

NSW Sea Kayaker

Newsletter of the NSW Sea Kayak Club Inc.

P.O. Box A1045, Sydney South, NSW, 2000

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August 1993

Journal Notes of a Myall Lakes Sojourn

By Alex Preema

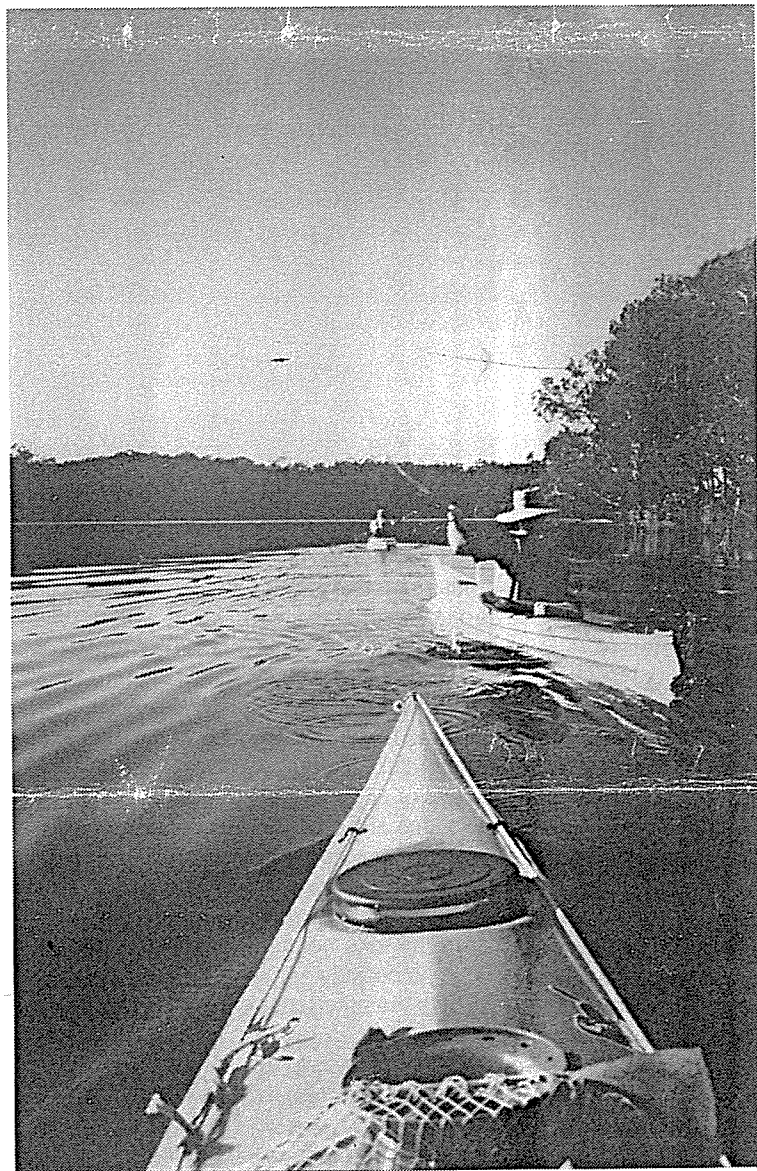
Paddlers:-

Alex Preema (Rosco)

Patrick Dibben (Puffin)

Richard McNeill (Greenlander)

Sat 4th, July, 1993 - After an unusually cold night for the coast Richard & myself enjoy the early morning sun's warmth during breakfast. We wonder what happened to the other two paddlers last night. It's beautiful and calm and the dark, brackish water of the inlet at Nerong is like a tinted mirror. As we ready our kayaks an exuberant Patrick turns up at 8:00 am. His excuse is disorganisation. My view is it's hyperactivity. While we're busily engaged in inserting sausage shaped packages encased in rubber into our kayaks we witness fisherman transfer live eels from a boat into a fibre glass tank on the back of the truck at the boat ramp. interesting. Assuming our fourth member has pulled out at the last minute, we launch our kayaks at 9:20 am. Paddling sea kayaks on water this smooth is a real novelty. Within thirty minutes we break out of the twisting inlet into the Bombah Broadwater. There are scores of black swans here. Patrick chases a group of them, ostensibly to take a photo. Richard and I were to find out later that his purpose was more likely influenced by an obvious lack of protein in his rations. Anyway he was unsuccessful. Heading northwards we strike an outpost of civilisation at Legges Camp. Very few people & boats



Above: Alex & Richard lead the way heading out from Nerong
(Photo: Patrick Dibben)

about. More solitude in the next lake, Boolambayte. I produce a secret river (Don't look for it on

any map) for a lunch venue. One moment we're on the open lake and the next in a cloistered

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Presidents Report

With only a few weeks remaining of the 92/93 club year I would like to thank everyone for their support and assistance. I would particularly like to mention the help and contributions made by Bruce Easton, Michael Maleedy, Arunas Pilka, Alex Preema, Dirk Stuber and David Winkworth whose enthusiasm for sea kayaking has kept the club rolling along with numerous trips and newsletter contributions. I've found the Presidents position, while quite demanding, to also be very rewarding and enjoyable.

We've had an excellent year with many successful trips. I think the Paddle/BBQ/Talks have been a great success with memorable talks from Wade Fairley, Peter Treseder and Paul Caffyn. Our final speaker for the club year, Larry Gray, will be talking after the AGM, topping off a line up that will be hard to beat.

The Annual General Meeting will be held on Saturday, 21st of August at 2:00pm at the Tambourine Bay Sea Scout Hall, Riverview.

What happens at the Annual General Meeting ? Here's an outline.

- The committee presents their reports on the activities of the club for the preceding financial year. (Treasurer's report etc)
- Current committee positions are declared open and the election of Office Bearers takes place. Members can nominate a candidate for a position, this must be seconded by another member and if this person accepts the nomination then if they are the sole nominee (and there are no objections) they are elected. Where more than one person is nominated for a position we vote. (Officially candidates are meant to be nominated in writing seven days prior to the AGM and the nomination must be signed by two members and agreed upon by the candidate)
- The minutes of the previous AGM and any other previous general meeting are confirmed.
- General business is discussed. Proposals are voted on.

