoyed paddling the calm, red tide infested waters of that fabled coastline. After placating the local sea spirits and centering himself,

(Continued from page 7)

he managed a series of rolls, much to the amazement of the locals.

The locals consisted of four women paddlers, three of whom were in the ubiquitous sit-on-tops and one who was paddling a Sealution. The OSD met them while dodging jet skiers well offshore. All the paddlers decided to travel together for mutual protection.

The OSD gallantly offered to teach Pam, the Sealution owner, to roll and later had a go in the craft himself. He liked it very much and rated it the best plastic boat he had ever paddled.

The OSD asked Pam why she thought so many women paddled in California. (They greatly outnumber the men.) Pam replied that it was because of the dreaded sit-on-tops. They were less threatening and easier for beginners. They were very slow, though, which is why she got a real sea kayak.

The OSD reluctantly left his Southern California paddling buddies and flew to the San Juan Islands, off Seattle. Here he stayed with some old Alaska friends and borrowed a classic fiberglass kayak for cruises around the area. The weather was sunny, but cool. He encountered the usual orcas, eagles, and seals and a huge number of kayaks. They were mostly tourists on commercial tours, some in huge THREE HOLE aircraft carriers. (D. Winkworth take note.)

The OSD managed to phone the elusive Jacqui Windh on nearby Vancouver Island just as she came ashore after guiding a group at Tofino for three days. He made arrangements to meet her on her next days off.

The OSD mentioned the lack of sit-on-tops in Australia as a possible reason for the scarcity of women kayakers. "Rubbish!" snorted the normally subdued Jacqui. "It's because of all those macho males down there," she added thoughtfully.

She then asked if Arunas had drunk all her wine yet.

After visiting Jacqui, the OSD plans to spend a day or so in Seattle talking to paddling gurus, take a side trip to Idaho, and then head North.

30 MAY - OSD MEETS EVEN OLDER SEA DOGS!

Now poised for his leap into the Alaskan

Arctic, the OSD reports paddling with a living legend in the San Juan Islands between Seattle and Vancouver Island.

He was invited to join a party of paddlers led by Susan Meredith, an octogenarian kayaker who began her career as a hospital ship nurse in Southeast Alaska in the 1940's. Susan was hit by polio when young and could walk only with difficulty. She discovered that the native kayaks gave her mobility and has been paddling ever since.

Susan and her friends paddle a 40-year-old fiberglass design called a Tye One. The kayak is about 16 feet long, beamy and comfortable.

The OSD showed up at the appointed time decked out in CAG, hat, sunglasses, bathers and paddling shoes. (These are a marvelous purchase from K-Mart: pseudo wet boots in lurid colors and carrying the brand of BAYWATCH GEAR. \$6.95 plus tax). The other paddlers looked at the OSD with tolerant amusement. THEY wore their ordinary clothes -- coats, jumpers, pants, even leather shoes. A few put on wellies to keep their feet dry when launching.

The rest simply climbed into the Tye's ample cockpit and slid down the gravel beach into the calm water. They then paddled about two miles to an island which is part of a chain of locations which are RESERVED FOR PADDLE CRAFT CAMPING!!! The OSD thought this was a very civilized idea indeed.

After a thoroughly enjoyable time in the San Juans, the OSD took the ferry to Vancouver Island. He had intended to travel to Tofino to visit with Jacqui Windh, but found the logistics (three separate buses each way, plus an overnight stop in Victoria) and coordination with Ms. Windh's days off to be very difficult. He reluctantly headed east to Idaho instead.

Here he visited friends on Lake Pend Oriolle (pronounced Ponderay). They numbered two sit-on-tops among their aquatic toys. The OSD spent many happy hours on the huge lake, paddling along evergreened shores, below snow-capped peaks. Eventually, he had to admit that S.O.T.s were O.K., even though he always felt naked and vulnerable to chop.

When last heard from, he was near Spokane, Washington, visiting friends who had a flying service. He has reportedly traded his paddle for a pair

of hiking boots while his friend drops the OSD in improbable places by helicopter.

1 JUNE - Here follows a plain English summary of events thus far!

Dear residents of Oz!

Greetings from the Pacific Northwest of America! I am currently near Spokane, Washington visiting with some old friends from Santa Barbara who I haven't seen for 20 years or so. They have 2 dogs, 2 horses, one Cessna 182 airplane and one helicopter. (Americans like toys.) Actually the airplanes are part of the business which is called Gary's Air Service. Gary hauls wires between power poles and does other aerial chores with Panache.

Yesterday I travelled to Boise, Idaho and back (1200 km) with Gary's wife Libby to pick up a new horse trailer (float). We left at 7 am and got back at midnight. I saw lots of great scenery, frightening white water rapids, and many golden eagles as we sailed along in a gigantic Yank pickup truck. The mountains are up to 10,000 feet high and still covered with snow.

Before I came to Spokane, I stayed with some other old friends some 100 miles northeast of here in Idaho. They live on the shore of a huge lake called Lake Pend Oriolle. (Pronounced Ponderay.) They too have lots of toys, including a 32 foot trimaran for sailing, a runabout, a canoe and two kayaks. I had lots of good kayaking on the lake (once the rain stopped.) I am very glad I brought my folding paddle.

Before that, I was on Vancouver Island and in the San Juans. More friends, this time from Alaska. They had kayaks, too. I paddled with a bunch of old time kayakers who all had a 40 year old fibreglass design called a Tye One. I changed into my paddling gear and waited for them to do the same. They looked at me strangely and jumped into their craft fully clothed, including rubber boots (some even had on normal leather street shoes!)

This was preceded by my Southern California sojourn. (I managed to borrow a sea kayak for three days in Ventura.)

On Monday, June 3, I fly out of here for Anchorage. Then...two months of checking out Alaska after an absence of 40 years. It seems like I've been on the road for 6 months. Every week is crammed full of experiences. Oh well, I

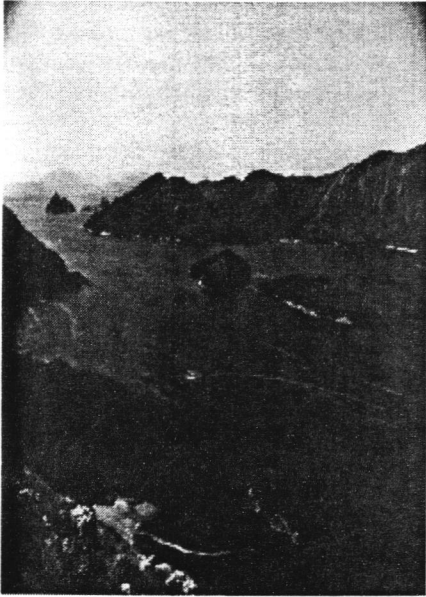
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certainly don't feel like I'm resting anymore.

Stay tuned for further developments!

Norm



POETS CORNER

POWER PADDLER

Feet pump, face is grim
 Head locked over frantic limbs
 Blade thrusts, dips and draws,
 a hand grip like a claw

Pushing hard 'till lungs might burst
 cannot stop to slake his thirst
 eyes fixed forward, straight in line
 knows distractions lose him time

Torso twists and shoulders strain
 a mind set ignores the pain
 in hostile races with his peers
 it's losing that's his only fear

This automaton on the water
 speed is all, so gives no quarter
 blind to species, blind to drama
 sees no awesome panorama

Power Paddler, what a loon!
 to be so totally out of tune!
 cut the chains, break the line
 free your mind, take your time!

Paddlers Prayer

While lone upon the furious waves,
 Where danger fiercely rides,
 There is a hand, unseen, that saves,
 And through the ocean guides.

Almighty Lord of land and sea,
 Beneath thine eye we paddle;
 And if our hope be fixed on thee,
 Our hearts can never tremble.

Though tempests shake the angry deep,
 And thunder's voice appal;
 Serene we wake, and calmly sleep,
 Our Father governs all.

Still prove thyself through all the way,
 The guardian and the friend:
 Cheer with thy presence every day,
 And every night defend.

Enter the Gladiator by Correspondents

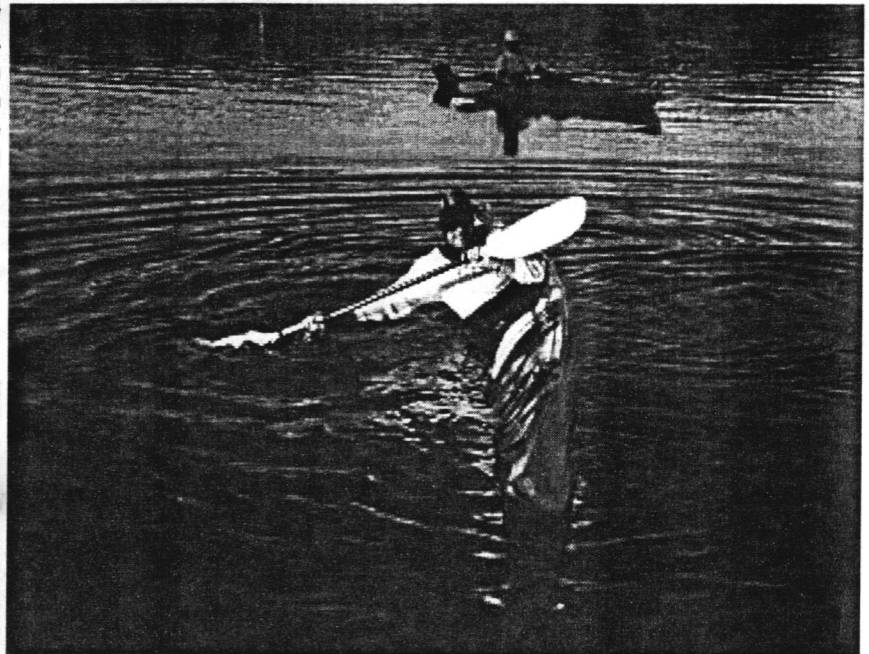
The Gladiator, by SUNLIDZ, was finally revealed to club members at the Skills Weekend at Jervis Bay. The hats have been acquired by acclaimed gear trailblazers Jim Croft and Mark Pearson. While providing the ultimate in sun protection for face, head and neck, the hat is also waveproof, warm, comfortable and, more importantly, **stylish!**

The Gladiator can be worn 'french foreign legion' style or with the full balaclava in colder conditions. It is secured with



immovable even in the heaviest surf - this was proved beyond doubt to the cynics at Target Beach.

Jim and Mark commented that they had expected, and



Jim Croft and his Gladiator in action, a jealous Chris Soutter observes

adjustable chin and head straps and is virtually

received, some negative comments, but as these generally came from 'unattractive blokes wearing St. Vinnies specials', the jibes were like 'water off a Gladiator hat'. - What's more, the hats had a definite effect on the womenfolk - Jim and Mark were never short of female admirers keen to be close to these charismatic headpieces! Designed for surfers in Queensland, the Gladiator is surely destined to adorn the thinking part of many a sea paddler!

This kayaking life...

by **Jacqueline Windh**
(c/o Tofino Sea-Kayaking Co.
P.O. Box 620, Tofino, BC
Canada V0R 2Z0)

Time has gone so fast...I can't believe it has been over a year since I left Australia...

It all started when I received a job offer to work as a sea-kayak guide for the Canadian summer (1995), based in Tofino, Clayoquot Sound, western Vancouver Island, and made plans to paddle from Vancouver to Alaska the following northern summer. Later, the offer of an academic job in Montreal for the intervening winter cemented my plans: I would be gone from Australia for at least a year and a half.

Travelling to Canada was a challenge - I knew that in western North America, typical sea-kayaks are stable touring vessels (I get in trouble here when I call them tanks, but...), and that I would not likely find a boat to my liking here. Typical sea-kayaks here have a 24-25" beam and cockpits with enough room for both you and your dog (I know - I have done it!). So I brought my beloved Arctic Raider with me, and it has been worth every cent of the shipping costs!

En route to Canada, I considered possible Polynesian stopovers. The island of Kaua'i happens to be a conveniently located between Oz and the Great White North, so I couldn't pass up the chance to catch up with my paddling buddies there. The last time I had been there, Mike Malone and I had hoped to paddle from Kaua'i to the island of Ni'ihau and back, a four-day trip. A succession of hurricanes kept us from even departing, so this time we talked about trying again. However, I was only on the island for 5 1/2 days, and we realised that it just did not give us enough time to wait out the weather, if a storm blew up. So we decided to try to circumnavigate Kaua'i - at least it would be much easier to bail out if for some reason we were delayed. "Kayak Kaua'i", where Mike works, provided us with gear. We paddled Dolphins, plastic sit-on-top boats that are ideal for the Hawaiian conditions: warm water, and steep beaches with a dumpy break at the shoreline.

We started at Hanalei, on the north part

of the island, and paddled clockwise. This would leave the Na Pali Coast, an isolated 25 km stretch of spectacular cliffs with cascading waterfalls and tiny surf beaches, as the very last segment of our trip. The entire trip would be 160 km. We made 100 km in our first two days, seeing a humpback whale leaping off Makapili Rock, and stopping our first night in Kapa'a, on the east coast, and the second night in Waimea, in the southwest. That night, listening to the weather radio, we heard that surf of 15 to 20 feet (5-6 m) was predicted to build over the north shore. This meant that we would have to do the remaining 60 km in one go, because we probably would not be able to land or launch anywhere on the Na Pali coast. Also, winds were predicted to be from the NW, turning to N later in

trusted him.

We were on the water by 8:15 a.m. The northwesterly hit us blowing 20 knots 15 minutes later. We fought it for an hour, but were barely inching forward. We realised that, at this rate, we would not make Polihale for many hours; it was still nearly 30 km away. There was no way we would complete our 60 km day as hoped... We turned our boats around and surfed back towards the south. After a couple hours, we pulled in to Port Allen and phoned our buddy Belinda to come and collect us. She wasn't able to come right away, so we paddled on to Poipu, where she met us several hours later, covering in total another 35 km that day. The next day we drove to Hanalei, and watched the surfers get trashed on the giant



Mike Malone on a beautiful Kaua'i beach

the day. This meant that we would have to reach the northwest corner of the island before the NW winds came in - otherwise we would be battling a headwind as the northwesterly wrapped around the island, which might delay us enough that we would not complete the long day's journey. If we could make it to Polihale, the northwest corner of the island, the northwesterly would wrap around the island and become a tailwind for us. We would be landing at Hanalei in the dark if all went well. Mike felt that he knew Hanalei Harbour (a world-class surf location!) well enough that he could guide us in between the breaking bommies in 20' surf in the dark. I

breakers...

I arrived in Tofino, British Columbia, several days later. Tofino is located at the mouth of Clayoquot Sound, a labyrinth of meandering bays and channels, rocky islets, and majestic islands forested with old-growth cedar and hemlock. The cedar trees here are some of the largest known in Canada, some dated at over 1600 years old. This region is home to the Nuu-chah-nulth Indians, which, in Clayoquot Sound, include the Manhousat, Ahousat, and Clayoquot bands. Here, the natives have never signed away or sold their land. Most of the land is

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considered by the federal government to be crown land, but it was originally native land, occupied and used for millennia before the first Europeans arrived. The crown has allocated logging rights to most of the old growth forest. Although Clayoquot Sound is one of the most intact stretches of temperate rainforest left on the planet, large areas of it have already been logged or are currently slated for logging. Some parts of it are protected, and logging in other parts, such as Meare's Island, has temporarily been halted, pending resolution of the native land claims. The natives have declared Merae's Island to be a tribal park, and if their title to the land is recognised, will leave it as is, for all to visit and use. Meare's Island, and other intact parts of the sound, are home to deer, elk, wolf, bear, cougar, and countless smaller mammals and birds. In the sound, seals, sea lions, porpoises, grey whales, and orcas are regularly sighted.

Before starting my guiding job I was required to take an 8-day kayak Leadership course, and an 8-day Wilderness First Aid course. The Leadership course was run by Dan Lewis, a North American kayaking demi-god. He set up the well known Ecomarine kayaking school about a decade ago, and now lives on a little island in Clayoquot Sound. I was initially a bit disappointed that the course did not deal more with advanced paddling issues e.g. surf, rough water rescues. It focuses mainly on issues related to guiding, and since clients are not normally taken out in rough water and surf, it focuses much more on leadership skills and group management. It was a great learning experience, and we had a lot of excellent discussions, learning from Dan's wealth of experience (which includes a stint in clown school in Paris) and doing spontaneous rescue simulations in the 10 C water.

I started guiding with Tofino Sea-Kayaking Co. in June. TSKC runs day-trips, 2- and 3-day trips based at a B&B lodge on a nearby island, and 4- to 6-day camping trips in more remote parts of the sound. As the most junior guide, I would be working mostly day-trips that summer. I started out assisting on trips, so I would learn the routine and the routes from the other guides. There are a lot of safety issues that have been very well thought out in BC, where sea-kayaking has been a popular sport for decades, and that are barely even

considered in Australia. As a guide, where you are legally and morally responsible for people's lives (and where the water temperature makes the implications of a capsize much more serious than it would be in warmer climes), these safety issues are taken very seriously. Clayoquot Sound has tidal changes of up to 4 m in summer, sometimes in the space of 6 hours. The sound has many inlets, bays and islands which funnel the water flow, and the currents can be extremely strong (well over 5 knots locally) - this is one of the things I really had to work in and learn about, since I had not had much opportunity to paddle in currents in Australia. Obviously, aside from the hard skills, e.g. eddy turns, a lot of thought has to go into trip planning, e.g. routes and departure times, when dealing with such currents.

