

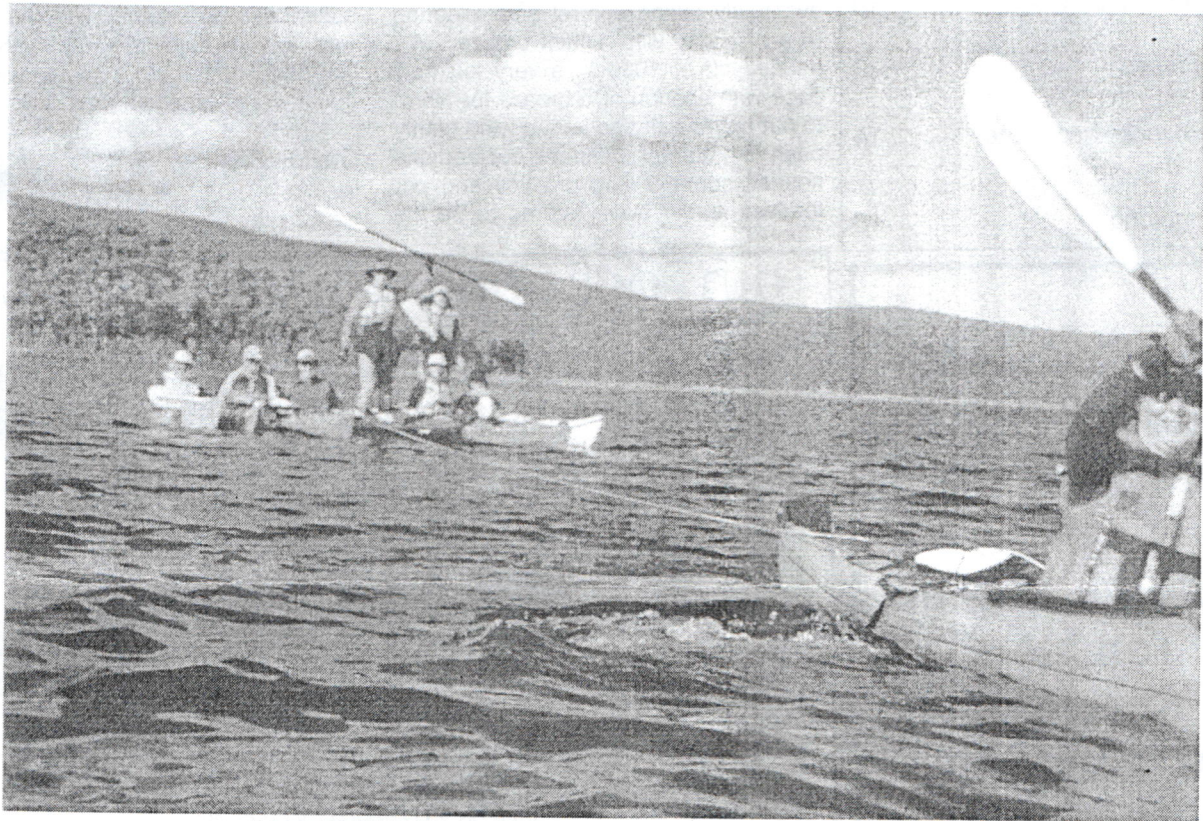
# ❖ NSW Sea Kayaker ❖

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

Issue 31

July 1997

## EUCUMBENE



*Jeanette Mill's herculean feat of strength* - Photo David Whyte

It was a cold foggy morning when I heard the tap tap tap of Jan's diesel arriving to pick me up at 6am. The fog was thick and soupy on the drive up and I had visions of launching out into the mist like Canberra's early morning rowers. But, with only a few miles to go before the dam wall, where we were to launch, the sky broke clear the fog lifted and a mirror lake started to appear.

We couldn't have wished for better weather the sky was blue and the lake dead flat. Jan and I were the first there with Gordon and his son turning up a bit later. Andrew turned up at 9:30 with a folding kayak and by 11 he had it together. We launched at the boat ramp on the northern end of the dam wall into the rich blue haze of Lake Eucumbene. I decided to leave the sail in the car and wish I had brought a pair of shorts. Nine set off on to what was to be a peaceful easy paddle with none of the bad weather that we were

expecting.

We headed straight down the middle for the first bit and I could have easily used a roll of film on the reflections of the canoeist in the lake. We headed for the one of the points turning into a bay for lunch. Dead trees stood like sentinels at the lakes shore, dying troops from an old battle against the rising lake. Their dead white frames gave new meaning to the term "Ghost Gums". There were plenty of spots to pull in though the shore was rocky, albeit small ones, making it a bit scratchy for fibreglass boats. Above the high water make was lush green bush of the high country; some had been expecting a more barren landscape. The green hills surrounding the blue lake made a beautiful picture and it was easy to let our minds go as the kayaks streamed through the still water.

We continued on to Teal Island and found it had very good camping spot. Lots of space, good views and, most importantly at this time of the year, plenty of firewood. We set up camp and as it was still fairly early we went out and explored the lake more. I came back early hoping to get a nice sunset photograph. Gordon gave a demonstration of endurance by doing several eskimo rolls in the freezing lake in nothing more than his spray skirt and bathers.

Not long after Dave came back and did the same; but Dave kept his cag on. Arunas was next but ended up wet exiting and decided to go for a swim anyway; the water wasn't exactly warm. Andrew showed several different styles and the rest of us decided to wait until tomorrow. Though my excuse was I was still trying to photograph the sunset and did manage to get some good

*(Continued on page 2)*




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*Eucembene (Continued from page 1)*

shots. We had a good camp fire with lively discussions. Norm gave us his life story. Which involved starting work as a carpenter building caravans, a few intervening jobs and ending up as one building kayaks.

The night was cold but not as cold as we were expecting. An evening cloud cover crept in keeping the temperature above zero - there was no frost. There was an early morning mist with the sun eventually taking control and clearing to a nice day with a faint breeze. We headed off at 1030 at a very leisurely pace with enough of a breeze for Norm to put up his sail and let the wind gently push him along. Jeanette decided she needed some towing practice and our fearless leader Dave offered to be the

towed and sat back and enjoyed the ride. But, unbeknown to Jeanette, everyone else thought they needed a tow and tagged onto Dave's boat. And there was Jeanette, merrily paddling down the lake with seven kayaks in tow. I believe she had two bowls of semolina for breakfast. She later informed us she tested negative to steroid abuse.

When we got back to the boat ramp those of us who piked out on the rolling the previous day thought we had better do one to save face. The cold water quite took your breath away. All in all it was a very enjoyable trip with good company and there's every likelihood that it will be on again next year.

David Whyte



**This Newsletter  
produced with the  
kind assistance  
of  
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**Members' Hall of Shame**

<b>Felons</b>	<b>Crimes</b>	<b>Editor's Comment</b>
<b>J. Croft</b>	Didn't contribute anything ... but even if he had ... it no doubt would have been LATE!!!	There's a lot of good stories in Jim's head. Will they ever see the light of day?
<b>K. Ogawa</b>	Sent me a <b>handwritten</b> Shark Island report after the deadline- leaving me no time to include the article!!	Kenji - thanks anyway - will be published in October.
<b>J. Mill</b>	Started 'Croajingalong' in April - still wasn't finished by July - missed deadline.	I have punished Jeanette by not giving her the lead story as promised. It's for her own good!



# Happy Times at Honeymoon Bay

Above: Mark Pearson and Chris Soutter (prior to his accident) stand to attention  
Below: Norm Sanders demonstrates his new sail Photos: Jeanette Mill







# Flotsam & Jetsam



## TALES FROM 'THE NEXT STEP' ANZAC WEEKEND JERVIS BAY

### Unplanned Trip

Chris Soutter was one club member cruelly reminded that danger is ever-present danger in the world of sea-kayaking. Eagerly striding down the beach track at dawn, Chris looked up to greet a fellow paddler, tripped on a tree root and fell heavily into the scrub. The result; several torn ligaments and a fractured bone in his left ankle. "It just shows" grimaced Chris, his handsome face contorted with pain, "in this knife-edged sport you just can't afford to lose concentration - not even for a second!" Some time later, after the injured limb had been strapped by the gentle and reassuring hands of 'nurse' Jeanette Mill, Chris groaned "thank God I was wearing my helmet, or I might have really injured my ankle!"

### Hard man hits rock bottom

Notorious tough guy Jim Croft, paddling arrogantly close to a headland near Target Beach, was surprised when large waves drove him onto the rocks. Unable to roll up, Jim bailed out, and was then thrown backwards several times by the surging swell as he tried to save his stricken Apostle from destruction. Seeing Jim's predicament, a passing club member (luckily paddling a nimble kayak of advanced design), entered the danger zone and hauled the waterlogged plastic tub out to deep water and safety. The marooned Jim then had to scale a small cliff (now forever known as Croft's Cliff) and fight through dense scrub to rendezvous with his boat at a nearby cove.

On return to the camp, wife Jenni was on hand to apply first aid for the victim's lacerated hands and legs. But that wasn't the end of the trauma for poor Jenni .. "after we got home, I caught a glimpse of my poor husband as he undressed. I nearly screamed... it was huge ... revolting ...the biggest one I had ever seen .... his right buttock was just one big bruise! With tears in her eyes, Jenni added "the poor thing hadn't even mentioned this terrible injury ... but then, he's such a proud man, my Jim..."

Later, while convalescing on a comfy chair with his shattered ego, the crestfallen Croft reflected "thank God I

was wearing a helmet, or I might have really injured my poor bottom".

### Fateful examination

Norm Sanders proved yet again that patience is no pre-requisite for holding the office of sea-instructor. Scheduled to assess three hopefuls for their proficiency, the veteran paddler set off from Honeymoon Bay with a class of only two, leaving a distraught student back at the camp still preparing the mountain of mandatory equipment required for this examination. As fate would have it, the Old Sea Dog's precipitate action resulted in the forgotten student being on hand to rescue the stricken kayak at Target Beach some two hours later (see preceding story).

Back at camp, as the news spread of the incident, pressure mounted for the action to be officially recognised. But the obdurate instructor refused point blank to grant the hero Honorary Proficiency. "Just because some guy hauls a boat out of a raging gauntlet means nothing" growled the defensive Sanders "no-one was there to check that his first aid kit, tow rope and spare paddle were in good working order - that's what counts in my book". Some time later, the plucky novice commented "I'm not bitter at all ... Norm's of the old school and his principles should be respected" And his reflections on the salvage incident "I'm just thankful I wasn't wearing a helmet, or I might have got into serious trouble myself!"

### Red and Rusty at Barlings Beach

The Instructors Intake at Barlings beach on 7-9 June again proved a lively event. As usual, the Senior Instructors sought to add realism to the many rescue situations imposed on the students. Thus the wily David Winkworth vacated his kayak on the pretence of taking a pee then, simulating a shark attack, screamed while releasing red food colouring in the water. But the effort was wasted - the students, unfortunately so preoccupied with the thought of lifting such a heavy body out of the water, didn't even notice the dye..