We currently have eight committee positions. The responsibilities associated with these are:

President:	Chairs meetings. Involved in overall management and co-ordination.
Vice President:	Chairs meetings in the absence of the President. Assists in the overall management and organisation of the club.
Secretary:	Maintains the minutes including : all appointments of office-bearers; names of members of the committee present at a committee meeting or general meeting; all proceedings at committee meetings and general meetings.
Treasurer:	Ensures that all money due to the club is collected and received; all payments authorised by the club are made; maintains books and accounts showing financial affairs including details of all receipts and expenditure.
Social Convenor:	Arranges and co-ordinates social get togethers for the club such as the BBQ/talk days.
Trips Convenor:	Co-ordinates and maintains the trip calendar. In reality this usually involves contacting members and keeping in touch with what trips are on. Updating the Info-Line.
Newsletter Editor:	Gathers contributions from members and produces the newsletter. In reality the person filling this role needs to have access to a PC and printer and have some knowledge of word processing software (preferably MS Word).
Assistant Editor:	Assists the newsletter editor.

The committee is meeting on August 8th prior to the AGM and hopefully this will allow us to be well organised for the meeting so that it will not be any longer then necessary. After the AGM concludes we will have a BBQ (limited amount of 'club sausages' etc provided). I hope everyone will make an effort to attend and think about standing for a committee position. We may fit in a short paddle prior to the talk by Larry Gray at 6:00pm.

Memberships become due after the AGM unless you joined the club since June this year. The fee is still \$20 and it would be great if everyone could pay at the AGM. This will save a lot of administration and mailing costs.

I've often met people when I've been out paddling who, when I've told them about the club, have been interested in joining. The problem is that I don't usually carry a pen and piece of paper to give them the details etc. I've made some NSWSKC business cards, which I've enclosed with this newsletter. They have a membership application on the back which will save prospective members having contact us for an application form which we then need to mail out. The idea is you could keep these in your wallet or kayak. They also help members remember the info line number.

continued on last page

waterway, hemmed in by tall trees. Pure magic. Our next brush with civilisation is at Violet Hill. Then it's through the passage and out into the largest lake in the chain, Myall Lake itself. Our campsite was on the eastern shore at Shelley Beach. Distance covered today 24km.

day up our sleeves, to explore the top end of Myall Lake. Our mood is just a tad sombre as we watch his kayak melt into watery distance. It's a good thing we made him memorise the map and suspend a slither of magnetised iron from his cap. With adventure in our hearts Patrick and myself

a 'reef' of submerged sawn timber. We're suddenly out of the National Park here. the banks are partially cleared. There are buildings behind a screen of trees along the southern shore. A young boy paddling a Canadian canoe and looking for bottles tells us the bottom of the lake here



Above: Alex Preema at the entrance to his 'secret creek'
(Photo: Patrick Dibben)

We set up camp well before dark. Are quarters are as varied as our kayaks. I pitch a tarp, Patrick a minuscule tent and Richard lays out a bivvy bag. In deference to minimum impact camping we choose to use liquid fuel stoves rather than a campfire. We're joined for tea by two charming but pesky possums. After-dinner conversation is by the flickering light of a stubby candle. We retire rather early. I worry about Richard in his bivvy bag - I hope some sort of metamorphosis doesn't take place overnight.

Sunday, 5th July 1993. - We're all up early after a good nights sleep. I'm relieved to see that Richard has not changed form. Unfortunately he has only two days at his disposal so after breakfast he elects to return to Nerong on his own, leaving Patrick and myself with an extra

leave our base camp soon afterwards and paddle northwards. We pause at Longnose Point to surreptitiously inspect an eel trap. Interesting. We pull in at Limestone Hill to explore a small cave. Patrick's mole like instincts take over and he's in like a rat up a drain pipe. Only a small affair. A bit of high cloud has suddenly sneaked up on us and light rain begins to fall as, back on the water, we round Kataway Hill and approach a clearing on the bank. We take our food bags and a stove and enjoy lunch in the shelter of the haunted house at the base of Kataway Hill. This could make an interesting campsite. Still heading northward our next leg takes us to Nerong Bay, the extreme North Easter corner of the lake. The sun comes out and the rest of the afternoon is absolutely glorious. Rounding Neranie Head we cross

consists of sawdust. Hmmm. We gently glide to a standstill in a small bay down in the corner where there's a young bloke wearing chest waders and wading in the shallows. Slow talking and pretty laid back. He shows us a large net full of eels at his feet, pointing out a particularly large one, destined so he tells us, to become a pet. We note that when our eels fisherman wades out of the water there are bare feet protruding from the bottom of the waders. Rubber overalls ?? We leave Neranie Bay wondering whether we'd been there at all. Next stop is Bungwahl at the top of the lake. If it wasn't for the modern motors whizzing by on the road this hamlet could've still been in the 1950's. We make a round trip of nearly 3 km to buy ice creams and coke from the 'shop'. Patrick walks in bare feet. I could've sworn the shop was in



the hamlet itself. Back in our kayaks we hurry homewards, racing the sun to the horizon. Nearly run aground in the stony shallows of Burrah Burrah Point. There's a lovely sunset, Ah the freshness, the vastness of it all ! The sun beats us. Our kayaks sigh gently as we beach them at dusk. Distance covered today is coincidentally 24 km. A great day !

