

NSW Sea Kayaker

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

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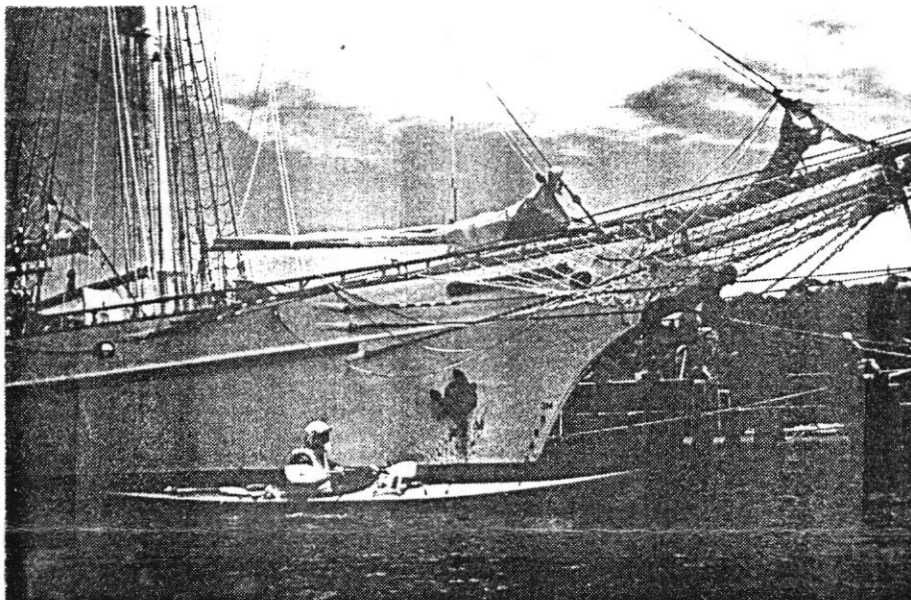
GOING WITH THE FLOW

- by Norm Sanders

Many thousands of words have been written about hair-raising adventures in sea kayaks. Various intensely competitive paddlers, generally males, have circumnavigated continents, challenged icebergs and crossed ferocious straits.

Others of us, older, wiser, or, perhaps less muscular, are more in sympathy with Rats words in *The Wind in the Willows* "Believe me, my young friend, there is nothing, absolutely nothing, half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats".

The previous summer, Nick Gill, Jacqui Windh and I had set out to paddle from Womboyn Lake on the far South coast of New South Wales to Wingan Inlet in Victoria. We thought we could at least get to Malacoota and back. It soon became apparent that Jacqui was more goal-oriented than



Author Norm Sanders with the topsail schooner, the 'One and All', in Eden Harbour

we were. Four days of unremitting, howling northeasterlies pinned us down on the beach at Nadgee river. I was happy to go hiking and generally hang out. Jaqui fretted about our lack of progress. Nick, in the middle, suffered angst attacks. When the wind finally exhausted itself, we decided to head back to Womboyn Lake and end the trip.

This time, we made sure that everyone agreed that the goal was NOT to get anywhere in particular, but to have FUN.

Everyone turned out to consist of Nick Gill in his shiny new red Skerray, Jim Croft, a Puffin paddler, Jutta Mueller and John Caldwell in Seafarer Pluses (one an ex-Arunas Pilka craft which was familiar with these waters), and me in my big cedar stripper.

We had allocated some 10 days for the trip. Unfortunately, Jutta and John would only be able to spare a

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Editorial

There I was about to start moaning about the lack of incidents in recent Club paddles, and the difficulties this was presenting me as an Editor always keen to please a fickle club membership that demands more and more action in each newsletter. And then came the Montague Island weekend. For those that were not present, the thunderous sound of the huge surf was accompanied by the no less dramatic sounds of fibreglass fighting losing battles with rocks, not to mention dismounted paddlers strewn about the surf or climbing breakwalls to escape the monstrous waves. The story and pictures on page 11 tell the tale. Commiserations to the paddlers who lost or damaged their boats, but the experience should stand them in good stead. And the silver lining - the event has provided some much needed material for those exaggerated tales of 'derring do' round the trangier. Let's face it - we were running out of things to talk about!

To this issue.....the lead story 'Going with the Flow' is, in my opinion, the best article for some time - more dramatic than *Bad Day at Tuross Bar*, yet with all the humour of *Deck Bag Mk11*. There are also articles originating from the U.S. and New Zealand. And after a strangely timid start, the Old Sea Dog's Gear Locker is really starting to deliver the goods.

Members Letters

The January issue announcement of the Dear Editor letters page drew a huge response. Unfortunately the bulk of the correspondence was either weird or abusive, such that I was having serious doubts about the whole idea. Anyway I have responded to members queries as best I can, and, who knows, some of the material may be of interest. Do you have a letter in you just begging to be published?

NSWSKC Survey of Members

The survey appears to have been well received by members with around 80 very interesting offerings to date. Jim Croft has kindly volunteered to feed the information into a database to assist in analysing the returns. Jim has reported some overseas interest on the Internet on our Survey developments. The full results will be published in the June issue, so if you haven't yet sent yours in please do so. Please include your name on the survey - some anonymous entries have been received (my fault - I forgot to include a Name box) - if yours is one of

them please call either myself or Jim Croft so that we can identify your entry.

One standout feature of the returns was the almost universal appreciation of the newsletter, especially from paddlers who rarely get to Club events. In my first editorial, I forgot to thank the contributors for making the January edition such an enjoyable and substantial read (I was too busy castigating them for being late!) - hopefully this standard will continue, and I think in this edition it has.

Hard Labour

205 copies of the January newsletter were sent out (many to ex financial members in a generous effort to increase membership). This effort took three nights of hard work by a team of four and the poor little club photocopier ran white hot, turning out 4000 copied sheets.

Due to the onerousness of the task and high maintenance costs, the Executive has decided to sell the copier. Club member Chris Soutter, a prominent manager in the Deloitte, Touche, Tomatso company, has very kindly offered the club the use of DTT's state

of the art copying equipment for this and future newsletters. This should both enhance the newsletter quality and vastly reduce the expense involved for the Club. Thank you Chris and Deloitte.

Members Boat Reviews

Due to this newsletter being rushed to the presses to advertise the forthcoming 'skills' weekend, there was no time to include any boat reviews. However, I can promise the following in-depth appraisals in coming issues;

Greenlander 11
(reviewer Gary Edmond!!)

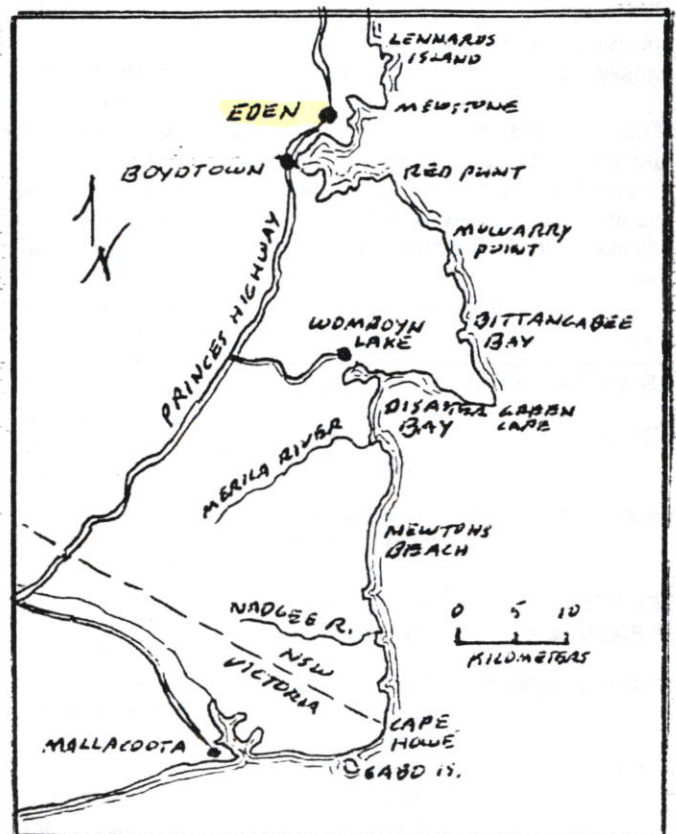
Pittarak Expeditioner
(reviewer Gary Parker)

Dagger Apostle
(reviewer Jim Croft)

Newsletter Contributions

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

Locality map of the Eden-Nadgee paddle, the 'Voyage to Nowhere'



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COMPASS	Deck Mount AIRGUIDE Scout - Black	55x65x50	40G	\$29.95
COMPASS	SUUNTO wrist compass - <i>lightweight</i> <i>easy to read</i>		15G	\$39.95
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(Continued from page 1)

week because of job commitments. This made an already complex car shuffle even more difficult.

Undaunted, we soon came up with a plan. Nick, Jip and I would drive to Tathra, and prevail upon the ever-helpful Dave Winkworth to store our cars at his place. We would then take three days to paddle from Kianinny Bay to Eden, where we would meet John and Jutta at the Boydtown Caravan Park. From there, we would

caravan park where they cheerfully let us store our cars and paddle NORTH with the wind at our backs

In a single stroke, we had thrown off the shackles of modern society and returned to a less stressful era - a period where humans were in tune with wind and tide. It felt good, and was much easier paddling.

We left the Caravan park at 1440 on Sunday, 10 December. It was warm and overcast, with a 5 knot southerly wind blowing. As a part of my on-going

where I had petulantly thrown 6 kg. of fruitcake into the bow of the boat)

Tigara tracked quite well, but I still found it easier to follow a zig-zag course, surfing down the crests and then turning across the wind for a few hundred metres. I was covering more water than the others, but keeping up. I was also having more fun on the surfing legs.

Our destination was Long Beach, to the north of Lennards Island. Dave had assured us that there was a good camping spot on level grass just behind the parking lot'. Um.



Long Beach, south end, looking north towards Quoraburagun Pinnacles

proceed to Malacoota where Nick had arranged for a bus to take us back to Eden. I rang Dave to seek his help. 'Take three days from Kianinny Bay to Eden' snorted that stalwart gentleman incredulously. 'It's only 40 kilometres. You could do it in a day'. I patiently explained that the whole point of the trip was NOT to do 40K in a day. He mumbled something about us being a bunch of wimps, then relented and more graciously offered to help.

But, as they say in the land of the haggis, "The best laid schemes o mice an' men (I suppose it should be persons, but it doesn't have the same poetic effect) Gang aft a-gley.

On the day of departure, the wind was forecast to be a 20 to 25 knot southerly. A challenge to be surmounted? A chance to prove our manhood? Perhaps, but we decided to be at one with nature instead of engaging in confrontation. We simply changed our plans a bit, drove to the Boydtown

campaign to convince the maritime establishment that sea kayakers aren't just a bunch of salt-encrusted yobbos, I contacted Eden Coastal Patrol on the radio and informed them of our intentions. They were bemused, but friendly.

By the time we got to Mewstone Rock at the entrance to Twofold Bay, the wind had picked up to the predicted 20 knots from the southeast. The swell was about 3 metres with a one metre chop and occasional breaking crests. The clapotis off the rugged red cliffs added to the turmoil.

We were all fairly heavily loaded, with our full 10 days of supplies on board, but the kayaks were handling well. Jim used his rudder and Nick deployed his skeg. Being a crotchety old bugger, I have abandoned such frills.

Knowing that I would have a following wind, I loaded it stern-neavy (in marked contrast to the previous Nadgee trip

Jim and Nick had yielded to the subtle psychological proddings of Fish Killer, who was desperate to recruit the unwary young kayakers into being fellow practitioners of his pernicious habit.

Nick was using a hand line and Jim was creating a navigational hazard with a fishing rod mounted on deck. His line trailed a variable but generally large distance astern and was almost invisible. Both Nick and I had the unpleasant experience of having the silvery filament dragged across our decks as Jim paddled erratically back and forth -- Nick even had the lure, hooks and all, flash across his face. Fish killing

is a greater danger to co-paddlers than to fish, few of which were stupid enough to be caught.

Not so a booby (actually an Australasian Gannet, *Sula Serrator*) which dove on Jim's lure, sheered away at the last minute and got its wing entangled in the line.

Jim and Nick bobbed about in the slop off Lennards Island, trying to free the panicked, pecking bird. They finally succeeded and joined me outside the surf line. The waves were one to two metres high and dumping. A crowd of surfers were further out on the point, revelling in the break. We slid up on the beach with no dramas at 1640 - 16 kilometres in two hours. Wonderful what a tailwind will do.

The parking lot was easy to find on the bluff overlooking the beach. 4 WD's crowded the area. And, just as Dave said, there was a nice grassy patch

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behind. The only trouble was that we had to pitch our tents within about a metre of the road, which became a highway when all the surfers went home at dusk.

Nick was now reaping the reward for his generosity over the years when he paddled a Puffin and carried gear for people in less voluminous boats. Now that he had a Skerray, he had no space for such bulky items as stoves and tents, which Jim and I furnished for him.