However, one group of students was totally caught of guard. Paddling over

a shallow reef off Broulee Island, their leader's Pittarak was surprisingly capsized by a breaking wave of only moderate size. But that wasn't the end of it - the class, open-mouthed with amazement, then witnessed three failed roll attempts and a wet exit! As the shocked students performed the required rescue, this time the red glow in the water was noticed by all. Not food colouring this time.. just the reflection from the face of one highly embarrassed senior instructor! Is anyone running rolling lessons in the Cooma area?

**LOST** - 1 Screw Roll, at Lake Eucumbene. Brute Power brand. Inflexible and not pretty to watch but works and is the only one I had. High sentimental value. Reward offered for it's safe return - Arunas Pilka

## Wanted

### Adventurous LADIES

*Ladies - are you prepared to be stripped naked, wrapped in gladwrap and made to sit on a hot mould? Yes? Well super-kayak designer David Winkworth would sure like to meet you!!*

*Why? Well it's for a very worthy cause - most sea kayak seats are designed for coarse, shapeless and generally unattractive male bottoms. Your assistance will help in the production of the first seat designed specifically for the female posterior!*

Contact David on (064) 94-1366 if you would like to participate in this groundbreaking research (but please hang up quickly if wife Sue answers the phone).







# LIVELY LETTERS

Dear Sir, the article "Brave Fool" in "Flotsam and Jetsam", issue 30 of our journal, has excited a great deal of comment amongst my fellow paddlers. Not only is the article full of hyperbole and exaggeration but it contains real errors of substance and omissions of salient fact:

- Montague Island is 6 km from Narooma and 10 km from Mystery Bay, not 9 km as stated in the article.
- the "feat" was quietly "heralded" on the Saturday afternoon, and then celebrated with a Sunday breakfast of pancakes.
- the author does not know that I *didn't* carry inflatable sponsons. (I do own a pair, you know, and nobody looked in my day-hatch to find out if I had carried them)
- the Arctic Raider *has* been willingly paddled on the open sea, by capable paddlers, in expeditions in Bass Strait, across the Torres Strait, and many many trips on our nearby coast. It is a very capable medium-volume sea-touring kayak.
- the Arctic Raider is not "tippy" so much as it is *highly manoeverable*. It is easy to *edge*, easy to *lean*, and therefore easy to *turn*, and it is easy to *roll*. (Who, me? Roll? What kind of roll, and which side? Choice of 14 different flavours, according to our beloved President)
- it is of no matter to other paddlers that my Arctic Raider spent a significant portion of the trip upside-down. I *choose* to paddle upside down, in order to see the seals, dolphins, fairy penguins, sea urchins, scuba divers, schools of fish, propellers, rocks and surfboard fins. The top of the ocean is much less interesting

I had my Arctic Raider fully a year before I took it out on the ocean. That was not the boat's fault. I paddled it in closed waters, in surf and close inshore, but didn't feel comfortable with it until I *fitted it out properly*. By that I mean full hip, thigh, lower back and foot bracing. Mr Editor, I followed *your* example, though not to the same standard of finish-quality.

Now that this kayak fits me and is an

## STAR LETTER

Dear Editor, the toilet habits mentioned in the article "Lessons from Nadgee 11", NSW Sea Kayaker No. 30, concern me for the following reasons.

First of all the smearing technique: In the US the ground would be much colder, maybe even frozen in the north, for at least 6 months a year, slowing down the break down. We do not have this problem here, our soils are relatively warm all year. We already have a blowfly problem - let's not exacerbate it.

There are also bacteria, viruses and protozoa, the main two being *E coli* and *Giardia lamblia* - both of these float in water and are very infectious. *G lamblia* is a nasty intestinal parasite which carriers may not know they have. Badly infected people can be passing millions of cysts per day. Our rivers become contaminated by people who leave faecal matter on the surface of the soil, it then washes into our rivers. Besides this it is still unsightly, it smells and who is going to dig it up if it is buried?

Secondly the intertidal zone: If it happens to be an incoming tide, it could be deposited back on our beautiful beaches becoming once again a health hazard and

extension of my body, it, no, we perform as we should have all along. So, as you can see, the Montague Island paddle was not a *feat of derring-do*, or an *act of unheralded courage*, but a simple matter of fitting-out a sea kayak and learning how to paddle it. I recommend to *all* your readers that they fit their kayaks out with appropriate padding for full boat control, then come to the club's skills sessions.

See you there.  
Andrew Eddy



Dear Editor, I would like to point out that the geographical references made by Doug Fraser in his recent article on our sea-kayaking adventure to SW Tasmania (The Wanderers' Return - Issue 30), should not be construed as being indicative of his navigational ability. Despite him being of senior rank, I feel obliged to point out to my senior that west of Tasmania is in fact Africa and not South America as

an eyesore. Our fish have not evolved to eat sewage and it upsets the delicate ecological balance of our reefs. Plus I don't fancy having to launch my kayak in the water or wade in it after a number of people have turned the sea into a floating minefield, for many of the reasons outlined above. My preferred method of excrta disposal in the bush:

1. Locate small rock, preferably well above creek
2. Remove rock
3. Excavate soil, deposit waste & toilet paper
4. Cover with soil replace rock & leave the rest to nature.

Deep pit toilets are recommended for more permanent camps.

Jennifer Kenna  
Orange, NSW

P.S. Please don't forget to wash your hands


*(\$20 dollars for this excellent letter. I'm with Jennifer on this one - the prominent individual who is pushing these 'habits' (a.k.a. 'the phantom of the inter-tidal zone') should be banned from further wilderness expeditions until he cleans up his act! - Editor)*

I would also like to thank the sponsors for our Tassie trip who were; Adventure Foods, the Australian Army, Australian Geographic, Macpac, RFD Marine Safety and Survival systems and Roscoe Canoes. Without their support the adventure would not have succeeded.

Secondly, I would like to suggest that if the club is seeking options for spending it's money I'd recommend the purchase of a mini B2 EPIRB (available from RFD Marine) as a worthwhile investment. Costing around \$500 each (cheaper ones are available however these are the lightest and most compact), they could be held in trust and loaned (or rented) out to those paddlers venturing into remote areas or even for those who would like an additional safety mechanism to their sea kayaking forays. It would certainly reduce some of the "spouse uncertainty" as to one's safety if he/she knows that you are carrying such a sophisticated and effective device.

*(Continued on page 6)*





(Continued from page 5)

Damon Howes  
Braddon ACT

(sounds like a good idea to me - might  
be a motion at the next AGM - Ed)



Dear NSWSKC, My colleagues and I would like to express outrage at the editorial bias that pervades this so-called newsletter. I refer to the ever growing number of gratuitous references to the Inuit Classic - and accompanying 'funny ha ha' comments about the features of rival sea kayaks.

Well, we have discovered some serious and dangerous design flaws in the so-called Classic that must be revealed. Firstly, the hard chines - OK, they might be brilliant in the water, but try banging your head against them when the boat's on a car - bloody hurts like hell - whereas banging your head against the side of a Freedom/Mirage/Arctic Raider is actually quite a pleasant experience!

And the much vaunted V-Keel - OK, it makes for good tracking, but try sitting in a so-called 'Classic' on dry land - it leans to one side, feels scary and looks plain STUPID! Give us a nice flat bottomed kayak any day! Our advice to kayak purchasers who may have been swayed by all the propaganda - if it's got nasty edges and doesn't sit nice and straight on the showroom floor - FORGET IT!

signed

Mad as hell and we're not going to take it anymore

Manlyvale  
The Spit  
Narrabeen  
Gladesville  
NSW



Dear Sir,

I am fed up with injustice in this world.  
I must speak up.

The article "Bombora Incident" in issue 30 of this journal carries a clear picture of the conditions preceding a collision in surf, and the accompanying text carries eyewitness reports of the

paddlers' actions.

From this information it is clear that:

- there were too many surfers on the one wave
- none of them responded by dropping off the back of the wave

Given that the scene was then set for a collision or near miss, there is a well-understood *surf etiquette* to decide who has a priority (I refer readers with Internet access to the URL <http://www.asudoit.com/KayakSurfRR2.html#anchor1163834> > for an excellent set of illustrations of surf etiquette - note illustration 10). From Mr Pearson's response, and the accompanying photo it is clear that;

- Messrs Croft and Pearson were on either side of *the break*
- Mr Pearson had *the shoulder of the wave* on the right hand side of the break, so he had priority over the third paddler in the scene, so he could have turned *right*.
- Mr Pearson chose to turn *left* and *cross the break*, against best surf etiquette, merely in order to (by his own admission) save a few scratches to his gelcoat ("twelve inches of jagged rock appeared ..." indeed!)
- Mr Pearson chose to take no further action to avoid collision ("no time ... for a warning shout"). He could have *rolled*, thereby using his body as a sea anchor. No, he chose to ram an innocent fellow paddler and cause serious bodily injury.
- Mr Pearson has *used a position of privilege* for a bout of self-justification.

The final injustice in the article is in the verdict penned by our respected President Sanders. Our beloved President has uncharacteristically let his prejudices toward his own design, the Inuit Classic, paddled by Mr Pearson during this incident, affect his judgement of blame. He should have acknowledged his vested interests and bowed out of the dispute, perhaps after appointing an independent arbiter.

I believe that a few apologies are in order. We must not let these injustices continue. Yours for truth, justice and the paddling way

Andrew Eddy



Dear Sir,  
more than once, on recent club paddles, my fellow paddlers have brought my attention to the fact that something seemed to be missing from my article "Rudders Study" in issue 30 of the club newsletter. The all-important data had escaped from the tables and evaporated! I hoped to blame you, as editor, for the loss of the tables of data, but I think it would be more politic to wave my hands at some inoffensive computer and mutter vaguely about "incompatible file formats" or something.

For interested readers, here are the tables of data:

#### Feathercraft

no rudder 8.45 +/- .03  
with rudder 7.96 +/- .133

A two-sample T-test shows that these speeds are significantly different ( $p=0.0007$ ). The *Feathercraft* is 0.5 kmh faster **without** the rudder (about 4 minutes in every hour).

#### Arctic Raider

no rudder 8.23 +/- .054  
with rudder 8.53 +/- .067

A two-sample T-test shows that these speeds are significantly different ( $p=0.009$ ). The *Arctic Raider* is 0.3 kmh faster **with** the rudder (about 2 minutes in the hour).

The *Arctic Raider* in its best configuration is no faster than the *Feathercraft* at its best (two-sample T-test:  $p=0.28$ , i.e., the difference is not significant).

At least one reader queried my use of the two-sample T-test. I used that in preference to a two-way analysis of variance because I couldn't remember how to "drive" the stats software. So there!

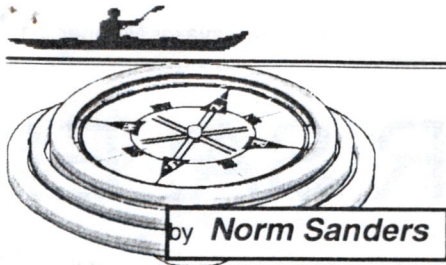
Andrew Eddy

(as this was a particularly boring and uncontroversial letter, I'm afraid Andrew will have to pay me \$20 for publishing it!)