I lived in a tiny cabin on Wickanninish Island, that my good friend Tasha kindly offered to share with me. The cabin is a 4 km paddle towards the open ocean from Tofino. Depending upon the tide and the wind and the swell, the trip can be a pleasant cruise or a hard slog. The cabin itself is tiny - just enough room for two foam mats on the floor, a little table, and a bench along one side to cook on. A cast iron wood stove kept us warm on cool damp nights. We collected rainwater from the roof, washed our dishes in seawater, and had oil lamps and candles for evening reading. My guiding days were long, and sometimes it was hard to get inspired to paddle back to Wickanninish in the dark, landing on the rocks...but it was always worth it, to wake up there with the sunlight streaming in through the cedars in the morning.

By early July I was leading day-trips on my own, and by early August was leading the lodge-based overnight trips alone. Guiding gives a totally different perspective on paddling. 90% of the clients are first-time paddlers. They have no feel for the boats, no arm strength, and no endurance. The pace we go is a snail's pace (budget for 3 to 4 km/h) compared to travelling with experienced paddlers. Guides learn to perfect the "invisible stroke" - while waiting at the front of the group for the stragglers to catch up, if you stop paddling while you wait, for some reason everyone else will also stop. So by lifting your paddle up and down, doing the "invisible stroke", from behind it looks like you are still paddling, and they will catch up! (The

"invisible stroke" works a totally different muscle group).

I wondered if guiding would make me lose enthusiasm for paddling, but it hasn't at all! It is just not the same as my own paddling. At best, it is gentle cruising, chatting with people, pointing out historic sites and wildlife, and acquainting them with some of the very sensitive environmental issues and the possible fate of Clayoquot Sound. At worst, it is struggling to keep groups together, feeling like mother hen clucking at people who want to do their own thing, as we cross dangers they cannot even see: crossing an eddyline that could capsize an unsuspecting single, or ferrying across the busy boat channel while a floatplane circles overhead... For the most part it is great - it is definitely hard work and long days, and the pay is not anything you would get rich from...but some days out there, paddling under the giant cedars, I feel that it is a miracle that I get paid to do this at all!

Last year, at the end of the season, my good buddy Tasha and I decided to paddle back to Vancouver, down the exposed west coast of Vancouver Island, then up the inside and across to the mainland, a distance of 400 km. In very trying conditions, we made it to Victoria (south tip of Vancouver Island) in nine days. We had had headwinds every day, and seas consistently between 3 and 5 m. Because of the rough conditions, we were only rarely landing, so were eating lunch in the boats and peeing in our wetsuits. Morale was low! On our final day into Victoria, finally we got a tailwind! Within 15 minutes of launching, the tailwind had built to 40 knots (gusting higher), and we were fighting a very strong ebb-tide current. The wind-against-tide conditions made for very steep breaking waves, and the entire paddle into Victoria turned into a struggle not to broach and capsize. We were surfing, catching rides that we did our best not to catch, rides of 100 m or more. In spite of the 40 knot tailwind, the current that we were fighting kept our average speed down to 5 km/h, and it took us over three hairy hours to reach Victoria. Turning towards shore was not an option; we could only travel straight downwind. Morale was already low, and when we finally reached Victoria our nerves were frazzled. We paddled together another 2 days, but opted not to cross to the mainland, and hopped on a ferry to Vancouver instead.

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After a winter spent in Montreal, I decided to return to Tofino to guide again. The company I work for, Tofino Sea-Kayaking Co., is great, and my fellow guides are wonderful people who have become good friends. We work and learn together. Last year I managed to do many long solo trips on my days off, exploring the remote parts of the sound (which is about 50 by 50 km). This year I hope to do the same, and hope to be able to paddle a bit more with some of my friends here too, hopefully getting out to the open ocean more often (only a short paddle around the peninsula from Tofino to some good, rocky, surf-bashed coast). Long Beach is a 15 minute drive from here, and is a good surf beach - there are a few river boats around town, and I am keeping my eye out for any used Pirouettes.



The pointy end of Jackie's Arctic Raider

After the northern summer, I will spend a month or two in Montreal, then, who

knows....perhaps back to Australia for some warm-water paddling in January...



Kayaks in the kelp

President's Report



ACCESS TO THE WILDERNESS

In the last president's report I discussed the issue of access and asked for a response from members. I've spoken with a few members and the issue was also discussed at the recent training weekend. The general consensus seems to be that sea kayaking is a low or no impact activity and therefore access should not be restricted. For example we should be able to land on the little beach at Montague Island and have some lunch, this would not cause any harm to the bird life or its habitat.

The other issue is that of monopoly practices. The National Parks and Wildlife service has given one contract only and that to a tour company in Narooma. If you wish to visit Montague Island you must use the company's boat and guide.

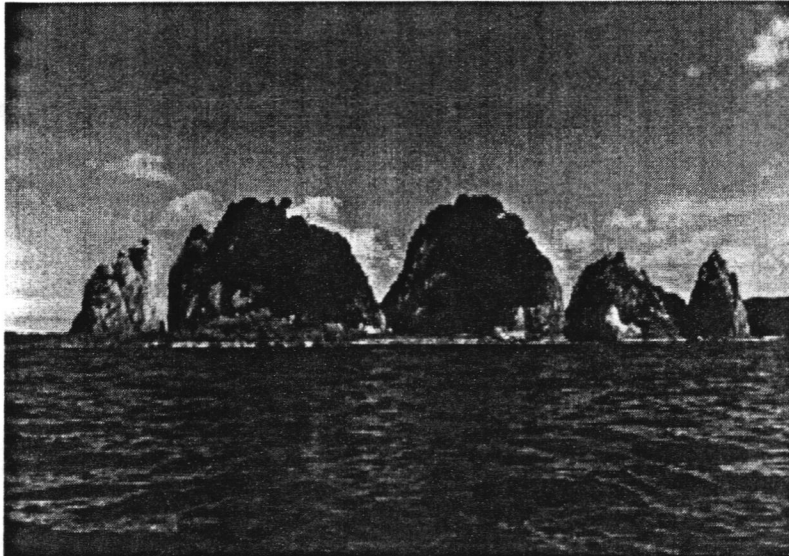
A similar problem occurs in The Royal National Park on The Port Hacking River. You cannot paddle a water craft on the fresh water section above the Audley weir. Why? Because the contract with the boat hire business at Audley includes provision for exclusive use of the waterway. There are signs everywhere: No private craft allowed. Premier Carr, when recently speaking about new national parks said The parks are for conservation and recreational use. He wants to encourage people to use the parks. Surely the two examples mentioned above discourage use and access. What can be done? At this stage David Winkworth is having a quiet chat with the ranger in charge at Narooma.

David has also spoken with the ranger in charge for the Nadgee area. Apparently there are many kayakers visiting Nadgee, some are Club members, most are not. She said the rules apply to all, ie only 20 people per night are permitted

to camp in the reserve. So before you go give her a call or write and make a booking. She is aware that weather can effect the kayakers itinerary and we might not always make it to the reserve camp. However if you land at a camp Site reserved by others, we must vacate. We don't want to get bush walkers off side. David has written about this in more detail elsewhere in the magazine.

THE CLUB CALENDAR

We are always looking for people to organise club activities especially in the winter months. If you have a trip in mind



and you want some company give Gary Edmond a ring. Please Note the last calendar lists a paddle for late September in the Wollongong area. The paddle has been cancelled.

I know many people are organising private paddles, this is great. A group of us are currently organising one to Torres Strait. However if possible, try listing it on the calendar as well. People say it is more convenient to organise a private trip, you can select your company etc. That is true but you can do the same through the club calendar, e.g. if you only want vegetarians say so up front. I can't see how this could be a problem.

BROUGHTON ISLAND PADDLE

I attended the paddle in March. It was an excellent weekend and I enjoyed The company of the Mirage boys and the passionate debates about rudder design and plastic versus fibreglass. It was unique in that it was stipulated that you should be able to paddle at 8 km per hour on calm seas. As some 16 paddlers showed up and not everyone could sustain that pace, a group A (fastest) and B was formed. I know some people are against splitting the group but I think a group of 16 can easily be split 3 or 4 times with safety assuming the necessary skills and experience are present in each group.

I hope Paul, the organiser, puts it on the calendar again next year, I'll be back (I hope that does not give him an excuse to not run the trip). Also it is excellent to have some trips north of Sydney.

BOAT BUILDING

I have to congratulate the builders of the Mirage. I was very impressed to see that Mirage paddlers don't put their luggage in dry bags. It appears to be

the only make that is consistently water tight when it leaves the factory.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

Unfortunately a kayak was damaged when leaving a gauntlet, this created some consternation and much discussion. For my opinion about paddling in gauntlet; see my article. Running the Gauntlet in this edition.

Dirk Stuber



Dear Editor

STAR LETTER

Dear Sir, I am surprised to note a change in editorial policy that allowed you to publish an article of fiction (Gale-Force Kayaking by Andrew Todhunter) in the last issue. Although suffering from melodrama, the story is interesting in that it uses the clever ploy of reverse psychology to actually promote sea kayaks, whilst seemingly praising the virtues of surf skis.

I can attest only too well to this psychology as I recall my paddling a surf ski in 15- 20 knot winds on Port Stephens in winter actually hastening my purchase of a sea kayak. It's a pity the colourful, macho character in the story is not sustainable as his preference to paddle in a rubber suit would ensure his premature demise from acute fungicidal dermatitis and whelt-induced gangrene. On the other hand, this story is disturbing as it is part of an insidious infiltration of our worthy journal by yankee drivel. This has to stop. It's just silly!

My, my, it's remarkable how prolific a contributor Norm Sanders has become in just the last two issues. Any more prolific and we'll have to change the title of the newsletter to "The Sanders' Sea Kayaking Weekly." I do, however, have a concern about Norm Sanders' feverishly flourishing quill and that is his incessant victimisation of anglers, referring to them as fish killers.

At first I presumed that Mr Sanders was wrong in his terminology. Perhaps he was really referring to those neanderthal types known as *fish slaughterers* who ravage the reefs in their stink boats and return home with fish brimming to the gunwales. But no, I was wrong. His taunts are aimed at honest fisher folk concerned merely with providing modest sustenance for themselves and their families. Worse still, among the subjects of his derision are so-called paddling companions. Does Mr Sanders cringe from killing things? In his own way, I think not. I have witnessed him cooking and it is a sight that would make even a hardened paramedic turn

pale. Yes, Mr Sanders indulges in his own brand of killing - he is guilty of lentilcide!

The tragedy of Mr Sanders' paranoia is that it has blinded both himself and the vast majority of club members to a much, much more serious threat, a threat made all the more evil and sinister because it comes from within our very own ranks! For you see we are being stalked by the Kayak Killers!

This small knot of perverse paddlers, commonly known as the Surf Surf Boys, camouflage their real purpose by pretending to frolic in the surf and wherever there is white water and foam amongst the rocks. But look closely and note how calculatingly they scrape, nick, crack, gouge and rent apart by excruciating degrees their kayaks and how they extract the ultimate gratification from their boats' eventual deaths. Not content with killing their own crafts, the Kayak Killers prey on other, unsuspecting kayaks and lead them unto destruction. They have been particularly active lately. Talk to those paddlers who attended the club events at Mystery Bay and Broughton Island recently.

So, Mr Sanders, the time has come for you to wake up. Get real. Have the guts to kill the fish you eat (when you're not eating disgusting baby foods such as pureed lentils and Farax). Shape up or get out. There's no room for whimps in this club!

Finally, Mr Editor, I wish to make a request. Could you please publish this letter while Mr Sanders is away on holidays in the States. May the walrus herds prosper!

Nashnuk of the North
Lithgow, NSW

Pain & Suffering

Dear Sir, At the recent Jervis Bay weekend I tried out a number of members' kayaks in the surf.

I was shocked to find that many of these 'beloved vessels' had cockpit interiors so rough and unprepared I was very lucky to escape with only multiple abrasions and severe bruising! How can this be so? Have we been infiltrated by an obscure sect of masochists, or perhaps by a group of closet Fakirs, who, so in love with their beds of nails, seek to translate such features into their kayaks!

Thankfully there was one notable exception to this - I briefly paddled a white Seafarer Plus that was an absolute joy to be in. Such was the quality of padding I was instantly 'at one' with the boat. No matter how rough the ride, no part of my body ever touched fibreglass. This is how it should be. Unfortunately I did not get the owner's name, but I commend him on his design and workmanship, and for showing me (and hopefully others) the way.

Skinned Alive

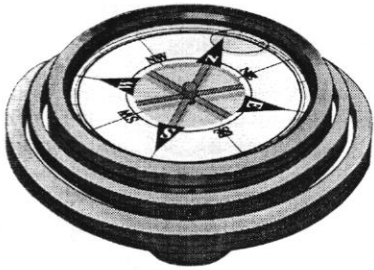
Nothing to be ashamed of!

Dear Ed, I have developed a fancy for pink nylon, some even describe it as a fetish. I now have to keep a rolled up section on the foredeck of my kayak.

At the slightest excuse I am urged to unfold this pink delight, and watch it flutter in the breeze. The resulting euphoria causes my kayak to burst forth with increased velocity, and I leave my less fortunate comrades in my wake. This has caused some animosity, and I have been described as a wimp and not really a sea paddler at all. What should I do?

Deeply disturbed, Narrabundah, ACT

Don't worry - you are a perfectly normal paddler and should feel no shame! Your so-called comrades are obviously puritanical types who believe that paddling should only be done in the missionary position (and preferably at night at that!) As an adult over 18 years old, you have every right to use whatever technique you choose to get you to your destination. I would suggest you seek out the company of more open-minded kayakers - the new Lonely Paddlers column might be a good place to start - Ed



THE OLD SEA DOG'S GEAR LOCKER

by Norm Sanders

The OSD has been thinking a lot about paddles lately. Paddles are, after all, what makes the kayak move. (Some might argue that sails can also be used. The OSD rejects this recidivist concept with a contemptuous snarl and the observation that "If you want to sail, get a Hobie Cat.")

The fact that paddles are essential to kayak progress should startle no one, but a quick look around at the devices actually in use reveals a lack of understanding of this basic concept.

The first paddle was, no doubt, a stick or small log. The Inuit developed this design into narrow blades, separated by a short shaft. For many thousands of years, the clever users of Qajaqs fashioned narrow un-feathered blades out of round driftwood, intuitively recognising the advantages of the flat configuration: easy to stow, less wrist RSI, less upsetting tendency in strong cross winds.

Now, says the OSD, wander into the paddle section of your favourite water sports shop. Most of the stock is comprised of HEAVY squat, plastic bladed, aluminium shafted, offset paddles. Why? Well, most of the staff, if they kayak at all, are white water types. They use the paddle for steering and balance. The river itself furnishes the motive power. They need a sturdy paddle for bashing rocks and occasionally cutting down small trees for firewood.

But, you may well ask, why the offset? Wouldn't a non-offset blade be easier and quicker to position for quick bracing and rolls? Of course, says the OSD.

The OSD has lived many years on this planet and has learned that practicality often takes a back seat to fashion. He observes that there is one activity where an offset blade might be an advantage -- racing into a headwind. (He has never been particularly bothered by paddle air resistance while slogging into strong winds, noting that the drag on his kayak and body were by far the biggest factors.) When a group of top

racers go at it, milliseconds count. A SLIGHT advantage could mean the difference between glorious victory and ignominious defeat. One victorious jock somewhere no doubt modestly attributed his win to his feathered paddle and the rot started.

It takes a lot of courage to state publicly that not only is the Emperor naked, he is using the wrong paddle with his sea kayak. Fortunately, the steadfast and courageous ex-fisheries inspector Dave Winkworth is up to the task and has dragged many a young (and not so young) kayaker back out of the abyss which they have dug with their offset blades.

Having established the value of the paddle in the minds of the gentle readers, the OSD then turned his attention to spares. Many sea kayakers don't even own a spare paddle, much less carry one. "Tsk, Tsk!" admonishes the OSD. He observes that even the most experienced of kayakers have broken paddles while attempting to extract themselves from their craft after having landed on an unruly beach.

O.K., O.K., so a spare paddle is a good thing. But what kind? Matt Broze, paddling guru for Sea Kayaker magazine, claims that the main attribute of a good spare paddle is that it shouldn't scratch the deck where it is stowed.

The OSD dares to differ. He observes that the average aluminium-shafted clam shovel which is normally strapped to the after deck weighs enough to have Swarzenegger himself slumped across the cockpit after an hour or two.

"Shouldn't the spare paddle be just as light and efficient as the main paddle?" The OSD asks reasonably.

Of course it should. This is why the OSD asked Alan Wilson of Power

Paddles to make a two piece version of his popular and light (28 ounces) sea kayak paddle. The clever OSD suggested that Alan cut the paddle shaft off-center so that the two halves would be the same length when stowed.

Now, the OSD never ventures offshore without his Power Paddle spare -- a paddle which he could happily use for days on end.

"Ah," the reader is thinking, "But where can I stow the paddle?" The OSD slips the blades under the bungee cords behind him (and on top of a bag of shade cloth which is itself part of a Dirk Stuber paddle float. Also in the bag is a "V Sheet" which can be used for signalling or as a tarp.) The paddle shafts are held to the aft decklines with bungee cords and olive clips. Foam wrapped around the shafts keep them from scratching the deck (this would please M. Broze) while still allowing the paddles to be pulled free from the cockpit.

This paddle location is convenient, but may cause problems with aft hatch access. The OSD and FishKiller have solved this problem by putting VCP hatches in the aft bulkhead rather than on the deck. The OSD marvels that most manufacturers have not seen the advantages of this system. The exception, of course, is the well-designed Inuit Classic which will have this configuration.

Some may argue that the after deck hatch location allows a larger hatch to be used. "Pshaw!" snorts the OSD (and Dave Winkworth, who decked over the aft hatch on his Puffin.)

The OSD reckons that anything which can't fit through a 7 inch VCP hatch has no business being in a kayak.