There was a little stream nearby for water, which I treated with my Sweetwater filter to remove the Giardia. All in all, it was a good camp site and we settled in to enjoy the evening. We cooked up a (fishless) meal on my chip heater and sat around enjoying the convivial scene.

It rained during the night, but had stopped by the time we arose at 0700. I gave a position report to Merimbula Coastal Patrol, 15 Km to the north. The forecast was for more southerlies, which gave us food for thought as we had planned to paddle 15 Km south, past Eden to Mowarry Pt.

We tried to decide what to do as we ate our unusually sweet semolina and drank our totally exotic Milo. (The sugar hit and Milo were the direct result of closet sybarite Jim Croft's participation in food procurement. At first, we were quite critical of the blatant luxury, but soon became addicted).

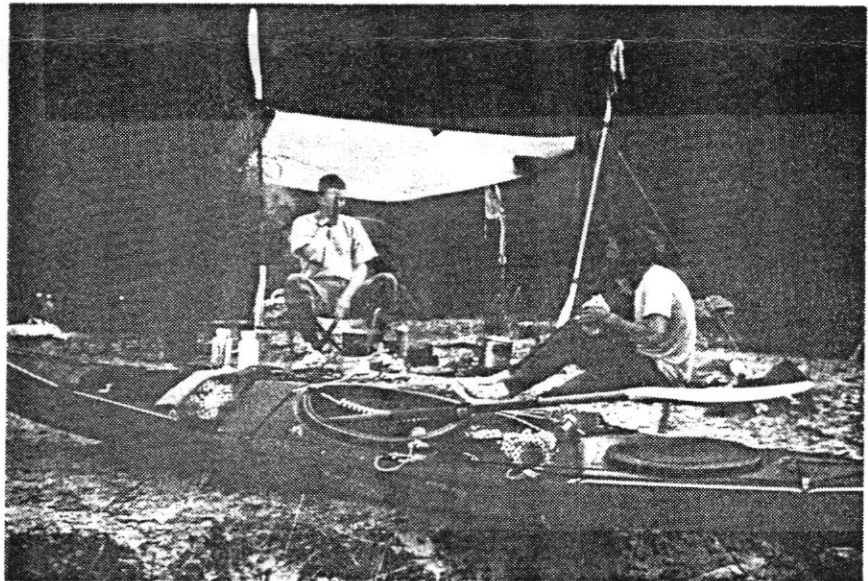
The recommencement of the rain decided for us. A 15 Km slog into wind and rain just didn't appeal. We would stay at Lennards Island for another day. The fishkillers braved the elements for an hour or so, and were rewarded with two sea creatures:

Nick caught something fat and brown, while Jim landed what he called a salmon. Neither specimen was very large. We ultimately cut them up and made a kind of fish chowder with noodles. I longed for the simple Laksa dishes of the pre-fishkilling days.

We turned in to console our outraged digestive systems at 2000. It rained until about 0300 when the front passed and the skies cleared. The temperature dropped to 5 degrees, which caused Jim some discomfort in his lightweight summer bag. He stayed alive by "layering" in his unique, colourful, and copious collection of plastic underwear.

Tuesday, the 12th day of December, dawned with a burst of sunshine. A faint breeze ruffled the azure sea. However, the hourly coastal waters forecast on 2EC was threatening us with a strong and gusty southwesterly wind. It hit about 0900. We decided to dry out our gear and return to Eden the next morning. Nick and I paddled up Long Beach to the Quoraburagun Pinnacles, a collection of impressive fluted erosional features in the cliffs behind the beach. We scouted the area for good camping sites, but couldn't find any which wouldn't get flooded in a big sea. We pushed back against 25 knot gusts, just ahead of the squalls which came through all afternoon. It cleared again during the night. The air responded by rapidly losing heat until the thermometer dropped to 4 degrees, an occurrence which Jim took as a personal affront.

He responded well to treatment with sugary, hot semolina and we managed to be on the water at 0910. As befits those who flow with the natural rhythms, the Goddess provided a light northeasterly breeze, a warm sun, and sparkling water for our cruise along the spectacular rocky coastline.



Birthday-boy Nick, allowed to sit on the sacred stool, expounding the virtues of his mighty Skerray to an enthralled John

We had been here before, of course, but then we were hurtling along over a lumpy grey sea. Now we could enjoy the scenery.

The wind picked up to 10 knots as we rounded the Mewstone and headed for Eden. We landed on a little beach just north of the harbour at 1115 and wandered into civilization for some excellent fish and chips. (The Fishkillers having failed again). We

then paddled around to the harbour to admire the topsail schooner One and All.

Finally, we cruised back to Boydtown with a 15 knot wind behind us. We had already had a delightful four days and looked forward to another equally satisfying week. Jim and Nick drove into Eden to get more sugar and Milo while I waited for Jutta and John who arrived late in the afternoon.

The Boydtown Caraven park people kindly let us camp right next to the beach -- and our kayaks. We were up at 0600, ate our semolina and managed to be on the water by 0830.

A perfect morning: beautiful scenery and a light southwesterly to break up the glare. Nick and Jim trailed their lines and paddled off, grim-faced and determined. The elegant Jutta skimmed across the water like a swan. John set to work in his typical no-nonsense manner while I dreamed along, gazing deep into the clear water.

The idyllic ambience was destroyed as we approached the spectre of the woodchip mill with its obscene mountain of shattered Australian trees

awaiting their shipment to Japan.

We paddled quickly past and were soon off Red Point (which was, indeed red, and very dramatic with the white water of the surging waves frothing on the rocks). Capping the point was Boyd's Tower, a sandstone structure with ornate crenalations on its summit. It is a combination Olde English folly and watchtower, built by Ben Boyd as a

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monument to himself and a place from which to spot the whales upon which he based his fortune. Ben Boyd and the rest of the whalekillers are long since gone, but the whales are coming back

The wind had swung around to the southeast and increased to 15 knots. We paddled into Mowarry Beach and landed at 1045 to await further developments. We would have been quite happy to camp at Mowarry, but were keeping our options open. Mowarry is an old farm which is now part of Ben Boyd National Park. There is water in farm dams up the creek beds and a wonderful campsite on a grassy bench near the beach.

We explored nearby Farm Cove on foot. This cove offers more sheltered camping near the forest and huge goannas. We later paddled around and landed on the beach. The soft, green grass was dotted with clover blossoms and bathed in warm sunshine. An afternoon snooze was irresistible.

By 1600, the wind had died to 10 knots and we reluctantly returned to the sea. Our goal was Bitangabee Bay which we reached at 1830 in a dead calm. We had paddled about 21 km that day, with no stress whatsoever.

Bitangabee sports a huge National Parks campground, with water and even toilets. (Also lots of 4WD's in season.) We wasted little time there, arising at 0530. Jim revelled in the overnight temperature - 17 degrees! The warmth made packing up easier and we were on the water at 0815. It was overcast with a light northeasterly wind which we enjoyed, reaching the infamous Green Point by 0915. This is the gateway to Disaster Bay. The point itself has claimed a number of victims, most recently the fishing boat Terra Star. Nick almost added himself to the list.

We knew there were bomboras off the point and were giving it what we considered to be a wide berth. Nick was in the lead when a huge wave surged up and started to break in front of him. He paddled hard up the rapidly steepening slope and shot into the air as the crest collapsed behind him. The broken wave angrily dashed itself against the rocks on the point, annoyed at the escape of Nick and the red Skerray.

Once well past the point, we stopped for refreshments and a natter. Nick was still running on pure adrenalin. Ahead of us was an open water passage of 10 km

across the mouth of Disaster Bay. We would be 5 km from shore for most of the paddle. The wind obligingly increased to 15 knots from the northeast to speed us on our way.

We reached the beautiful haven of Merica River at 1130. The tide was running into the river and the surf was miniscule. We had an easy entry and paddled up the river in the sunshine after a delightful 18 km on the ocean. No 4WD's here. The only access is by sea or foot. We set up camp and then took naps. Later in the afternoon, some of us paddled up the river to the fresh water pools to fill containers and take baths. The sheer rock walls reminded me of some sections of the Franklin River.

Meanwhile Jim was catching an enormous flathead which has caused his mentor, the old Fish Killer himself, to display alternate jealousy and disbelief. Feeling proud and vindicated, Jim cooked the Flathead along with a mess of oysters over coals that evening. Living was good (at least for us at the top of the food chain). We were in no hurry to leave this miraculous place.

The weather cooperated in keeping us there. On 16 Dec, Saturday, Nick's birthday, the wind was forecast to reach 30 knots from the southeast by 1030. We voted unanimously to stay put to better celebrate the anniversary of Nick's arrival on the planet. John and Jutta eventually wandered up the river while Jim, Nick and I went surfing. Weary from our labours, we had a nap in the afternoon.

The next day, we were up (most of us, anyway) at the customary 0530. The wind was forecast to be northeasterly at 30 knots. We got packed up in the sunshine and drifted out of Merica river on the outgoing tide at 0820. We were all very thankful to the river for the wonderful time it had shown us.

My logbook entry for that day says: "Lovely day. Wind light NE at first, then 15-20 knots. Arrived Nadgee River 1120. 18 kms." I didn't record the rugged cliffs, sea caves, forested mountains and magnificent stretches of sandy beaches we passed on our way south.

Nick, Jacqie and I had spent four days previously at the "Nadgee Hilton", an elaborate campsite buried in the coastal scrub at the south end of the beach. It was a good place to camp, but a bit gloomy. This time we landed

in one metre surf at the river mouth and camped on the north side of the river.

Power-boated Fishkillers had been there before us and had strewn the area with plastic and tin cans, some still unopened and full of food. We cleaned up the site, added the food to our supply, and set up camp on the grassy terrace. A black snake ambled out of the rocks surrounding the fireplace as we moved in. We never saw it again.

We then paddled up the Nadgee River until we got stopped by fallen logs. In contrast to Merica, with its gorge, Nadgee was wide open and flat. "Different from Merica but very nice" says my journal. The water at the log jams was brackish and barely drinkable. We drifted back down the river and walked to the soak behind the sand dunes at the south end of the beach. Our track led us to the Nadgee Hilton where Jim, Jutta and John salvaged some rat-chewed blue foam sleeping mats, which they cut up for picnic seats

There was plenty of water in the soak, but it was seething with wildlife. My filter found it tough going. We still had ample supplies of water and knew we could get more by hiking up the river to Harry's hut.

Nick, Jim and I prepared another fishless dinner, composed of noodles, Tom Yum Goom and dried bean curd. John and Jutta produced their customary culinary triumph of fresh veggies from their garden.

When we finally turned in, we were congratulating ourselves on our good fortune at being here.

The night was warm and moist. A northeast wind blew, strengthening towards dawn. Just the wind to take us to Malacoota! We were up at 0530. The forecast was for northeasterlies early, shifting to southwest later in the day. Go for it!

We launched into the river at 0815. The northeasterly had created a 1 to 2 metre chop, with waves close together. There were few lulls. Nick tried to get out first and got trashed, washing back up on the beach. John made it, then Jutta utilized impeccable timing to cruise out to sea, followed by Jim and I. Nick got himself sorted out and tried to follow us just as a train of 2 - 3 metre waves arrived in the area. Nick accomplished a magnificent back flip and ended up on the beach again. We bobbed about offshore while he bailed out the Skerray

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and then appeared to be inspecting something on his boat very closely.

Nick and I both had 27 Mhz radios. I waved my paddle energetically until he got on the air to ask me why I was waving my paddle. I took the opportunity to ask him about his situation. He said nothing was broken, but he was tired. About this time, a big grey roll cloud pushed across from the southwest, hours ahead of the forecast.

There was no need for a discussion. We all managed to get back on the beach and paddled up the river to our old campsite. We were very happy to be on solid ground with the wind whistling harmlessly overhead.

We decided to take the opportunity to go for a hike inland across the moors to Harry's hut, an old farmhouse up the Nadgee river. Not all the party went. Jim elected to stay behind to kill fish, an effort which ultimately went unrewarded.

We carried water bottles and my filter to take advantage of the plentiful supply in the river. After an hour's hike, we reached the hut. It was warm, we were salty, so we all stripped off and dove into the delicious water. I was standing knee deep in the river, surrounded by water bottles, when a 4WD lurched into view. A bearded man jumped out and proclaimed, "No skinny dipping in the National Park. You're all under arrest!"

My companions melted into the shrubbery to get their gear back on. I was encumbered by my filter and water bottles and took the full brunt of the events which followed. I thought I was about to join noted miscreant Arunas Pilka, who among other things, had been booked for camping on the wrong side of a log at Jervis Bay.

As it turned out, the bearded gentleman was just having a little joke. He was a biologist on his way to study the wily

bristlebird. The driver of the vehicle got out. She WAS the Ranger. I was still standing in mid-river, clad only in a 1.5 liter PET bottle.

"You don't need to filter the water here" she said helpfully. "There's no Giardia in the river -- or the soaks".