P.S. my comments here have also been a useful tool for filling what would otherwise have been an embarrassing blank area on this page - Editor







# THE OLD SEA DOG'S GEAR LOCKER

Risking banishment from the inner circle around the camp-Trangia, the OSD has purchased A NEW HEADLAMP. This was prompted by his daughter stopping in at Paddler's Haven on her way North on a camping/working holiday. The OSD gallantly gave her his Petzl Micro (along with a Eureka tent, an historic Trangia, a Thermarest and his faithful Toyota Corona.)

So, headlampless, the OSD purchased the new SOLO, a product of Princeton Tec, New Jersey, USA. (US\$30 at REI, about A\$50 in OZ) Obviously designed to compete with the French Micro, the SOLO looks fairly similar, if slightly smaller and lighter - 4.5 oz. versus 5 oz. for the Micro. Princeton Tec has long built waterproof flashlights, one of which the OSD has kept on his deck for night emergencies.

The SOLO, like all Princeton Tec gear, is supposed to be watertight to 2000 feet. The OSD feels he is never likely to attain this depth, but is reassured that the SOLO will let him know if he ever does - the light will go out. It won't go out, however in heavy rain or spray. This is an advantage over the Petzl, which is water RESISTANT. As Princeton Tec says, "Go ahead, get it wet! Swim with it, canoe with it, kayak with it - just don't try this with other headlamps or you'll end up with a headache, not a headlamp." The OSD observes that rain has never dampened the ardour of his Micro, but the potential is there.

The SOLO differs from the Petzl Micro in another respect: The SOLO is fixed focus, or rather has two fixed foci. The SOLO comes with two interchangeable reflectors and bulbs. One is a halogen bulb focussed in a tight beam for burning holes in trees at 100 meters and the other is a Krypton bulb with a wider angle of illumination which is more humane and gives 8 hours of light from the two AA batteries. This is the combination the OSD uses. He leaves the halogen rig at home to avoid the hassle of carrying it around and trying to change over on a trip.

The Krypton bulb is a good compromise for cooking and general lighting. When the OSD first tried the Krypton bulb, he was very disappointed with the brightness,

similar in colour to the sun viewed at sunset through dense smoke. However, he hearkened back to a stormy night on a racing yacht off the coast of Mexico in 1963 when a shipmate taught him how to scrape the corrosion off the leaden contact base of the bulb with a pen knife. Viola! The SOLO now shines with renewed brilliance and enthusiasm.

Which headlamp is better? The Micro is more convenient, with no reflector changeover hassles. It is also easier to turn on and off with one hand. The SOLO, with its "O" ring, is stiffer and requires two hands to avoid twisting the straps off one's head. The SOLO is more compact and looks cleaner. The OSD reckons that if you already have a Micro, don't bother running out to buy a SOLO (Unless you want to practice Eskimo rolls at 2000 feet.) If you are headlampless, well... the OSD thinks that the SOLO gets the nod, but only just. (His choice may be influenced by the sexy, Polartec fleece bag which the SOLO comes in.)

Another new gadget in the Gear Locker is a GPS. (Global Positioning System) Why, you may well ask, does the OSD need a GPS? The OSD has asked himself the same question and has had to admit that the device is absolutely useless on the coast of NSW. ("We are now 3 km from the Tollgates on a bearing of 298 degrees." "Yeah, big deal. We've been looking at them for the last hour.")

It is, however a VERY nifty toy. And not all that expensive anymore. The price for a Garmin GPS 38 has dropped to \$US 150 at REI. In Australia, they are about \$A 350. So, why bother? A GPS would certainly be useful in fog - or clouds, like for bushwalking in the Snowy Mountains. It is also good in a place like Alaska which has a lot of little islands which all look the same.

Then too, it can give you an idea of rates and directions of currents. Gary Edmond used his GPS on crossings of Bass and Torres Straits and found it reassuring, perhaps even useful. A GPS doesn't replace maps, which are needed to enter future destinations or waypoints. Waypoints can be entered enroute at any location, however, so you can always get back to where you started, even without a map. The GPS will

indicate a bearing and distance to any entered waypoint. There is a little route map on the GPS, but the OSD hasn't figured out how to use it yet. Speed and times to destination are theoretically available on the GPS, but at the speeds travelled by kayaks, the data may be unreliable.

This is because the Yanks (who own the satellites) purposely degrade the signals so that a false position is given which varies randomly from 49 to 327 feet around the true position. If they didn't do this, Saddam Hussein could use the GPS system to target his missiles with an accuracy of 3.3 feet. (The clever Yanks have black boxes which re-establish the accuracy for THEIR missiles.) Since speed and distance are averaged over a minute or so, the random variations can cause problems at slow speeds. The OSD and his mates are taking the GPS up on the Barrier Reef for a month, where it may be of some use. He will report on the results later. One warning: The makers imply that the GPS is waterproof, with the electronics sealed in a nitrogen-filled capsule. However, the battery compartment leaks and even the electronics can get wet. Best keep the GPS in a waterproof VHF radio bag - which doesn't seem to degrade performance.

OSD's Tip of the day: Always use rubber gloves when handling epoxy resins to keep toxic substances away from the skin and to make cleaning up easier. The usual household washing-up gloves are too heavy. For the best sensitive, tactile results, a thin, disposable latex glove is best. They can be purchased in packs of 24 or so in supermarkets. Even better are latex examination gloves for medical use. They fit larger hands and are sturdier - often reusable several times. Ask your doctor or dentist where they can be bought. (Or, if you aren't squeamish, ask for their used ones.) Sometimes they are also stocked by supermarkets.

FREE! FREE! FREE! The OSD has located AN INEXHAUSTIBLE FREE SUPPLY of white, closed cell foam - offcuts from a boogie board factory behind Batemans Bay Power and Sail. Ring me or BBP&S for details. Keep Warm, and Dry.







# NSWSKC WINTER SALE!

The following kayaks are part of a glorious fleet regrettably being sold off as their proud owner moves overseas in his never ending quest to avoid mundane work.

**PITTARAK**, fitted for serious paddling and surfing. Already made one crossing of Bass Strait and I reckon there's at least 1 and maybe 2 left in her. Most sturdy kayak ever constructed. Modified to suit the mindset of all who have already had one kayak sink at sea while paddling. Integrated seat bulkhead and bulkhead footrest. **Watertight**. Footpump. Retractable skeg. **\$1200** with Alan Wilson 'traditional' fibreglass kayak paddle.

**GREENLANDER 2** - Radically modified. Large and small VCP hatches. Expedition construction. Bulkhead footrest and seat. Functionally innovative adjustable rudder control - works like a treat. Mast step and recessed deck line fittings. Better than when new. A great all

round kayak. **\$1280.**

**Puffin** - Good condition. With spray skirt. **\$1150**

**Pyranha Acrobat 270.** High performance white water boat in good condition. Great for running rapids or surfing waves. Ideally suited to ocean surfing and showing off. **\$800.** New deck \$70. Schlegel (Duralen) paddle \$80.

**M1 Adventure 335.** High volume performance white water boat. Well used but still going strong. Good for novice to intermediate paddler. Very easy to roll and great boat for learning and mastering surf skills. With paddle **\$350**

**MACPAC Microlite** - one person tent in excellent condition. **\$300**

Phone Gary Edmond, Instructor - NSW Board of Canoe Education, Ph: 042-840836, Fax: 042-841390

**MERMAID**

Good Condition. Including 2 paddles and skirt. Contact Doug Fraser. (see member list for phone)

## SEAFARER PLUS

One owner since new. White Duco. No ordinary Seafarer Plus this one! - customised cockpit (VCP hatch on rear bulkhead - no leaky rear-deck hatch), new seat and nice padding. Comes with kneetube/mast step and neoprene skirt. Has only paddled 2500 gentle kms. **\$900** ono.

Phone Mark Pearson, Unqualified Kayaker, on 06-288 3602 (H) 289 6175 (B)

## DAGGER APOSTLE

Brand New!! yes **Brand Spanking New!!** - yet to experience immersion in water. Complete with all fittings and fixtures. Only **\$1395.** Contact Jeff Blaimy on 06- 248 6003.

## WARNING

### Your life may depend on it

As we know, sea kayaking is opening up a whole new world of adventure. But choosing the right sea kayak is a critical decision. I have sea-tested my Pittaraks through Arctic storms and pack ice to the blistering heat of the equator. They never let me down. They are the first kayak to have succeeded in both Arctic and Antarctic expeditions. I have refined the Pittarak through a life-time of continuous sea kayaking. I consider them the best sea kayak available but there are cheap imitations of the Pittarak on the market, which look attractive but are unseaworthy. For your safety, quality and value for money, only purchase my certified design, available exclusively through this number:

**Larry Gray**  
**02 9365 1638**  
**041 721 6065**

Sea kayaking videos also available





# President's Report

Since most of the NSWSKC members live in and around Sydney, I thought I'd see how the paddling is in that neck of the woods. Kenji Ogawa had organised a gathering at Shark Island on Sunday, 18 May. I got to Sydney on Friday night after the shattering experience of trying to negotiate the rush hour gridlock and arranged to go paddling with Kenji and Andrew Eddy on Saturday morning. We launched at McMahons Point and paddled to Shark Island to check out the area.

It was great fun to see the Opera House and city from the water - but the traffic! Ferries, Jetcats, the "Rocket", Rivercats, and miscellaneous ferries, power boats and even the P and O liner Fairsky, with tug.

I was a nervous wreck by the time we got back to McMahons Point, and was further shaken by the lack of taps for washing off my kayak. (It is well known that I never go paddling anywhere there isn't a tap).

Next morning I had to decide on a launching place. My fear of navigating Sydney by car was even greater than my aversion to the homicidally inclined sea traffic, so I tried to find a launching place as close as possible to Rozelle, where I was staying.

My map showed a lot of potential sites, but they were either sheer rock walls or tiny pockets of sand next to large NO PARKING signs. I finally compromised with a launching ramp near Woolwich Marina. The drive was not too taxing and the concrete ramp was slippery but useable. The tide was running out and there wasn't much traffic on the harbour. This was more like it.

I arrived at Shark Island in about 1.5 hours and found a place to land among the 60 or so kayaks. It was a good group and a tribute to Kenji's

organisational efforts. I left about 1430 and was immediately engulfed in a yacht race. Hundreds of boats surrounded me. Fortunately, there wasn't much wind and I could outrun them. Then it was just the usual snarling harbour traffic. Just when I thought I was safe, near Woolwich, a herd of super competitive Lasers assaulted me, hurling epithets as they streaked past. I wanted desperately to get back on solid land, but had to wait at the launching ramp while a car got into difficulties trying to haul a jet ski and trailer up the slippery slope.

I finally made it, and didn't even bother to look for a tap. The verdict on Sydney Harbour Paddling? Scary, but interesting. All in all, I think I prefer the Tuross Bar on an outgoing tide. I finally managed to get in verbal contact with Waterways over impending regulations for Sea Kayaks. I talked to Mr. John Howard (No, not THE John Howard, Pauline's mate.)