Monday, 6th July, 1993 - I watch the dawn break from the warm snugness of my sleeping bag beneath the tarp. It's calm and clear again after the brief mini storm last night. Today is to be a big paddling day and in some ways an anti-climax as homeward bound journeys go. We launch into a breeze and sparkling sunlight. As we paddle south the shore line becomes progressively flatter until, in the big bay before the outlet into the Broadwater. Navigational problems in lake country where there is a flat

homogeneous horizon are typified for the inexperienced . We pause only briefly at Bombah Point. The atmosphere at Legges Camp is so sleepy. We set our course across the Broadwater for Mungo Brush, a convenient hillock on the otherwise dark green, braided horizon. Arrive at Mungo for lunch after virtually 3 hours of continuous paddling. After lunch we take a walk through the rainforest and out across the dunes to the ocean beach where I show Patrick the fabulous Broughton Island just off the coast southwards. This is to remind us that this paddle has been a training exercise for expeditions art sea to fabulous destinations like Broughton. This afternoon is different. Clouds have taken over and shawls of rain hang before the rounded and conical hills behind Nerong. It's a race across the Broadwater with a freshening wind onto our rear starboard quarter. There's rain

around us but we remain dry. We slip into Myall River for a brief rest. Then it's around to the Nerong inlet to reach the cars conveniently before dusk. Distance covered today is just short of 30 km. Sorry Richard missed the last two days. What a great time of year - no insect pests, no people and no heat and sunburn. What a training ground for paddling endurance. It's a pity some of the less experienced members of the club couldn't make it! Who knows what effect the paddling could've had on them. Take Patrick, for instance. He's seriously contemplating professional eel fishing ! □

NEWSLETTER CONTRIBUTIONS

Articles, photo's, cartoons and other contributions are most welcome. Photo's can be black & white or colour prints. Photos will be returned after publication.

Trip Report

BROUGHTON ISLAND

**8TH AND 9TH MAY,
1993**

By Michael Maleedy

Bruce Easton and I started from Sydney early on Saturday morning. It was a sunny day. Mackerel scales and mares tails streaked the upper levels of the sky. With eyes raised to the heavens, partly in supplication, I hazarded a guess in Bruce's direction.

"Fair weather?"

"High winds," he replied, as we tied my Greenlander to the top of his car.

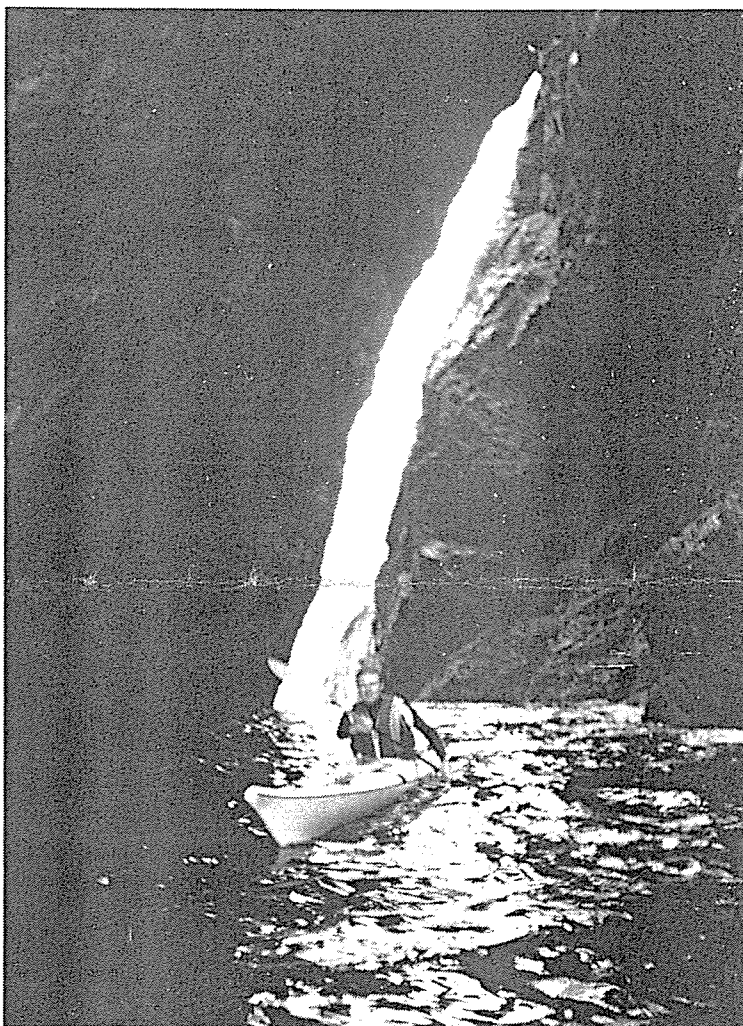
Too late for a change of mind. We were off on my biggest aqua-adventure to date. Out to Broughton Island. An unknown. A trip "offshore".

The car trip was, as car trips often are, uneventful, and we soon saw Alex Preema's kayak sitting on top of his car in Port Stephens. Alex directed us to a launching spot and we detoured for pie and chips and Bruce's vegetarian something, arriving as Alex finished loading his boat.

I'd never loaded a kayak with camping gear before but felt instinctively that heavier things should go in the middle. A few goatskins of water would I thought, be helpful and soon we were on the water.

Alex, in his eagerness, had forgotten to batten down his back hatch. Fortunately we discovered that before we ventured off and we fixed it.

Nervousness and excitement jostled for lead position as I warmed up my paddling muscles. We passed through the twin headlands of Port Stephens and out through the islands scattered around the entrance. The sea was taking on a special colour, an omen for the trip. It was like



Above: *Michael Maleedy discovering Sea-Caving*
(Photo: Bruce Easton)

green liquid glass. A deep succulent emerald.

Boondelbah and Little Island lay ahead of us and we shouted queries at each other. Should we go around Cabbage Tree Island or between it and North Head? We decided to go out around the island named for the palms that grow all over it. As we swung around to the north, we saw Broughton Island as a faint smudge ahead.

"Doesn't seem too far", I thought, "something like Manly to Long Reef, maybe a bit more". Off we paddled, a south-west wind blowing spray off choppy waves of about half a metre. We'd gone for about an hour and the grey smudge of the island was no less of a smudge. Looking back, Cabbage Tree and the Headland

still stood out clearly. We'd hardly moved. I felt much more tired than hours of paddling usually makes me feel. The idea of being offshore and committed to a long paddle was obviously draining me more than I would have expected.