We exchanged pleasantries and then she asked me to wade around to find the most shallow part of the river so she could drive across. I did so. She got back in the 4WD and expertly ploughed through the water and up the bank to the hut, where she parked. Once fully clothed, we followed.

We told the Ranger we had found a bunch of trash at Nadgee river. Oh Dear; she said. I suppose I'll have to go clean it up. I just had the place looking nice too"

"Never fear; said we "The campsite is as pristine as ever. We stowed all the trash in our kayaks. She expressed



Nick in his Skerray, about to do a log-limbo at the navigable limit of the Nadgee River.

great gratitude. Chalk up another plus for sea kayak public relations.

The Ranger and the bristlebirder hoiked their packs out of the truck and started to smear Aerogard on their bodies. 'Ticks' said the Ranger. There was a case of Lyme disease at Pambula. This was bad news indeed. I didn't know that the debilitating disease had made it across the Pacific from it's home in the US. We had already plucked several of the little monsters from our skin.

They headed off on foot to the bristlebirding grounds near Nadgee

Lake and we returned to camp I discovered three ticks dug into my dermis. I removed two myself, but needed Nick's help to dislodge the third which was under my beard on the corner of my jaw. The tick infestations itched for weeks, but I suffered no further effects.

My log reads: "Got 1700 weather forecast for NE to NW to S to SW winds north of Gabo Island. South of Gabo -- 40 knot SW, 4-5 m. seas. North or South tomorrow? Womboyn Lake or Malacoota?"

Womboyn Lake was the closest place which had easy road access. The bar could be nasty, but was generally passable.

By 0530 when we got up, the wind was belting across from the southwest. The forecast was for gales east of Gabo Island -- where we were. The radio reported snow flurries in the mountains. Womboyn Lake was the only sensible way to go.

We paddled out of the river at 0830, 19 December -- our ninth day. The waves were up to 3 metres high, but there were distinct lulls. Everybody had made it out during a quiet period. I left the beach at the tail end of the lull.

Something didn't look right. There was a large black hole in my foredeck. I hadn't fastened the

hatch cover! I considered continuing on -- I was almost out. Then I thought better of it and went back to the beach. The hatch cover was hanging on its lanyard. I snapped the shock cord over it and launched back into the surf. Unfortunately, the lull was over. I paddled furiously at the approaching wave. I thought I was going to make it, but it walled up and broke. I remember seeing the bow of Tigara punch through the inside of the tube. The cascade of water twisted me around and I turned over.

I rolled up, thankful that I had practiced

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rolls with a fully laden boat before. The next wave came at me like a bus. This time, I shot over the crest and finally reached safety outside the surf line. I paddled excitedly over to the rest of the party to recount my escape. They listened politely and admitted that they hadn't been watching.

We paddled north in the blustery wind, sheltering next to the cliffs. We were shielded from the worst of the gusts, but had to contend with the massive rebound created by the 3 metre waves. The wind became more of a factor when we hit the exposed sea off Newtons Beach. Finally, we reached the cliffs again and coasted into the welcoming waters of Merica river at 1230.

The place was littered with sea kayaks: 3 Greenlanders, 1 Pittarak single and, around the corner, Larry Gray in his Pittarak double. The Greenlanders and single Pittarak were from Eildon, Victoria. Two of the party had recently spent over three months cruising around the Kimberly Coast. All the kayaks had come out of Womboyn Lake.

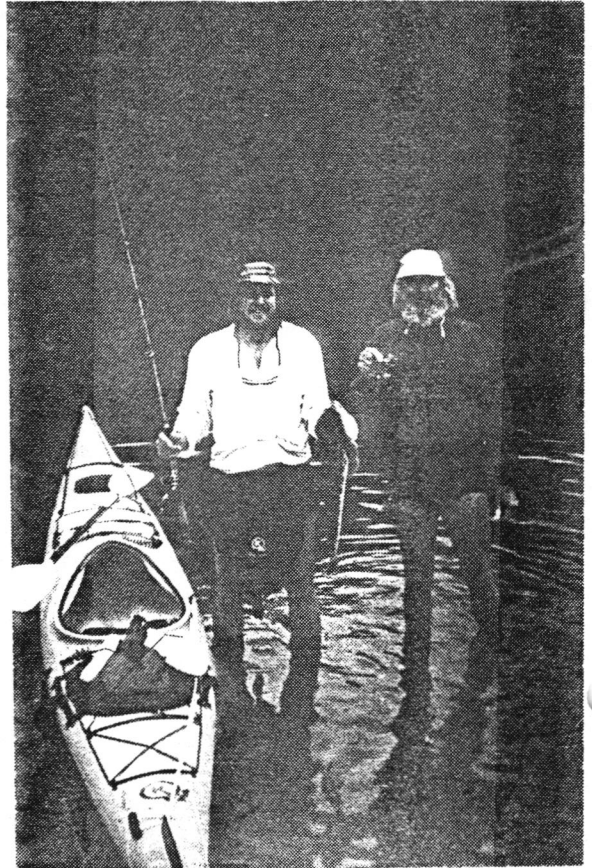
We had lunch, boiled the billy, chatted, and finally returned to the sea at 1400.

It would have been nice to spend another night at Merica, but Nick was very eager to get back to Canberra where the love of his life awaited him.

Once in Disaster Bay, the wind died, the swells disappeared and it started to drizzle. The Womboyn Bar turned out to be benign and we were standing at the launching ramp swatting sand flies by 1600.

We paid the owner of the caravan park \$2 each for hot showers and \$40 to transport us to Boydtown to retrieve our cars -- on this trip, even the car shuffle was painless.

We soon regretfully went our different ways. We didn't reach Malacoota, but nobody really minded. Goals are merely there for convenience. The journey itself is the real destination.



Fish-killing Puffin, Jim and Norm, flathead and oyster, the plunder of the day.

More pictures on page 26

AGM Follow up

For those of you who missed the recent AGM and the very important and controversial proposal that was put forward - Jim Croft has been monitoring developments and reports the following;

in the beginning was the plan...

And then came the assumptions
And the assumptions were without form
And the plan was completely without substance
And the darkness fell upon the face of the sea kayakers.

And the Sea Kayakers spake among themselves, saying:

It is a crock of shit and it stinketh.

And the Sea Kayakers went unto their committee members and sayeth:

It is a pail of dung, and none may abide the odour therof.

And the Secretary of the Committee went unto the Vice President and sayeth unto him:

It is a container of excrement, and it is very strong, such that none may abide it.

And the Vice President went unto the President and sayeth

unto him:

It is a vessel of fertiliser, and none can abide its strength.

And the President went unto the NSW Canoe Federation and sayeth unto them:

It contains that which aideth plant growth, and it is very strong.

And the NSW Canoe Federation went unto the Australian Canoe Federation, and sayeth unto them:

It promoteth growth, and it is very powerful.

And the Australian Canoe Federation went to the Minister, and sayeth unto him:

This powerful new plan will actively promote the growth and efficiency of the sport of sea kayaking, and your office in particular.

And the Minister looked upon the plan and saw that it was good. And, in time, the plan became policy.

So... Watch out...

GORDON/FRANKLIN RIVERS

By Ross Winters

(not a genuine sea-kayaking adventure, but what the hell, a sea-kayak could do this! - Ed)

Like any Australian with a sense of adventure, I have always wanted to paddle the Franklin and Gordon Rivers due to the history associated with the area and the fantastic wilderness. After reading the report about five River Canoe Club paddlers trip in Jan 1994, I contemplated about how much I would love to go into this region sometime, but I didn't want to do those 1 to 6 hour portage's up and down hills in the Franklin

I then brought myself a brand new double folding "Pouch" Sea Kayak (the East German copy of Folderboat, which is 19 foot long and is capable of paddling sea swells of over 2m with two peoples gear for seven days), making many trips I had ruled out became possible. So after talking to a few people, and finding out that the Gordon is flat from above the junction of Franklin to Macquarie Harbour, and that it is possible to get about 8 km into the Franklin from the Gordon, this trip

was envisaged as a way to see some of the Franklin-Gordon Wild Rivers National Park, but without the huge portage effort

By going at Easter and taking a few holidays it was possible to get ten days to explore Tasmania. So the trip was planned, David Lucas and myself flew to Hobart and this is where a folding boat comes into its element as it packs into two bags that can be transported as normal luggage (the kids ask "what's in the bag mister"). We were lucky that when we turned up at the airport with two packs and the two large kayak bags between two, we were not charged for excess luggage.

We hired a car and did the normal tourist thing for the first 4 day and toured up the East coast, across the top and then down to Strahan. We had a test paddle on Lake Dove, in Cradle Mountain National Park to ensure nothing was broken or missing with the boat. The lake takes two hours to paddle around and this time of the year the autumn leaves of the Birch tree were a beautiful yellow. The weather was kind to us and allowed us to see the Cradle in brilliant sunshine, before it rained on us! A great way to see this fantastic area.

The plan to get into the Gordon was flexible (there wasn't any), but after arriving in Strahan on the Tuesday and finding that all the tourist boats had left for Heritage landing for the day, the only

we managed to pack every thing in half an hour into plastic bags as we left the dry bags at home to save weight

The flight in using Wilderness Air cost \$80 each and I would recommend it as Macquarie harbour has a reputation for 3m waves caused by the consistent NW wind that blow along the harbour, and by landing at St Johns Falls, the majority of the paddle is down the Gordon (The river flow can be quite considerable and have been known to be up to 10 knots). The pilot was extremely nice, as in our mad rush we had forgot only one thing, MATCHES, but as he had another tourist flight that day, he brought us in a pack (it sure beat having cold dehydrated food).

After spending two hours assembling the kayak and organising ourselves on the wharf, we departed, leaving our gear on the wharf, and paddled up the Gordon and into the Franklin. The Gordon river at this point is about 100m wide and contained in a deep Vee shaped valley, covered in variety of trees, ferns and moss giving it a lovely green appearance. About 2km up from the wharf was the site for the proposed Franklin below



Ross Winters and David Lucas in their folding 'Pouch' sea kayak

other way to get into the area that day (apart from paddling the 30km across Macquarie Harbour) was by using the Float plane that flies in and lands on the Gordon River at St. Johns Falls.

We visited the booking office and were informed that yes, they could help us as they were flying rafters out of St Johns Falls (therefore they have an empty plane flying in) but the plane would leave in half an hour. This sounded great but in this time we had to go shopping for our food for three days (there is only one grocery store in Strahan), pack personal gear, camping & cooking gear and the kayak. You can imagine the disarray, but

Gordon Dam. The junction of the two rivers is marked by a flattening of the country and a small island where it was possible to get out and camp.

The Franklin has half a dozen races/rapids which the water flows down quite fast and we were thankful that the boat was not loaded, as I don't think we would of got up one of the them. We had to have two at the fastest race/rapid, requiring five minutes of hard paddling and ferry gliding techniques for each attempt. About 3km in you paddle past the Verandah Cliffs which are spectacular limestone cliffs that have

(Continued on page 10)

(Continued from page 9)

been undercut causing overhangs and ripple effects.

We continued about 2km passed the cliffs before we were forced to turn as the light was fading (it was 5:15pm and it is dark at 6:00pm). We had planned to get to the Big Falls Rapid and we must have been very close to it but paddling races in a folding boat with a chance the skin may be pierced by a fallen tree in one of the races was not a nice prospect, especially at night with our gear still sitting on the wharf. As it happened we just managed to get out of the Franklin just as the last of the light faded and the remaining 1 hour of paddling to the St Johns fall wharf (and our gear) was in darkness.

We arrived at the wharf at 7pm to see kayakers we had passed earlier in the day, camped on the wharf. As it was drizzling rain, dark and we didn't know where the old HEC huts were, we decided to put the tent up on the wharf. It rained that night and only stopped when we finished packing up in the morning, before the sunshine came out, crazy weather! In the morning we paddled up the creek to see the 20m St Johns Falls at close range, being careful not to be blown over by the draft. Returning to the river we paddled 500m down the river before we found the HEC huts (to think, we could have spent a pleasant night in the hut instead of camping in the rain, such is life!).

The 23 km paddle to Heritage Landing is picturesque with the first land mark passed being Butler Island. This marks the site of the Franklin River Blockades of the early eighties. From the top of the pinnacle, commanding views of either up and downstream are possible. The weather was perfect and the reflection of the valleys and mountains on the water was breathtaking. It was hard not to stop paddling entirely and just observe the beauty of the area. At one place huge limestone cliffs tower over the river and they are catcombed with holes that were inviting to explore.

The area was first visited in 1822 when the convict settlement of Sarah Island was set up for the worst convicts elements, so the government could harvest the Huon Pines that were abundant in the Gordon River. In the ten years the penal settlement of Sarah Island existed it produced 140 boats of up to 200 ton displacement, an extraordinary achievement considering the harshness of the area, but as the

boss had a cat of nine tails, there was no time for "Smoko". After this period Huon logging and milling still occurred along with mineral prospecting. If lucky and know the right spots to explore it is possible to see ruins of settlement from the convicts lime kilns to pine logging camps.