Mr. Howard was friendly and told how impressed he had been with the presentation a week or so before by Dave Winkworth and Andrew Lewis of Sea Kayaks Australia. I got the feeling that Waterways was more interested in establishing guidelines for commercial operators than dealing with pleasure kayaking. Mr. Howard said that they were very concerned about a Byron Bay Sit On Top operator who ran diving trips from the SOTs, anchoring them offshore with nobody to see that they didn't drift away. Anyway, Mr. Howard seemed a reasonable sort of person. I don't think we have anything to fear, but I'll keep up with developments.

I wrote another series of letters to various agencies after our Anzac Day camp at Honeymoon Bay. It was a zoo, with the noisiest inmates being the Hawkesbury Scuba Club. I wrote suggesting that the camp


area be divided into car camping and tents only, like in the US. The heavy party goers tend to stay near their vehicles so they don't have to carry the Eskies so far. Tent dwellers can hike well back into the campground and get a good night's sleep.

This eminently reasonable suggestion got belted back and forth between the Navy, The NSW Minister for the Environment, NSW National Parks and Wildlife, and Robert Hill, the Federal Minister for the Environment (and Greenhouse Gases.) At least I got one straight answer from Sean Thompson, Environmental Program Manager for the Beecroft Peninsula, Australian National Parks and Wildlife Service. He said that there is a management plan being developed for Honeymoon Bay which "will seek to address some of the issues you have identified." (Including tent only sites.) Stay tuned....

On a more mundane level, I have noticed that some of the contact telephone numbers on the Newsletter membership list are wrong. Check yours to make sure it's OK. See you later. Look out for those Jetcats!







# Bad Day at TUROSS BAR 2

by Norm Sanders

Sea Kayaking is a sport where any lack of skill, lapse in attention, inadequate equipment or sheer bad luck can turn a pleasant day's outing into a life-threatening experience. On the afternoon of Saturday, June 21, 1997, many of these factors combined to produce a situation which could have ended very badly.

I had arranged to meet a very recent convert to sea kayaking at Lavender Bay, Tuross Head to give him some pointers in his brand new kayak. He was enthusiastic, fit (a rock climber and surfer) and eager to learn. I offered him my spare PFD on the beach, but he declined (Mistake). I remember saying at the time that "You never know when you might need it". The tide was running out strongly. (Warning) We intended to paddle out to the entrance and practice bracing in the shallow water to the north of the channel.

The primary break was 2 metres high, 100 metres out and dumping. We tried to stay away from the main tidal flow in the entrance, but I felt that it was no place for a beginner. My companion at this time was behind me in shallow water near the beach. I caught a small wave to head back to Tuross Lake. I looked around and was horrified to see that the beginner was now getting swept seaward. He had turned into the surf and had become locked into a no-win situation. With no bracing skills, he felt that he had to keep punching straight into the waves - which were small at first. He didn't realise that his paddling speed was combining with the tidal stream to carry him towards the larger breakers at some 6 knots. (BIG Mistake, BIG Lesson).

The inevitable happened. He got caught in a dumper and came out of the kayak. He held on to his paddle, but the paddle leash broke and the boat got away. He and the kayak were now in that terrible washing-machine zone where the tide kept pushing them back into the worst of the breaking waves. Several of us have had some bad experiences on the bar in the past and I didn't relish the prospect of going out there. I thought I had no choice.

I was alongside very quickly and told him to grab the decklines on the stern of my kayak. I hoped to be able to tow him to shore, or at least out of the tidal stream. There was no chance of getting him back in his kayak, and he couldn't have handled the conditions anyway.

A big wave came crashing down and he couldn't hold on. I was off balance and turned over. I rolled up and got hit immediately by another wave. I rolled up again and bumped into his kayak. I went under and hit the other boat. I was thankful for my helmet, but blew the roll and had to wet exit. I thought at the time that this was not a good thing. The situation was getting grim. The next wave snatched my kayak from me and swept it towards the beach before I could organise a re-entry and roll.

Two of us were now in the water about 100 meters from shore, one without a PFD. I shouted that we had to get out of the current by swimming along the coast. I headed south. He decided to go north, which turned out to be a better choice. Soon after we parted, he hit a sand bar and was able to reach shore. I was getting severely hammered by every wave that came along. The realisation came to me that a person could drown out here. I was very glad I had my PFD. At last, during a lull, the tide took me out past the breaker line and I was able to make some headway down the coast. I was surrounded by water bottles, a bailing scoop, sponges, a hat and the two wet boots I had loaned my companion before we left the beach. Eventually, I felt the water temperature rise and knew I had at last broken free of the cold Tuross Lake outflow and was in the warmer ocean.

I now turned toward the beach and dog-paddled back into the surf. In the absence of the malevolent outgoing current, the breaking waves soon propelled me into shallow water and I was able to reach the beach about 200 meters south of the entrance. It was extremely good to feel the sand

solidly underfoot. My companion had collected up the two kayaks and pulled them up the beach on the north side of the entrance. I still had to swim across that wretched tidal race again. I walked inland before entering the outgoing flow again and made the crossing to the north shore before being swept out to sea again.

We were very happy to be reunited, with our kayaks intact, on dry land. I was more tired than cold but he was shivering. I think my heavy polypro top, CAG, PFD, and hat and helmet helped to keep me warm. The hat and helmet cut down a major source of heat loss. *(of course, Norm's other major source of heat loss is his mouth - Ed)*

A man came along to see if we needed help -he had already called the Tuross Rescue Squad, which arrived a few minutes later in their IRB. We thanked them sincerely for their effort. There were times out there when I was wondering if maybe I had pushed my luck too far this time. What did we learn?

1. Stay away from entrances when the tide is running out.
2. ALWAYS wear a PFD.
3. It is very difficult to rescue someone in big surf which is pounding in against the tide. Far better to avoid the situation in the first place.
4. Make sure that all the dangers are spelled out to others in the party... Communicate.

Looking back, it would have been better if my companion had simply bailed out in shallow water before he got in too deep. Often, we concentrate on staying upright in the kayak at all times. Sometimes it's better to get wet, as I had to do once while broaching on a wave. The wave just shoreward had just exploded on some particularly nasty Tuross rocks and it would be only seconds before I joined it. In this case, I didn't bail out, but rolled over to get off the wave and then rolled up afterwards. Since the water was only hip deep, I could have also done a wet exit and

*(Continued on page 12)*





# Shoulder pain

By Doug Taylor

This year I started paddling progressively longer distances. I have managed to avoid repetitive strain injuries. This I attribute to discussing in detail with the staff at my local fitness centre my paddling goals and concerns, especially repetitive stress injuries associated with the shoulder. They set up a good stretching and exercise program which focuses on preventing repetitive strain in the shoulder area encountered when paddling.

Of most concern is the rotator cuff. Secondly I went to a physio because my muscles on the top of my shoulders were sore and stiff after paddling. The physio advised me that I was using incorrect muscles groups while paddling. So with some tape placed on my back to remind me to use the muscles in the shoulder blades area and between, a belt (not tight) which I pull my abdomen away from, a slight arch in my lower back, and try to keep my chin in, the soreness and stiffness decreased. The soreness no longer occurs after my training sessions. So the paddling I started out with needed a major adjustment which I wished I had caught earlier.

But according to the physio the problem I encountered is one the general population has a problem with and has to be monitored more and more as one gets older. Now I am getting the fitness people to help me adjust my fitness program based on the physio's findings and support the changes in back muscles movements needed to paddle better. If I could go back and start again I would have seen the physio at the start to review my paddling stroke and get it right from the start. Now I plan to look for a paddling coach to review my paddling style.

Does anyone know of any recreational paddling clubs in Sydney using coaches? In all this I am not talking about using up a lot of time and effort. Fitness stuff averages about 3 hours a week for me. Paddling time is allocated to about every other weekend if I am lucky except for a three week period prior to a paddling race. Some how I hope to schedule in a weekly evening paddle. What really left me smiling as a result of this little bit of training was being able to paddle the 111Km Hawkesbury Classic without a hitch. If there was a time to feel an oncoming Repetitive Strain Injury this was going to be the time. Also the information and

tips in the Hawkesbury Classic Paddling Guide was very helpful. The process of using rubbing alcohol and olive oil on ones hands really worked to toughen up my hands. Nary a blister after 111Km and foolishly in hindsight I didn't use any gloves.

The only extra preparation I did prior to the race was in a three week period when a colleague and I went out paddling for a couple of hours. Rather than throwing up all the individual exercise routines I used from time to time I will try to give you the flavour of the approach. In my early days of paddling all I sought was improved general fitness and performance. Sea kayaking was a recreational activity I was trying to do every other weekend. I did not want to injure myself from overdoing the paddling. In the early days a 15 to 20 Km kayak trip felt very fatiguing and I was often very stiff the next day.

The most important thing I have learned to do out of this whole process is to set a fitness goal for myself and with the help of fitness staff set up a program. From time to time I would review the program, especially when things don't seem to be happening. No one magical formula, but I found it useful to be able to lay out ones goals to someone who is in the business of setting up a realistic program and guard against injury. The big plus about the fitness centre is it is a modest suburban one with a casual friendly atmosphere. The centre abounds with people with different levels of fitness. A lot of people go there not only for the fitness but to have a bit of a chat. My initial fitness program was a cafeteria of options including seven weight training stations, Keiser Circuit, cardio machines ( 10 minute tread, 10 minute bike, 10 minute rower), stretching and a myriad of fitness classes to plug into.

All I had to do was fill my time in with options from various parts of my menu. More importantly I was able to get the staff to review a training station or fitness class I was having doubts about. The staff were aware of the concerns for a paddling repetitive strain injury. Some of the fitness staff had suffered rotator cuff injuries which had taken years to treat. So this was a potential problem they were personally aware of. They made sure that the prevention of repetitive strain injury, especially the shoulder figured into the

mix of personal training options. Not much was apparent after months of participating in the program except realising how poor my general fitness was. The fitness staff advised me that I might not see much of an effect until well after six weeks. This problem was offset by the centre's friendly atmosphere and the staff's patience in making adjustments to my program.

It was easy to feel frustrated by the little improvement encountered in the early days. Finally at long last, many months had gone by, my general fitness did start to pick up noticeably. Hooray. One night in early October a friend and I persuaded ourselves to enter the Hawkesbury Classic Paddle. We had less than three weeks to train. The Paddling Guide recommends three months. We roped our wives into being our landcrew coordinators and set about training. I called the fitness centre for advice on how to adjust my training program to meet this challenge. They were unfazed by my new found yet still shaky ambition to paddle a 111Km race.

The staff member advising me was not only supportive and helpful but went to the trouble to check out the training approach with her own coach. The upshot of the approach was to spend my training time paddling as much as possible and to rest two to four days prior to the race. The paddle training turned out to be the most interesting part of the whole process. My colleague and I ended up training many mornings (4am wake ups) and sometimes at night (thanks to the NSW Sea Kayak Club's night paddles). Our final training day was paddling a long stretch of Sydney harbour early in the morning. Sydney harbour is beautiful, but that day it really looked good.