FishKiller, incidentally, carries HIS spare paddle in the cockpit of his much modified Seafarer Plus, a practice which has earned him a despairing glance or two from the OSD. The OSD philosophically accepts FK's aberration as merely another example of youthful rebellion.

(Continued from page 15)

O.K., fine. But what was this reference to the "Dirk Stuber paddle float"? "Ah," sighs the OSD approvingly. "A very clever piece of engineering by our President."

The OSD observes that, while paddle floats are good things for self rescues by non-rollers, they cost a lot of money. The Dirk Stuber paddle float, however, is practically free. It consists of shade cloth sewn into a two compartment bag. One compartment holds an (empty) wine cask bladder. The other slips over the paddle blade after the bladder has been inflated by mouth. All this can be done while in the water, which is attested to by the OSD who owes his life to this marvellous invention.

"Enough of paddles," the OSD cries. "On to higher matters -- helmets, in fact."

As in Harley-Davidson circles, helmets are sneered at by red-blooded sea kayakers, driven as they are by ego and testosterone. The OSD however, never one to bow to community pressure, will not set forth on ANY patch of water without a helmet on his

head.

He reasons that, though drowning while unconscious might be a painless way to go, he is not yet ready to shuffle off this mortal coil. In addition, he hates the sight of blood, especially his own. He observes that paddles, rudders and Pittarak bows can cause grievous bodily harm.

Chris Soutter, a nice guy, even if he is a fishkiller, recently had two knocks on the head while touring the famous Nadgee area. In one episode, the rudder of his Puffin skidded viscously across his lid after a surf bail-out. He emerged unscathed, thankful that his scalp had been protected by the plastic shell of his helmet.

Helmets come in many shapes and price ranges. Surfers wear a Darth Vader type unit made by GATH which costs in the vicinity of \$100. It is very strong and classy, but looks a bit confining and hot.

Whitewater helmets are lighter and cheaper, but seem TOO flimsy. The OSD wears a Bell bicycle helmet, which has the advantage of light weight, quality construction

and price (which is free, because the OSD already owned it.)

He reports that the only disadvantage is that salt water pours on his head when he puts on the helmet to go bike riding.

Characteristically concerned with safety, the OSD has plastered his helmet with reflective tape for night visibility. (He also has patches of reflective tape on his paddle blades.)

He wears his helmet over a cap with a bill and neck protection. He also uses sunglasses with "Chum" straps attached. The OSD reports that the helmet holds the hat and glasses firmly in place, even in surf and during rolls. (Philip Winkworth, please note.)

The OSD senses the mutterings of the Editor, that harassed collateral of verbosity, that this epistle is getting too long. So, knowing full well the dangers of alienating the person into whose hands his lovingly created words will be delivered, the OSD will leave you here. Next time, an on the spot report of North American gear. Is it really so flash or are we Antipodeans, in our own quiet way, leading the world?



South Coast News

by Dave Winkworth



Aargh! The pressure is getting to me. The "Hall of Shame" is always there like the Sword of Damocles! After the Editor's latest fax I needed a drink....so I reached over at my desk, grabbed a bottle and slugged it all down in one gulp, It was ink, but it was all I had. I sat there blotting my teeth.

Well ,where to start? Down here on the far South Coast, river catchments are small and many coastal lakes would only be open to the sea say once every 2-3 years...that is if local councils would leave them alone. Sadly this is not the case. If your retaining wall or vegie patch at mean high water is going under, call the council and they'll pull the plug on the lake for you no risk.

Recently, the Bega Valley Council opened Wallagoot Lake to the sea. This lake sits right in the middle of

Bournda National Park and there are signs everywhere extolling the virtues of a pristinenatural environment. Not really

bulldozer tracks are visible in the sand and commercial fishermen net it for 6 months of the year whether it is open or closed to the sea. During the prawning season, hundreds of amateur prawners trample the wetlands and seagrasses, carve new tracks through the bush and light fires in the sand all along the channel. What a mess! How are your local lakes fairing?

Still warm enough for a quick dip down here but only just! Water temperature last week was 18.5°C and on the way down. The swell has returned to the south east for the winter and the south

westerlies are picking up a bit. Still, we can look on the bright side! It's only a few weeks until the winter solstice (shortest day) and the westerlies mean generally lower surf for practice. So get out while you can and practise those high braces!

Speaking of surf, Ron Mudie and I had a paddle recently together and we paddled along the beach right in the break zone which was something we used to do years ago for practice and it is good practice. You are guaranteed plenty of bracing experiences.

If you attended the recent Skills Weekend Surf Sessions, why not keep up on the skills you learned there. Give it a go at your favourite beach. Don't forget to move out for the rocky obstacles!

(Continued from page 16)

I was browsing through some old Sea Kayaker Magazine (U.S. version) copies recently, and I came across the forerunners of today's kayak tests which were actually done in the tank and not on a computer. This was in the pre-computer days of 1986! Anyway, the testers had a brief chance in a highly expensive tank to create waves and measure paddling resistance in waves as opposed to calm conditions. Guess what - at 3 knots, paddling resistance in waves from directly ahead of about 8"- 12" height is virtually double the resistance encountered in calm conditions. Now you know why you are so tired after 20 kms of punching into a 15 knot nor easter!

Andrew Lewis called in recently after a 10 day trip along the far South Coast. He said he and his group encountered lots of sea life, the most notable being a pod of Southern Right Whales and 2 decent sharks quite close to their boats. I believe paddling action for the group after the shark visits was brisk and high! Also sighted were penguins (Fairy or Little Penguins - same species) and numerous seals. The whales are on their way north to breed and will return in October and November if you're interested in paddling with them.

Recently, I called in to the National Parks Office in Merimbula to have a chat with Lyn Evans. Lyn is the Ranger-in-Charge for Nadgee Nature Reserve. This reserve, together with the southern section of Ben Boyd National Park extends from Eden to the Vic. border. The section from Disaster Bay to the border is one of only three areas of coastline in NSW which is undeveloped for more than 10 kms. Understandably, it is a desirable paddling destination for sea kayakers. Lyn has encountered quite a number of sea kayakers in the Reserve, both club members and others. I went to see her with a view to finding out if NPWS are yet formulating any "official" policy on sea kayakers in this area.

I am pleased to say that official eyes have not yet turned onto sea kayakers. However, it could happen in the future.

Those members who have paddled in the area will know that it is a fairly exposed coast and that good camping sites are few. As such, kayakers and

hikers have tended to use the same sites which of course puts extra pressure on small areas. Lyn is concerned that these sites will become degraded if not monitored closely. For this reason she has photographed, mapped and transected all popular camping sites to gauge vegetation and general condition over a period. I have seen her work folders for Nadgee campsites and she has certainly put some time and effort in to it.

Well, where does that leave us? There is a moral and legal dimension to us paddling and camping in the Nadgee area.... as I see it....

Legally, NPWS are charged with the management of the Reserve. just a quick aside on nature reserves generally. They are usually harder to get to than National Parks and are quite often more sensitive to "people pressure" too. Thus they are managed more conservatively than National Parks.

NPWS Merimbula (now the Far South Coast Base Office) do this by restricting hikers etc to a max. of 20 at any one time. Walker registration is required at a charge of \$2.00 per night. I'm told that this money goes towards rubbish removal and general management although it's obvious that it wouldn't even go close to covering costs. This \$2.00/night charge applies to sea kayakers too ~ I'll come to this in a moment.

So, that's the legal position - what about the moral side? I suppose I should firstly declare my stance here...after having seen what Ranger Lyn Evans is trying to do in Nadgee, I intend to support her by registering each time I go down there and providing feedback where I can in the way of photos, sketches and notes, I would like to see the area preserved without it ending up like the popular spots in Kosciusko. I, like most sea kayakers I know, have in the past just gone down to Nadgee whenever I wanted without NPWS notification. So, the moral position, as I see it, is to co-operate with the NPWS registration regime plain and simple.

Now, there are a few other little problems related to this "moral" position. Suppose you register or

attempt to, and are told that on your upcoming-already organised and planned trip that there are no vacancies for your sea kayaking party of 4. What do you do? Well, that's up to you.

Naturally you may also quite rightly argue that sea kayaking by definition means that the only pressure your group is going to place on the Reserve is at the campsites and the beaches! Walkers on the other hand place far greater strain on fragile areas.

Also, should sea kayakers have to pay the same registration fees as walkers when (1) we only use campsites and not the trails and (2) we have far greater carrying capacity in our boats for the removal of our own rubbish?

Another problem for sea kayakers is that we often do not know where we are going to camp or for how long, On this exposed coast we are at the mercy of the weather. These little gems, I leave with club members. Perhaps this topic would be a good one for campfire chats on club paddles. I, for one would like to know member's feelings. Why not write a letter to the magazine editor?

The NPWS address and phone number at Merimbula is P.O. Box 656 Merimbula 2548. Ph. (064) 954130 Fax (064) 954137.

One more thing - whatever you do when you go to Nadgee, have a look for alternate campsites to take the pressure off the existing ones. Norm Sanders found a good one recently. Ply him with a glass of fine port and he might tell you where it is!



ARCTIC RAIDER VIEWS

by David Malcolm

This article is a reflection of my experiences with Arctic Raiders. I have owned three since February 1993 in which many ideas, enhancements and opinions have developed.

Mark 1 was a glass, large cockpit, large neoprene rear hatch combination fitted with a then standard rudder and decklines with screw down nylon toggles. It also had a sticker on the rear deck claiming design by Paul Caffyn!

This boat came to grief at the bow of a Mirage hurtling down a wave face. The point of significance was that although the boat was in two pieces, the hull and deck join showed no signs of further fracture along this usual weak spot. Ensure that you have both inside and outside taping of the hull and deck join. Following a quality repair, the boat was sold to a friend and is still in fine condition.

Mark 2 was immediately ordered following the crash. I opted for a small cockpit, three small VCP hatches, all round Kevlar and ugly deck lines through the surface mounted toggles. No rudder was fitted. Small hatches were chosen because I hated the leaky rear neoprene hatch cover and by default this included the small cockpit.

This boat was returned some time later after some hull delamination was spotted - Kevlar tends to float on resin. Canoe Sports built a new replacement.

Mark 3 was identical to Mark 2 but had no deck fittings and is my current boat. My perceptions are as follows:

Handling - The hull is around 18 feet long with a beam of 21 inches. There is much rocker - I don't know how to measure it relatively. Initial impressions suggest that it would be tippy (quick and easy to lean and roll), hard to keep straight (easy to turn), susceptible to wind (not too bad with a skeg or rudder) and fast (probably not as much as you may think).

There is definitely low initial stability; some paddlers have dropped the seat as a measure for improving this. Correct and adequate cockpit fitting will substantially improve boat control and offset some feeling of tippiness. I have

glued triangular wedges of closed cell foam at the sides of the seat and beneath the deck for bracing and also added a backstrap. The aim here was to get the 'finger in a glove' fitting which gives boat control. Instability is now not a problem for my paddling.

Quick turns can be very useful in tight situations and the boat performs this admirably. Yes it may sometimes turn too much, but a little leaning combined with a wider stroke is usually all that is required to compensate. Using this technique, as opposed to relying on a rudder, will improve confidence and boat handling skills.

Side and headwinds can have a noticeable impact on handling. Surprisingly I found the larger cockpit model to be less tolerant to these winds - probably because of the lower foredeck height. Like most kayaks it is not impossible to paddle in wind situations but can be frustrating.

The small cockpit is really a misnomer as there is

actually less room in the larger model. Coaming height is the telling factor; the coaming on the larger model sits lower and forces the paddlers legs wider (and lower) apart to be able to brace properly. A more roomy and comfortable option is with the small cockpit which allows a higher and more natural leg position. Above average sized paddlers would also have difficulty swinging their legs out from a sitting position in the larger cockpit - doesn't this defeat the purpose?

Mark 1 was fitted with a rudder and after feeling and seeing the blade bend in a sea I was prompted to look at alternatives. Better quality rudders were expensive and/or complex which was not my ideal solution. After much

investigation, discussion and deliberation I attacked my nice clean hull with a jigsaw and fitted a retractable skeg. I copied the basic design from VCP and shaped the blade from polyethylene (the white plastic used for kitchen cutting boards). I believe genuine VCP skegs are now offered as an option. In normal light wind paddling, the skeg makes little difference but is handy to help in "point the boat and paddle straight" situations. Stronger winds and more difficult conditions highlight the skegs benefits - it holds its line much better than the rudder, becomes more sensitive to tuning adjustments and I think overall feels more stable than with the rudder. There appears to be much less of a tendency for the boat to wobble about on its tail with the skeg. The rudder is not missed.



Jackie Windh and her Arctic Raider

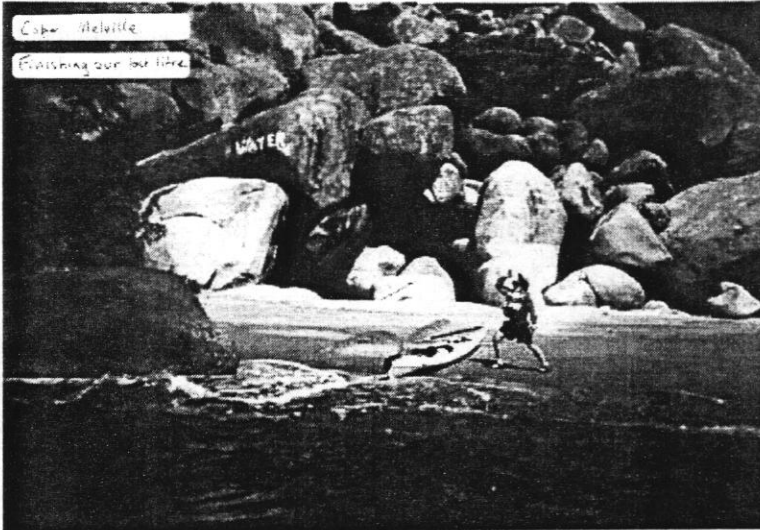
Downwind paddling is where the boat excels. I have vivid memories of being fully laden in a following sea and just had to lean forwards to accelerate down the wave face to enjoy 20-30 m rides! Directional adjustments while on a wave can be easily performed by a little lean or combined with a stern rudder stroke for when a greater turning effect is required. Yes, with practice you can usually stop that broach.

The answer to the obvious question is yes, I would buy another one. The Arctic Raider is the most suitable sea kayak on the market to meet my requirements that is built to a quality standard. More importantly, I enjoy my paddling.

22 DAYS ON THE BARRIER REEF by Graham Shaw

Imagine twenty two days on the Barrier Reef
Vibrant life in clear water gliding beneath
Riding low on light wind and warm waves
North on prevailing South-easterly Trades
Thin kayak hull slicing the sea easily
On which coral island will our next camp be?

Launching sea kayaks next to verdant Daintree
Jungle mountains towering rugged on our lee
Osprey wheeling soars Cape Tribulation
Rhythmic arms strengthen in exaltation



From all cares small spinnaker draws us free
Which tropical fish will our next meal be?

A large dark shadow passes quickly beneath
Only thin glass fibre between me and his teeth.
Clearing the decks as storm winds howl
Try for Cooktown or throw in the towel
Following sea rages as we brace and surf
Blown from Point Archer we make safe berth

Into the far north we enter the Never- Never
Wind and sea easing , coral islands forever
We snorkel and fish our freedom we've earned
Big crocs low freshwater, our only concern
Five days on our own, no other people we see
Dolphins sea-turtle, dugongs our company.

Half a litre of freshwater is all that is left
Melville's dry boulders hide salvation in a cleft
On Flinders Islands in Princess Charlotte Bay
We visit ancient art and prawn trawler for the day
Colin and Freda treat us to outback hospitality
After prawns tea and cake, seaphone home for free!

Fifty eight kilometres on a breathless hot day
Plodding across smooth waters of this giant bay
We miss by nine hours Neville on Burkitt Island
Phone messages relayed via wives in South Highlands
No food drop, Port Stewart upwind out of our reach
Navy divers have beer and barby, a huge meat feast.
We evaded two storms and force a late ride
The next planned camp is awash at high tide.

Crocodile drag marks on the Island of Night
We search for mud crabs in mangroves for respite
Like Bligh we touch mainland at Cape Direction
Hot shower & tea from caretaker of Restoration.

Passing some ferals we paddle leisurely West
As over Portland Road the sun silently sets
Neville is fishing and Allan has tea
We discuss hieroglyphs and aborigine
Barbara joins us to shop and tour 'round Lockhart
Tall tales of strange animals as we slowly depart.

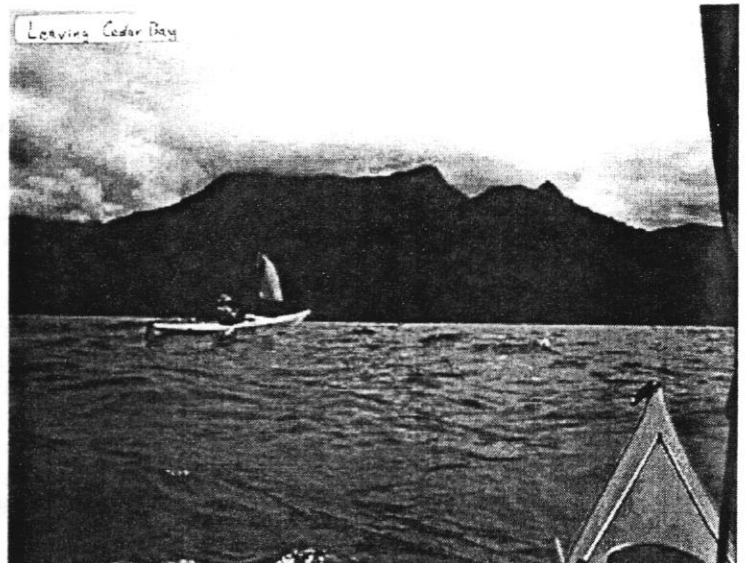
Straining into head wind the fabled Forbes Isles
We gain a lee beach to stretch for a while
Big pleasure boat beckons at anchor nearby
Fine wine, fresh food we're invited to try
Later we snorkel, stunning reef drops away
Hudson catches perch to keep hunger at bay.