As we arrived at Heritage landing at 2:30 pm, this meant that all the tourist boats had gone for the day so we were able to enjoy the rainforest walk in peace and tranquillity. The walk takes you past towering Huon pines, Pandani and Tree Ferns and is a good way to see and understand the rainforest as signs explain the rainforest eco system. After the previous night accommodation stuff up we thought we would leave plenty of time to find the Fisherman's hut we had been told about, just 2-4 km downstream.

After paddling for two hours and exploring two huge waterfalls that cascade down the hill we were getting a bit concerned as it was now approaching 5:00pm, so we paddled along one more straight right out into Macquarie Harbour. Being both good canoeists we realised we had missed the hut, (in the morning we eventually found it and realised we had paddled 10km past the hut). So we found a spot that wasn't too rocky and set up camp right at the mouth of the river. It was very pleasant camping spot except that in the morning we found out that where the tent was (on the edge of the bush) was where hundreds of leaches lived, so breakfast was eaten in the tent while two leaches provided the entertainment climbing the flyscreen of the tent and then managing to go through it!! We packed up the gear on the sand to stop leach attack.

The option of either paddling across Macquarie Harbour or paddling back to Heritage Landing and catching one of the ferries was an easy one, as in the morning the wind had picked up, creating overcast conditions with a 1m swell chop, so it was a nice 2 hour paddle back to Heritage Landing to catch the ferry back to Strahan. We had just pulled the boat apart on the wharf when the Ferry come around the corner, so a mad push and shove of the kayak parts back into the bags ensured so that we didn't miss the boat. The ferry ride was a great way to end the trip as it took us out past Sarah Island, and out Hells Gate (the harbour mouth) Both are in stark contrast to the serene nature of the Gordon. If you're ever in Tasmania with a Folding Boat and enjoy wild remote areas, this trip is for you.

Fact File

Location: Gordon and Franklin Rivers, S W Tasmania

Group: David Lucas and Ross Winters

Boat: Pouch double Falboat

Days: 3 (but would of preferred more)

Accommodation: Due to the steep rugged nature of the area there are very few camping areas. Where there is flat areas it is either boggy or a tangle of fallen trees, so it is important to ensure you make the camping spots noted in the article.

Maps: We only had a road Map (not very useful) but as you can't get lost on a river and it would be almost impossible to walkout, a topographical map use is only to help you locate interesting features.

Side Trips: There are plenty of areas to explore, from ruins to waterfalls but you need to do some research before to ensure you don't miss them

Special Tips: The weather in this area is unpredictable so be prepared for all conditions. The trip across Macquarie Harbour is normally easiest from Straun to the Gordon, while it is easier to paddle with the flow on the Gordon River, so you will have to work out which one you wish to slog against if you decide to paddle Macquarie Harbour be prepared for big swells and winds and try and avoid the mouth of the King River as this is where the silt and rubbish from Queenstown mines end up.

(reproduced with the kind permission of the River Canoe Club of NSW)

More pictures on page 26



Entertaining the locals at Bermagui

by David Whyte

My birthday was coming up and it coincided with the club's annual pilgrimage to Montague Island. Great, I thought, here's a chance to have a birthday I will remember. Jeff Luck and myself headed down on the Friday night, he was keen to give his new Tasman 19 a run.

The first sign of a bad omen was when we called in for fish and chips at Batemans bay. There was a sign in the shop "no fresh fish - seas too rough".

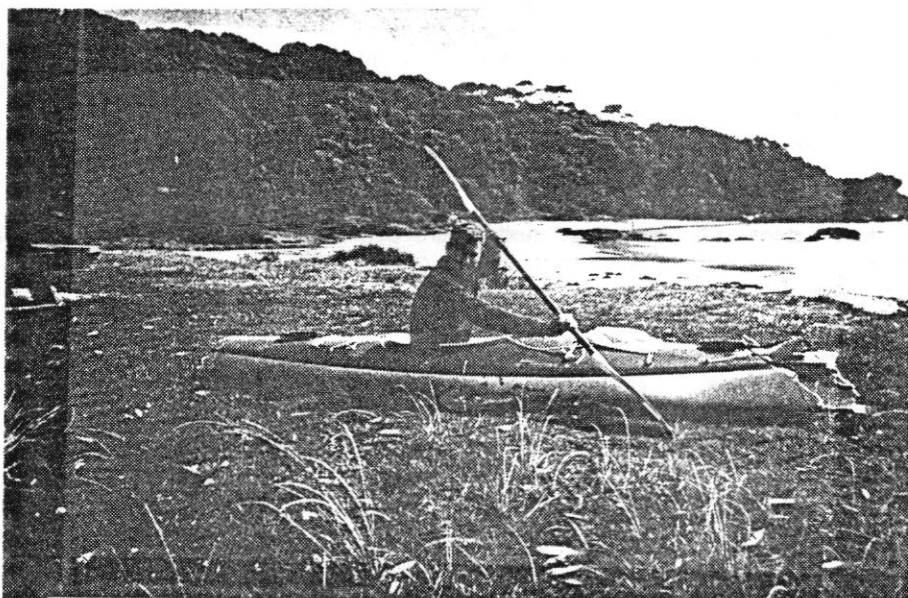
Once we set up camp at Mystery Bay the night was quite calm and clear and looked promising for a nice day. Everyone gathered down at the Bay for a 9:00 departure but the conditions looked a bit rough. There were substantial waves breaking over the rocks and the chance of smashing some boats looked very good (a bit too good as it turned out). It was high tide and it would be much worse on the return journey.

Lots of humming and hushing went on, in fact for about 2 hours before two brave souls went out for a paddle to see what it was like. After much discussion three groups developed. One group to go to the island and back, one to paddle down to Bermagui with the others to drive down to Bermagui with the cars for some safe paddling. I decided to go for safe option to avoid damaging my kayak (I can still hear the gods laughing). Seven of us headed off: a double Pittarak, Tasman 19, Artic Raider, Sea farer, Rosco and my Estuary.

The harbour looked quite calm as we drove past. We found a small inlet near the road. Before departing Mark Pearson asked "do you have

somewhere safe for my car keys". I had a small yellow canoe bag so I put them in there, nice and secure in my brand new VCP hatch. We put the canoes in and paddled down and out to the mouth of the channel. It was now quite choppy, so we sat watching it for a while. We were slowly getting dragged out with a sudden increase of current towards the mouth. By this time it was quite nasty and very choppy with short steep waves. Mark and I turned around and started heading back in. Most of the others already had, except Jeff who had continued out through the bar thinking the others were following.

The waves started following us in when one flipped me over and left me upside down in the middle of



David Malcolm demonstrating non-destructive forward paddling technique

More pictures on page 26

the channel. Shit, I thought, this is not a good place to be upside down in a kayak; especially when I can't roll. I did a wet exit and when I came up I realised then that it was very likely I would lose my boat. I made one attempt to get back in but, the boat was full of water and in the chop it was too unstable. The current started taking me out through the surf. I just needed to get clear of the waves and I could bail it out and re-enter, or move around the breakwater and onto the beach. But, alas, the current changed and I started heading for the wall.

I wasn't going to be able to bail it out in time before I hit the breakwater so I hung on and as the swell went up the wall I went up with it and left the boat, fortunately I'm very agile on my feet and was at the top of wall before the next wave came. I turned around at the top and looked down, it was like leaving the family pet at the vets to be put down. The waves just lifted it up and smashed it on the rocks. Full of water it just broke in three and the drifted out the harbour around the corner heading for the beach. And there, out at sea, bobbing up and down like a little cork, was my yellow canoe bag with Marks keys in it.

By this time it seemed that the entire population of Bermagui was down at the breakwater watching. I swam out and retrieved the keys and then Neil Hockley and I swam out and pulled the kayak through the surf. It didn't look healthy. Meanwhile Jeff was still out past the surf wondering what had happened to everyone. He managed to skilfully surf back inside the channel but wondered why everyone was watching him with a hungry look in their eyes.

We collected all the pieces together then the others went back for the cars. Jeff found a note under his windscreen saying.

"To the unfortunate paddler, I captured your incident on video - if you would like a copy phone me in a week on ... Darrel".

While we were putting the remains of the kayak on the car a fellow turned up, saying his friends had just phoned him saying there was entertainment to be had down at the breakwater. He

(Continued on page 13)



Offshore Winds

by Paul Caffyn

Wind is the curse of sea kayakers. It generates the bulk of problems that arise, choppy seas, capsizes, wind chill, weather tide effects, surf and so on.

There is however an exception; a following breeze, or one quartering from astern, can be a real boon in aiding progress through surfing rides.

A breeze on the beam requires continuous corrections for drift and more concentration on balancing the boat.

A breeze on the nose, or quartering from the bow, generates soul destroying, tiring, very wet, slugs.

The most deceptive and horrible wind blows offshore. Deceptive in that conditions may appear flat calm against shore with a light breeze wafting offshore, but with increasing distance offshore wind strength increases dramatically. Clifed coastlines or those with marked topographic relief such as dune ridges, or swathes of forest, are particularly deceptive. Lurking sea kayaker traps are wherever those continuous cliffs or dune ridges are broken by gorges, fiords, steep sided valleys and narrow entrance bays.

Recently I received a swag of E mail messages from Sandy Ferguson relating to a party of New South Wales sea kayakers who were subjected to the deceptive but 'orrible offshore winds at Jervis Bay, south of Sydney. I can sympathise with the N.S.W. paddlers' predicament, for yours truly was caught during the Australian trip a long way offshore immediately south of Jervis Bay by a sudden, dramatic wind shift, that left me with such a struggle against an offshore wind that I felt like throwing in the towel and abandoning the trip. Limping into the lee of St. Georges Head I coined the phrase, 'Wind was definitely the curse of the canoeing class.'

An article on offshore winds is pertinent, particularly after the article by John Ramwell in the last newsletter on the Lyme Bay tragedy.

Wind Strength

Above an altitude of 500 to 600m, wind has an unobstructed flow over the sea while below that height, there is increasing frictional or drag effect between the air and the surface over which the wind is blowing, resulting in a

diminishing of wind speed as the ground or sea is approached.

The amount of wind strength reduction depends on the nature of the surface; over forested hilly terrain the air flow will be less than that over open sea because of greater frictional drag.

Approximate values have been determined for frictional drag: over open sea a wind 500m above the sea reduces by about 33% at sea level, while over land the reduction is 66%. Thus a 30 knot wind at 500m will produce a 20 knot wind over the sea and 10 knots over land.

There is where the 'deceptive' description for offshore wind applies, for a factor of 50% can be applied to wind when it blows from land out to sea. A gentle breeze of 6 knots inland becomes a moderate wind of 12 knots offshore and a 15 knot wind inland becomes a near gale of 30 knots at sea.

The height and nature of a coastline govern the zone width of calm, sheltered water in offshore wind conditions:

a. a long beach with a low sand dune ridge providing minimum relief, dictates a minimum width with the offshore wind felt at the water's edge.

b. a continuous line of vertical cliffs will provide a maximum width of calm, sheltered water, naturally depending on the height of the cliffs which govern where the offshore wind hits the sea

The obvious problem with offshore winds is being blown offshore. Where there is no off-lying shelter, such as a reef or island, and the next continent is thousands of miles away, the chances of survival without a radio or batphone are zilch. I maintain that once a wind rises over 30 knots, paddling progress into the wind grinds to a halt.

Any misadventure such as a dropped paddle or capsized, both occurred with two paddlers off Jervis Bay, resulting in

instant seawards drift and a greater distance to reach shore after recovering from the misadventure.

By way of example to those who have yet

to experience such conditions, I struck diabolical offshore conditions during my first day in the Bering Sea, on the northern side of the Alaska Peninsula with a gale force wind blowing offshore over a low dune ridge and flat tundra inland. The sea was flat calm, a low surge against a gravel beach, wind ripples close inshore and an increasing density of whitecaps with distance out from the beach. Deceptively good paddling conditions, but bear in mind the 50% increase in wind strength from land to sea, and conditions more than 10m offshore were well beyond my limit to reach the beach. I spent many hours crabbing my way along the beach, the kayak at a 45 degree angle to the line of the beach to check offshore wind drift, the bow rising and falling against the beach with each surge. I was fully aware of the risk, realising the next stop offshore was the ice pack and unbearable polar bear country.

At the base of a long continuous line of cliffs, excellent shelter is afforded in strong offshore winds. Steep hillsides close to the coast, continuous dune ridges and tall forest also offer shelter close to a beach.

But wherever that continuous line of shelter is broken abruptly, for instance by a narrow fiord, narrow bay or harbour entrance, gorge, river or stream valley, the offshore wind is funnelled through that break with unbridled force, causing williwaws and violent gusts or bullets of wind. And it is the violence of the turbulence that can cause the loss of a paddle or a capsized.

Many sheltered bays and harbours have narrow entrances which open back into broad areas of calm water. Jervis Bay in New South Wales is a classic sheltered bay, which has a narrow entrance with tall clifed headlands on both sides and we have many such examples in New Zealand. Offshore winds funnel through such narrow entrances with double or triple the wind strength of that inland.