We were now confident that we were going to be able to complete the 111Km paddle. And we did. Now that I am back to my normal pre-race routines again I have readjusted my personal fitness centre training program to try to improve my paddling as well as protect me from repetitive strain injuries. I attempt to go to the fitness centre three times a week for one hour. But lets get real, this doesn't always happen. I am trying a weight training program which includes Bench Press, Seated Row, Lateral Raise, Post Deltoid, Tricep Pushdown, Bicep Curl, Leg Curl, and Hamstring Curl. I do 3 x 15 reps at each

(Continued on page 12)





(Continued from page 11)

station with a short rest (30-45 sec rest) in between sets unless I need to save time, then I do one set of 20 - 25 reps at each station. Cardio exercise is twenty minutes or so on a rower unless I am paddling the next day in which case I may use the tread or bike. I am trying to schedule in a weekly evening paddle of 18 Km. which takes about 2 hours. I do stretching before and after each session.

commercial. A Phys. Ed. teacher has indicated if one is turning ones back while paddling one needs to move ones hips to make the movement stable. Thus this requires knee, leg and foot movement such as the sprint paddlers seen to execute. So I have from time to time while paddling brought my knees out from under the deck and attempted the alternate movement.

They warn that the gloves will chafe, especially where the paddle shaft rotates on your hand, so break them in well. I went into the Hawkesbury Classic without gloves after toughening them up during my three week training period using the metho/olive oil combo during the latter part of the period. My hands withstood the whole race. By the end of the race I had developed a couple of very small hot spots which disappeared overnight after putting on some hand cream. Most of the veteran Hawkesbury Classic competitors seem to use gloves. Since I might be paddling a lot harder next time to improve my time I plan to break down and purchase some paddling gloves.



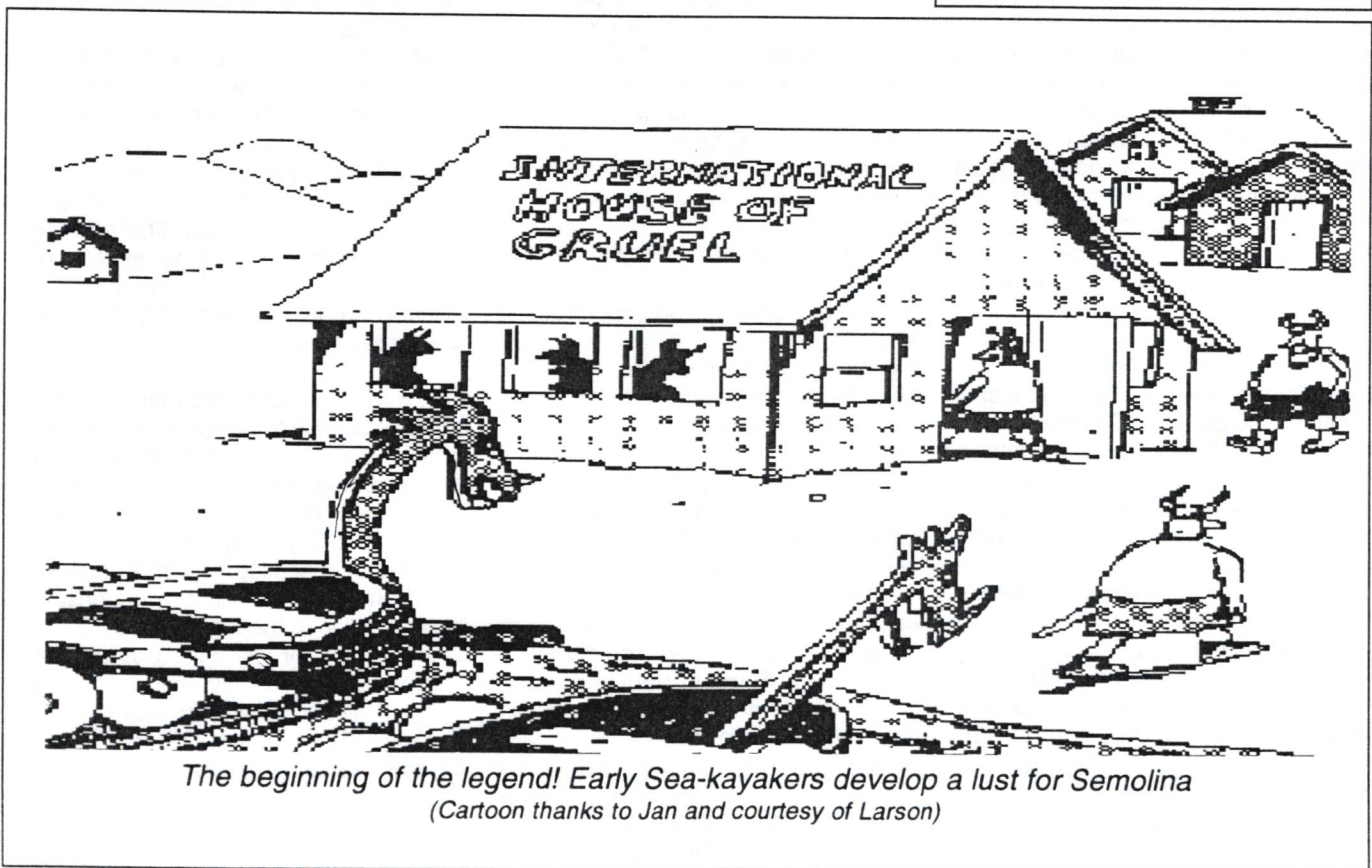
*Bad Day at Tuross Bar (Continued from page 11)*  
towed the kayak clear. I frankly didn't realise how much difficulty I would have in attempting the rescue on the bar. I probably should have raced back to a phone and contacted the Tuross Rescue Squad immediately. (In spite of having to live with the inevitable local rubbishing which would ensue.) Well, we survived and learned a lot. Next time we'll practice bracing on a beach where conditions aren't so traumatic. I may have been getting a bit nonchalant, but this scare has given me a renewed respect for the power of the sea.

Now this sounds all very organised and laid out but things often don't work that way. I don't hesitate to turn everything upside and do something else. I often select another training option or get a bothersome station checked out or both. If I find some other activity on the weekend I prefer like hiking or skiing I give paddling the flick. In the end the way I am doing things seems to work a lot better than I expected. Kayaking has become a much more interesting and safe activity. My interest has been sparked by my experience in the body dynamics when paddling. Gradually I have been picking up tit bits about the kinesiology (parameters of body movement?) with respect to paddling. It would be good to see what other information people can post.

I must admit I like the feel of it. It seems to require a bit of adjustment to my foot braces. Throughout the whole process my wife and I have been able to meet a lot of good new people and kayakers. Wayne Langmaid, who has been a contributor to this list, was one of the first people I kayaked with here. I enjoyed his half day trip around Patonga. It went a long way in persuading me to get my own sea kayak. I now paddle a Mirage 22 (boy does it go fast) and my wife paddles a Mirage 19 (which I also like paddling). Mirages were mentioned on this list a few weeks ago. Paul Hewitson, the designer/manufacturer has provided us with high quality kayakers renowned around here for having no leaks, not even a drop. He also provides outstanding after sales service.

One aspect I have been tossing around about in the kayak is whether I like my knees braced under the deck (traditional style I believe) or together and moving a bit in front of you as the sprint paddlers do, at least the one I see on a TV

The Hawkesbury Classic Paddling Guide suggests if one is worried about hand blisters to pre-toughen them with a mixture of metho (rubbing alcohol) and a dash of olive oil. The Guide goes on to suggest breaking in a good pair of fingerless gloves available from canoe/



The beginning of the legend! Early Sea-kayakers develop a lust for Semolina  
(Cartoon thanks to Jan and courtesy of Larson)



# Bits'n'Pieces by David Winkworth

## Rock and Roll AGM Weekend stays at Honeymoon Bay!

In April we held a training weekend at Honeymoon Bay and the place was packed with 4WD's and caravans. Ghetto blasters in the caravans boomed out late into the night and the 4wd's were towing large half cabin boats right into the camping areas. I also saw that they were being used to get to the best fishing spots on Bindijine Beach - they must have been at least 200 metres from the boat ramp. I've been mumbling for years now that Honeymoon Bay is in danger of being seriously degraded as a quiet bush camping area and this weekend proved it.

Anyway, I spoke with Norm Sanders about moving the weekend somewhere, else and we thought we'd have a look at Barlings Beach Caravan Park near Batemans Bay. A bit further south for most people but with the added benefits of an undercover cooking area and hot showers. In June we used this caravan park as a base for an Instructor Training weekend (see Training Notes)...and as far as I'm concerned it didn't measure up. The hot water ran out, hey tried to charge me \$15.00/night for a single person tent site and it just had a ....caravan park atmosphere. Little boxes packed right up to the edge of the frontal dune. I hate caravan parks on the coast so I may as well keep going....the dune fronting the beach is being totally neglected here. There are rabbits everywhere, bitou bush is smothering the coastwattle on the dune and someone has planted palm trees all along the dune ridge. Enough!

So we'll leave the Rock 'n Roll Weekend at Honeymoon Bay where it belongs and instead of running away from problems there, I'll start lobbying NPWS and the local politicians to improve the place. Norm Sanders has taken the lead in this with a few letters sent to the right people. We should follow his lead.

## South Coast gets it's own weather forecast.

As of May 7th, the far south coast got it's own weather forecast. Until then we were grouped with the Illawarra Region. Everyone knows we get different and better weather than the Illawarra so justice is done! If you are paddling down this way, listen for it on your radio. On the June Long Weekend, Frank Bakker and I conducted a Sea Instructor Training Weekend at Tomakin near Batemans Bay. A number of club members commenced their training for the Sea Instructors Award and Gary Edmond and Arunas Pilka completed their work for the

Award. Congratulations to you both. Hopefully we can organize another weekend later in the year for assessment of the intake instructors at this last weekend.

## Bad Day on Tuross Bar 2.

Elsewhere in this edition is a story by Norm Sanders about an incident on the Tuross River Bar. Have a read and then come back to this section.... Read it? OK - Well, firstly I commend Norm for writing the incident down for us all to read. We can certainly learn a lot from the misfortunes of others. Happily, this incident had a nice ending but not all of them do. I do think it's important that we look at the factors involved in incidents such as this and apply the lessons to ourselves. In doing so, something good can come from it.

The first thing that strikes me about the day is the succession of occurrences that compound quickly to produce a serious situation. This is something I emphasize in training courses - PROBLEMS COMPOUND VERY QUICKLY IN SERIOUS SITUATIONS. Another way to put this is: When shit happens, it happens fast. Lets have a look at this succession. Novice swept into the surf. Novice capsizes, loses contact with boat. Rescuer paddles to novice, capsizes, loses boat. That's it! That's all there is! It has happened. In the space of perhaps 1 minute, 2 warm paddlers have become 2 cold swimmers! The water temperature at about 13°C was average for this time of the year but if it was say 5° lower or if Norm and his companion had been wearing less gear, the outcome may have been different.

Some lessons from this incident? The surf zone is a rotten place to try to rescue someone. Boats get banged against one another - fingers get caught between boats, shoulders get dislocated...what a mess! The surf zone is a zone of transition. It almost always has lots of energy involved with currents, rips, breaking waves etc. Consequently, a paddler/swimmer in the surf will rarely stay in the one place! They will either be carried onto the beach or out to sea past the breaks. If they come ashore that's great, if they get carried out to sea they can be rescued away from breaking waves. Two people out of their boats in the surf is double the problem of one person in the same situation.