Then a native long house, vegie garden and hens
Guest house wonderland of Roy, Anna and friends
Repaying their kindness we feed pigs coconut
And roll a fuel drum up to generator hut
In ten minutes we spear trout and crayfish
Anna gave us fresh herbs to add to our dish.

In gale force winds we make for the lee
Of Cairncross Island, splash, it hides from me.
Later Hudson fishing spies a log floating
It has eyes and teeth and is all the while gloating
To escape the storm we camp on his beach
A fence of kayaks to rest beyond his reach.

Sailing winds so strong we lunch next day
At Turtle-head Island where we planned to lay
Eating dinnerplate oysters as big as your hand
We set course for Cape York unsure where to land.
Albany Passage races , wind and tide in our favour
We ride Coral Sea surging , foaming into Arafura.

Imagine sun setting as we paddle between
Cape & York Island, it's the end of our dream
Biggest day by far, 80k's in 8 hours
We search for the car and camp under flowers
More than 800k's have passed 'neath our hulls
No more fishing and cruising with Coral Sea gulls.



22 DAYS - LOGISTICS

Hudson Pratley from Crookwell and I each paddled a Greenlander IV sea kayak fitted with spinnaker sails from QCraft (Brookvale) and retractable rudder. The rig worked well but was a bit awkward setting the sail in gusting winds-occasionally needing a strong brace to avoid wet ears.

We had laminated 1:100,000 maps of the full length of the trip and used a Silva bushwalking compass strapped to the deck to navigate. This was necessary when low islands were more than 10kms apart or visibility was low. We found it to be very accurate. Tides and winds made no significant impression when we paddled on a direct map heading.

Port Douglas to Cooktown has the most stunning coastal scenery with "rain forest to reef" just as the travel brochures say. This trip can be done with a commercial group providing all gear and support (Reef Promotions - phone 070 514777. RnR Rafting -phone 1800 079039- do the east coast of Hinchinbrook Is - also highly recommended). Further north the coastline has very long dry sandy beaches and dunes, barren headlands and mangrove bays and estuaries.

Water is definitely available on Lizard Island, Cape Melville (obvious white signs on granite boulders) Flinders Island-N.W. swampy area-, Lockhart R and Portland Roads. We've been told its also available on Noble Island- N.E. end in a well (we couldn't find it), up the Pascoe and Olive Rivers, Forbes Is (we couldn't find it), in a lagoon behind dunes just south of False Orford Ness, Turtle-Head Is (but the pearl farmers may be unfriendly) and Albany Is. If you paddle along the beaches there are said to be some soaks coming from the dunes. We lasted five days with a total of 20 lts water, 2 lts UHT milk and a pile of fresh fruit with no difficulty when we failed to find water on Noble Is.

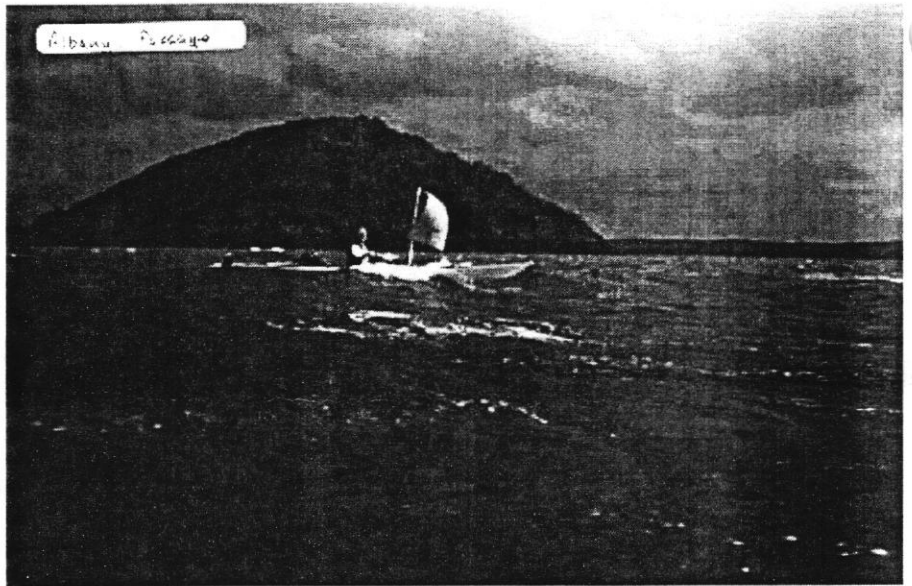
All necessary supplies and medical services can be readily obtained in Mossman, Cooktown and Lockhart River and Bamaga. Once past Cooktown it's possible to get out by road from Cape Flattery (a huge Jap silica mine) Port Stewart, Lockhart River (Portland Roads) and Cape York. You can put your kayak on a coastal trader (e.g. Sea Swift phone:070 351234) from several points on the peninsula or Torres Strait. They will return it to Cairns as deck cargo for \$50. You can return with the boat or fly back on regular services

from Lockhart or Bamaga. Jardine Shipping (phone:070 351299) can transport cars to Horn Is or Bamaga from Cairns for \$650. Cairns Port Authority (070-523888) can give phone nos. and movements of Mother Ships servicing the various fishing trawlers operating throughout the reef. These boats can help with supplies and pick-ups from any location accessible to them. Allan Parnell (?) in the last house at end of the Universe (Portland Roads) is happy to act as post restente, mind gear, fill you in on local info, gossip etc.

We approached several prawn trawlers and were well received. We always asked how the season was going (we knew it was a bumper season) and this got things off to a

strongly in their favour - but they are territorial! The locals delight in telling croc stories especially to sea kayakers. One we did believe was several reports of a 17' croc on Wilke Is just north of Burkitt Is -we avoided it!

Neville Burkitt, a retired farmer and keen fisherman from Bungonia volunteered to drive the car up to Cape York and meet us at Cape Tribulation, Cooktown, Burkitt Is (named after his uncle), Portland Roads and Cape York. However we missed him at Burkitt Island and although we had relayed messages via our wives it caused him undue anguish while waiting 3 days for us at Port Stewart. A very clear arrangement must be made to avoid this if anyone contemplates land support (which is unnecessary) . We carried flares and a



good start. I kept an empty 4 litre plastic water bottle on my rear deck which they readily filled and they always asked if they could be of any help. Twice we phoned home and topped up our supplies of bread, toilet paper etc. We always offered to pay, they always refused. Only the first boat we approached (a Mackerel boat) had two grumpy blokes on board - we moved on.

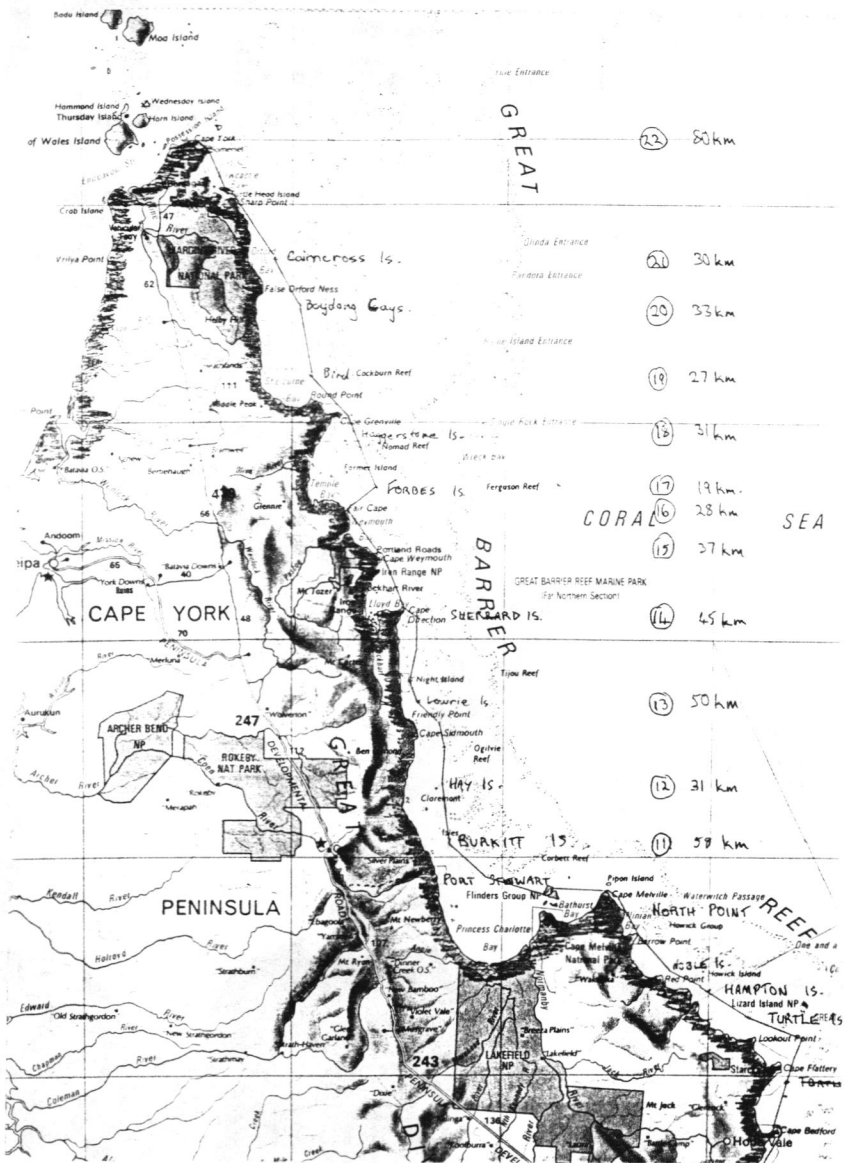
After Cape Bedford we deliberately chose to island-hop because the water is clearer and the fishing, snorkelling and navigating much better. There are no pigs and less mangroves, insects and crocs. The risk of croc attack is very low and can be further minimised by avoiding estuaries, mangroves and murky water. Getting out of your boat into or next to murky water should be done only if there is no alternative and with your wits about you. A sea kayak presents a large profile and crocs tend to defer and stalk until conditions are

hand held CB radio and didn't use either. We had 2 small mishaps - a strong gust tore off Hudson's mast step as he was setting his sail early in the trip - repaired that night. One night, I picked up a stick beside the fire to push it further in and burnt the palm of my left hand with five instant blisters. I soaked it in cold seawater for one hour, then plastered it with betadine cream, took a pain killer and went to bed. Next morning it was reasonably comfortable - I placed a leukoplast bandage around it and put on a cotton gardening glove and had no further problem. Small things can easily become a major problem a long way from help. We found our boats to be very seaworthy, handling two very windy days of 35 knots plus. We had no capsizes and only occasionally needed a sharp strong brace - but the adrenaline was pumping! Its important to have similar boats, rigs and abilities because you need to keep together on long legs. Hudson's fishing prowess was a great boon, he was usually able

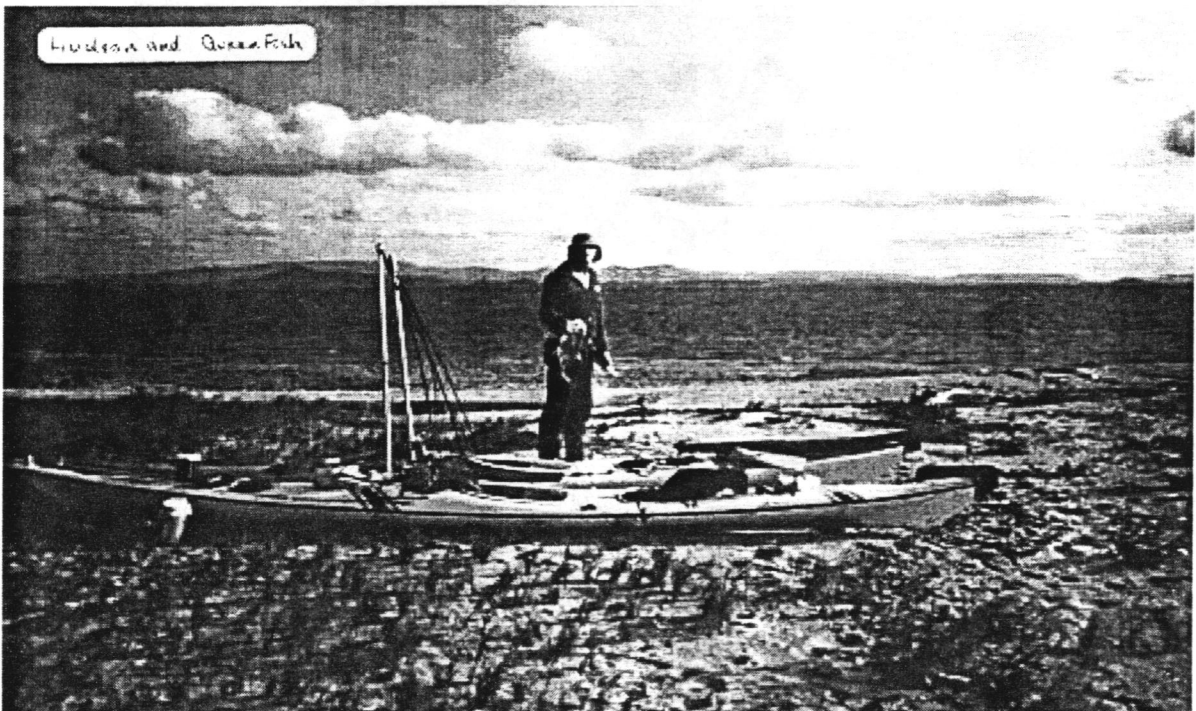
to get the best eating fish within half an hour. We tried trolling on 80lb lines with lures - but gave up early in the trip when something big broke the line with ease. We decided we didn't want to catch something that big while negotiating currents and reefs.

We had two rods, two hand lines and a hand spear. Small crab was the best bait. Hudson caught painted crays with a leather glove. Mud crabs, the most sensational food, were caught by hand or speared in mangroves. We wore sunhats, long sleeve cotton shirts, 8 hour factor 15+ suncream on our face and hands and occasionally wore cotton gardening gloves.

You have to time your run through Albany Passage with a falling tide because the tidal current runs at 4 knots. This is a beautiful area, great camping beaches and islands dotted out into Torres Strait, drawing you on. Several groups have kayaked the Strait with local permission, customs and tidal currents requiring more planning. The drive back from Cape York to Canberra in 4.5 days was a bit harrowing - the first 800 kms was corrugated and collapsed my Thule roof-racks with loaded kayaks twice onto the Pajero roof and caused all 4 shock absorbers to leak. The Barrier Reef is a tropical paradise, disease free, vast and unpopulated, with plenty for the naturalist and hunter-gatherer. It has relatively benign weather and seas (outside of cyclone season) and a bit of spice in the form of some sharp toothed mega fauna and the occasional squall.



Graham Shaw. (06-2588599)





Sea Food



by Chris Soutter

(In Newsletter 26 the Old Sea Dog promised a packet of genuine Tom Yung Gum for any paddler who could relieve his culinary monotony on kayaking trips. Chris Soutter becomes the first recipient of this wonderful prize with these excellent ideas).

After years of camping and bush walking and seeking to advance from dried foods and lentils ...and more lentils, I have come across numerous recipes that are quick and easy to prepare and have added a new dimension to the wilderness experience. Most recipes include a variety of fresh vegetables that carry well. Meat is generally difficult to carry on outings because it can be easily contaminated with bacteria and, if eaten, will make even the hardest paddler crook. This problem is overcome if you paddle with Fishkiller or his apprentices who are a great source of freshly caught fish.

I suggest the Old Sea Dog try the following recipes.

Pasta Combination

Ingredients

Pasta

1 green apple, chopped

1 stick celery, chopped

10 snow peas

1/2 cup chopped walnuts or pecans

Optional: chopped egg (unshelled hard boiled eggs travel well).

Suggested dressing: mayonnaise.

Boil small pasta spirals in water, with a dash of olive oil, until tender.

Rinse pasta in cold water, add ingredients and mayonnaise.

Some of my favourite recipes were originally supplied by Karen Tempest in a guide Cooking for the Bush. These include :

Asian Vegetables

1 carrot

1 zucchini

2 sticks celery

2 tsp ground ginger

1/2 cup of spring onions, chopped

(top & tail before leaving home - they are easier to carry)

desired.

Measure out the ginger, sugar and sesame seeds before leaving home and wrap in individual satchels of tin foil and place a sticker on each labelling the ingredients. Soy sauce and olive oil can be carried in small quantities in small containers available at most outdoor stores.

Michael's Pasta

1 clove garlic, chopped

1 large capsicum, chopped

1/2 cup of snow peas, chopped

4 slices of salami, chopped

1/2 cup of chopped parsley

Parmesan cheese

2 serves of pasta

Cook pasta and set aside. Fry garlic and capsicum in plenty of oil until soft. Add salami and peas. Cook for a few minutes. Add pasta and a little more oil and toss thoroughly. Add the parsley and toss well. Serve sprinkled with grated parmesan cheese.

1 tsp brown sugar

2 tsp soy sauce

1 tsp sesame seeds

Olive oil

Julienne (slice) carrot, zucchini and celery. Fry onions and ginger in a little olive oil. Add vegetables and stir fry for a few minutes (note for the Old Sea Dog - a Trangia stove is suitable). Add sugar, soy and seeds. Toss. Serve with rice if

Enjoy!!! Oops. I almost forgot a vital ingredient. If you can find room in your kayak, a bottle of Lambrusco goes well with pasta.