Also where a continuous line of cliffs of steep coastline is broken by a headland or cape projecting seawards, increasing wind strength must be expected often accompanied by williwaws and strong gusts or bullets of wind.



President's Report

Our congratulations to Mark Pearson and team for a superb newsletter. The results from the survey show a high level of satisfaction from members. So keep up the good work. Our appreciation should also go to Patrick Dibben, previous president and editor, who set the standard in the early years for the newsletter. The standard of the contributions continues to be excellent. I don't think anyone could claim that they are not getting value for the \$20 membership fee.

SLANDER!

I'm enjoying Mark's sense of humour even if it is borderline slander. I must rush to my defence regarding his crack about steroid abuse and racing. He obviously hasn't seen me in a race: struggling along in a violently tippy K1 at the back of the pack with the old and the infirm. I also enjoyed the joke about the Tuross guest house. We all had a chuckle thinking about Norm being invaded by tired paddlers.

MYSTERY BAY WEEKEND

What an eventful weekend, three boats damaged (including mine) because of huge seas and another encounter with a cranky ranger on Montague Island. One lesson for me is to think more seriously about plastic sea kayaks (I'm sick of the Triumph motorbike syndrome: ride it for one day and then spend the rest of the week fixing it). It could be argued that the problem is not the kayak but where I choose to paddle and my skill level. Fair point however I love the action zone and I'm seeking a kayak that can be bounce around and come out laughing. In the last couple of years I've done some white water touring. I enjoyed being in a plastic kayak and not having to worry about the odd intimate encounter with a rock. This brings me to the point, I'm seeking

as much info as I can get about plastic sea kayaks. I know about the Spectrum, Skerray, Puffin and the Apostle but I'm seeking more info on the Seayak from Prijon and any others I've not mentioned. I'm particularly interested in boats that could be classed as expedition sea kayaks.

Camping Etiquette

The old hairy chest nut reared it's ugly head again at Mystery Bay. I have been to a number of weekend trips and it's obvious that some people like to stay up late, make a bit of noise and partake in the 4 deadly sins: have a smoke, a joke, a beer and a steak and others like to retire early and enjoy some peace and quiet. Luckily most places where we camp are big enough to cater for all preferences so my suggestion is that we designate an area for the noisy ones and an area for those who like it quiet. So ideally as people arrive we can sort ourselves out into the two areas and thereby all needs will be met.

ACCESS TO WILDERNESS PLACES

The other issue that came out of the Montague Island paddle is access to wilderness places. We know that Montague is a wild life refuge and a historical site and that access is strictly regulated. However we thought that landing on a very small beach and basically staying below the high tide mark (thereby not going near any habitat) would be OK. The ranger informed us that this was not on and if we did not leave straight away he'd fine us \$150. John argued that he just wanted a short break and something to eat but the ranger was adamant, no landing is permitted.

I wrote to the NPWS in an attempt to get permission to land but again no luck (letter has been reproduced

below). So as a club what do we think about this? You know that the Tollgate Islands are also a no go area. There are not many islands of the NSW coast and to be excluded from some severely limits our options as sea kayakers. Should the Club adopt a policy and lobby for change or should we accept the status quo? Your responses are sought for future discussion.

Dear SIR,

In regard to your letter concerning your group of sea kayakers landing on Montague Island Nature Reserve, the following is provided for your information. At present, two commercial charter vessel operators are licensed by the Service to land passengers on the Island for the purpose of guided tours. The Montague Island Nature Reserve Plan of Management guideline only allow persons who are participating in an official tour to land on the Island. The tour is conducted from the port of Narooma and is supervised by a uniformed, National Parks and Wildlife Service guide.

Montague Island is a gazetted Nature Reserve which is a statutory title that reflects its high conservation value. This title also establishes management guideline that are designed to eliminate any impact on the Islands very delicate fauna and flora. To this end, the existing official tours are subject to very strict guidelines that allow maximum participant numbers, when and where the tours can be conducted and the quality of the tours.

Given the above, your request to land on the Island from your kayaks is not approved. However, you and your party would be most welcome to participate in any of the day or evening Island tours conducted from Narooma. For tour bookings please contact the Narooma Visitor Centre on (044) 762881.

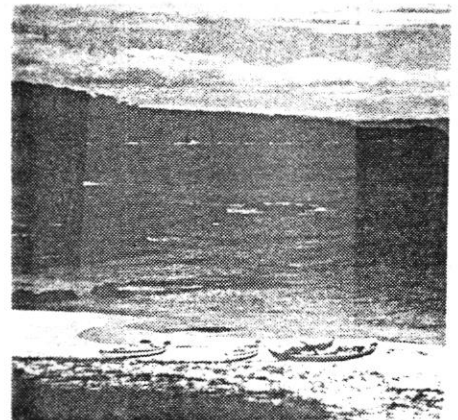
If you require and further information, please do not hesitate to get in touch.

Yours Faithfully

Ross Constable

Ranger, Narooma District

NSW National Parks and Wildlife Service



Mowarry Point



Dear Editor

★ STAR LETTER ★

Dear Editor, I am very keen to find out more about our Club President, Dirk Stuber. Dirk does not know me (in fact doesn't even know I exist!), but I have long been his No. 1 admirer. Many's the time I have secretly admired his courage and skill in the surf at Coledale beach. Unfortunately my shyness stops me approaching Dirk, although I long to talk to him. Could you give me an address so I could write to him personally, or perhaps there is a Fan Club I could join? I know I am being silly, but I dream of paddling with Dirk all the time. Please help!

**Adolescent Female Paddler
South Coast, NSW**

Dear AFP - I get many letters from impressionable young kayakers who have developed such feelings for our President. However, I must warn you that Dirk is rumoured to have a wife and children, so your dream of paddling alone with him is unlikely to be fulfilled. Your parents would also quite rightly disapprove of such a liaison. The gulf in experience is vast - he is a mature ocean paddler, with all the support strokes and several rolls, whereas even a simple brace maybe beyond you. Your fixation can be cured by simply observing the object of desire emerge from his tent after a night round the trangier, typically unshaven, hungover and excessively flatulent. If even this fails, my advice to you would be to develop friendships with club members of your own age, rather than risk further heartbreak over this one charismatic man.

Dear Editor, on long expeditions my teeth start to feel rough and furry after a few days. Worse still, my breath becomes quite unpleasant (even to me) after about a week. I now find that I am seldom invited to significant paddles, and I suspect that this is the reason. Please help!

**Solo Paddler
Manly, NSW**

I've been on several trips where my co-paddlers had precisely this problem. I would advise you purchase the following articles immediately;

1 X toothbrush, 1 X toothpaste (available at Chemists and large retailers)

These discreet units are small and light, last for weeks, are not affected by salt water, and fit into the smallest deck hatch. A must for any expedition, I was happy to notice several other kayakers brushing away at the recent Rock'nRoll weekend as if they'd been doing it all their lives!

Dear Editor, at the last Rock'nRoll weekend a nbearing the name of the kayak they paddled. Why do they do this?

**Puzzled
Bowral**

Even though I can't think of a practical reason, this is a great idea! In fact, I think all club members should be encouraged to wear

gear that proclaims not just the name of their kayak, but also its length, beam and weight, handling characteristics, where and when purchased, and price paid. The resultant removal of the basis of much mundane kayaking chatter will mean an improvement in conversation standards at club weekends!



impression) and how we leave nothing but tracks in the sand, carry our all our rubbish and that of others we find at campsites, and so on...

We don't appear to have been singled out and banned from any areas of the coast yet, and as long as we keep our act clean, and tell people about it, we are not likely to be.

Jim Croft

Dear Editor, recently, a person doing some land-based environmental work in the Nadgee Wilderness area was told by the Ranger that some bushwalkers had complained that there 'wilderness experience' was violated by a bunch of sea-kayakers who paddled into their space from the eastern horizon. This person (a sea kayaker with a penchant for killing feral pigs - see last newsletter) colourfully expressed that this was a load of something fragrant and emphathized, naturally, with the sea-kayakers and their 'wilderness experience' ruined by the presence of walking backpacks and boot marks on the beach.

But there is a serious issue here. The 'wilderness' available to bushwalkers and sea-kayakers is limited and there is likely to be conflict and resentment when niches overlap, or even adjoin.

From a purely self interest point of view, if we wish to continue using wild and remote spaces unhassled, we have to create and maintain an image of the good guys. This means behaving responsibly, and letting people know we are behaving responsibly; and exercising tolerance of other users of the interface between land and sea.

There is often an assumption by walkers that sea-kayakers paddle and land where they like, without permission and without paying the fees etc. extracted from walkers and land-based campers. Because we are them, did not share their hardship and deprivation getting there, we are, ipso facto, the enemy and symbolic of all that is wrong with the cosmos, barely a step above jet-skiers. Even though they did not share our own journey's hardship and deprivation, we should make special efforts to communicate with all we meet that we have permission to be where we are and where we are going (don't we?), we are environmentally responsible and practice minimum impact camping (we do, don't we?).

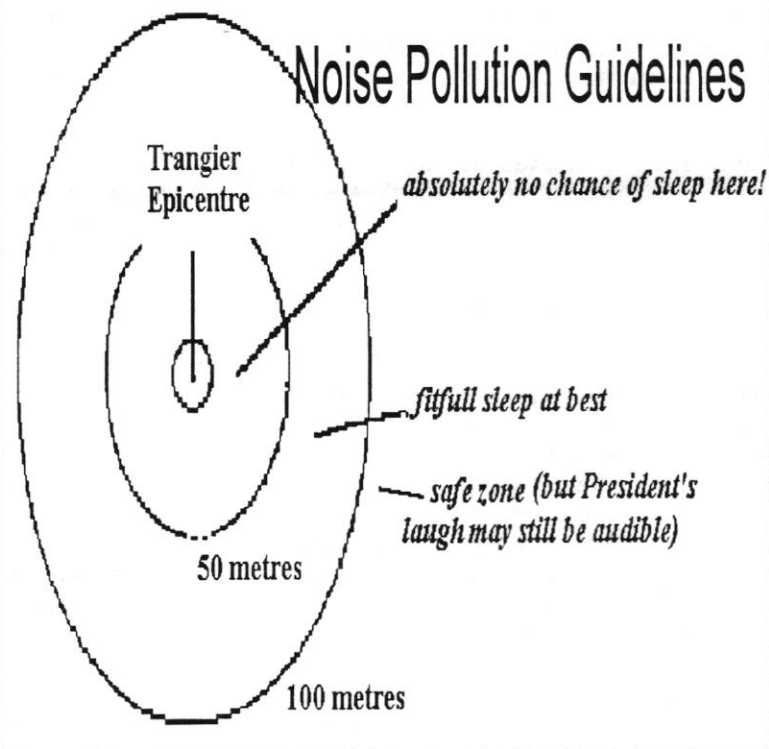
And it important that talk with Rangers and other land mangers about our sport and recreation (especially if it means expounding our virtues standing stark naked and knee-deep in water, in the fashion of Dr Sanders - this creates a particularly lasting



Dear Editor, although I enjoy the camping at Club weekends, I have suffered several sleepless nights due to a high-spirited element in the club, much to the detriment of my paddling performance the next day. What should I do?

Tired and Grumpy
Tuross Heads, NSW

I sympathise with you here - the NSWSKC has long favoured the more primitive camp-sites in an effort to escape urban hoons and their partying. Unfortunately, the club has developed (since the infamous Tallawa Dam paddle) it's own group of, shall we say, 'revellers', who, now that they are grown men, are simply not content to be tucked up in their sleeping bags by 9pm like the rest of us. The only solution is to anticipate where the revellers 'Trangier site' is likely to be, and pitch your tent some distance away. Unfortunately, in the light of day, it is sometimes difficult to predict which club members are likely to become the night-time revellers. They are often socially inadequate Jeckyl and Hyde types, who transform alarmingly from mild-mannered nobodies into shrieking extroverts on the sniff of a Lite beer. However, as a general rule, a good night's sleep is normally had if your tent can be pitched some distance away from any paddler from the greater Wollongong area, or from inner north Canberra. The following diagram has been scientifically prepared, and indicates the minimum distances required from the noise source for a good sleep. I believe our esteemed President has also felt the need to address this issue in his report. Sweet dreams!



Dear Editor Many thanks for a most informative article about your experiences on the bar at Tuross. No doubt there are many members who are glad of the hanc to learn from your experiences rather than going out and enjoying for themselves all the benefits of extended immersion in cold water. It took considerable courage to publicly admit the errors you made that day, and by telling us all about it we can all become better paddlers.

The two things that I see in this are firstly, as you observe yourself, there is no substitute for time in your boat. Secondly, if you can't get in your boat then the next best thing is reading about someone else in a boat.

Once again the club owes you a debt of gratitude for publishing such a fine newsletter and I should encourage all members to actively contribute their thoughts and experiences so that we can all have the opportunity to learn from each other. The wheel has already been inverted. We don't need to reinvent it to go forward.