So, if you are going to rescue someone in the surf zone, be very clear in your mind as to what you are going to do and WHY you are going to do it! Watching and waiting for a few minutes may be a better course of

action. Also of course, you should ask yourself "Do I have the necessary skills to effect this rescue?" Once again, two people out of their boats in the surf is double the problem of one. SO, don't make the situation worse. The surf zone IS a legitimate play area for sea kayakers and we need to practice in it, to develop skills. Please do practice in the surf whenever you get the chance - try some re-enter and roll manoeuvres. You can hang onto your boat in the surf by wrapping yourself around it in a scissors grip but - you will need a big lungfull of air.

It is better to be IN the boat though - work on your bracing skills starting with the smaller broken waves near shore and moving out as your confidence increases. Have an experienced paddler observe your paddling and bracing style in the surf from time to time to avoid collecting bad habits.

For as long as the sun rises in the east there will be discussion among sea kayakers about the merits or otherwise of using paddle leashes in the surf. I use one only when guiding inexperienced paddlers in or out through the surf in our doubles. I also insist that they use them too, By using a leash, I can assist them at any stage and know that my paddle is close by. It also enables the novices to keep everything together in the event of a capsize. Hang onto the paddle and you've got the boat, or hang onto the boat and ..etc. We use heavy duty waveski paddle leashes that have never broken on the doubles and I can honestly say I have never seen anyone get wrapped up in a paddle leash during a surf capsize.

I do welcome your comments on this and any other training/skills topic. That's just about it for this Newsletter. Still haven't written that article on waves. Blame it on a bout of the flu this time. As the westerly winds pick up strength along our east coast and flatten the swells it's time to get into the benign surf for bracing skills practice. Don't wait for the onshore spring winds - it will be too late then. The Hawkesbury Canoe Classic is on Sat 18th October this year. If you are planning to enter (it's only 111kms) you should be paddling now and planning to cover the course at least once before then, Entry forms and details are available from your local kayak store. Good luck!







# STAINED JOCKS AND HUGE CROCS

by Larry Gray

Imagine a land of a thousand islands, 99 percent uninhabited, tropical sun most of the year and warm waters. Sounds irresistible but there's one big problem - crocs. This September I am planning a trip through Arnhem Land, in the Top End, a journey of around 1,500km. It's a world of extreme tides and long

slope with sun in my eyes to crouch beside a large black log. Suddenly, what I thought was a log turned into a huge croc. Immediately exploding into action, it about-faced and disappeared with a thunderous belly whack beneath the swamp. No need to describe the state of our jocks. But these Cape York crocs have

ble. I clearly remember ending a long day's paddle to pull up at least half a kilometre offshore, grounded in metre-deep mud. We had to wade in with a machete, then back again with a three-metre long stake, to peg our kayak towlines together. This safety precaution meant we could struggle ashore with food and tents and relax



*Cape York Giant Trevally* - Photo Larry Gray

stretches of mud plains yet golden untouched beaches. The occupants, apart from local Aboriginal people known as Yolngu, are the world's largest crocodiles - the fattest in the world.

I was first up this way in 1979 when my mate Colin Russon and I kayaked 4,500km from Victoria to the Torres Strait Islands, an unsupported journey that brought us face to face with quite a few saltwater crocodiles.

Struggling for water with coconuts strapped all over these decks, we spotted from sea what looked like a billabong way inland. We waded for 20 minutes through mud with near-empty water containers, parted the bushes and there was a little oasis, a 20 x 20 metre pond with sand edges.

I walked down the 45 degree sand

nothing on the Arnhem Land ones, or so I'm told. They are bigger and there are more of them. I've learned that, as a rule of thumb, never camp near river mouths unless you are elevated six to eight metres above. Never stay in one place for more than three days - you can't see crocs but they can see you *and they* learn your habits. A croc can run at 30 km/h for a short dash and they have been seen up to 40 kilometres off shore.

They can hold their breath for over 20 minutes while lying on bottom looking up and have been known to strike and seriously damage the foot of an outboard motor. You are never safe, but you are safer out at sea than near or in the rivers.

As for the mud plains, they can be avoided by landing on small islets or headlands but it's not always possi-

a little until the tide changed and we could bring the kayaks in.

With camp finally set up, sprawled out and relaxing, Colin stared into the binoculars and said, "Quick, it's time to go!" The tide changes so quickly that we found ourselves wading out with brown water flood tide up to our necks. The last 100 metres meant a quiet, gentle swim with crocodiles and reef sharks on our mind. We were afraid to make even a ripple in the water. A gutsy duck dive in the pitchblack waters was required to untie the knots by feel before we could climb aboard.

You can never be totally prepared for crocs but at least on this next journey forewarned is forearmed. I will be making the trip in my Pittarak double. She's an oldie. It's the same boat

*(Continued on page 15)*



(Continued from page 14)

I took around Papua New Guinea. It has been cut in half to fit in aircraft and barges and then rejoined, lowered vertically by rope into a boiling volcanic lake and thrashed around throughout various odd adventures. It's funny how attached we get to our old water shoes. I used to think, 'Yes, a new expedition deserves a new kayak each time', but they become entrenched in endless memories. Every split, crack and ding un-

locks a night of camp fire wines, jokes, laughs and lies!

But this is a serious trip. My partner Mary and I have put a good 10 months into pre-planning, not just trip logistics but an acceptable format for an international television audience. Hopefully you'll see us safe and sound on Channel 7 later this year.

When you kayak unsupported on

remote and long journeys, survival dramas take place on a daily basis. I usually load my kayak to the max. Many tricks learnt over the years shortcut yesterday's mistakes, only to reveal new challenges.

Expeditions are really about problems, one after the other, and feeling good about overcoming them. I regularly find myself in a flux of peril and paradise. I guess I wouldn't have it any other way.



## Terror from the sky

Ever thought about the possibility of dying in your sea-kayak? Well, I think five club members shared such emotions simultaneously on 13 July - on Lake Burley Griffin of all places. The occasion was the now infamous 'implosion' of the old Canberra Hospital. John Wilde, Jim Croft, David Cregan, Tony Peterson and myself were amongst a flotilla of about fifty kayaks, canoes, yachts and row boats on the edge of the 200 metre buffer zone. There was a relaxed carnival atmosphere as 40,000 Canberrans gathered to watch the first ever day-time 'fireworks display'.

The first detonations went off with frightening volume. But several dark objects could be seen rising high into the air, and then, incredibly, coming towards us at great speed and dropping. One raced over and came down

25 metres behind me. I turned round to see a 4 metre plume of water erupting within feet of a dingy containing three occupants. The middle aged man sitting high on the back could probably have reached out and touched the missile as it came down. As he blankly stared at the boiling water I realised that he had not even seen it coming.

Then the second round of explosions to level the nursing quarters. But this time I was not interested in the 'spectacle' of the dying building. I focussed my eyes on the air corridor directly in front of my kayak. A grim survival instinct had emerged - was this what war was like? We were sitting ducks - I thought about rolling if I had to - but I'll never know if there would have been time to react (and whether you could survive the loss of your backside is another matter entirely ...).

After it was over I had time to gather my thoughts during the paddle back to the cars. Tony seemed fairly relaxed about it all. I was puzzled by this, because Tony is not exactly relaxed when paddling close to those beautiful and benign rocks that skirt our seas. I pondered whether I had exaggerated the danger in my own mind.

But then the return home and radio reports of a death and serious injuries - and this to people on land two hundred metres behind our boats. News footage was shocking in that it showed just how many large, heavy projectiles had rained down - so many people were just so lucky.

A day I'll never forget.

Mark Pearson







# CURIOUS SEALS AND BLOODY HUGE GOANNAS

by Jeanette Mill

I decided to take the plunge - to coordinate a paddling trip. I had recently been to a wonderful spot called Wingan Inlet and decided the club had to see this place. It is in far Eastern Victoria, in Croajingolong National Park. I had paddled to the Skerries, a rocky outcrop just off the entrance to Wingan Inlet, to view the colony of Australian Fur Seals (actually Cape Fur Seals, but more of that later).

We gathered at Mállacoota Camping Park on Good Friday. It was a rather windy afternoon when we arrived, so those who were assembled headed to Gipsy Point and paddled up the peaceful Wallagaraugh River, which feeds into the Mállacoota Lake system at its northern end. It was a leisurely paddle to stretch out after a long drive. Newcomers to paddling Helen and Joe took no time at all to accustom themselves to the double Pittarak we picked up from Frank and Michiko Bakker on the way down.

Back at camp the rest of the gang had arrived (making a healthy total of 11) and at the prompting of the youngest member of the group (Rowan, aged 9 3/4) had already visited the pub. What are kids coming to these days, I ask?

It was great to have Jacqui Windh amongst us after an absence of two years in the northern latitudes. Summer seemed to have finished and we huddled in the Marsh/Crofts tent to cook dinner and fill Jacqui in on the events of the last two years. Arunas waxed lyrical about macho deeds like smashing boats. I think she was impressed.

We resolved to go to Wingan Inlet the next day via various means - some paddling, some driving - and stay at the overnight camping area, the bookable sites having been booked out early in the year.

As dawn broke tent poles clacked as Jacqui, Arunas and last minute Jim (who decided at about 2am) packed

their boats to paddle the 32km to Wingan. We waved them off into the glow of the sunrise, and packed for our trip to the bush. We took pity on Jenni who had about 10 tents to pack in Jim's noted absence, and in no time the Marsh/Croft Magna was packed to the gunnels with kids, real people and gear.

We joked as we left that if it rained we would get stuck in at Wingan because the road becomes impassable, and wouldn't that be a shame. We packed for a long stay.

I was somewhat relieved on our arrival that the promised bloody huge goannas were indeed present in whatever the collective noun for goannas is. The customers were happy - the goods were delivered. The goannas were pretty happy about our delivery of goods to them too and proceeded to attempt to empty Andrew's eski.

The campsite is set in bush beside Wingan Inlet 2km by foot track and 1km as the sea kayak travels from the entrance to the sea. Last time I was here the breeze carried the cacophony of whatever the collective noun is for seals to the campsite. After lunch we set off for the beach - I had my usual accurate premonition as to when the POD (I knew that one) of paddlers would arrive, and as we reached the beach they were hovering off the Skerries watching the seals.

It had been a reasonably challenging 7hr paddle into a headwind. Various versions of why they were not allowed to land were tucked away as great debate fodder for the evenings Trangia convention.

Andrew thoughtfully sacrificed 2/4 of a four piece paddle to the surf gods. Hopefully they would be appeased and send us suitable conditions to take everyone to the Skerries tomorrow.

The presence of a convenient picnic

table concentrated the Trangias such that great confusion ensued, causing Jim Croft to carve an M on everything in sight - because he couldn't carve a J or a C with a knife. His excuse was M stood for Mine and Marsh. Being a Mill, I didn't object.

We wracked our collective brains to come up with the collective noun for the swans we had seen that day, and came up with Symphony. A prize of a spare pair of Trangia spondonicals (now, is that a real word?) without an M carved in (if we can find one) to the person who can accurately verify or refute this.

Next morning Arunas and Jacqui paddled off into the sunrise together again, minus Jim - three being a crowd. (Is that smutty enough for you Mr Ed? I can do better).