It was at about this point that the first dolphin leapt from the water. He was about an oars length away on the right of my boat and made me gasp with shock. Much more than the dolphins of film or photo, this creature was solid and abrupt. For all the world like a dog. A sea-cur. They weren't there for long, these delightful creatures. Just enough to cause our three craft to move instinctively closer together, for we humans to exchange appreciative looks and mouth appropriate sentiments and then

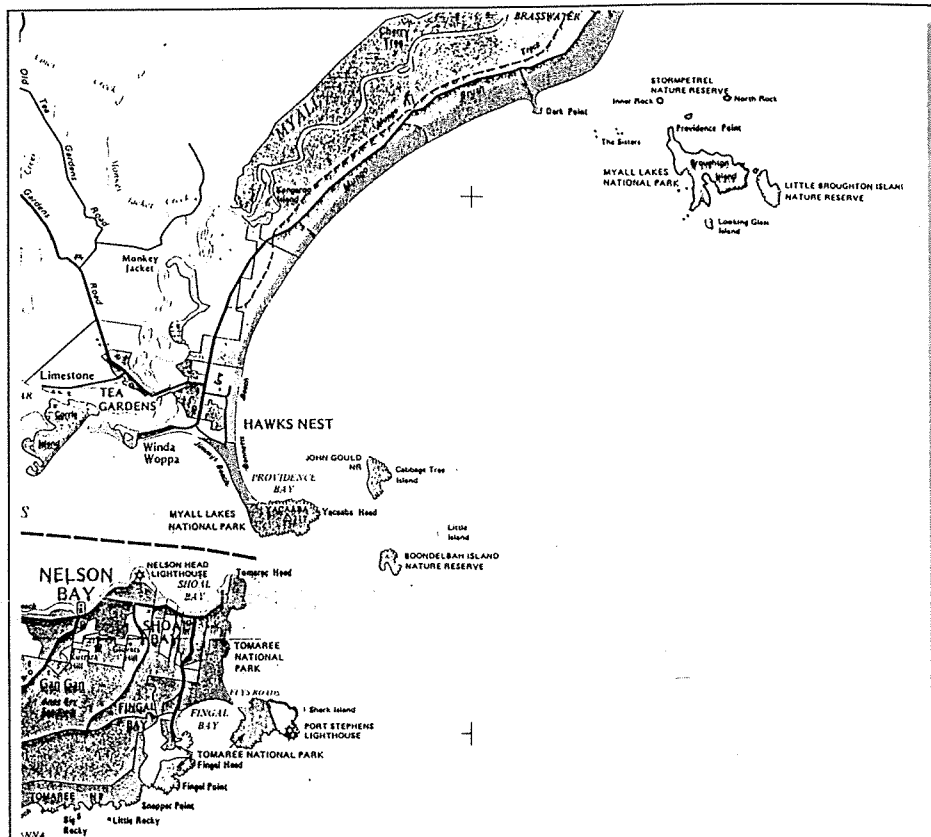
they were gone; leaving us to paddle on, lost in our own worlds of wonder and delight. A world I'm sure you fellow ocean-canoers also inhabit.

It took us about two and a half hours to reach the island and we entered a long, thin bay which sheltered a sprinkling of fisher folks huts. We pulled ashore just north of this little village and quickly set up camp. There was just enough light to allow for a quick exploration of the island so off we set again to hug the coast to the north. Bruce is an adventurous soul. He poked his way through all the nooks and crannies while Alex and I stood off wondering at the bravery or stupidity of Bruce's confidence. I didn't actually see the wave which almost wiped Bruce out but turned at the shouts, to see him metres away from a cliff, cresting a breaking wave. His Klepper and skill had saved him again.

We continued around a large bay and then headed south to investigate a sea-cave we'd noticed on the way to the island. We approached the cave as close as we dared to see the swell disappear into it and explode against the walls and spray create magnificent plumes of energy. "No! Not today. "Not any day", I thought, as I tried to imagine manoeuvring my unwieldy Greenlander in such a confined space.

Night was falling, so we went back to camp for a hasty meal. The food was barely eaten when I was overcome by sheer exhaustion. I crawled into my sleeping bag and was instantly asleep.

I woke suddenly with an aching back. The muffled sound of the sea reminding me were I was and my stomach an empty pit. I had to eat! I looked at my watch. It was 11 pm as I stuck my head out to see that the leaden sky was weighing down the night, hiding a sky I'd hoped to see white with stars.



My clattering and banging in the cooking lean-to that Alex had provided brought him questioning into the night. What was I doing? Eating!? At two o'clock in the morning? I was never to live this down. Alex to this day is convinced that I'm an eccentric night-nibbler. For the rest of the trip I had to endure taunts and jokes about my nocturnal peculiarities. True, there was nothing edible on the entire beach the next morning but, hey, a guy's gotta eat!

The following day, Alex decided to climb to the highest point on the island while Bruce and I paddled. We headed off toward the sea-cave we'd investigated the night before. On the way to it we discovered a rock garden which would allow us passage to the south of the island and enable us to approach the cave from the side opposite to the one we'd looked at the day before. Cautious, as usual, I led the way through the jumble of rocks, pausing to let waves pass before paddling furiously to get to the open water beyond. As we left the rocks and cliffs and came out into clear water we saw the first

of about twenty soft drink cans floating about, scattered, together with plastic bags full of rubbish over a huge area. We collected them, piling our kayaks high and took them across to a dive boat which had arrived to take advantage of the delightful, crystal waters. The divers agreed to take rubbish away for us and then watched as we edged our way toward the sea cave. From this side the explosions of water against the cliff walls seemed even more dramatic and dangerous. A two metre swell, crashing through a channel about four metres across was something not even Bruce was game to enter. We agreed to move around to the north entrance again and twenty minutes found us following the swell into the mouth of the cave. Strangely, once we'd committed ourselves to the lunacy of entering and once we were inside, all the movement and spray were no worse than a moderately windy day off a headland. Bruce led the way through the passage and hesitated just before the exit. I was picked up and hurtled forward by a following wave. I