ECO DELUSIONS

by Nick Gill

There is a common perception amongst practitioners of outdoor activities such as sea kayaking and bushwalking that in practising these pursuits, they are taking part in 'environmentally friendly' activities. From my observations this arises from a number of sources.

Firstly, in a comparative sense, the physical impact of outdoor activities is seen to be less. For example, a sea kayaker glides by silently under human propulsion, while a motor boat roars past, consuming fuel and emitting a good deal of noise and disturbing wildlife.

Similarly, we might compare a bushwalkers' campsite with a resort. Secondly, sea kayakers and their ilk are seen to get in touch with nature through their activities. The proximity of pristine and essential nature and the paddler's appreciation of it seem to bestow a level of moral superiority over those who are unable to gain the same level of proximity to essential nature. By experiencing nature in its unadulterated form outdoor types lay claim to being able to speak with authority and priority about environmental issues. In some ways such claims are similar to the moral righteousness and unassailable correctness claimed by the environmental movement.

Thirdly, some may be seduced by the support for environmental organisations offered by some equipment manufacturers and retailers if you buy this or that product. In short, the strong link that is made between wild nature (as contained in and represented by, wilderness, national parks, rugged headlands and unspoilt beaches) and outdoor activities acts to bestow upon these activities and their practitioners the status of being environmentally friendly and enlightened.

This link may be strengthened and further legitimated by developing codes of behaviour with respect to wildlife and camping practices. From the association of outdoor activities and nature follows the development of the concept and practice of eco-

tourism, a concept that is almost as misused as ecologically sustainable development in disguising our continued wholesale transformation of nature into goods and services. The association of outdoor activities and the environment is one that arises from a specific, and dominant, idea of nature as wild and separate from human activity, rather than a conception of nature, and transformations of nature, that resides in daily human activities. To my mind this association is one that obscures the true impact of sea kayaking (and other outdoor activities) upon the environment.

One way to lift the fog over the impact of sea kayaking is to consider the parameters we are setting when we say that sea kayaking is environmentally friendly. When we say this we are in fact setting parameters for the impact of sea kayaking in both time and space. In the process we impose a restrictive definition of 'the environment'. The notion of 'environment' that we impose is one that is consistent with the idea of a nature as wild and separate from human affairs.

In my view the idea that sea kayaking is environmentally friendly can only be based upon an assumption that its impacts are limited to the time in which one is paddling, and the space(s) through which one paddles or camps in. Sea kayaking can be thought of environmentally friendly in this scenario in the sense that a group of sea kayakers are going to have less impact than a group of motor boats, or a coastal holiday development that requires roads etc.

This is not to say that sea kayakers don't have a physical impact, and our growing numbers mean that we should not assume that we will necessarily be a welcome addition to the list of user groups in national parks. Furthermore, the critique of the 'environmentally friendly' nature of sea kayaking might be extended to include the view that it simply an

example of nature consumption by a leisured urban population. In this view nature remains a commodity for our consumption, without any fundamental change in the relationship between nature and society.

However, I would prefer to extend the discussion of temporal and spatial parameters by referring to a 'cradle to grave' analysis of sea kayaking.

If the time and space parameters of the impact of sea kayaking are expanded to beyond the actual paddling experience, the 'environmentally friendly' nature of the activity becomes less obvious. For sea kayaking to occur in the manner that most of us practise it considerable levels of material and energy consumption must occur.

The kayaks must be manufactured, the materials from which they are made obtained. These activities have an impact somewhere and possibly on someone less fortunate than ourselves and less able to distance themselves from industrial locations.

To paddle we drive great distances, the distribution of kayaking gear, kayaks and clothing depends upon roads and energy thirsty transport systems. To be sure we might argue that we support reorganisation of the transport system, but what are you doing to make this happen?

Not only do we buy kayaks, but we also buy a lot of gear. When we buy gear we enter into the world of mass consumerism that so many have argued is the cause of many environmental (and social) ills.

It does not matter that we have purchased an item to undertake an activity that is relatively low impact in certain spaces (eg campsites compared to resorts), a purchase is a purchase and implies the transformation of nature into the product somewhere. Participation in outdoor pursuits and the accompanying consumption is no different from consumption for any activity.

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All of the above activities involve the extraction, transformation and consumption of nature (you may prefer the term 'resources') from somewhere. All of the above activities involve nature in our daily lives. In the act of consuming we bring nature into our lives. Nature is no longer somewhere else, a remote, wild place to which we can escape. Nature wild and transformed is all around us. That we choose to accept wild nature as THE nature is a cultural tradition in the west that has no particular basis in an essential reality. The association of outdoor products or activities with nature is no more than a product of a limited conception of nature. In our consumer oriented society, the economy of which is structured around continued and growing consumption, such associations are more than just symbolic. They are far from benign, constituting part of a process by which consumption is maintained in the face of the challenge of environmentalism.

I write the above, not to bag sea kayaking, or the spending habits of individuals (I am not in a position to be sanctimonious), but to try and sharpen our thinking about the relationship of kayaking to the environment. The inspiration for these thoughts came from a discussion at the Jervis Bay skills weekend in April. It is evident that the NSW parks service is getting concerned about the activities of sea kayakers on the south coast and we were discussing this issue. Sentiments as to the 'eco-friendliness' of sea kayaking were expressed, and these got me thinking. It seemed to be assumed that sea kayaking was an inherently good thing as far as the environment and national parks went and to some extent these assumptions

are valid. The thoughts above are my initial way of thinking about these sentiments. As for the more the more practical aspects of how we should deal with the national parks and wildlife service and their concerns, we should begin by recognising a few issues.

Firstly, we should recognise that we are but one user group whose demands upon a limited resource must be managed. The presence of sea kayakers will influence the experience of other park users and will have impacts upon campsites. We cannot assume that we will be welcomed by park managers, although there are some simple things we can do to help this happen (eg at Nadgee Beach last December we cleaned up rubbish left behind by others and had the opportunity to tell the park ranger).

Secondly, we should note that park managers are usually bound by management plans and policy, and that the way to change these is not to get mad with the individual park managers but is to understand the processes of park management and policy development.

Thirdly, we should make the effort to inform ourselves about fees and so on in parks, and pay them. Fees for Nadgee Nature Reserve for example, are minimal, especially when shared amongst a group, and you will be appreciated by the rangers if you pay them. A significant public relations win for you and for sea kayaking at little cost.

Fourthly, we should make some effort to educate the parks and wildlife service about the particular needs of sea kayakers and how

they differ from, for example, bushwalkers. An example of this might be the need for flexibility in our paddling schedules and use of campsites depending upon weather/surf conditions.

Fifthly, in many areas park user groups actively assist in management tasks, such as track maintenance, research and rubbish removal. The club may want to consider such an association with the parks and wildlife service.

Finally, I think we should avoid at all costs the argument that the parks are 'ours' and that we should not be unnecessarily constrained in our use of them. South coast four wheel drive clubs could mount the same argument in favour of reopening the old tracks in Nadgee Nature Reserve and other parks. National parks are not 'ours', they are collectively owned by society to fulfil a variety of purposes. If every user group took the attitude that parks are 'theirs', it would be a recipe for park management disaster. National parks play a wide range of roles from social and symbolic roles to economic and conservation roles. Recreational use is but one of a number of roles for parks.

If we want to be able to count ourselves as friends of parks we need to recognise this and act reasonably. To do otherwise is to position ourselves dangerously close to the emerging recreationalists' rights groups (predominantly four wheel drivers, motorcyclists, anglers, horseriders etc), who use the rhetoric of 'our public lands and parks' and 'tradition' to keep the use and management of public lands, including parks, firmly mired in the past.

Nick Gill is a former campaigner with the Wilderness Society, has worked on park management issues, is currently a postgraduate student in geography and a reluctant non-kayaker, has a good (and growing) collection of gear for various outdoor activities, and makes no claims for consistency, but enjoys indulging in ideas and multiple identities.

Lonely Paddlers

Female. 26, fit, slim, seeks sensitive, good-looking, mature guy (please, no Pittarak/Mirage/Raider paddlers) for fun day-paddles with a view to full-on wilderness trips if compatible. Gear freak OK. (02) 9998 1234.

Male, 32, good physique, seeks cute lady to 28 to fill a big hole in my life and my double kayak. PO Box 25609, Sydney.

Couple. mid-forties, uninhibited, with double sea-kayak, seek like minded couple for crew swapping, kinky excursions etc. PO Box 87692, Newcastle.



Lessons from Nadgee

by Mark Pearson



My friend Chris Soutter, raw sea kayaker but expert fisherman, gasped and trembled uncontrollably as I detailed the species of fish I had seen at beautiful Merica River in Easter '95. To settle him down, I agreed that we should set aside a weekend in March '96 for a 4-day paddle from Womboyn to Nadgee

Organisation

As we invited other paddlers to join us, the numbers rose to a possible seven paddlers. After the usual sundry withdrawals, we finally got down to four 'definites', Chris, Norm Sanders, John Caldwell and myself, and one

complaining loudly about the headlights giving away our presence to the 'inbred locals'. It was at this point that Chris and I realised, to our dismay, that our trip companions were quite drunk. They had evidently spent the evening swilling down John's entire 4-day supply of sherry. Having heard of several incidents in recent months involving inebriated paddlers (one who broke his hand in a pool table argument with a Gallipoli veteran), Chris and I remained calm and ensured that nothing was said to provoke them. After a quiet and subdued cup of tea we retired for the night, hoping that they would be well enough to paddle in the morning.



Norm Sanders sights land

Backgrounds

Norm is a professional sea kayak designer and journalist, John a carpenter, Chris a financial adviser and I (at least at the time of writing) a public servant. Norm and I started serious sea kayaking together in January 1994 after a chance meeting on Tuross Lake. To my shame, he has since left me way behind in all facets of the sport - building three kayaks, earning his Instructor's certificate and recently completing a PHD on sea kayaking equipment. John's credentials were also impressive - he had only been sea kayaking for a year, but was already an accomplished expedition paddler with silky skills (he still holds the world record for learning to roll - 3 minutes 42 seconds at Mystery Bay, February 1995). Chris had only one decent paddle under his belt, the Royal Banquet of May 1995, but was picking things up well. Me, well I suppose I've paddled a bit, but my only (dubious) claim to fame is that I have been rescued more times than any other club member - once even by an official rescue boat! The group then, obviously contained two factions, one brimming with expertise and experience, the other handicapped by inexperience and incompetence (respectively).

River, returning via Merica River. Planning for the trip commenced in January.

This wilderness coast was well described in 'Going with the Flow' (NSWSK No.26), so this report concentrates more on how the trip survived the CHIF (Critical Human Interaction Factor). For this area has witnessed several doomed paddling expeditions caused by either the failure of individuals to agree on objectives, or blend on a personal level with others in the group. This particular paddle was also one in which I learned many valuable lessons; about sea-kayaking, about myself, and more particularly, about the foibles of my paddling companions.

The following account is therefore based on actual events - names have not been changed to protect the innocent.

'possible', Jim Croft. The saga of Jim's inability to decide whether to come or not is a story in itself, and there is not room in this newsletter for all the details. Suffice to say that Jim, after changing his angst-ridden mind at least 18 times, finally secured leave passes from both wife and work with only one day to spare. Tragically (for Jim at least - for by now the mere mention of the word 'Jim' caused our arteries to tighten), he then snatched defeat from the jaws of victory due to lack of suitable transport.

Rendezvous

Chris and I drove down on the Thursday night to meet with John and Norm at Womboyn. We found John near the local shop, and he directed us to a 'secret' camping area that Norm had found in nearby bushland. Our arrival flushed Norm out of his tent,

Darkness before dawn

Friday morning. Norm, as is his custom, awoke us at dawn with loud incantations for us to get moving. We headed for the boat ramp, cooked and ate our

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Semolina (the kayakers 'breakfast of the 90's'), and commenced loading. As we packed, I thought it might be prudent to visit the adjacent toilet given the five hour paddle that lay ahead. Typically, the facility had no toilet paper, so I returned to the ramp. As my supply was already packed away, John kindly produced a cigar sized mini-roll for me from his custom-built micro-toiletry bag. I did my business, and was pleased to find that there was enough left over to blow my nose. On returning to the ramp, John indicated that he too was going to the toilet, and asked me for his paper back! With horror, I realised that I had probably just used John's entire 4 day supply! Self doubt now overwhelmed me as I realised how profligate my city habits were out here in the wilderness! Chris, a man of consummate interpersonal skills, saw my predicament and lent John his roll. He also gave me another roll as a spare. I was now terribly awkward about proceeding with the trip knowing that I was a figure of contempt in the minds of my companions. But it was too late to turn back - I had to tough it out in the hope that the incident would be forgotten. My first lesson here was to never again allow my toilet habits to be so brutally exposed. The second was confirmation of John's gear philosophy. Even amongst sea paddlers - this man travels *light!*

Looking the part

As we departed the ramp, Chris and I couldn't help but think that our experienced companions looked so much better than we did in their kayaks. They had similar gear, similar paddles and (Norm excepted) similar boats, but for some reason they just looked like they meant business. It suddenly dawned on us why - Norm and John both sported magnificent flowing beards, grey and black respectively, which added to their aura of storm-hardened sea veterans. Chris and I urgently nurtured our stubble to disguise our pathetically bland countenances.

Wonboyn Bar trauma

It was cloudy but still as we paddled up the lake to the dreaded Wonboyn Bar. Norm's and John's blood alcohol reading was now about .07, so they were able to paddle in a reasonably straight line.

Chris had very little experience of surf conditions, so I was hoping that the bar

would not be too challenging. But the growing roar of the surf indicated that there was going to be work to do. The beach was indeed lively, with regular two metre sets rolling in. We landed on a sand bank and made a plan - the exit order would be John, myself, Chris then Norm. John decided to paddle along the shallows and exit some 150 metres north of the bar, I went for the more traditional route straight out but nearer the rocks. The waves were slightly smaller here although there was more danger if I got into trouble. We both punched out on the same comparative lull.

Norm and Chris also decided to follow John's route out. Norm was obviously on edge knowing that this was Chris's first attempt at punching out through sizable surf. After studying the sets for some minutes Norm issued the order for Chris to paddle out. But Norm's renowned seafaring judgement had been impaired by acute sherry poisoning! Two waves of Tsunami proportions were coming in, bearing down on poor Chris. 'Go! Go!' yelled Norm, anxious not to be held responsible for the club's first fatality. Chris, deafened by the surf, hesitated and turned round, thinking Norm was calling him back. Switching instinctively to 'Loud American' mode, Norm fired off a stream of choice invective to further convince Chris to get moving. By the time he straightened up the two waves were on him, the first breaking just in front and the second rearing up frighteningly over his kayak. Thankfully, his momentum was sufficient, and John and I were treated to the great sight of the fully loaded Puffin shooting through the two metre wave wall, airborne, before landing upright. Chris was out, and had been blooded in big surf without injury. Mentally though, he was a quivering mess; not from the tsunami, but Norm's verbal abuse. I explained to Chris that all who paddle with Mr Sanders go through this ordeal at some stage, and that he was lucky to get his over and done with so early in the trip! My counselling skills proved effective, and we were able to continue. My lesson here - in the surf, your fate can rest on the judgement of others. This is not a good thing.

Paddling South

As we turned southwards for the 23 km beat to Nadgee, the wind strengthened from the north. This was the main reason I had invited Chris - his presence seems to guarantee following winds. As we passed level with Merica

River, John spotted a small seal chasing fish.

Two hours later we neared Newton's Beach. For some reason I had thought that we would land at Newton's for lunch, so I had no food handy. As we neared the beach Norm told me in no uncertain terms that landing had never been part of *his* plan and that, anyway, the conditions were such that we had to continue on. With that he paddled away authoritatively, munching on something substantial, and callously ignoring my pleas for food. Chris, again showing great inter-personal skills, gave me a small amount of scroggan, which in no time gave me a commensurate attack of indigestion. (I'm rapidly coming to the opinion that the only food that can be eaten during vigorous paddling is Semolina - the paddling supplement of the '90's). My lesson here - make sure that your plan matches the plan of the dominant member of the group.

The northerly was strengthening, and it was now possibly to catch some surfing rides. This activity helped me forget my simultaneous hunger and heartburn. Then, as I looked over my shoulder to check for waves, I noticed a shark's fin a mere 10 feet from my stern. This was my first view of a shark from a kayak. Flattered by the interest of the creature, I slowed down for a better look. But the shark, sensing my hunger, dived to the safety of the depths.

Teamwork and individualism

Chris and I were impressed by Norm's desire to keep the group together for safety reasons. When one of us lost concentration and threatened the tight shape of the formation, Norm was sure to paddle over and gently rebuke the offender. This was teamwork, and it felt good! However, after we had landed in an organised and planned fashion through tricky surf at Nadgee beach, Norm and John left us in their wake as they paddled up the estuary. The 'bearded ones' then grabbed their dry bags and sprinted up into the trees. Chris and I, still in our kayaks growing stubble, were momentarily bemused - until we realised that this magnificent display of hamstring power was all about preferred tent sites. Later that night, as I lay in wretched discomfort in my tent (pitched precariously on a rocky, ant-ridden slope), I mused on this last lesson of the day - teamwork stops at the surf line!

Fishing at Nadgee

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Fishing was the only pursuit where Chris and I had 'status'. It was therefore an important psychological pursuit to combat our low self esteem levels. We had a rewarding morning session at Nadgee, catching and releasing a number of bream, keeping one each for lunch. Much to Norm's disgust, John showed genuine interest in our little hobby, shadowing us unobtrusively and patiently as we fished, like a pelican would. And judging by the way he later devoured his fish, his throat bulging as each mouthful passed down his slender gullet, it was easy to imagine that John may actually have been a pelican in a past life!