PS On the subject of other people's knowledge, is there anybody out there who knows how to securely attach prescription sunglasses whilst paddling? The thought of rolling or being dumped in the surf usually means I leave mine at home. However it would be nice to see past the end of my boat sometimes.

Philip Winkworth

Announcement

Canberra paddler Jeff Blaimy recently asked the intelligent and beautiful Janet Sinclair to marry him, and she surprisingly said yes! In true romantic fashion the question was asked and answered on Valentines Day. Family and friends were happy, even tearful, and not entirely surprised at the announcement, as the two lovers have been each other's main topic of conversation for quite a while. Janet is a paddler and all round out-doorsey type, so members will probably get to meet her soon. Jeff, Janet and Roxanne (Janets daughter) are contactable at home on (06) 248 6003.

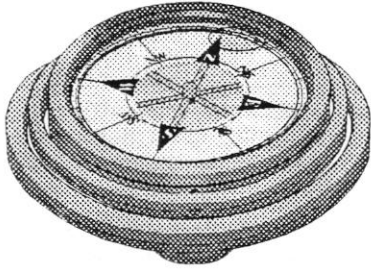
Dear Sir, I must congratulate you on your truly exemplary and erudite publication. But really, I must protest at the unauthorized inclusion of the blob on page 21(it was an albatross - Ed). To use this example of the famous Rorschach test as a gratuitous space filler, is at once contemptuous of me, demeaning to your journal, and insulting to your audience. The graphic of this test is designed to evoke strong

reactions in those with a particular type of personality disorder involving a tendency to assume the persona of migratory sea birds and hideously interfere with piscine vertebrates (the gory details of oral impalement and ritual disembowelment I shall not elaborate here!). If your use of this diagnostic is not blatant plagiarism but an example of fortuitous convergence, I urge you to seek professional

assistance expeditiously.

I am concerned about the tessalate nature of your rendition, that is echoed in the block like craft at the head of each page. Surely there are pixels at the bottom of your garden. I remain
Sirs, etc.

Professor Dr Rorschach (email: ink@blot.com)



The Old Sea Dog's Gear Locker

by Norm Sanders

G'Day. Well, a lot has happened since the last edition of the Newsletter. For one thing, I got involved in a rafting trip down the Snowy River. We caromed, ricocheted, bounced, jounced, recoiled, rebounded and otherwise bumped in an uncontrolled manner from McKillops Bridge to Buchan. This was a severe test for my normally watertight kayaking dry bags which all leaked after being hammered by rocks in the bottom of the raft. (Why did MINE have to be on the bottom? I'm a nice guy, really) Anyway, I learned that when rafting, you have to put garbags INSIDE the Dry bags.

One problem we didn't have was, umm, well you know, urinating. This facet of sea kayaking life seems to fascinate non-kayakers, addicted as they are to Mr. Thomas Crappers invention, the Flush toilet. (Hence the word, crap. Tme.)

There are two or maybe three generally accepted ways to urinate (aw, what the Hell, piss) in a kayak, although some very anal retentive types have difficulty in relaxing the sphincters while underway and simply wait until at last ashore. This could result in serious kidney damage. (I know they are different sphincters, but the principle is the same.)

Way 1. JUst let fly into the bilges, wait until thoroughly mixed with bilge wster, then pump with great force at accompanying paddlers as they pass. This method is reputedly favored by our President.

Way 2. Piss into a sponge. I've never tried this, but it sounds like it could be messy.

Way 3. Piss into a bailing bucket or other container. My preferred method. I have made a bailing scoop out of an old 4 L oil container (black of course) cut on a diagonal so that the handle is at the back of the scoop. This works well for males. The indefatigable and much missed Jacqui Windh cleverly shaped a narrower version out of a plastic container and lined the edge with soft foam.

Crapping is another matter entirely. Long

distance paddlers make a practice of binding themselves up with Lomotil. Most of us aren't that dedicated and hope for the best, squeezing hard in the morning before we hit the water. Arunas Pilka is said to have jumped overboard off Flinders Island to relieve himself of his burden.

So much for output. Input, in the form of water, has its own problems. Just about all of our (and the rest of the Planet's) waterways are now the home of various bugs lie E. Coli, giardia and cryptosporidia. They can cause symptoms ranging from simple trots to dysentery. Trots in a kayak could be very uncomfortable indeed (See above)

Sea Kayaker magazine recently evaluated a number of water filters. The Katadyn was rated tops, but cost \$US 295. The Sweetwater Guardian earned accolades for best value for money, at least in the short term. It removed as many bugs as the Katadyn, but had a much reduced filter life. I opted for the Sweetwater at \$US 59.95 from REI. Replacement filters cost \$US5 19.95, treat "up to 200 gallons" and are recyclable. I used it before Christmas on a 10 day kayaking trip on the far South Coast and later on the Snowy River raft episode. I was purifying drinking water for 12 people on the Snowy, which took about 20 minutes per day. We boiled our cooking and tea water. The Sweetwater worked fine, but required more frequent cleaning than advertised. I'm still using the first filer. The OSD will have more on this Riveting subject in later issues.

MAIL BAG

G. E. of Woonona, NSW writes: "Dear OSD: Every time I attempt a 720 degree pirouette in 4 meter dumping surf at the entrance to a gnarly gauntlet, my hands slip on the paddle and I get trashed. What am I doing wrong?"

Dear G.E: You either need your head read by a shrink or a non-greasy, sticktype sun screen like Palmolive UV TRIPLEGARD Broad Spectrum Stick, available at chemists or, cheaper, at supermarkets. Applying liquid sun screen is a sure way of losing your grip. (If you haven't already)

Those of us of Non-Pom ancestry don't have to worry so much about solar bombardment, but it is still wise to take precautions. Another letter on the same subject came from N.G. of Alice Springs, NT;

"Dear OSD: Since 1 shaved my head and transported my Skerray from the coast to the Todd River, I have suffered from a sunburned scalp and eyestrain. What should I do?"

Dear N.G. Either stay in the pub during hours of daylight instead of sitting in the sand waiting for that flash flood or get yourself a good hat and sunglasses. The best hat I've seen is a wonderful creation called an "ARAPHAT" (fair dinkum). It looks like Yassir's headgear and covers the ears, cheeks and neck as well as the pate. Good value at the Cancer Council for \$24. The CC also has really nifty wraparound "SUNTRAK" sunglasses, with sturdy hinges, for \$20. (F.K. take note: cheaper to lose than Glarefoils). Most major cities have Cancer Council shops. Ring (02) 334 1966 for merchandise info, (02) 334 1953 for mail orders. Hang in there, N.G. It's bound to rain sooner or later. They all laughed at Noah, too!

It is cold water, not hot sun which concerns the next correspondent: "Dear OSD: Whenever I raise my arm to indicate some noteworthy feature to my paddling colleagues, a dollop of icy water races down the sleeve of my CAG and chills my back. I recently pointed with some enthusiasm at three nubile young women skinny dipping near Nadgee River and almost passed out from hypothermia. What should I do?" J.C., Campbell, ACT.

Dear J.C. First of all, let me congratulate you on your fine show of public spirit in alerting your companions to the wonders of nature which can be encountered by sea kayakers. This should in no way be construed as a sexist remark. I am sure that you would have pointed with equal verve at three nubile young men. Now, to solve your problem. Take a deep breath, grasp a nail with a pair of pliers, hold it over your Trangia burner until it is VERY HOT and then burn holes in the elbow

area of your CAG to let the water drain out before it assaults your sensitive body. An earlier J.C. was subjected to a somewhat similar procedure, but the holes were further out on the extremities.

The next letter was from D.W. of Tura Beach, NSW. "Dear OSD: My paddling breakfast consists of a bowl of muesli combined with powdered milk. I just add water, swallow and am on the water in the time it takes the rest of those slugs to unzip their tent doors. While I am out practicing my morning series of Eskimo rolls in the frigid dawn, I notice that the others are eating some other type of breakfast. What is it?"

Dear D.W.: Good on ya for your diligence in perfecting your technique. As the wise elders say, "There is no substitute for time on the water" (or something similar) Now, to your question. Many of us have trouble digesting muesli in the morning. It keeps repeating as we paddle. Something to do with lack of moisture in the grains or something. We are now turning to a mixture of semolina, bran and sultanas. It cooks in two or three minutes and is very tasty with powdered milk and Demerara sugar. And one litre plastic container holds enough of the stuff for 20 breakfasts (12 breakfasts for a normal male appetite - Ed), so it is easy to carry on long trips. Some get so addicted to semolina that they refuse to

leave their sleeping bags until they detect the delicate smell of the cooking grains. There is not the same degree of consensus about lunches and evening meals. The OSD is eager to hear of YOUR favourites. The best suggestion will win a FREE packet of Tom Yum Goong. MAIL your entry to The Old Sea Dog, Paddlers Haven, 31 Monash Ave. Tuross Head, 2537. (Not open to Internet users) Happy Paddling.

SECRETARY/ TREASURER'S REPORT

I've still not heard from C. Brett, who is a paid up member with no address details. So, if anyone sees an unknown male paddler on the water please ask if he is C. Brett. I also have the wrong address for P. Chidgey, so if anyone paddles with Phil, please ask him to call me.

If anyone else has changed their contact details recently please let me know by either writing to me at the club address or by phone on Home: 06-248 7828 or Work: 06-283 5404.

Arunas Pilka

(Continued from page 11)

was a bit disappointed when he found out there were no kayaks being smashed. When I got back I found out that I wasn't the only one to break my kayak, just that I had done the best job.

I have since contacted Darrel and seen the video. The quality is good and there are some good shots of the group heading out. He had caught Mark, Jeff and myself near the entrance and when Jeff continued on out he followed him out until someone pointed out that one of kayakers was down. By the time he swung back I had already surfaced. He did capture me clambering up the rocks, the dying moments of the Estuary as it was smashed against the rocks, and Jeff risking his new boat coming back in. It was certainly a weekend I'll remember, especially as its now on video.

(copies of David's home video are available for \$19.95 from the Club - all proceeds will go to buying a new kayak for David - Ed)

POETS CORNER

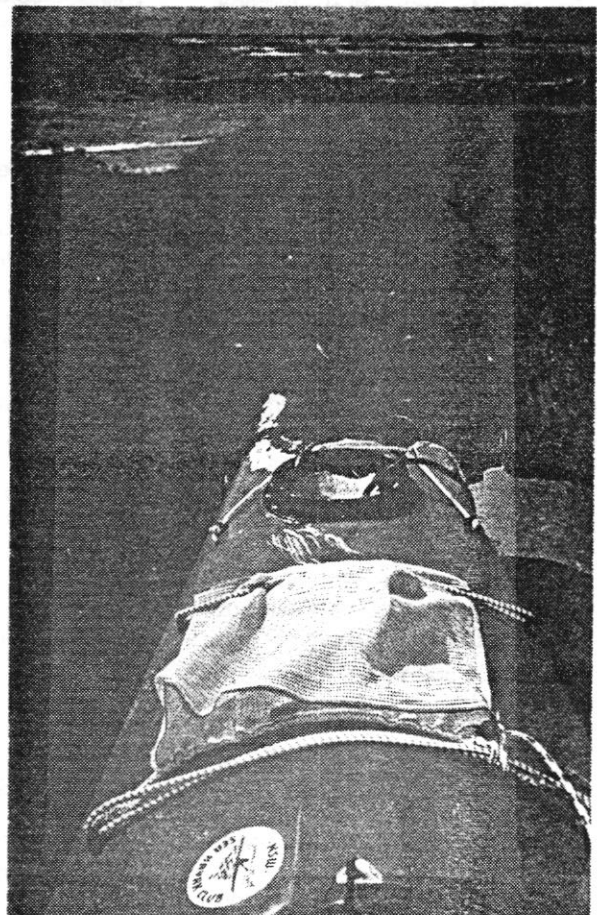
Courtesy of the brilliant Leunig - this poem speaks for us all I think

Ode to a Jet-Ski person

Jet-ski person, selfish fink.
May your silly jet-ski sink.
May you hit a pile of rocks,
Oh hoonish summer coastal pox

Noisy smoking dickhead fool,
On your loathsome leisure tool.
Give us all a jolly lark
And sink beside a hungry shark

Scream as in it's fangs you go
Your last attention-seeking show
While on the beach we all join in
With "three cheers for the dorsal fin"



David White's modified bowless Estuary



South Coast News

by Dave Winkworth



Well, it looks like I'm doing the South Coast News again - come back Nick, all is forgiven! If anyone would like to write this column or send me some interesting news items, please give me a call. Actually that is what this column started as - just a news column from some of "us south coast paddlers." Alright, lets see what's in the folder for this issue.....