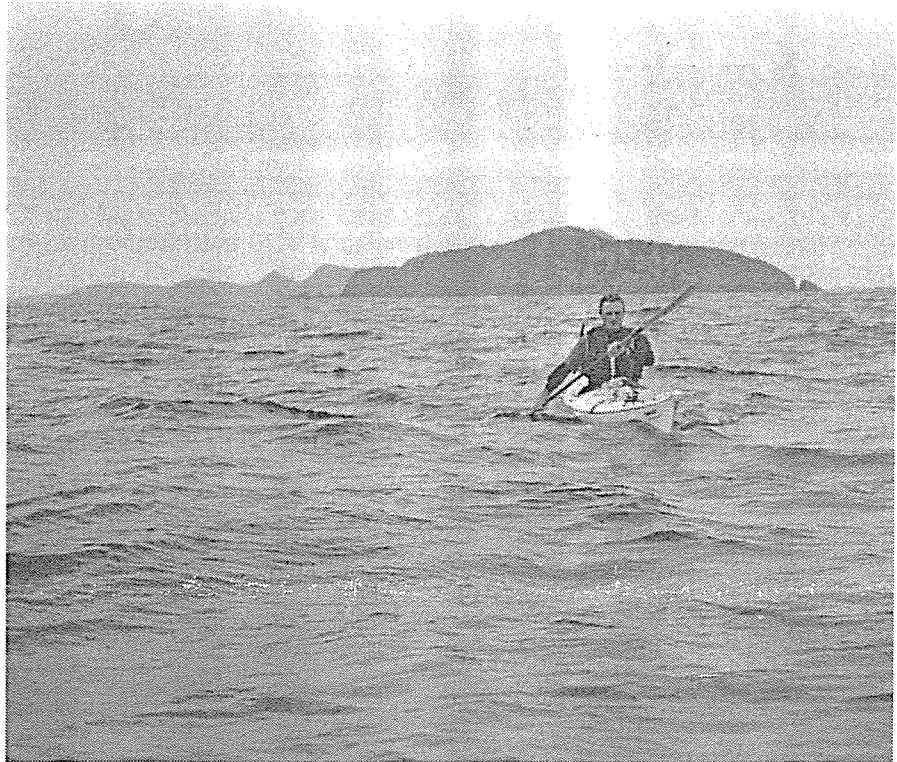
screamed, "We've made it. Go! Go!". Bruce gave a quick look back, a couple of paddle strokes and we burst out of the gap to the applause of the divers on the boat beyond.

Once we'd been through and realised how safe the exercise was in reality we returned through the cave. The photos Bruce took of this show what seem to be almost calm, flat water. they don't show the dynamism of the sea in that confined space.

The adrenalin buzz we received from that adventure gave us the energy then to paddle north to investigate the rest of the island's shoreline. Broughton Island is a pretty featureless heath, but the cliffs and rock formations which ring it, are stunning. The bubbles and flows of once molten rock seem caught in time. I don't know the origin of the island but looking around from the ocean, at certain points, you can imagine yourself in the bowl of an extinct volcano.

We travelled as far around the island as time would allow and found another cave which led through the cliffs. A quieter cave this time but with it's own peculiarities. It was very shallow, so had to be navigated on the rise of a wave. An interesting experience and not for those with precious kayaks.

On our way back to the camp site we passed close to a rock outcrop. Fortunately we were not hugging the shoreline as we had previously. A sudden rogue wave leapt out of a completely calm sea. As we watched in awe, it smashed against the jagged rocks, metres from our fragile boats. I can't imagine how we would have dealt with the situation of being caught between those cruel rocks and that cunning wave. Perhaps a quick capsize to create enough drag to let the wave pass over, then a roll and a fear-filled dash for safety. That wave lived in my memory and dreams for days.



Above: *Michael Maleedy leaving Broughton in his wake*
(Photo: Bruce Easton)

– Back at the tents we found Alex sheltering from the rain that had started to fall. He'd had a great time. We envied him what must have been magnificent views from the top of the island.

After lunch we packed and headed north. Rather than paddle round the whole of the island we used the second cave we'd discovered to make the trip a bit shorter. The day was getting on and we had a way to travel so we moved south onto a remarkable sea.

The sky overhead was leaden and heavy and the ocean as flat and featureless as I've ever seen it. Every now and then the swell would move through from the south west like a huge creature turning in its sleep. It was sheer pleasure to slink along its surface through a profound silence. Far in the distance was a faint groan I took to be traffic on a highway. The others told me it was the sound of breaking waves on the shore kilometres to the east. Every now and then we'd stop and listen, to virtually nothing.

No wind, no water movement. Complete silence, almost. Once or twice on the journey, a light squall would pass over us. If we stopped then, I'd lie back on my boat and listen to the clinking glass sound of raindrops hitting the sea surface.

Eventually the headlands of Port Stephens were immediately ahead of us and we slowed down to luxuriate in the magnificent aquas and purples of the shallows around the islands.

As we passed through the twin sentinels of the bay we were met by a pod of dolphins moving like one animal as they broke the surface. We moved towards them but they disappeared to reappear a hundred metres behind us, then off again in the distance. We were too tired to pursue them and headed for a landing, a quick pack-up and a welcome dinner at Alex's In-laws.

If this becomes an annual event, as I suspect it will, I recommend it to any competent paddler. It's a trip that will live in your memory for a long time. □

SAFETY

See Kayaking By Patrick Dibben

Some of you may have heard about a kayaking incident a couple of months back where a sea kayak was found floating at sea with no occupant. This was widely reported on ABC radio although their facts were, from what I've been told, quite wrong.

The incident involved one of our club members. It's probably best if you get the story from the person involved but basically from what I've been told they were forced to abandon their boat close to shore after it became water logged and almost impossible to paddle. They clambered to shore with the aid of rock fisherman and reported the incident to the Police. The kayak was eventually found 200 km further south and 25 kms offshore by a fishing boat and reported to Police at Bermagui. The Police on the south coast were unaware of the previous report and traced the owner via a manufacturers sticker on the boat.

This and a timely article in the latest edition of the Investigator Canoe Club's newsletter on flares prompted me to look at safety/rescue equipment on the market.

Night Paddling

Lights: You are probably aware that, although Waterways Handbook doesn't state it, the minimum requirement for kayaks at night is a 360° visible white light. In reality this can be pretty difficult to achieve and then the strength of an unfocussed battery operated light is not going to be great. A light where you can see it is going to reduce your night vision to a dangerous level.