Nadgee phobia

Saturday at Nadgee saw big seas at work and no chance of us getting away. It soon became apparent to the rest of the group that Norm wasn't his normal self. This first became obvious through his more vitriolic attacks than usual on our innocent fishing activities. Chris and I showed excellent interpersonal skills in ignoring these outbursts. But there was obviously something wrong - he had a peculiar pessimistic, haunted air about him. Later that Saturday afternoon as Chris and I practiced our bracing skills inside the surf line, Norm could be seen further up the beach. An eerie solitary figure sitting on a washed up buoy, seemingly hypnotised by the 3 metre seas. He sat there for many hours, no doubt mulling over his past ordeal of being pinned down here for four days with a badly dysfunctional group. We respectfully left him in peace.

The after dinner conversation that evening was the low point of the trip, with Norm, like a soothsayer of ancient times, speaking at length of his fears for the future of mankind. His doomsday outlook had a profound effect on our impressionable young minds. We retired to our tents, all but suicidal, to contemplate the futility of our remaining lives on this planet.

Thankfully, Sunday morning saw blue skies, a cold south westerly, a sizable but diminishing surf and everybody still alive. We broke camp and headed north for Merica. As we paddled clear of the surf zone there was lively conversation throughout the group. With relief we realised that Norm was himself again - plain old snappy, intolerant and argumentative. It was good to have him back!

Food

A good variety of food was prepared and consumed. Chris scored early points with a complex stir fry, as did John, having brought one of Jute's delicious cakes. Norm plodded along with his patented rice, tuna and soy dish (occasionally showing versatility with a soy, rice and tuna combination). Chris and I had also brought a bottle each of Lambrusco, which, after their

looked (and smelled) like raw tobacco. I pressed on regardless, still optimistic and with confidence in Nick; but as the acrid smell of the concoction started to dominate the camp, so did the complaints from my watery-eyed companions. Determined to get a meal out of it, I kept adding ingredients - brown sugar, soy sauce and finally, semolina (the meal rescuer of the 90's) until, long after the others had dined, the dish was ready to eat. As usual in life's little disasters there was a silver



Chris at Greenglades, coming in on a 'lull' and aftermath



Wonboyn performance, we hid from the other two until required. For my main meal of the day, I tended to go for Laksa and noodles with some vegies. The packet of Laksa for my last dinner at Merica River was a different brand, a 'gift' from Laksa expert Nick Gill. Instead of the usual paste, I was startled to discover it was a powder that

lining - there were no mossies round the camp that evening. My lesson here - never accept food from vegetarians - no matter how well-meaning.

Fishing at Merica

The fishing here turned out to be rather

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Flotsam & Jetsam



Inuit Classic News

Bateman's Bay is buzzing. The news is out that the mould is complete and that work on coamings and fittings is underway. It is now hoped that prototype models will be available in July for club officials to 'roadtest'. In an unexpected development, the entire production team has moved to a secret site away from the hothouse atmosphere of Bateman's Bay. 'You wouldn't believe the tricks that the media are using to try and get a shot of the mould - you'd think it had a winged keel! said Production Manager Mike Foskett. Mr Foskett went on 'our aim is to produce a kayak that will be a market leader - our competitors are obviously worried and nothing will be left to chance'.

Again playing down persistent rumours of friction between the production team and it's gifted if headstrong designer, Mr Foskett added 'Mr. Sanders is always welcome at the workshop - if he can find it!'

Bizarre Incident

The National Parks and Wildlife Service has contacted the club regarding some bizarre activities observed recently by a Ranger on an island off the NSW coast. The Ranger reported seeing a group of kayakers engaging in a bizarre, possibly occult, ritual. Through binoculars, he observed;

- . a sea kayak carried from the beach by six 'pall bearers'

- . mysterious wailing and chanting as the group examined the hull (may it have been damaged?)

- . the anointing of the said hull with a number of strange potions

- . the final sacrifice of the hapless kayak over a huge wood fire.

Although it is highly unlikely that these activities could be attributed to NSWSKC members, please contact the Club President if you can shed any light on the matter. Confidentiality is guaranteed.

Club change of name

In recognition of his constant involvement in club activities and the sheer weight of contributions to this and recent newsletters, the Executive have decided on a more appropriate name for the club - without the expense of changes to labels etc. The NSWSKC is now the **Norm Sanders Wooden Sea Kayak Club**.

Farewell to Evan Shillabeer

Evan Shillabeer (one of the Club's recent Bass Strait crossing heroes) and his ravishing consort Michelle are headed North for warmer climes prior to heading off for an extended overseas trip. Those who know and love him are invited to come along and wish him a fond farewell at 7 Johnston Street, Narabundah, ACT on the 22nd of June from 8.00pm onwards.

Awards

Congratulation to the following members for gaining the N.S.W.B.C.E. Instructional awards.

Senior Sea Instructor

David Winkworth
Evan Shillabeer

Sea Instructor

Norm Sanders
Dirk Stuber
Ron Mudie

Members should familiarise themselves with the appropriate etiquette should they be lucky enough to meet a paddler with the status of Senior Instructor or Instructor.

When greeting a Senior Instructor, male members should bow at the waist, female members should curtsy. An appropriate greeting would be 'it is a great honour to meet you SSI Winkworth' or, alternatively, 'my pitiful life has meaning from this moment, SSI Shillabeer'. In no circumstances lay hands on or make eye contact with a Senior Instructor unless invited to do so!

The rules concerning Instructors are less restrictive. They may be

addressed by their civilian title eg. Mr Mudie. Bowing/curtsying is optional and discrete eye contact may be made. Body contact is usually welcomed. Members should, however, respect an Instructor's right to the best tent site and choice of cooking position at Club weekends.

Best Wishes Lindsay

Lindsay Smith of the Southern Ocean Seabird Association goes into hospital on June 17 for an operation, and expects to be out on June 27. Lindsay was our guest speaker at the last Rock'n'Roll weekend at Jervis Bay. Cards etc may be sent to PO Box 142, Unanderra 2546. Here's hoping that Lindsay is back on the Albatross trail soon!

FOR SALE

Nautraid Double Folding kayak

"Packer" high volume double folding expedition kayak. French made, inflatable sponsons, packs into two carrier bags. 17 feet (5.2 m) long, 75 lbs (34 kg). Complete with rudder & spray skirts, Near new. \$2500 ONO. Phone Sara Bartram (06) 281 6434.

WANTED

Cheap Sea Kayak up to \$500 in reasonable condition. Phone Evan Shillabeer on (06) 2934830.



disappointing. The schools of fish I had seen 12 months previously were noticeable by their absence, and Chris was able to catch only one decent specimen to feed the voracious John. Later, Chris and I pooled our considerable knowledge in a discussion about the possible reasons for the scarcity of fish - water temperature, freshwater content, breeding cycles etc, etc. In the end we agreed that it was none of these, but a decidedly unnatural and shameful event. Bloody Jim Croft's constant thrashing around the lagoon last December! Stressed, dizzy and exhausted in avoiding the ever circling Puffin and it's accompanying anchor-sized lures, the wilderness fish of Merica had understandably fled to sea in search of a more peaceful haven!

Boat Loading



End of trip - Mark Pearson, Norm Sanders and Chris Soutter

I was always the last to finally squeeze all my gear into my bulging Seafarer Plus. My sweaty antics provided at least half an hour's free entertainment for the others after they had finished, during which they invariably held 'smart comments' competitions ('why don't you get a second kayak for a trailer' etc'). I showed good interpersonal skills by taking this treatment without retort. John was the most impressive packer - this sea-kayaking prodigy took on average fifteen minutes to dismantle his tent, pack his dry bags and load up. A true disciple of our Vice President. My lesson here, an

important one, reduce the load and join the Smart Set!

The Return

Almost as we left Merica we could tell that conditions were unusual. A large wave refracted round the point and flipped John over as he entered the sea from the creek mouth. John showed his class by rolling up, but the group was aware that such waves were not normally a feature here - so what would they be like on the exposed coast to which we were heading. Our worries were confirmed by our first sighting of Wonboyn some four kilometres away. Massive waves were smashing into the rock platform adjacent to the bar, sending spray 30 ft into the air. This was the story for the entire northern half of Disaster Bay coastline as 4-6 metre swells in Bass Strait swung up

the way in). Chris was next, dutifully waiting for Norm to issue the go ahead. Norm nodded and Chris began his run. Incredibly, Norm's legendary seafaring instinct failed Chris again, perhaps this time due to the strain of constant leadership! (Or perhaps he wanted Chris to suffer for torturing those poor little bream - his memoirs may shed some light on this!). Anyway, a nasty 6 foot dumper loomed as if pre-arranged. Poor bastard I thought, as I waded into the surf with my camera at the ready. The dumper pounded down with horrible power on the hapless Puffin, with a shocked Chris managing to hold on for a couple of seconds before coming out. Having got my shots of his misfortune, I then helped him and his waterlogged kayak out of the water. Norm and John then came in during yet another long lull, much to my camera's disgust. To make sure that Chris had fully learned his lesson this time, I made him write 'thou shall not trust in others in the surf' a hundred times in the sand.

Conclusion

This was a great trip. Interesting weather, some good fishing, wilderness everywhere and challenging sea conditions. Seas so rough in fact that it was all ours - we did not see a single power boat in the four days due to the 'fatties' fear of the dreaded Wonboyn Bar. And I got some nice photo's too.

I was pleasantly surprised with my own performance on the water - my judgement in big surf was spot on, and I handled following seas and beam winds in my rudderless craft pretty well. In fact, I'm still at a loss why my customary incompetence deserted me for such long periods. Perhaps merely by paddling with those you idolise helps you lift your game somewhat!

And how did this group measure up in terms of the CHIF? - well, this one turned out to be a good one that had similar objectives, gave each other space when needed, and coped well with the mood swings of key individuals. In fact, despite some of the more embarrassing moments, I would gladly venture forth with them again to any destination. Unfortunately, after this candid account, whether they would choose to invite me is another matter!

This article was brought to you by Semolina - paddling food for the 90's

the coast. Much to our relief, Norm suggested that we land at Greenglades, at the southern end of the bay, where the swell would be less awesome. From there we could then walk the 4 km to the cars. Norm and John, of course, would have preferred to demonstrate their mastery of the 3-4 metre waves at Wonboyn, but both suppressed the urge to test their manhood for the good of the group.

Greenglades was sheltered from the westerly wind and offered sporadic sets of nasty dumping waves. I volunteered to go first and landed successfully in a rather boring lull (paddling just about all



Running the GAUNTLET!

by Dirk Stuber

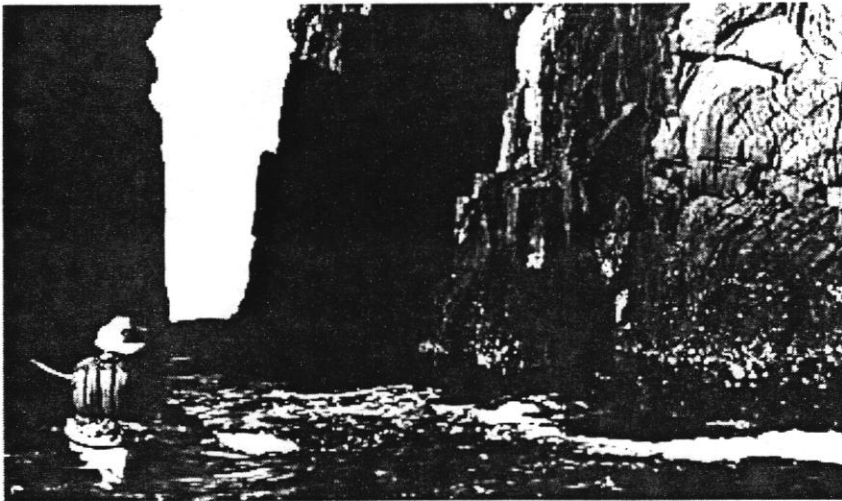
Dear New Member, welcome to the Club and to the wonderful world of sea kayaking. If you've been on a club trip recently you may have seen or heard of members running the gauntlet. Now I know from past experience some consider the running a controversial thing. For example, last year at the Board of Canoe Education instructor assessment weekend gauntleting was discussed. It was agreed that paddling in gauntlets is too dangerous for beginners and should not be part of any training course. As a new member you may have wondered about the activity and it may be useful for you to think about it.

So please sit back and let me try to explain. To run the gauntlet means to paddle through or play in the white water channels and passage ways found around the rocks of most headlands. Why is it controversial? Because it is risky and depending on the sea and the characteristics of the gauntlet, often

just plain dangerous. Everyone I know who is a regular runner has at some time damaged their kayak. The damage has ranged from a few scratches, huge holes and in the worst case a kayak ripped in half. You may be thinking why would any one paddle in a gauntlet. That's easy to answer, it is exciting and challenging. I compare it to white water paddling, i.e. you can paddle in little, gentle rapids or you can paddle in big, ugly, ferocious rapids. Gauntlets are no different. Depending on the conditions, location and your mood you can select gauntlets to suit.

Now I must point out that this is not a how to or a come and try article. No it is a WARNING. It is best if you stay away from the ugly gauntlet. To many times I've seen or heard of members, in beautiful, shiny, new and expensive sea kayaks enter the gauntlet unaware of

impending disaster. Have you ever heard the sound that fibreglass makes when smashed onto rocks? How about thud, scrape, rip, tear and crumble. Have you ever seen a face streaked with panic, fear, disappointment and anger when he sees the damage wrought by the nasty gauntlet. Have you ever felt the anguish, shame and guilt when someone suggests that it's your fault that they entered the gauntlet. Have you had to bear the taunts and ridicule of the deep water paddlers as they chastise you for your folly and accuse you of putting them in danger during a rescue attempt.



Lastly, have you heard the slur that cuts the deepest, that you may have brought the sport of sea kayaking into disrepute. My friends beware, some people think that those who run the gauntlet are mad bastards.

Hopefully I've turned you off gauntlets forever. However I know the day will come when you may be tempted. I now you are strong and upright and you will try to resist however as Fred Nile will tell you temptation is wickedly insidious. So close your eyes and let us enjoy a fantasy paddle. Just imagine you are paddling along and in the distance you see waves breaking against the headland. As you get closer gauntlets will start to appear and you will wonder: "should I give this a go"? Ahead of you someone is positioning himself to enter. This is a dangerous time, don't follow him blindly. Look out

to sea, watch the swell, find out what happens to the gauntlet when the big seas hit. Are there waves breaking over the gauntlet that could push you against the rocks? Or, as the wave retreats, is the gauntlet sucked dry, are there any rock shelves that could cause you to capsize? Watch carefully, always wait for at least one big set to pass through the gauntlet,

O.K, you have decided to enter the gauntlet, your heart is pounding and the adrenalin is pumping, you pick the line and time and paddle hard. Once you're in the gauntlet prepare yourself to be tossed about, some serious bracing may be required.

Now for the exit, this is also a dangerous time, to many of us have blindly followed someone only to find he has just made it over the big set and those behind have been hammered. So again it is all about timing. If you have shelter in the gauntlet wait for the right time, ideally when there are no breaking waves or big sets approaching.

When the time is right accelerate and get back to deep water. The gauntlets that offer little protection during the big sets are usually those with low rocks on the seaward side. The low rocks do not act as a barrier to the bigger waves. A good technique with these gauntlets is to sprint through these between big sets.

Lastly we need to fantasise about what can go wrong. You've made it into the gauntlet and you are being pushed around by the white water, your brace fails and you capsize. Ideally try to roll up or if you miss try again. At the risk of sounding blasé, when you're upside down make sure you don't hit your head on a rock. A decent whack will knock you unconscious. A helmet would be very useful in this situation (*do you put the helmet on after you capsize? - Ed*). If you miss your roll and wet exit Rule number one is don't panic, Due to

The unspeakable 'G' word...

by Jim Croft

At the recent and not so recent Honeymoon Bay Rock'n'Roll and Skills weekends, one word was conspicuously absent from the banter of prominent members of the club executive.

True, there were veiled allusions, hushed whispered innuendo, and furtive guarded mumbles. But no-one dared utter the loathsome G-word.

And what is the unmentionable word that the towering colossi of the cream (let it not be said, the scum that floats to the top) of NSW sea kayakers shun? What are the syllables that have awesome muscular mountains of men mincing and mewling in abject self abasement and cowering political correctness?

'GAUNTLET!'

And what is this fearful gauntlet thing?

From the Concise Oxford Dictionary:

'gauntlet 1, n. (Hist.) armoured glove (flung, thrown down the ~, issue challenge; pick, take up the ~, accept challenge); stout glove with long wrist, for driving, fencing, wicket-keeping, etc. Hence ~ed a. [Late ME, f. OF gauntlet (gant glove f. WG *want-, med. L wantus)]

gauntlet 2, *gant- n. Run the ~, pass between rows of men who strike one with sticks, cords, etc. as military naval, or school punishment (also fig. of being subjected to criticism). [earlier gantlope f. Sw. gatlopp (Gate 2, lopp course, cf. G gassenlaufen) w assim. to prec.]

But surely this can not be the reason for uncharacteristic reticence and mute humility on the part of NSW sea kayakers. No glove nor mitten would distract these committed souls, and being beaten by sticks pales beside the spectre of eskimo rolls and practice rescues on a grey and frigid dawn.

No, a gauntlet in NSW sea kayak parlance draws on the imagery of each definition above: it is a challenge that only the weak will ignore and the only the superhuman can resist; it is a rocky corridor of punishment through which only the skillful can pass unscathed. Truly, it is the hard place between two rocks.

So, why must we not speak of this evil beast? Is the fear of retribution from those too timorous to risk kayak life and limb so great? Is the desire for peer acceptance as responsible, warm and caring members of our guild so strong?

The time has come to end this era of puritanical righteousness, extract the gauntlets from their closets and have them assume their rightful place at the very apogee of sport of sea kayaking.