Firstly I suppose it's the recent "Crash and Burn Spectacular"the Pancake Paddle at Mystery Bay. Three boats were badly damaged on the Saturday...all on the rocks. Two of these rock connections were easily avoidable. We hope you guys (neuter gender) will be at the upcoming skills weekend at Honeymoon Bay in April! It was funny last weekend....there were a lot of guys looking at the plastic boats

there muttering things like.."Yep, that'll be my next boat" or "plastic might be OK after all "

Seriously though, the paddlers with damaged boats and maybe a few others too should look very carefully at the sea conditions next time and ask themselves 2 questions..

(1) Do I have the skills yet to handle these conditions? (forget the "maybe I can sneak past in a lull" approach. Consider your skill level when a big set is upon you.)

(2) Do I NEED to test my skill level in this hostile environment (ie proximity of rocks and reef).

Sick of being ripped off for sleeping mat foam to pad your cockpit out? Yes? I've found a place where you can

get seconds of various thicknesses of foam in 8'x 4' sheets for about \$15.00 each. There is a slight catch though. If you want them to post it to you, you'll have to order a few sheets and cop postage charges too. If you go there in person, you'll have pick of the pile.

The place is
THERMOPLASTIC FOAM
INDUSTRIES

18 Dignity Cres, West Gosford 2250
Ph. 043 232993 Fax 043 23 1925
Ask for Anne Germon.

Where has summer gone this year? It's not that it's been cold so much...we seem to have missed out on heatwave conditions. Also, the nor'easters don't seem to have been as strong for as long as in previous years. What do you reckon Norm! Can we pin this lot on the French in the Pacific?

(Continued from page 12)

What to Look For

An increasing density of whitecaps with progressive distance offshore are the best indicator of strong offshore winds, along with spray fanning seawards off breaking wave crests.

White spray dancing over the water, indicates a wind funnel with bullet like gusts of wind lifting spray off the sea.

Suggestions for Remedial Action

1. If an offshore wind is blowing at the launch site, be prepared to abort or shorten the length of the trip.

2. if caught in a sudden or gradual change to an offshore wind, turn tail immediately and run for the beach or nearest shelter. Sea conditions will deteriorate as the wind continues to blow offshore.

3. When faced by a wind violently funnelling out of a harbour or fiord etc., either return to the launch site or attempt to land and wait until the wind strength abates.

Patience is the order of the day. If there is any doubt, it is better to wait.

4. When caught on an exposed coast by a change to offshore wind conditions, hug the coast intimately, even if this adds considerably to the distance paddled for example by

paddling around the curve of a bay.

5. Do not make straight line crossings of the narrow entrances to bays, fiords or harbours. Paddle upwind into the feature far enough before kicking out on the crossing. This is to combat ensuing wind and chop drift during the crossing and ensure reaching the far side safely.

Weather Forecasts

Marine forecasts relate to powered vessels and not paddler powered kayaks. Offshore winds commonly knock down the sea state, diminishing swell size and generating reasonable fishing conditions for powered vessels. Listen to the marine forecast and if the stated wind direction is offshore in your area, be extra wary before commencing a paddle. We know forecasts are not always accurate, hence a final decision to paddle or not must be made at the launch site.

Points to Remember

1. Offshore wind conditions are deceptive, with calm water and light breezes against the beach.

Always look for whitecaps offshore.

2. Wind strength increases by 50% when passing from land to open sea.

3. Narrow topographic features

funnel offshore winds, with dramatic turbulence.

With reference to the now infamous Jervis Bay incident - wind speeds measured at the airbase on the south west side of JB at 4pm on that day averaged 27 knots gusting to 35. This wind then travelled over a fetch of 12 km before meeting up with our paddlers (and I was one of them) as they rounded Point Perpendicular. Paul Caffyn's 'factor of 50%' would mean we faced gusts of up to 70 knots - veritable supermen! Comment from our experienced sea paddlers who wish to argue with the sea-kayaking legend's theory are welcome and should be directed to the Dear Editor page - Ed.





Gale-Force Kayaking

Into the "vast acreage" with a storm-sea skier - by Andrew Todhunter

The northwest wind, steady at sixty miles an hour, lashes the seaward windowpanes of Elk, California, with freezing rain. It is three hours before dusk on a day in the middle of January. Steve Sinclair appears at the end of a dirt lane, looks carefully for traffic, and wheels his surf-ski, a high-performance cousin to the kayak, across the two lanes of Route One. He wears a black wet suit and an orange kayaking helmet with a yellow visor duct-taped to its brim.

White-hulled, blue-decked, as sleek as a torpedo, the nineteen-foot vessel is strapped to a plywood rickshaw. Originally designed in Australia for surf rescues, the surf-ski handles nimbly in a gale. In his model, called the *Odyssea Ski*, Sinclair once pursued and overtook a seventy-three-foot schooner five miles from shore. The schooner was under full sail in a forty-mile-an-hour wind.

Sinclair directs the craft from the stern like a cannon, trundling down the rutted path to the sand beach of Greenwood Cove. He leaves the rickshaw high amid the driftwood. With the fifty-eight-pound boat under his arm, he studies the surf line through the rain. Fifteen-foot waves break upon the shore.

Timing his entry precisely, Sinclair! raises the *Odyssea Ski* above his head and charges into the surf. The next wave breaks at his feet and explodes into foam. Sinclair throws his craft upon the broken back of the wave and vaults aboard. He is six foot three and weighs 230 pounds. With long, powerful strokes of his paddle he drives into the next wave. He sweeps up the face and punches through the wave's roof just before it closes above him.

Sinclair breaks seven lines of fifteen- to twenty-foot surf before passing Gunderson Rock, a 120-foot pyramid of battered graywacke, or "dirty sandstone," a quarter mile offshore. The swells beyond Gunderson are mountainous. Manes of spray trail from their crests.

The wind makes the sound of sheet metal being torn into strips. It lifts so much water into the air that the division between sea and atmosphere is often lost. To breathe, Sinclair must purse his lip and filter the air from the froth. Near

and in the distance loom massive logs, some disgorged from Greenwood Creek, behind him, others drifting with the storm from estuaries to the north. This flotsam rolls through the waves, waterlogged and bobbing vertically, or set like pikes in the breaking faces.

The sanity of Steve Sinclair, the founder of a sport known as stormsea skiing, has been called into question by some. That is perhaps an understandable reaction to someone who willingly ventures into the Pacific in a sliver of fibreglass during a winter storm, when gale-force winds hurl mountainsides of ocean at the rocky cliffs of Elk with enough velocity and mass to break up a destroyer.

Sinclair, naturally, sees things somewhat differently. Paddling in a hurricane is fun and also an excellent workout. Storm-sea skiing has also resulted in an adaptation of techniques and equipment which, if they are properly applied, could greatly increase the safety of ordinary sea kayaking.

Sinclair argues that the vast majority of sea-kayaking schools fail to prepare students for the conditions they may face if they enter the ocean. This is no small point. Although the number of sea kayakers in North America is hard to determine, the sport is growing fast. Every month Neil Wiesner-Hanks, the executive director of the Trade Association of Sea Kayaking (TASK), hears from five to ten new companies in the United States and Canada that are offering sea-kayaking instruction, equipment, or tours. One recent estimate puts the number of North American participants in all paddle water sports including canoeing and white-water rafting along with river and sea kayaking at 14 million. The new sea kayakers among them, Sinclair says, are often trained on flat or nearly flat water, and are sold kayaks not suited to an open coast.

This might be justifiable if inexperienced paddlers never left the confines of a sheltered sound or bay. But neophytes are often left with the belief that they are sea kayakers in the literal sense of the term. This is bad for the industry and worse for the kayakers who go out off a windless beach only to find themselves

caught in a sudden storm with the wrong craft, inadequate experience, and poor skills.

A surfer, lifeguard, and water-polo player in his southern-California youth, Sinclair, who is forty-three, moved to northern California in 1976. He lives in the redwood forest east of Elk with his wife, Connie, a former competitive swimmer, and their three children. Sinclair runs a paddling school and guide service in Elk called *Force Ten*, which offers intensive two-day seminars in ocean kayaking at all levels, equipment included, for \$195.

On calmer days, generally in spring, summer, and fall, even raw beginners can hire the guides of *Force Ten* to pilot double kayaks along the remote coastline for \$35 an hour. While exploring sea caves like *Dragon House* and *Saint' Anthony's Elbow*, parties beach their kayaks for lunch in cliff-protected lagoons accessible only from the sea.

I recently spent some time with Sinclair acquiring the fundamentals of ocean kayaking in three-foot swells and winds of no more than twenty miles an hour. During his opening lecture Sinclair emphasised that ocean kayaking is an inwater sport, and that the kayaker must be prepared for complete immersion in surf or building seas. He considers even the warmest outdoor clothing a common choice of sea kayakers to be inappropriate, even unsafe: it becomes waterlogged, loses its insulating qualities, and hinders swimming. In his view, only a wet suit is appropriate. Sinclair prefers a "wash-deck" kayak: one is strapped to the top of it rather than inside. Such a vessel unlike one with a cockpit is in no danger of flooding, and is as easy to right and remount as a surfboard. Sinclair insists on a helmet regardless of conditions, citing the high ratio of deaths to injuries in all water sports, in which drownings frequently result from unconsciousness following a blow to the head.

While navigating an open coast, as Sinclair explained and demonstrated in the water, one should always work to maximise "down time." This is the time it would take, from any given point along one's course, to drift from the site of an accident, such as a capsizing or the loss of a paddle, into a potential hazard. With this in mind, one should try to pass rocks and other obstacles from the leeward (or downwind) side. To increase the kayak's stability, Sinclair said, avoid paddling a course that runs parallel to the waves. If necessary, zigzag, like a tacking



(Continued from page 19)

sailboat, to keep the bow or stern perpendicular to the swells. And never take your eyes off the sea.

Fundamentally, Sinclair's approach to handling open coastlines demands a much greater degree of in-water skill than most sea kayakers are led to believe they need. Those who have any doubt at all about their water skills, he cautions, should start swimming laps. Unless they are undertaking a long open-water crossing which is a specialised endeavour sea kayakers should never paddle farther from the shore than they can swim. Body surfing or Boogie boarding in the shore break can help novices learn the action of the waves. Sinclair argues convincingly that the advantages of being well prepared apply no less to the beginner in tame seas than to the storm-sea skier in a gale.

To get a better sense of the sea-kayaking business, I spoke with Marl Rauscher, the manager of Western Mountaineering, a prominent outdoor retail store in San Jose, California. A rivers and sea-kayaking instructor who is certified by the American Canoe Association, has been paddling since 1985. Rauscher agreed that the popularity of kayaking is "exploding" nationwide, especially sea kayaking, which he maintained, required much less expertise than river. "The learning curve in sea kayaking is gentler," Rauscher explained, "and this allows the market to grow faster."

One popular sea kayak craft selling so fast I can't keep it in stock, Rauscher said is the Sealution, a classic design available with a Kevlar, plastic, fiberglass hull and cockpit. In its catalogue the boat is characterized as being equally "at home on quiet lakes or open seas." I asked Rauscher the reason for its runaway success. "First of all," he said, "it's an incredibly sexy boat." He went on to describe its solid handling and sound workmanship, and I'm sure that it is in many ways an admirable craft. But was struck by the citation of the Sealution's primary attribute. The last thing I'd want from my vessel in an angry sea I thought, is sex appeal.

I turned to George Gronseth, the owner of The Kayak Academy, in Seattle and the safety columnist for Sea Kayak magazine. Gronseth agreed with Sinclair on the importance of wet suits and water skills. In the fatalities over the past decade of which Gronseth is aware, none of the victims was wearing

a wet suit. He knows of seven reported sea-kayaking deaths in North America last year, a number that is sure to rise as participation in the sport grows. Six of last year's victims were paddling alone. One paddler was found still seated in his overturned kayak.

Gronseth agreed, too, that at present sea-kayaking instruction in the United States is woefully inadequate. He described one standard four-hour introductory class available nationwide and following guidelines provided by TASK in which rescues and the handling of a capsized vessel are discussed but not practiced. Such superficial instruction, Gronseth says, may be more dangerous than no instruction at all, because it provides new paddlers with false confidence in skills they simply do not have.

The American Canoe Association offers slightly more advanced sixteen-hour courses. But not enough time, Gronseth believes, is spent practicing physical skills. Many new paddlers cannot even swim. If sea kayaking instruction is nationally standardised, a step the ACA and others are actively pursuing, Sinclair and Gronseth, in order to remain in business, may be required to affiliate themselves with an agency whose dangerously low standards they deplore. Affiliation, of course, means more than a sticker in the window. For reasons of liability, instructors operating under the auspices of a given organization will in all likelihood be obliged to teach according to the organization's written standards.

Sinclair cited an exchange he had had recently at a San Francisco Bay Area kayak regatta with a prominent sea-kayaking instructor. Sinclair had been talking with a gathering of newcomers, and was pointing out the importance of wet suits and sound water skills. The instructor drew him aside. "What are you trying to do?" he demanded. "Raise the entry level?"