In some ways it might be simpler and more effective to adopt standard navigation lights. I checked out a local marine shop and found clip on lights made by *Sea World* for \$17.95. These take 'D' cells and of course come in red, green and white. They have a clip on section which you attach permanently to your boat. It's made of black flexible plastic and looks like one of those clips designed for broom closets which some people use as paddle parkers (you could use it for this). When you need your lights you just clip them in. The clips have small stainless steel reflective shades which shield the lights so they are only visible from the correct sides. These shades also detach from the clip. The only disadvantage with this light would be they would be slightly visible by the paddler.

Another alternative is a combination light made for sailing boats. The *Ronstan* combination red/green light is \$29.90 and takes 'D' cells. It works out cheaper than two individual lights. I was unable to open a packet to check it out fully but it appears it might also clip on/off. The way this light is designed it would not be visible by the paddler but might be more difficult to install in the middle of a curved deck.

Strobes are not approved for lighting boats and come into the category of rescue equipment.

Reflective Tape: This was \$12.50 a metre for a strip which is approx 6 cm wide.

Rescue Equipment

If all else fails and it comes to the point where you need to be rescued you will need to be seen or heard.

Flares: Heres an outline of what I found available:

Orange Handsmoke Mk 3	For day use only, visibility 4 km, duration 60 seconds -	\$22.80
Red Handflare Mk 2.	Visibility 10 km at night, duration 60 seconds -	\$18.50
Para Red Mk 3 Distress Rocket	Visibility 15 km (day)/ 40 km (night), duration 40 secs	\$67.50
Inshore Distress Kit	Two Red Handflares and two Orange Handsmoke	\$77.90

Dye: Dye might be of use if people are already on the lookout or you were below a rocky shoreline where people are around to see you. It's ideal use would be when a plane searching for you is nearby. It would probably last much longer than a flare but would not be as easily recognised as a distress signal by the casual observer. The *Fairway Sea Mariner Dye* pack is \$20.00. The dye is orange in colour.

Strobes: The one I looked at was waterproof and reasonable rugged. They would be quite visible during the night but would anyone realise they were a distress signal if they weren't already looking for you. Their effectiveness during the day might be less than a mirror.

TRIPS LIST

WHEN	WHAT	WHERE	CONTACT	PHONE #
August				
14th-15th	Tathra to Arragunnu (Mimosa Rocks National Park) and return. Freshwater could be limited so bring all water.	Tathra, Boat ramp on Bega River 9:30 am, Sat.	Arunas Pilka	(06) 283-5558 (h) (06) 248-7828 (w)
21st (Sat) Meet 1:00-1:30 AGM at 2:00 PM Talk at 6:00 PM	<p style="text-align: center;">AGM / BBQ / Talk - Film - Slides</p> <p style="text-align: center;">ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING</p> <p style="text-align: center;">LARRY GRAY is our guest speaker ! Larry may be known to you from his film on TV of his Greenalnd paddle. He has also paddled from Malacoota where he lives to Thursday Island, & also across the Bass Strait!</p>	Tambourine Bay Sea Scout Hall, Riverview. This on on the Lane Cove River. (see map on reverse)	Patrick Dibben	(02) 810-7242 (h)
22nd Sun	LARRY GRAY - Surfing Workshop	To be advised	Patrick Dibben	(02) 810-7242 (h)
November				
13th & 14th	Rock & Roll Weekend / Annual Get Together Learn to roll and other kayak skills. Six unpowered sites have been booked. These are on the waters edge, together. Please ring Patrick to reserve a place.	Patonga, NSW Central Coast	Patrick Dibben David Winkworth	(02) 810-7242 (h) (064) 95-1527 (h)
December				
11-18th	Paddle from Eden to Malacoota. Experienced paddlers only. Limit of 10 people	Eden, NSW	Dirk Stuber	(042) 68-1001 (h)
Most Weekends				
Sat	Day paddle	Wollongong area	Dirk Stuber	(042) 68-1001 (h)
Sun	Day paddle	Sydney area	Michael Maleedy	(02) 816-2428 (h)
Sat			Patrick Dibben	(02) 810-7242 (h)
Coming up				
	Sharpen your skills Spring Adventure Weekend. Fun competition in surfing, reef crossing and obstacle racing.	Wonderful Wollongong, sea kayaking capital of the south !	Gary Parker Gary Edmond Dirk Stuber	(042) 85-4317 (h) (042) 840-836 (h) (042) 68-1001 (h)

PLEASE NOTE : The 93/94 membership year starts from the AGM. Please try to renew at the meeting if you can. It is still only \$20 per year.

(If you joined for the first time after June this year then there is no need to renew - you are covered for 93/94.)

NSW Sea Kayak Club Info Line

(02) 552-0028

A recorded message giving the latest on club trips and events. Updated weekly on Wednesdays.