But how are to assess the merits of these paragons? How are we to quantify their perils and bravado? Humbly, I submit for consideration, a bidirectional gauntlet grading scheme, a scheme so revolutionary in concept that not only will it prognosticate a grade of gauntlet based on its physical attributes, but that it will also retrofit grades to gauntlets based on physical attributes of objects passing through the gauntlet.

For consistency with the NSWSKC trip grading scheme, gauntlets are graded in 6 main classes, grade 6 being the most difficult, grade 1 (and 0) being the most benign.

The Proposed NSWSKC Gauntlet Grading Scheme (NSWSKCGGS)

How to use the NSWSKCGGS

Description: descriptive name of the gauntlet type

Glove slap equivalent (GSE): in keeping with gauntlet definition 1, the impression that being hit across the cheek with such an item would create.

Minimum aperture: the shortest distance between the narrowest points of the gauntlet; this distance become significant as it approaches the length, width or depth of the kayak and paddler.

Conditions: the physical state of the sea and weather to be expected in this class of gauntlet.

Effect on standard kayak: the crux of understanding this parameter is being able to categorize physical damage, and estimate size of remaining pieces of kayak. The standard kayak is considered to be either a fibreglass or Kevlar Pittarak or Arctic Raider, as these are the type of kayaks most likely to be found in gauntlets. For obvious reasons, plastic kayaks such as Puffins are considered unacceptable gauntlet testing instruments.

This and the following two parameters enable the paddler to accurately predict what will be left of equipment and personnel after running a gauntlet of known grading. Not only, but also, by inspecting damage to equipment and personnel after running a gauntlet of unknown grading, an accurate grading can be accurately retrofitted to that gauntlet.

Effect on standard paddle: similar the the effect on the standard kayak; the standard paddle is 220 cm long, fibreglass shaft and blades, feathered or unfeathered, but most importantly, expensive.

Effect on standard paddler: similar the effect on the standard kayak; the standard paddler is deemed to be the sort of hoon that paddles Pittaraks or Arctic Raiders, as these types of paddlers are most likely to be found in gauntlets.

Courage equivalent: Beverage required to enable paddler to enter gauntlet without raising adrenalin levels.

Skill level: Mandatory skills required before gauntlets at this level are attempted.

Techniques: Strategies and procedures that will assist paddlers to pass through, and possibly survive, gauntlets at this level.

Grade 0

(Continued on page 32)

(Continued from page 31)

Description: Subgauntlet (also known as the Very Wide Gauntlet or Null Gauntlet)

Glove slap equivalent (GSE): disposable surgical glove (or 5 clean condoms)

Minimum aperture: 2 or more standard kayak lengths

Conditions: flat calm or light airs; no swell or waves

Effect on standard kayak: nothing at all; but if you stay in grade 0 gauntlets too long the effects of osmosis on composite hulls may be evident.

Effect on standard paddle: possible UV damage to gelcoat; paddle blades get wet

Effect on standard paddler: apathy, lethargy, boredom, sunburn.

Courage equivalent: glass of water or warm milk.

Skill level: the ability to stay in the boat on flat water will ensure you get through this gauntlet.

Techniques: point bow in the general direction of the gauntlet and paddle in any direction you feel like; experienced gauntleteers should be wary of acute attacks of narcolepsy in grade 0 gauntlets. You can turn around, eskimo roll, and do whatever the hell you like, except have fun, in this gauntlet.

Grade 1

Description: Wide gauntlet

Glove slap equivalent (GSE): latex dishwashing glove

Minimum aperture: 1 standard kayak length

Conditions: light to moderate breeze; slight swell surge.

Effect on standard kayak: minor scratches on hull, generally not through gelcoat.

Effect on standard paddle: paddle shaft gets wet; very rarely chips to paddle blade.

Effect on standard paddler: water splashes to the hands and arms; no adrenalin; minor interest in changing surroundings.

Courage equivalent: cup of tea (or weak coffee), no sugar.

Skill level: This is a beginner's gauntlet. The ability to paddle more or less in a straight line is an advantage.

Techniques: point bow in the general direction of the gauntlet and paddle more or less in the direction of the gauntlet. Turning around in the gauntlet may or may not be possible, depending on the deviation of your boat length from that of the standard kayak.

Grade 2

Description: Medium gauntlet

Glove slap equivalent (GSE): chamois leather driving glove,

cycling glove

Minimum aperture: 0.5 standard kayak length or c. 1 paddle length

Conditions: moderate breeze, some clouds, swell surge in one direction, about the depth of kayak hull

Effect on standard kayak: abrasions to hull, through gelcoat to first layer of resin; reinforcing fabric not exposed.

Effect on standard paddle: chips to tip and sides of paddle blade likely

Effect on standard paddler: water splashes to the face and hair; minor adrenalin; irritation at the thought of hull blemishes.

Courage equivalent: single scotch, rum and coke, gin and tonic, etc.

Skill level: intermediate and training gauntlet. Wet and dry rubbing of hull; application of filler, flowcoat/gelcoat.

Techniques: point bow in the general direction of the gauntlet, paddle towards the gauntlet and try not to scratch anything. To turn around in this grade and higher (to grade 5) gauntlet, stand kayak vertically (bow or stern down) and pivot horizontally around the longitudinal axis of the hull - technically somewhat complex, but there is no other way.

Grade 3

Description: Narrow gauntlet

Glove slap equivalent (GSE): Cloth or canvas gardening glove

Minimum aperture: 0.25 standard kayak length

Conditions: moderate to fresh breezes and cloud cover likely, swell up to 0.25 standard paddle length, possibly in both directions; predictable clapotis.

Effect on standard kayak: abrasions and gouges to hull, through gelcoat, resin, and into one or more layers of fabric.

Effect on standard paddle: possible loss or breakage of one or both paddle blades.

Effect on standard paddler: minor abrasions to knuckles and elbows possible; medium adrenalin; serious concern to mild panic at the sound of rock gouging fibreglass.

Courage equivalent: double scotch

Skill level: basic polyester/epoxy fibreglass technique (eg. the chopped strand roll, the resin sweep, etc.)

Techniques: point bow at gauntlet and paddle where the bow is pointing. Exceptional skill is required to turn kayaks in this grade gauntlet.

Grade 4

Description: Very narrow gauntlet

Glove slap equivalent (GSE): leather riggers or working glove

(Continued on page 33)

*(Continued from page 32)***Minimum aperture:** 2 standard kayak widths**Conditions:** Stiff breeze, dark clouds, swells to 0.5 standard paddle lengths, in both directions, clapotis.**Effect on standard kayak:** various holes in hull, punctures or gashes through all layers of resin and fabric.**Effect on standard paddle:** paddle length reduced to 75 % of initial length.**Effect on standard paddler:** cuts and abrasions to exposed parts of the body; major adrenalin; major panic over the extent and cost of repairs to hull.**Courage equivalent:** three fingers of scotch.**Skill level:** precision epoxy and polyester resin mixing, advanced fibreglass layup.**Techniques:** point bow at gauntlet, paddle, and try not to think about the extent and expense of hull and paddle damage.

Grade 5

Description: Very, very, very narrow gauntlet**Glove slap equivalent (GSE):** Welding glove**Minimum aperture:** 1 and a bit standard kayak widths**Conditions:** approaching storm, squall, etc., thunderheads likely, unpredictable clapotis and breaking swells at least 0.5 standard paddle high.**Effect on standard kayak:** kayak breaks into 2-3 parts, generally at the bulkheads.**Effect on standard paddle:** paddle length reduced to 40-60% or initial length.**Effect on standard paddler:** cuts and abrasions to all limbs and torso; serious adrenalin rush; very serious panic over the cost of a new boat.**Courage equivalent:** half a bottle of scotch**Skill level:** Eskimo roll a waste of time in this grade gauntlet. Thus it could be argued that this grade of gauntlet is suitable for the unskilled paddler.**Techniques:** point bow at gauntlet, paddle, and try to remember where you put the duct tape.

Grade 6

Description: Hyper gauntlet**Glove slap equivalent (GSE):** chainmail glove, studded motorcycle glove**Minimum aperture:** less than 1 kayak width**Conditions:** gale force and above, thunderheads, lightning, possible waterspouts, dumping surf in excess of 0.8 standard paddle length high.**Effect on standard kayak:** average size of kayak fragments 30cm x 30cm or less.**Effect on standard paddle:** what paddle? throw it away, it is no bloody use here.**Effect on standard paddler:** cuts, abrasions, lacerations to any or all parts of the body, broken limbs and fractured bones of the torso; adrenalin overload; kayaker doesn't give a damn about his boat or paddle.**Courage equivalent:** none required; stupidity essential**Skill level:** not much required here, but a lot of luck helps; the ability to balance a kayak edge-on to the water a distinct advantage.**Techniques:** point bow in the general direction of the gauntlet and paddle; a prayer to the deity of your choice may be of assistance to both experienced and inexperienced paddlers. Duct tape will be of no use whatsoever after running grade 6 gauntlets.*(Continued from page 30)*

my lack of skills I've wet exited a few times and have found in deep gauntlets it is easy to duck under the waves. even when wearing a PFD.

Depending on the situation, if you have excellent technique and composure, you can attempt a reenter and roll. Or you can swim your kayak out of the gauntlet pushed along by the strongest current. When you to the end of the gauntlet watch out for any oncoming waves. You can also let the kayak go and clamber up the rocks. When you're safe and have recovered your breath you can retrieve your kayak. Unfortunately at this stage it will be usually be scratched or have a hole or two. It is important if you are a spectator you should not feel obliged to assist with a rescue. It does not help anyone if you get into difficulty trying to assist someone else.

Lastly there is one situation that I think is particularly dangerous. It is when you are caught by a breaking wave and being pushed sideways onto a rock shelf. If it was a beach, you'd brace into the wave and ride it to the sand, usually no dramas. On a rock shelf it is different. As the kayak starts to hit the rocks and grab you may be rolled over by the force of the wave. If you are still locked into the cockpit you have a real chance of sustaining facial, skull or spinal injuries. So what should you do? My natural inclination is to wet exit before the boat is grabbed by the rocks however there are many kayakers more skilled than I am who may have a different opinion. Some would say the obvious answer is don't get into the situation so you won't have to make the decision.

That brings our fantasy to an end. You've patiently listened to the tale and many thoughts must be going through your mind. Ranging from 'mmmmm that was interesting' through to 'yes they are mad bastards'. At least now when you go on a club trip and you see people paddling in gauntlets you'll know what is going on and you'll have some ideas about the potential dangers.

(new members should be aware that fantasising about gauntlets is a well known side effect of competition paddling and steroid abuse - Ed)



STOP PRESS - LETTER FROM ALASKA!

OSD USED AS BEAR BAIT – SURVIVES ALASKAN ORDEAL

Anchorage, Alaska. June 14, 1996. The OSD, normally an oceanic person, was recently enticed into the Alaskan hinterland by unscrupulous companions on mountain bikes. The Alaskans loaned the unsuspecting OSD an aging Sekai and drove him to Denali National Park for the expedition.

The three intrepid bicyclists penetrated 60 kms. into the Park over gravel roads, camping out along the way. The trio was confronted by sub-zero temperatures and frigid headwinds. The OSD and his companions laughed at the mere discomfort. (The OSD, after all, had survived the notorious Jervis Bay Hell Paddle.)

Ultimately, it was the threat of dismemberment which kept the group from reaching their goal, the base of 20,230 foot-high Denali. (Which the legendary OSD had climbed in 1954.)

Coming around a corner in bleak and treeless Sable Pass, the adventurers found their path blocked by four grizzly bears. Now the OSD realized why he had been invited along -- As oldest and slowest, he would be the first to be devoured as the bicyclists attempted to outrun the bears. (Grizzlies can run at speeds of 60 kph.)

The trio managed to turn around without infuriating the wildlife and sped back down the hill. A short meeting came up with a unanimous decision to set up camp in a bear-free area and devote the rest of the day to eating and planning the return to civilization.

Civilization in this case means Anchorage, a place where Chemists (Payless Drug Stores) send out junk mail ads with Magellan GPS for \$200, Coleman Canoes for \$500 and .44 Magnum pistols for \$499.99. However, there is a WONDERFUL *R*E*I* store in town. (They DON'T sell guns.)

The OSD reports that the US is heavily armed and considered dangerous. In Los Angeles, he saw a license plate frame which read; "Keep on Honking. I'm reloading." On his famous bike trip in Denali Park, he had an



encounter with a woman ranger in a large Chevy 4WD. When the OSD spied a 12 gauge pump shotgun in the vehicle, he remarked to the ranger that her Australian counterparts were unarmed. She expressed surprise. She then displayed the .357 Magnum pistol on her belt and thumped herself on her chest. The OSD sprang backwards in shock as the ranger's breast responded with a loud "thunk." She was wearing a flak jacket! When she extracted her handcuffs from another holster on her belt, the OSD beat a hasty retreat, fearing involvement in some sort of kinky bondage scenario. He longed for the wholesome woman rangers of Nadgee.

In a few days, the OSD will return to his natural marine habitat. His host in Anchorage, old school chum Will Knoppe, has put the OSD in contact with Richard Larson, mountain biker, kayaker and author. Larson and the OSD will be paddling for a week in a little-visited part of Prince William Sound. Larson is writing a kayaking guide to the region and has never been to this particular remote location before. The OSD has borrowed an Aquaterra Chinook (without bulkheads, in the American manner.) Access to the area will be by chartered fishing boat. The OSD is looking forward to the trip, but his enthusiasm is slightly dampened by the fact that the region is blessed by 400 inches of precipitation yearly.

Stay tuned....

Peace and Semolina
(unfortunately unavailable here),

Norm

[Hey Jim!: The OSD has graciously granted me permission to tack this message on the end of his great contribution: A coffee bar here in Anchorage has a computer which can access the dreaded INTERNET. I was hanging out with a bunch of the Alaskan Kayak gurus and punched up the NSWKSC home page. WOW!!! We were all very impressed. Really great presentation. Congratulations! Inspired by your effort, the Alaskans have vowed to set up a home page of their own. They have fond memories of Australians. Mike Emery, Arunas' Tasmanian friend, came through a while back and taught some of the Alaskans to roll. Speaking of Australians, Andrew Eddy is supposed to be here right now, planning to embark upon the same body of water I will be paddling on....]

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Head & family	Bob	13 Bellvue Pde	CARINGBAH	NSW	2229	(02) 525-0245	(02) 923-6005
Hemmings	Leigh	91 Somerville Rd	HORNSBY HEIGHTS	NSW	2077	(02) 482-2876	(02) 482-2876
Hemsley	Steve	127 Prices Cct	WORONORA	NSW	2232	(02) 545-4422	(02) 545-4422
Hennings	John	40 Raine Rd	REVESBY	NSW	2212	(02) 54-31351	(02) 53-46011
Heron	Stephen	35 Hambleton Ave	BAULKHAM HILLS	NSW	2153	(02) 639 7927	(015) 061 318
Hewitson	Paul	35 Yanderra Cres	NARRARA	NSW	2250	(043) 24-1922	(02) 651-1616
Higgins	Gary	11/12 Stewart St	MANLY	NSW	2095		(02) 214-9868
Hockley	Cheryl & Neil	61 Old Hawkesburry Rd	MCGRATHS HILL	NSW	2756	(045) 772-782	(02) 685-4487
Holster	D. John	PO Box 4600	NORTH ROCKS	NSW	2151	(02) 873-1857	(02) 873-1857
Ingleby	Peter	4/44 Military Rd	NORTH BONDI	NSW	2026	(02) 30-4937	
John	Sundra & Salo	7 Lenox St	NORMANHURST	NSW	2076	(02) 875-4252	(0418) 447-942
Jones	Brian & Suzane	17 Florida Ave	ERMINGTON	NSW	2115	(02) 804-7631	(02) 354-4006
Jones	Doug	12 Warrina Ave	BAULKHAM HILLS	NSW	2153	(02) 674-6032	(02) 9934-510
Jung	Rob	PO Box 396	WEST RYDE	NSW	2114	(02) 808-1692	(02) 887-8853
Kitteridge	Mark	4/104 Dudley St	COOGEE	NSW	2034	(02) 665-2728	0412667453