The surf gods were indeed appeased and conditions were perfect in the morning for crossing the confused slop of the bar to paddle to the Skerries. Andrew gave Joe a quick lesson in bracing. Joe later reported that in going out he just pointed at whatever wave was coming at him (no mean feat when they're coming from all directions), and wondered why this bracing stuff was necessary. Once safely out there and with his mind turned to the return trip it dawned on him.

Jim steamed back and forth in the double ferrying his family out for a look. Meanwhile we cruised up and down the km or so length of the outcrop marveling at the experience of being close to a large collective noun of intelligent mammals. They were equally intrigued and the young ones slid into the water to greet us while the large maned males observed with a stately pose from the vantage point of the rocks. The pups swam right up and splashed us with their flippers, while a mob of unruly teenagers (Ashley, aged 12 3/4 was taking notes) followed us everywhere.

(Continued on page 17)





*(Continued from page 16)*

we went. Every time we turned to look there would be several dozen heads bobbing in the water, large brown eyes fixed on us, and a few that would dive upon being spotted. The variety of sounds - many different calls, grunts, snorts, noisy exhaling - was quite staggering. They were probably imitating the gross sounds of a sea kayaker who

has just rolled and filled their inverted sinuses, as this is a great way to watch the creatures at their most graceful - underwater.

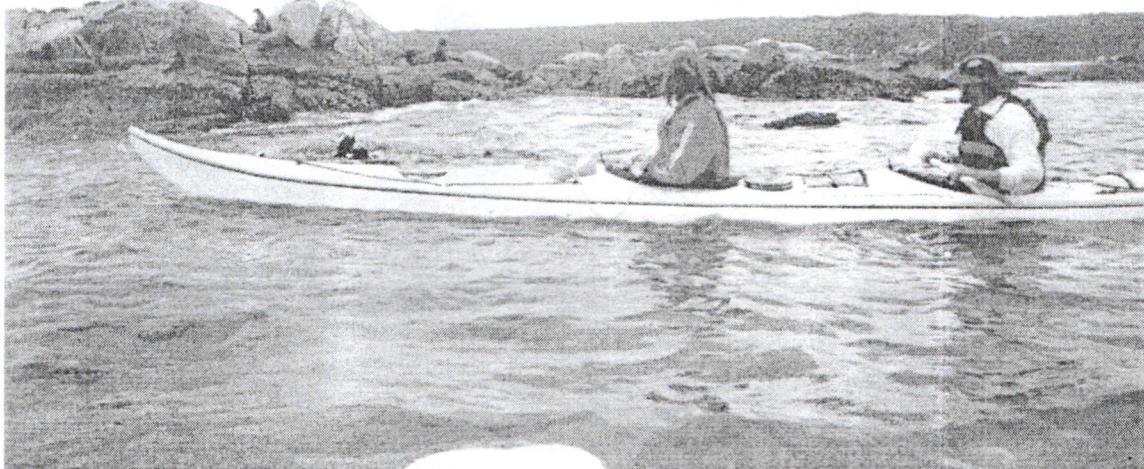
I was interested to learn from a colleague on my return to work that Australian Fur Seals are actually a subspecies of the South African Cape Fur Seal. For the taxonomically minded

they are *Arctocephalus pusillus doriferus*.

There are two types of seals. One includes the Fur Seals, Sea Lions and Walruses. The hind flippers can be brought forward, and the animal can walk in a fashion. The front of the body can be raised, in the characteristic pose of these animals. They also have exter-

*Above: Jenni Marsh and Jim Croft get a close look*

*Below: Jeanette Mill capsizes in fright after a Fur Seal got to close for comfort!*





*(Continued from page 17)*

nal ear flaps. The other type basically looks like a big slug with flippers. This group includes the Harp, Leopard and Crabbeater Seals. On land or frozen water they move by sort of blobbing along, but have been known to attain speeds of 25km/hr on ice. They have no external ear flap. Underwater, of course, they both move gracefully, Fur Seals et al using their fore-flippers to "fly" through the water.

hotting up Mr Ed.) if it wasn't so bloody freezing. The surf gods obviously not being the only deities active in the region, I sacrificed a pair of sunglasses to the waterfall gods.

We explored upstream, but boulder chokes dashed any hopes of a hoon on the lilos. As a relative newcomer I mused that the bloody huge goannas who made their home at these rapids were the descendents of probably even

gether the necessary ingredients and left it as an offering on their doorstep. It was whisked inside and consumed to grunts and groans of pleasure, much oohing and ahing, and when finished, they finally emerged, smiling and satisfied.

Finally we could try to beat the rain gods and leave. The slippery, slidey journey to the bitumen was an experience that bonded us so tightly we all descended as a group on Frank and Michiko in



**Nostalgia Corner - Ron Mudie and trainee at Patonga 1994 - Photo David Winkworth**

Australian Fur Seals mostly occur in Victoria and Tasmania. The population on the Skerries is one of 11 breeding colonies. The Montague Island mob are a non-breeding colony. Whilst feeding on their diet of fish, squid, octopus and rock lobster, they dive to depths of 120m.

Everyone was buzzing after such a rewarding morning. The afternoon saw a change of scene with a leisurely paddle up Wingan Inlet to the beautiful cascading Wingan Rapids. We packed our lilos for a possible exploration of the river upstream of the rapids. Rainforest cloaked the river banks, and carpets of mosses and lichens softened the scene further. It was unspoilt, remote, the water was clear and there was nobody around. Perfect for a skinny dip... (It's

huger creatures who had been calling this place home for millions of years. What a good thing we humans have thought to protect it.

The ominous patter of rain set in sometime during the night. We awoke to the grim realisation that our return to reality might have to occur prematurely if we weren't to be forced to endure this hell-hole for several more days.

Then things got really interesting. Joe and Helen refused to leave their tent. What could they have been up to, these star-crossed lovers? We tried cajoling, abusing, coaxing, threatening, but being nice people we drew the line at dropping their wet tent on them. Then wonder teen Ashley hit upon the right formula. The aroma of a strong, freshly brewed cup of coffee. He expertly cobbled to-

Cooma for a cup of tea. We recounted tails of the silly front wheel drive Magna being driven up the steeper hills with Andrew and Rick as ballast on the bonnet and Jim's head sticking out the drivers side window to see where he was actually steering the thing. I slid gracefully off the camber attempting to pass another silly front wheel drive that had got stuck, and bravely sacrificed myself to the mud gods.

I guess the weekend was a success. Joe threw his arms around me and said it was the best thing he's ever done. I assume he was referring to the paddling bit, not the coffee. So I will put it on the calendar again, but in summer, when it NEVER rains in Victoria, it stays light until bedtime, and it's warm enough to skinny dip.





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

'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	<b>Beginner</b> - Closed or protected water - instruction available. No experience required. Might not be influenced by bad weather.	For grades ① & ②		
		<b>Wind</b>	<b>Seas</b>	<b>Add(for each)</b>
②	<b>Novice</b> with some paddling experience. <15km paddling day(s) primarily along accessible coastline or on protected water. Pre-requisite: able to perform assisted rescues.	<10kn	<1.5m	0
		10-15kn	1.5-2.5m	0.5
		15-25kn	>2.5m	1.0
③	<b>Proficient</b> . <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.	>25kn	>3.0m	1.5
③	<b>Proficient</b> . <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		
		<b>Wind</b>	<b>Seas</b>	<b>Add(for each)</b>
④	<b>Intermediate</b> . <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.	>20kn	>2.5m	1.0
		For Grades ⑤ & ⑥		
⑤	<b>Advanced</b> . Long open ocean paddling in large seas and adverse conditions. Pre-requisites: very reliable surfing skills & eskimo roll, ability to self rescue & rescue others.	No weather modifications. Paddlers know their limits.		
		For Grades ⑤ & ⑥		
⑥	<b>Expedition</b> . 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:

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



# **YES IT'S THAT TIME OF YEAR AGAIN**

**Membership fees are due for  
the Club's financial year of 1st  
September 1997 to 31st August  
1998.**

To rejoin for the 1997/98 financial year simply  
fill out the membership renewal slip in the  
stamped self addressed envelope, enclose your  
payment and post it.

**Those that have already paid for the 1997/98 financial year  
have a pink dot on the address label of their newsletter and  
should not have an enclosed envelope.**



NSW Sea Kayak Club Membership List

Surname	Firstname	Suburb	State	Home	Work
Abrahall	Ray & Shirley	DORA CREEK	NSW	(049) 705-387	
Adamson	Rod	BELCONNEN	ACT	(06) 258-5775	(06) 266-8907
Anderson	Lyndon	PUTNEY	NSW	(02) 9807-2312	(02) 9816-0902
Andrews	Don	CROMER	NSW	(02) 9971-6842	(02) 9971-2760
Angel	Rick	CHATSWOOD	NSW	(02) 9415 1505	(02) 9415-1505
Angwin	Brian	LEURA	NSW	(047) 84-3515	(047) 73-3285
Baer	Walter	WILLOUGHBY	NSW	(02) 9417-2227	(02) 9688-9500
Bakker	Frank & Michyko	COOMA	NSW	(064) 52-3826	(064) 53-2707
Bartel & Wilkins	Jan & Greg	BALMAIN	NSW	(02) 9810-7029	(02) 9810-7029
Betteridge & Mercer	Sharon & Robert	RANDWICK	NSW	(02) 9398-8209	(015) 10-5385
Bingham	Stephen	KIRRIBILLI	NSW	(02) 9954-1239	(02) 9683-0471
Blamey	Jeff & Janet	O'CONNOR	ACT	(06) 248 6003	(06) 249-6175
Blumenthal	Simon	ST IVES	NSW	(02) 9144-1692	(02) 9624-2511
Blunt	Peter	THARWA	ACT	(06) 237-5178	(06) 237-5135
Boardman	Ross	EROWAL BAY	NSW	(044) 43-3858	(044) 43-3858
Brandon	Frank	BONDI	NSW	(02) 9387-3091	
Brayne	Rob	MOLLYMOOK	NSW	(044) 540-629	
Bremers	Mike	RICHARDSON	ACT	(06) 292-3408	(06) 283-2052
Briggs	Gregory	GREENWICH	NSW	(02) 9439-6268	(02) 9926-8505
Brown	Ian	MT VICTORIA	NSW	(047) 87-1420	(047) 87-8877
Brown	Roger	EPPING	NSW	(02) 9807-3651	(02) 9647-9492
Bryan	Tracy	WESTMEAD	NSW	(02) 9633-9694	(02) 9687-2800
Bugden	Michael	BAYVIEW	NSW		(0418) 297-395
Bull	Norman	EPPING	NSW	(02) 9876-2494	(02) 9287-3491
Buras	Bruno	CHURCH POINT	NSW	(02) 9979-5999	(02) 9979-5999
Butcher	Peter	KATOOMBA	NSW	(02) 9909-2434	(041) 822-041
Caldwell	John & Jutta	BOWRAL	NSW	(048) 712-124	
Carmody	Patrick	COLEDALE	NSW	(042) 67-4710	(02) 9364-6523
Carswell	Gordon & Lesley	TATHRA	NSW	(064) 94-1920	
Chalson	Ian	ENGADINE	NSW	(02) 9520-5505	(02) 9543-7000
Chidgey	Phil	THORNLEIGH	NSW	(02) 9980-6729	
Clarke	Norm & Jo	OAKS FLAT	NSW	(042) 56-4617	(042) 75-7380
Coleman	James	HMAS ALBATROSS	NSW		(044) 211-158
Collins	Deb	BRONTE	NSW	(02) 9389-1230	(02) 9386-0800
Cooper	Bret	WODONGA	VIC	(060) 24-4304	
Cregan	David	BELCONNEN	ACT	(06) 251-2250	(041) 811-3378
Croft	Jim	CAMPBELL	ACT	(06) 247-6712	(06) 246-5500
Cronin	Julie	CURTIN	ACT	(06) 281-0002	(06) 203-7647
Cross	Gillian	BEVERLY HILLS	NSW	(02) 53-6740	(042) 34-2442
Crowe	Mick & Kate	KAMBAH	ACT	(06) 231-9447	(06) 281-8357
Cummings	Graham	WARRAGAMBA	NSW	(047) 742-364	(0419) 220-214
Dale	Angela	SURREY HILLS	NSW	(02) 9331-3193	(02) 9380-5119
Dale & Family	Michael	WENTWORTH FALLS	NSW	(047) 573 412	(02) 9963-1116
Deane	Roy & Diane	MANLY	NSW	(02) 9977-0223	(02) 9247-9491
Dickson	John	ROSEVILLE	NSW	(02) 9417-1537	(02) 9417 8307
Easton	Bruce, Rosalyn & Rebecca	JINDABYNE	NSW	(064) 567 027	(064) 562 966
Eddy	Andrew	NORTH RYDE	NSW	(02) 9888-2073	(02) 9887-8333
Edmond	Gary	WOONONA	NSW	(042) 84-0836	
Foley	John	PUTNEY	NSW		
Ford	Warwick	NEWPORT	NSW	(02) 9979-5469	(02) 9905-0588
Francis	Warwick	YARRALUMLA	ACT	(06) 28-23467	(041) 202-8580
Fraser	Doug	CONDER	ACT	(06) 294-1044	(06) 265-4797
Galt	Ric	BONDI	NSW	(02) 9389-1364	(02) 9256-9800
Garrett	Peter	WANNIASSA	ACT	(06) 231-9838	(018) 67-4310
Gill	Nicholas	ANSLIE	ACT	(06) 257-6120	(06) 268-8317
Gower	Michael	MOSMAN	NSW		(02) 9927-4077