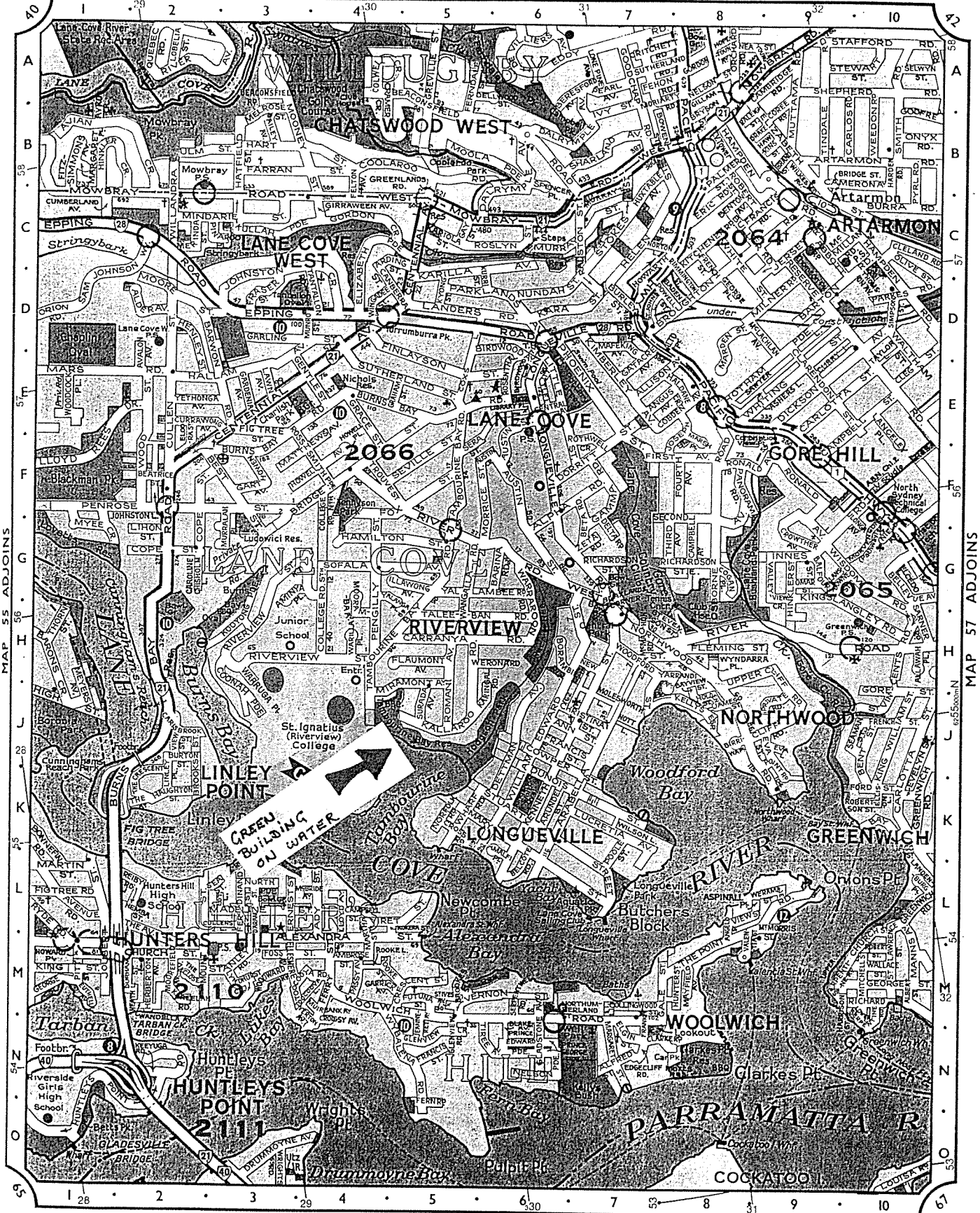
Messages may also be left.

(This is not a '0055' number and the cost is the same as any call to a local Sydney number)

UBD
MAP 56

Kilometres 1km
Metres 500m 1000m

POST OFFICE
PUBLIC SCHOOL
PRIVATE SCHOOL
POLICE STATION
SCOUT HALL
GUIDE HALL
MAP 41 ADJOINS
PLACE OF WORSHIP
PUBLIC TELEPHONE
HOSPITAL
COUNCIL OFFICE



MAP 66 ADJOINS

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Mirrors: I found a thick stainless steel mirror for \$3.20.

Whistles: Ideally the whistle should be attached to your life jacket which, of course, you are wearing. A plastic whistle I looked at cost \$1.25. These could be quite useful to attract the attention of another kayaker if, for instance, you became separated from your paddling companions.

Air Horns: These are pressure packs of compressed gas with a horn at the top. They are LOUD ! These are the sort of thing that are used at the football to start and finish games. The ones I looked at were reasonably large and cost \$20. I have seen smaller versions and these may have some use if paddling at night, in fog, in a crowded harbour where you might use it to warn a larger vessel if you think they may not have seen you. They may need to be kept in a plastic bag to prevent corrosion. Try one out in a shop - you get a fantastic reaction !

EPIRB: These are 'Emergency Position Indication Radio Beacons'. These may be a good idea if you are doing a trip in an isolated area or if paddling well out to sea. There are EPIRBs and there are EPIRBs. Older EPIRBs relied on detection by aircraft. The newer EPIRBs make use of detection via satellite.

Older 121.5/243 MHZ EPIRBs

Those manufactured or sold prior to February 1990: Originally these were designed to be detected by overflying search aircraft, international civil aircraft or military aircraft. They were not designed for satellite detection and therefore the stability and accuracy of the transmissions was not a critical factor.

Tests have recently been carried out by the Department of Transport and Communication to see if these older non-satellite EPIRBs were able to be detected by the SARSAT (Search And Rescue Satellite) System. Of 25 beacons tested only a small number were detected and of these the resultant positions were so inaccurate as to be highly misleading !

Not all aircraft monitor the 121.5/243 MHZ frequencies. Apart from this there are vast areas of the Australian coast not monitored at all and thus detection is either via chance or by a search aircraft if a full scale search is launched.

Those manufactured or sold after February 1990: These are required to meet Ministerial Standard 241 (MS241). As such they are detectable by satellite however two satellite passes are required to fix a position and then this is only accurate to within 20 km.

406 MHZ EPIRB

The COSPOS/SARSAT system was designed for EPIRBs operating on 406 MHZ using digital signals. All 406 MHZ EPIRBs sold in Australia are compatible with this SARSAT system. They can be detected to an accuracy of within 5 kms and can also identify the EPIRB through an international registration system. Thus they would know they are looking for a kayak instead of a container ship. Some EPIRBs also have the capability of indicating the type of distress eg. medical, collision etc. I believe these cost around \$200.

Identifying Your Boat

It's obviously a good idea to mark your kayak so it can be identified. If we adopted a convention on where to mark the boat then this would make it easier as well. You could use a *Pental* pen to write your name in a spot where it won't wear off easily such as the underneath of the front deck in the cockpit and on the rear bulkhead. If your kayak were stolen the marking under the deck is less likely to be discovered by the thief and may then aid in identification and proof of ownership.