676 8666 Tony on Sea
NSW Sea Kayak Club Inc. - Contact List

Surname	Firstname	Street	Suburb	State	Postc	Home	Work
Lamonda/Rutherford	Mary Lou/Peter	82 Ingleside Rd.	INGLESIDE	NSW	2101 (02)	9913-3559	
Lazarus	Nevil	80 St Johns Ave	GORDON	NSW	2072 (02)	498-1706	(02) 624-2511
Lea	Greg	4 Olive Kari Close	KARIONG	NSW	2250 (043)	40-0157	(02) 751 1451
Lewis	Sheree	84 Mount St	COOGEE	NSW	2034 (02)	315-7848	(02) 953-6769
Litchfield	Ian	PO Box 469	WYONG	NSW	2259 (043)	52-2242	
Lucas	David	27 Bailey Pde	PEAKHURST	NSW	2210 (02)	53-9192	
Luck	Geoff	35 Packer St	WEETANGERA	ACT	2614 (06)	254 0623	(06) 283 5754
MacDonald	David	37 Nandi Ave	FRENCHS FOREST	NSW	2086 (02)	452-2651	(02) 647-1033
Malcolm	David	4/33 Richmond Ave	DEE WHY	NSW	2099 (02)	9981-334	(02) 228-6965
Maleedy	Michael	64A High St	HUNTERS HILL	NSW	2110 (02)	816-2428	(02) 299-6900
Markwart	Gordon	89 Harbord Rd	HARBORD	NSW	2096 (02)	9905-1863	(041) 841-0172
Maticka	Andrew	Yanderwood MSF 2001	ARMIDALE	NSW	2350 64-4-495-8521		64-4-499-1000
Meert	John	3 Crofts Pl	SPENCE	ACT	2615 (06)	258-7290	(06) 203-7360
Meredith	Peter	24 Ancrum St	NORTH SYDNEY	NSW	2060 (02)	9959-574	(02) 9959-574
Meredith	Peter	24 Ancrum St	NORTH SYDNEY	NSW	2060 (02)	9959-574	(02) 9959-574
Mill	Jeanette	60 Hawdon St	ANSLIE	ACT	2602 (02)	257-7090	(02) 250-9509
Miller	Peter	5 Eureka Street	BURWOOD	NSW	2134 (02)	691 1917	
Morris	Jeremy	2152 Raglan St	MOSMAN	NSW	2088 (02)	9969 4815	(02) 335 3009
Morrish	Ian	57 Ridge St	BATEMANS BAY	NSW	2536 (044)	728-951	(044) 728-388
Newton	Keith	8/25 Palmer St	BALMAIN	NSW	2041 (02)	818-4815	
Nichols	David	30 Coila Ave	TUROSS HEAD	NSW	2537 (044)	738 052	
Niderberger	Tony	4/5 Priory Rd	WAVERTON	NSW	2060 (02)	922-2224	(02) 438-3666
North	Andrew	3/37 Pine St	CAMMERAY	NSW	2062 (02)	922-4028	(02) 666-4455
Ogawa	Kenji	164 Morrison Rd	PUTNEY	NSW	2112 (02)	807-6911	(02) 807-6911
Parker	Gary	14/12 Waterloo St	BULLI	NSW	2516 (042)	85-4317	
Pearson	Mark	5 Miena Place	DUFFY	ACT	2611 (06)	288-3602	(06) 289-6175
Pearson	Robert & Merry	65 Weston St	PANANIA	NSW	2213 (02)	773 8772	
Peattie	Wendy	4 Cannes Dr	AVALON	NSW	2107 (02)	9918 3766	
Phillipson	Jim & Heather	RMB 4500	MAFFRA	VIC	3860		(051) 44 4566
Pilka	Arunas	29 Westgarth St	O'CONNOR	ACT	2601 (06)	248-7828	(06) 283-5404
Pratt	David	1/100 Shirley Rd	WOLLSTONECRAFT	NSW	2065 (02)	901 3120	(02) 9957 4117
Preema	Alex	5 Evans Close	LITHGOW	NSW	2790 (063)	51-3267	(063) 52-2855
Raferly	Ron	8 Tudor Place	CARLINGFORD	NSW	2118 (02)	630-3972	
Read	Gregory	32 Newline Road	WEST PENNANT HILLS	NSW	2125 (02)	484-1233	
Rees	Richard	16 Putney Pde	PUTNEY	NSW	2112 (02)	807-2848	
Richards	Shirin	20 Urunga Pde	MIRANDA	NSW	2228 (02)	540 3743	
Richardson	Michael	337 Condamine St	MANLY VALE	NSW	2093 (02)	9907 0741	(02) 9907-976
Ross	Duncan	2A Pindari Ave	St IVES	NSW	2075 (02)	449-2965	(02) 795 3559
Sanders	Norman	73 Trafalgar Rd	TUROSS HEAD	NSW	2537 (044)	73-8918	
Scheafer	Ralph	5 Eric St	WAHROONGA	NSW	2076 (02)	489-7898	(02) 489-7898
Scott	Michael	87 Chisolm Rd	AUBURN	NSW	2144 (02)	649-7709	(02) 633-3555
Singer	Andrew	2/341 Victoria Ave	CHATSWOOD	NSW	2067 (02)	816-1191	(02) 415-2084
Slattery	John	P.O. Box 24	WOONOONA	NSW	2517 (042)	85-2000	(042) 85-2000
Smith	Rory	4 Barana Pl	KAREELA	NSW	2232 (041)	922-9883	
Smith & Chance	Alan & Gwen	11a Rowley St	BRIGHTON-LE-SANDS	NSW	2216 (02)	567-2455	(02) 581-7611
Snelgrove/Hosty	Cath & Kieran	42 Bulwarra Rd	PYRMONT	NSW	2009 (02)	660-6173	
Soutter	Chris	12 Ringrose Cres	ISAACS	ACT	2607 (06)	290-2204	(06) 202-7000
Steer	Gary	6/24 Lamrock Ave	BONDI	NSW	2026 (02)	365-0962	(02) 356-2266
Stephenson	Andrew	C/o Post Office	GUNDAROO	NSW	2620 (06)	236-8377	(06) 207-8333
Stotz	Carlos	8 Bradley Street	DRUMMOYNE	NSW	2074 (02)	81-2468	(02) 901-5099
Stuber	Dirk	23 Comock Ave	THIRROUL	NSW	2515 (042)	68-1001	(042) 95-2250
Tait	Nikki	5/102-106 Campbell Pde	BONDI	NSW	2026 (02)	307 254	(02) 238 2274
Taylor	Doug	6 Raine Ave	NORTH ROCKS	NSW	2151 (02)	872 2336	
Taylor	Ian	123 Bellinger Rd	RUSE	NSW	2560 (046)	266 756	(046) 25 1403
Taylor	John	16 Blighs Rd	CROMER	NSW	2099 (02)	9982-751	(02) 9951-019
Thomas	Carl	155 Hoptoun Ave	WATSONS BAY	NSW	2030 (02)	388-7223	(02) 957-1200
Thompson	Rob	84A Innes Rd	MANLY VALE	NSW	2093 (02)	9949-3975	(02)9949-3975
Tringham	Ian	PO Box 153	CHURCH POINT	NSW	2105 (02)	9997-8190	
Tyrrel	Anthony	PO Box 64	BODALLA	NSW	2545 (044)	73-5515	(044) 73-5515
Verity	David	46 Stanley Rd	EPPING	NSW	2121 (02)	876-5372	(02) 624-2511
Vogel	Roelof	PO Box 3124	BELLEVUE HILL	NSW	2023 (02)	428-2274	(02) 394-0555
Weir	David	13 Tuckwell St	CASTLE HILL	NSW	2154 (02)	899-1730	
White	Norman	29 Balaclava Rd	EASTWOOD	NSW	2122 (02)	874-2286	(018) 861587
White	Tony S.	83 Wood St	MANLY	NSW	2095 (02)	9977-343	(02) 9957-411
Whitsunday Kayak Adventures		PO Box 331	AIRLIE BEACH	QLD	4802 (018)	318354	(079) 46-5574
Whyte	David	12 Fossey St	HOLDER	ACT	2611 (06)	288-0446	(02) 264-4334
Wicks	John	PO Box 311	EPPING	NSW	2121 (02)	876-6785	
Wilde	John	7 Johnston St	NARRABUNDAH	ACT	2604 (06)	295-6062	(06) 295-1833
Wildman	Adam	PO Box 370	CURRUMBIN	QLD	4223 (07)	5598 2179	(015) 755 244
Wilks	Craig	15/2 Waratah St	ELIZABETH BAY	NSW	2011 (02)	357-1679	
Williams & Mack	Neil & Jenni	6/180 Phillip St	SYDNEY	NSW	2000 (02)	398-1504	(02) 221-5604
Wingrove	Bruce	27 Macken St	OATLEY	NSW	2223 (02)	580-5316	(02) 414-8274
Winkworth	David	21 Tura Beach Drv	TURA BEACH	NSW	2548 (064)	94-1366	(064) 95-9714
Winkworth	Phil	35 Elliot Pl	CAMPBELL	ACT	2612 (06)	247-3581	(06) 251 3122
Winters	Ross	57 Valentia Ave	LUGARNO	NSW	2210 (02)	53-7766	(02) 710-8274
Wischer	Rob	120 Prince Alfred Pde	NEWPORT	NSW	2106 (02)	973-1306	(02) 364-2411
Witt	Peter & Anne	PO Box 66	PORTLAND	NSW	2847 (063)	555-144	(063) 555-233

1995/1996 CLUB CALENDAR

(Call Gary Edmond on (042) 84 0836 to notify events)

July-96

WHEN	WHAT	WHERE
WEEKLY		
Sundays ②	Michael Maleedy usually does a 30km paddle from Hunters Hill to North Head & return. If other experienced paddlers are available he occasionally paddles from the Spit out the Heads to somewhere north & return. Ideal for anyone interested in building or maintaining fitness. Contact Michael on (02) 816 2428 - home or (02) 332 1122 - work.	Sydney Harbour
Weekends ②	The Wollongong pod usually go for a paddle. If you would like to join them please call Gary Edmond on (042) 84 0836 -home or Dirk Stuber on (042) 68 1001. Instruction available.	Wollongong Area
Tuesdays ② (evening)	Paddle, Surfing Practice or a Barbecue. Meeting at either Clontarf or Long Reef around 5pm. A fairly casual affair and usually a lot of fun. contact either Dave Malcom on (02) 970 7633 - home or Chris Welsh on (02) 977 7356 - home.	Sydney Area
Tuesday ① (evening)	The Canberra pod usually go for a paddle on the Lake for an hour or so, sometimes followed by a Bar-B-Q. Meet at Black Mountain Peninsula at 6.00pm. Contact Arunas Pilka (06) 248 7828 (h) or (06) 283 5404 (w).	Canberra
Thursdays ② (evening)	Nevile Lazarus and friends paddle on the Harbour regularly on Thursday nights, leaving from Roseville Bridge Boat Ramp at quarter to seven and paddling to Balmoral Beach and return. Nevile would welcome other club members to come along , so if you are interested give Nevile a call at home on (02) 498 1706 or at work on (02) 624 2511	Sydney Area
JULY		
13-14 ③	Narooma to Batemans Bay - After the excitement of the Narooma Bar a fairly leisurely two day paddle to Batemans Bay. Camping on a deserted beach somewhere along the way. Participants will need to carry camping gear and be self sufficient. The paddle involves a car shuffle of approx. 60 km so an early start on Saturday is essential. Contact Arunas Pilka h: (06) 2487828 w: (06) 2835562.	Batemans Bay
AUGUST		
10-11 ①	Paddle up the Shoalhaven Arm of Tallowa Dam to Fossickers Flat. An easy 12km paddle to a lovely campsite on the upper reaches of the dam. Although it will be cold at this time of the year a roaring fire on Saturday night will keep spirits up. Contact Gary Edmond (042) 840 836.	Kangaroo Valley
10-25 ④-⑤	Makay to Shute Harbour, 180 km. Day 1, 40km, crossing to Brampton Island then 5 days island hopping to Shute Harbour via Border Island and Hook Passage. 6 days paddling, 4 days driving Sydney return via Roma, 4 days to spare. Contact Don Andrews (02) 9971 6842	Whitsundays
SEPTEMBER		
7-8 ②	Paddle the scenic 5 islands off Wollongong on the Saturday and indulge in a spot of surfing or a leisurely coastal paddle on the Sunday. Contact Gary Parker (042) 854 317	Wollongong
OCTOBER		
5-7 ②	Gentle paddle on the Clyde River Estuary. Spend 3 tranquil days exploring the Clyde River. Camping in idyllic splendour on one of the South Coast's prettiest river estuaries. Contact Mark Pearson (06) 288 3602 H, (06) 289 6688 W.	Batemans Bay
NOVEMBER		
9-10 ①	Surf skills weekend. Same format as last year with the opportunity for some fun in the surf for the experienced and for some tuition by the experienced for those not so confident in the surf. Those with access to a white water boat are encouraged to bring it along. Camping is available on the beach at Coledale. Contact Gary Edmond (042) 840 836.	Wollongong
30-1 ①	Rock & Roll Weekend. Despite the deluge on Saturday night last year's event was a huge success with almost 100 people attending. The format will be much the same as last year with seminars and coaching clinics on a variety of topics as well as the learn to Eskimo Roll sessions. There will be a guest speaker on Saturday night and the opportunity for socialising with other club members. Contact Dave Winkworth (064) 941 366 H, (064) 959714 W.	Honeymoon Bay on Jervis Bay
30	Annual General Meeting. As with last year the AGM will be run in conjunction with the Rock & Roll weekend on Saturday afternoon. It is your chance to have a say on the running of the Club or to stand for election to the executive. Anyone interested in nominating for the executive should contact Arunas Pilka on (06) 248 7828 H, or (06) 283 5562 W	Honeymoon Bay on Jervis Bay

NSW Sea Kayak Club Info-Line

(02) 552 0028

A recorded message giving the latest on club trips and events. It costs the same as dialling any local Sydney number and messages may also be left.

NSWSKC Paddle Grading System

ABILITY

Sea kayaking is by its nature dangerous. The sea does not suffer complacency kindly. Paddlers should, therefore, aim to minimise their risk. The paddle grading system is provided as a guide for members to **SELF-ASSESS** their suitability for club paddles. The various grades are a reflection of ability, experience and fitness. Through inspection of the grading system and/or discussion with the particular 'paddle coordinator', prospective paddlers should determine whether they are competent to attend. With the exception of grade 0-2 paddles; where very little experience and ability are expected, prospective paddlers should determine their suitability of their **OWN ACCORD**. You should not expect strangers/others to simply assess your competence and stamina. If you are in doubt then don't go.

The NSWSKC reserves the right to prevent people from participating in club paddles. Authority is vested in the paddle coordinator and/or senior/experienced paddler(s) and/or instructor(s). The occasion may arise where a coordinator(s) and/or one or more of the senior/experienced paddler(s) and/or instructor(s) may prohibit a person from paddling on the 'club paddle'. Such an exclusion does not constitute an implicit approval of remaining non-prohibited paddlers. For the exclusion might, for example, be generated from a personal knowledge of the excluded individual's deficient paddling ability or equipment. Such a vetting process will be exceptional as paddlers will be expected to exclude themselves. **ALL RESPONSIBILITY** lies with the individual contemplating participating in the paddle to comply with the advertised standard.

Paddles of grading 0-2 will usually have a 'paddle leader' to offer both instruction and leadership where required.

Paddles ranked >2 (greater than 2) may or may not have an identifiable 'paddle leader'. Often there will be a consensus achieved through negotiation. No one person, including the 'paddle coordinator' assumes responsibility for paddlers. In such circumstances paddlers are obviously committed to communal safety and well-being but they should be prepared to care for themselves in the event of complications.

EQUIPMENT

Any paddler anticipating attending a club paddle should, unless otherwise stated, possess as a minimum the following equipment.

Essential:	Well maintained sea kayak with bulkhead(s) and buoyancy.
	Fitted decklines
	Personal Flotation Device (PFD)
	Tow rope (>10m)
	Cagg or paddle jacket
	1st Aid Kit (group)
	Spray skirt
	Whistle
	Compass
	Paddle and paddle leash
	Warm clothing, matches, food and water.
	Spare paddle (group)

Recommended: map(s); flares; knife and relevant personal items eg. medication.

Possession of this equipment and enforcement of these requirements are not the responsibility of the 'paddle coordinator' for paddles Graded >2 (greater than 2). The individual paddler is expected to conform of their own accord. Obvious failure to meet the standard may lead to prohibition from the particular club paddle by the coordinator(s) and/or experienced paddler(s) and/or instructor(s). Where an individual fails to meet the required minimum standard of equipment and/or competence and yet undertakes to continue, the paddle coordinator(s)/experienced paddler(s)/instructor(s) assume no responsibility for that action. The individual is most familiar with their own gear and ability. Emphasis is upon **SELF-REGULATION**.

Definitions

'Club paddle': a paddle advertised in the NSWSKC calendar or on the *Infoline*.

'Paddle coordinator': member who disseminates information about a particular paddle. There is no imputed onus of leadership.

'Senior/experienced paddler': member with considerable paddling experience.

'Instructor': a person with sea kayak instructor qualifications recognised by the ACF or NSW Board of Canoe Education.

'Paddle leader': person(s) who formally lead paddles Graded from 0-2. On paddles Graded >2 a leader is a person who has formally nominated themselves as such through the paddle advertising. In both instances they may be distinct from the paddle coordinator. It should be remembered that in the second instance (grade >2) there may be no leader.

* All advertised paddles should clearly identify paddle coordinator, paddle leader (where appropriate) and base grade.

The grading system is intended as a rough guide for members to self-assess their suitability for club paddles.

Grade	Description & Pre-requisites	Scaling Factors
1	Beginner - Closed or protected water - instruction available. No experience required. Might not be influenced by bad weather.	For grades 1 & 2 Wind Seas Add(for each) <10kn <1.5m 0 10-15kn 1.5-2.5m 0.5
2	Novice with some paddling experience. <15km paddling day(s) primarily along accessible coastline or on protected water. Pre-requisite: able to perform assisted rescues.	15-25kn >2.5m 1.0 >25kn >3.0m 1.5
3	Proficient . <25km paddling day(s). Possibly short open water crossings or non landable stretches: up to 5km. Pre-requisites: able to perform assisted rescues & surf entries & exits.	For Grades 3 & 4 Wind Seas Add(for each) >20kn >2.5m 1.0
4	Intermediate . <40km paddling day(s). Longer open crossings and non landable stretches: up to 10km. Pre-requisites: able to perform assisted rescues and rescue others: surf entries & exits; reliable eskimo roll.	
5	Advanced . Long open ocean paddling in large seas and adverse conditions. Pre-requisites: very reliable surfing skills & eskimo roll, ability to self rescue & rescue others.	For Grades 5 & 6 No weather modifications. Paddlers know their limits.
6	Expedition . Potentially very challenging conditions. Only for experienced advanced paddlers. Probably invitation only.	

To obtain modified grading **add** the value for wind & seas.

eg. For a grade **2** paddle on a weekend with forecasted 12kn winds & 2m seas the new grade would be:

$$\text{Grade } 2 + 0.5 (\text{wind}) + 0.5 (\text{seas}) = \text{Grade } 3$$