NSW Sea Kayak Club Membership List

Surname	Firstname	Suburb	State	Home	Work
Gray	Michael	MUSWELLBROOK	NSW	(065) 43 4796	
Grose	Roger	GEORGES HEIGHTS	NSW	(02) 9960-9283	
Hall	Susan	BROOKVALE	NSW	(02) 9938-3185	(02) 9267-6511
Harding	Ian	NORTH BONDI	NSW	(02) 9365-1658	
Head	Bob	CARINGBAH	NSW	(02) 9525-0245	(02) 9923-6005
Hennings	John	CARINGBAH	NSW		(018) 112-562
Heron	Stephen	BAULKHAM HILLS	NSW	(02) 9686-6968	
Hewitson	Paul	NARRARA	NSW	(043) 24-1922	(02) 9651-1616
Higgins	Gary	MANLY	NSW	(02) 9976-3809	(0411) 416-376
Hockley	Cheryl & Neil	BAULKHAM HILLS	NSW	(02) 9674-2257	(02) 9685-4487
Holster	D. John	NORTH ROCKS	NSW	(02) 9873-1857	(02) 9873-1857
Howes	Damon	BRADDON	ACT	(06) 247-7269	(06) 265-4331
Howson	Phillip	PADSTOW	NSW	(02) 9771-2509	(02) 9372-4221
Hughes	Grant	NEWPORT	NSW	(02) 9970-7099	
John	Sundra & Salo	NORMANHURST	NSW	(02) 9875-4252	(0418) 447-942
Jones	Brian & Suzane	ERMINGTON	NSW	(02) 9804-7631	(02) 9354-4006
Jones	Doug	BAULKHAM HILLS	NSW	(02) 9674-6032	(02) 9934-5100
Jung	Rob	WEST RYDE	NSW	(02) 9808-1696	(02) 9887-8853
Kenna	Jennifer	ORANGE	NSW		
Knopke	Leanne	MIRANDA	NSW	(02) 9525-7706	(02) 9229-5616
Lamonda/Rutherford	Mary Lou/Peter	INGLESIDE	NSW	(02) 9913-3559	
Lang	Alice	WEST PYMBLE	NSW	(02) 9880-2172	(02) 9956-6972
Langmaid	Wayne	AVOCA BEACH	NSW	(043) 81-0342	
Larry	Gray	BELLEVUE HILL	NSW		
Lea	Greg	KARIONG	NSW	(043) 40-0157	(02) 9751-1451
Lipscombe	John	WAVERTON	NSW		
Litchfield	Ian	WYONG	NSW	(043) 52-2242	
Lucas	David	PEAKHURST	NSW	(02) 9153-9192	
Luck	Geoff	WEETANGERA	ACT	(06) 254 -0623	(06) 240-5754
MacDonald	David	FRENCHS FOREST	NSW	(02) 9452-2651	(02) 9647-1033
Madden	Rick	RANAS ALBATROSS	NSW	(044) 211-358	(044) 211-191
Malcolm	David	DEE WHY	NSW	(02) 9981-3343	(02) 9333-7482
Markwart	Gordon	HARBORD	NSW	(02) 9905-1863	(041) 841-0172
Mason	Paul	DICKSON	ACT	(06) 248-6280	(06) 280-7932
McConchie & McDermott	Ian & Marie-Louise	SHOALHAVEN HEADS	NSW		
Meert	John	SPENCE	ACT	(06) 258-7290	(06) 203-7360
Meredith	Peter	NORTH SYDNEY	NSW	(02) 9959-5742	(02) 9959-5742
Mill	Jeanette	ANSLIE	ACT	(06) 257-7090	(06) 250-9509
Miller	Peter	BURWOOD	NSW	(02) 9744-6212	
Mitchell	Gillian	ANSLIE	ACT	(06) 247-2517	
Morris	Jeremy	MOSMAN	NSW	(02) 9969-4815	(02) 9335-3000
Morrish	Ian	BATEMANS BAY	NSW	(044) 728-951	(044) 728-388
Murray	Ron	GLADESVILLE	NSW	(02) 9982-2169	(02) 9817-5590
Murrell	Jan	RIVETT	ACT	(06) 288-6326	(06) 281-8250
Nattrass	Paul	LINDFIELD	NSW	(02) 9416-4840	(02) 9259-4579
Nichols	David	ALBURY	NSW	(060) 40-5179	(018) 86-3243
Niderberger	Tony	WAVERTON	NSW	(02) 9922-2224	(02) 9438-3666
Nimmo	Christopher	TOMAKIN	NSW	(044) 718-233	(044) 741-599
North	Andrew	CAMMERAY	NSW	(02) 9922-4028	(02) 9666-4455
Ogawa	Kenji	PUTNEY	NSW	(02) 9807-6911	(02) 9807-6911
O'Kelly	Stephen	BUNGENDORE	NSW	(06) 238-1793	(06) 299-3860
Parker	Gary	BULLI	NSW	(042) 85-4317	
Payne	BJ & JM	NORTH SYDNEY	NSW		
Pearson	Mark	DUFFY	ACT	(06) 288-3602	(06) 289-6175
Pearson	Robert & Merry	PANANIA	NSW	(02) 9773 8772	
Peattie	Wendy	AVALON	NSW		

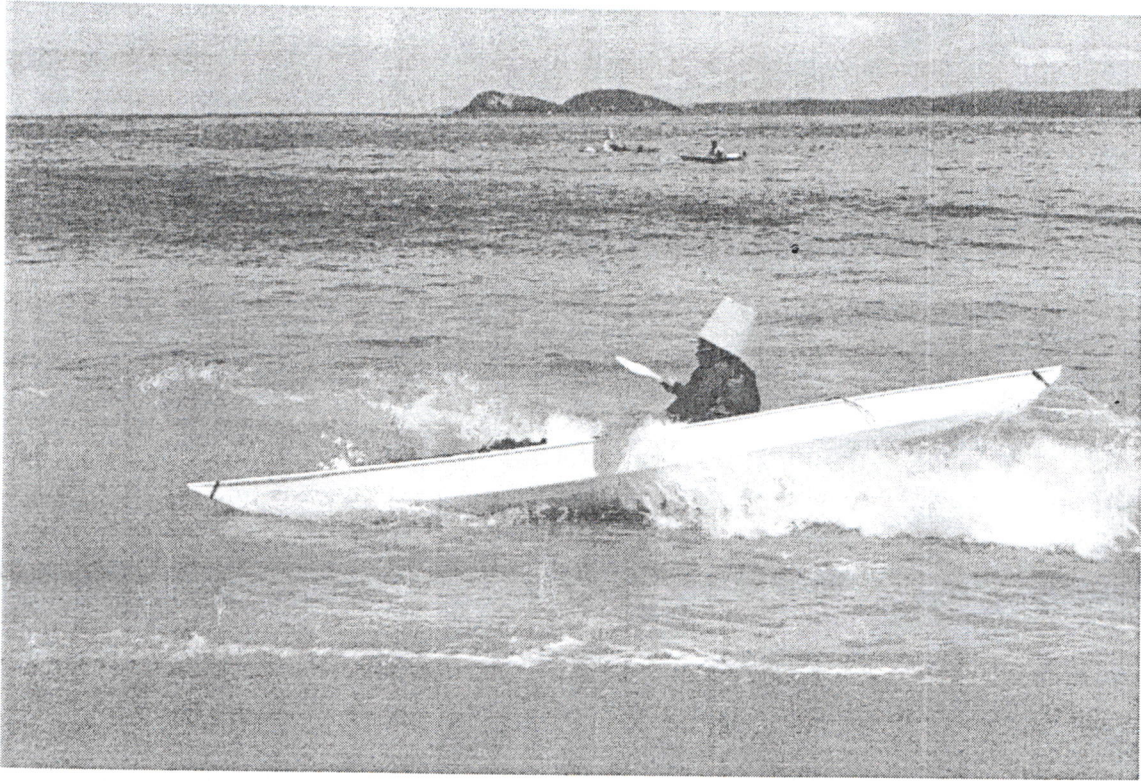


## NSW Sea Kayak Club Membership List

Surname	Firstname	Suburb	State	Home	Work
Peterson	Tony	CHIFLEY	ACT	(06) 282-2646	(06) 266-8893
Pilka	Arunas	O'CONNOR	ACT	(06) 248-7828	(06) 283-5562
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# INNOVATIONS



*Designer Tony Peterson of Canberra demonstrates his new head-turning kayaking helmet. Tony commented "I saw this bucket in my garage and immediately thought "that shape would look really good on my head". I set to work and now have achieved both kevlar-reinforced head protection and additional storage space all in the one unit. I'm really happy with the end result' Photo - Jeanette Mill*

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