The club sticker would also be a good idea as this would lead authorities to people that may be able to supply valuable information. If you marked your kayak with, for instance, your name only then this may not help them if you live by yourself - they still don't know anyone else to contact.

Flotation

There lots to be said about PFD's (Personal Flotation Devices) and making your boat buoyant and water tight - too much for this article so I'll leave that to the next edition of the newsletter.

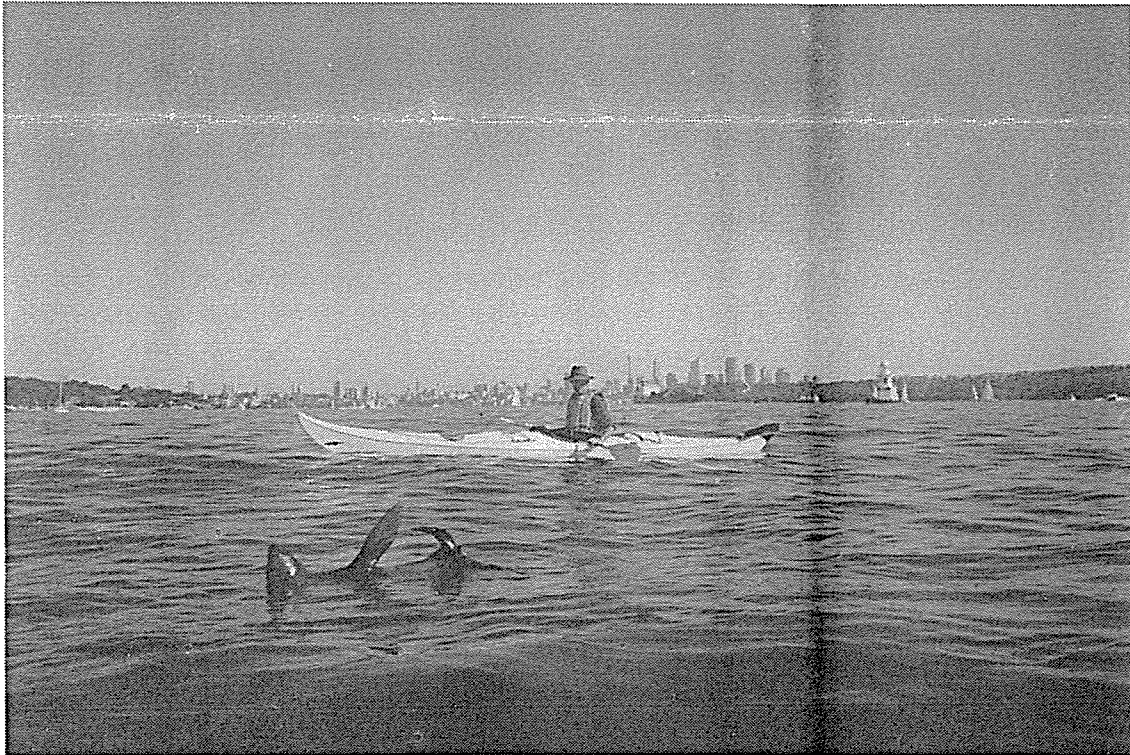
Common sense is obviously pretty high on the list of safety items a kayaker needs. Hopefully those who carry rescue equipment won't then feel more game to take on what they wouldn't otherwise. Carry them as a sensible precaution against the unpredictable and as my hero once said '*A man's gotta know his limitations*'. □

Correspondence: I have received a copy of the Investigator Canoe Clubs July '93 newsletter from Peter Carter in S.A. This contains some trips reports and also an article on flares. I've also received a brochure from a sea kayaking tour company with details of a Patagonian trip. I will bring the file of correspondence to the AGM if you are interested in seeing these.

I recently heard that Paul Caffyn had become ill after his return to New Zealand. I phoned him last week and as he says 'I had my chain rattled'. Paul suffered a perforated colon while working on top of a 4,000 ft peak (he's a coal exploration geologist). He was taken by helicopter to hospital but septicaemia (blood poisoning) set in and he became seriously ill. He is recovering now and was in good spirits when I spoke to although he still is awaiting a further operation. His book on his circumnavigation of Australia 'The Dreamtime Voyage' looks like being out by the end of the year.

Since the last newsletter we have had some great trips with our BBQ on Shark Island being very well attended with about fifteen members turning up. The Myall lakes paddle was beautiful. Winter is a great time for sea kayaking with lots of wildlife around.

When Dennis and Glenis the two Southern Right Whales were around Bruce Lee and myself went up to Collaroy on the



Above: A New Zealand Fur Seal off Watsons Bay. Peter (friend of Gary Steer) in background.
(Photo: Patrick Dibben)

hope of seeing them. We battled through traffic jams and when we arrived at the beach were surprised that there were no other paddlers - there were thousands of spectators lining the shore and headlands. We launched our kayaks through terrible dumping surf and paddled out to the Police boat about half a kilometre off shore. I couldn't see a trace of a whale and expected we would be there for hours just to get a glimpse. The Police were quite good and warned us to keep about 200 m away from the whales and not to move if they approached us. Within 20 seconds of this warning the water within sight started to swirl on the surface and they told us the whales were headed towards us. The baby (about small truck size) surfaced less than 6m in front of our kayaks heading straight towards us! The mother (about 80 tonnes) was alongside just under the surface. They passed under our kayaks and headed off to the reef. Yes I had a camera but I was taken by surprise and I think my mind was more on survival than photography - a great experience!

Last Sunday (1st Aug) Gary Steer organised a spur of the moment paddle to Watson's Bay Hotel. Our group numbered about eight but there were plenty of other paddlers about plus two surf club boats. Two of the paddlers we met had just completed a paddle up from Port Hacking (~6hrs). Just offshore near Laings Point we came across a seal! It was lying on its side not moving much and took so little notice of us we thought it might have been sick. I've since found out from the Zoo it is a New Zealand Fur Seal about 18 weeks old.

Once again let me say I've really enjoyed my year as President, it's been a rewarding experience and I wish the club and its members all the best for the year ahead.

Patrick Dibben