Sinclair paddles skyward. A log sweeps past. From the top of the swell, smaller waves break off and roar down the face in all directions. As he climbs the main face, Sinclair carves left and right to attack these crossing breakers with his bow. He toils to the top of the swell, paddles through its apex, and disappears beyond it, submerged completely in a sea of foam.

Paddle held high above his head for balance, Sinclair emerges from the foam and surfs down the back of the

broken swell into the following trough. The next wave is forming. He streaks up the swell, gathering speed. With his last, long stroke, his torso slamming backward flat against the hull, the craft breaks through the ragged hem of the wave and launches into the air.

Held upon the wind, Sinclair rises from his seat until he stands in his footwells like a Nordic skier. He sweeps his paddle in line with the craft's hull to prevent the twin blades from catching the wind and flipping him over. He leans forward, driving himself down. The wave passes beneath him as he falls. The Odyssey Ski finally lands, stem first, in the bottom of the following trough. Sinclair has lost time in the air and knows that the top of the next wave will break upon him before he can attain its peak. He buckles his seat belt.

The top of the wave snaps off like a cornice and roars down the face, erasing the breakers in its path. Man and boat are buried and blown backward. End over end in the explosion, Sinclair spirals through the mass of broken sea. He surfaces for an instant, takes a tight-lipped breath, and vanishes once again into the foam.

The violence gradually ebbs. The broken wave passes on. Sinclair, belted to his kayak, bobs to the surface, back into the freezing rain. He regains lost ground, passes Mile Rock to starboard, and continues northwest into the storm. It takes him three hours to reach his farthest mark - a point some three miles from shore. After resting briefly, with his head on his knees, Sinclair turns around and begins the run home to Greenwood Cove. He catches three waves. It takes him twelve minutes to get back.

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(Continued from page 25)

you choose, it MUST work in rough conditions. Almost anything will work on calm seas but when the wind is blowing hard from the west and the seas are rising and you are still a few hours from home, small problems become BIG problems very quickly. I'll let you get back to the drill now.



Flotsam & Jetsam



'INNUIT CLASSIC' News

The first fibreglass version of Norm Sander's plywood 'TAKU' is still to emerge from it's Bateman's Bay production facility - testing the patience of a contingent of sea-kayak magazine reporters keen to get shots of this breakthrough design.

Production manager, Mike Foskett, has denied rumours that the delay is caused by heated and ongoing clashes with the designer over production standards.

"As I'm sure you'd appreciate, Norm's not exactly the easiest character to work with 10 hours a day, and there's been times when I've wished I'd never seen a sea-kayak, but we're getting there" said a tired and drawn Mr. Foskett. The official reason for the delay is unusually busy holiday season for the general marine section of the plant.

APOLOGY - the NSW Sea Kayaker would like to apologise for previously stating that the 'Classic' was 14' 6" - it is, of course, a very proud 15' 6".

NEWS FLASH

Horrified Canberran car and sea kayak owners gasped in disbelief as their seemingly benign yellow Puffin turned viciously against their white station wagon and maliciously cracked the windscreen from one side to the other.

What horrified the owners most was the Puffin's sinistre and shrewd use of the laws of physics, using the stress of differential expansion on a hot day to exploit a small chip in the unsuspecting windscreen.

Cunningly positioning itself on the roofrack between the sun and the windscreen, the malevolent kayak shaded, cooled and contracted one part on the helpless windscreen, while the sun heated and expanded the remainder.

Unable to withstand the excruciating pressure, the windscreen developed an agonizing crack along its entire length. The distraught owners fear that the windscreen will have to be put down, and the constabulary have confirmed that this is indeed the case.

'I just can not understand it.' said one of the owners. 'It can't have been jealousy - we never take the car paddling in interesting places, the kayak is allowed in the house - and the kayak is always on top when they get together.'

Enquiries of car owners with sea kayaks reveal that this is not the first time such an unprovoked attack by a kayak on a flawed windscreen has occurred, and the community is worried when next will two treasured possessions turn against each other, or indeed against their owners or innocent bystanders, remembering earlier carnage of cars driving over kayaks or cars letting go kayaks from roof racks at high speed.

The atmosphere here in the nation's capital is quiet, but tense...

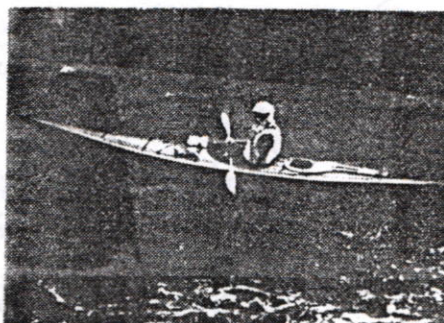
Lost

Left behind actually at the Pancake Weekend at Mystery Bay: Aluminium folding chair with orange webbing and dark blue windcheater. If no-one claims these items I'll take them to the local Police for forensic examination - there are a few stains on the windcheater which may tell us what the owner has been eating! That should narrow down the search!

While talking about lost things, no-one has claimed the tent poles I have from the Rock 'n Roll Weekend. There must be someone out there who is wondering why their tent is pitching lower than normal! See description in last newsletter - Dave Winkworth

SIMON'S EPIC VOYAGE

Well, Simon is still paddling away on the second part of his voyage around Cape York - hopefully we will have all the details in the next issue.



Norm with Panache

Paddlers

Haven Closes

Paddlers Haven, the Tuross Heads guesthouse catering exclusively for sea-kayakers, is to close down for three months from early May. The reason - owner manager Norm Sanders intends to return to his native US for a well deserved holiday. "I've been running the Haven seven days a week for the last two years all by myself, with little in the way of thanks" said Mr Sanders "and I sure as hell need a break from large groups of fussy and ravenous sea paddlers".

Foreign Correspondent

The good news is Norm Sanders, will be checking out the US and Canadian Sea-Kayaking scenes while on his extended vacation. Norm's report's on trends in North American sea-kayaking will be welcome reading in coming issues.

FOR SALE

SKERRAY SEA KAYAK

1 Yr old, skeg, beachable rudder, compass, spray deck, paddle, PFD, Pump, Parafoil, paddle leash, paddle jacket, all as new condition.
\$1600 ONO.

Contact Evan Shillabeer
(06) 293 4830 (H)
(06) 295 1833 (W)

PITTARAK EXPEDITIONER

Reduced volume cockpit, Carter skegbox, VCP style hatches all round. Externally taped seams. Excellent condition.
\$1300 - with spray skirt.

Contact Gary Parker
(042) 854317 (H)

Macpac "Minaret" tent. Great tent for sea kayaking - packs down small, fly goes up with inner for quick put-up and take-down. 2 poles only. 100% waterproof bathtub style floor. Absolutely rock-steady in really bad weather. Perfect condition. \$300 ONO. Phone David Winkworth 064 941366



Equipment



Of footrests and rudders

by Gary Edmond

It is my belief that the vast majority (possibly all) manufacturers have patently failed to provide adequate footrests for the majority of serious ocean kayakers. This problem is only accentuated where rudder systems are integrated into the kayak. What follows is a brief explanation of one potential solution. I am sure if you give it some thought you could develop superior versions which will meet the necessary requirements.

Footrests are very important in ensuring the development and maintenance of an efficient paddling stroke. They are also essential for the paddler to achieve an intimate connection and confidence in their kayak. Few things would frighten me more than going down a large wave with frail plastic footrests and/or a bulkhead which comprised only one or two layers of fibreglass mat. For when I stand my kayak vertically on its nose in surf (pirouette) I literally stand on my bulkhead, occasionally I have bottomed.

How would your footrests fare? Sure, not everybody wants to do this type of thing in their kayak. But some people are not given the choice: you have to land some time. Sitting tightly in a kayak gives the paddler a stronger empathy and security which a sloppy/spacious cockpit can never provide. I do not suggest that everyone

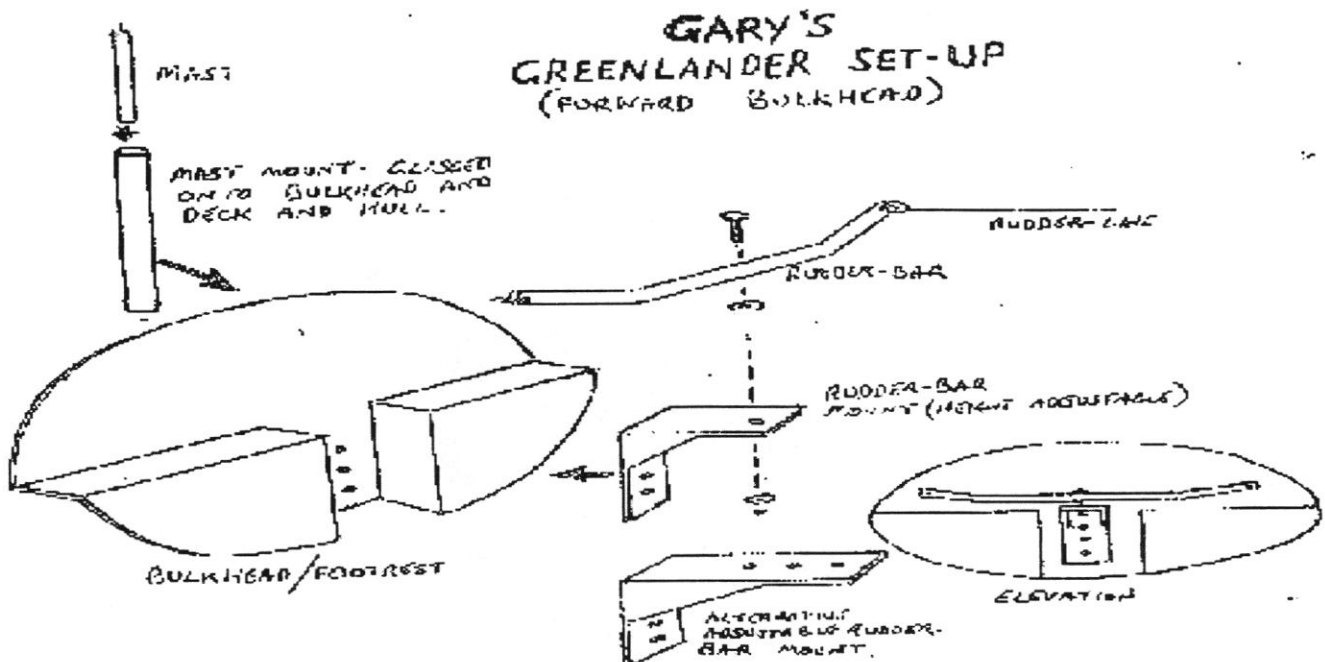
should seek to cramp themselves into their kayak. I acknowledge that, when I first began kayaking, I really appreciated the space of a large cockpit. There are no absolutes, but I suggest that as you gain confidence, the provision of a snug fitting kayak will enhance and accelerate your kayaking ability. Its easier to surf, roll, brace and paddle long distances in a kayak which is fitted out well and adapted to your body. So, having been influenced by John Wilde's sailing feats (which require a kayak equipped with a rudder) and offered an irresistible price, I recently purchased a Greenlander II sea kayak (once again, my apologies Arunas). Previously I did not possess a kayak with a rudder. This was because I sought to construct an extremely strong (maybe excessively strong) bulkhead/footrest on my Pittarak which I did not wish to complicate with a rudder. Also rudders seem to be frail and vulnerable to damage in the surf (which I like: not the damage though Norm).

Having purchased the Greenlander I was faced with the obstacle of constructing a reliable bulkhead/footrest. Notably the existing forward bulkhead was set about 40cm beyond my feet: I'm about 6'1". So after the arduous process of removing the existing bulkhead and reclaiming

gallons of storage room I was determined to construct the bulkhead/footrest and rudder assembly aiming to create a configuration which allowed adjustment.

Because I am a selfish person I chose to make the bulkhead perfectly compatible with my size. No tall bastards can paddle it. However it would not be too difficult to make slight alterations to this design to accommodate taller people. Below is an illustration of my design, which I hope becomes self-evident. I have fixed a mast-step on the back of the bulkhead and also set a sheet of aluminium plate (about 3 x 100 x 120mm) into the back to stop the rudder-bar mount pulling the bolts, which fasten it to the bulkhead, through the fibreglass.

Just remember, it is much easier to make these adjustments before a kayak is built. Demand such features when you order your kayak, even if you are required to build or fashion some of the components yourself, it will pay off.





BEGINNERS, BRACING AND BROACHING

by Gary Edmond

The last annual Rock and Roll weekend confirmed a number of issues confronting both kayaking novices and those seeking to instruct them in the esoteric ways of the surf. While the surf conditions were moderate, the numbers crowded into the relatively small surf-zone at Target Beach created chaos. The number of kayaks was unmanageable and impractical, making it impossible to practice basic broaching.

With this in mind I would encourage those intending to learn or instruct basic surf skills to undertake this learning task in relatively small groups - say 5 or 6. Such a plan for surf skills tuition is proposed for the NSW Sea Kayak Club Skills Weekend Number 1, 1996 on 20/21 of April at Honeymoon Bay, Jervis Bay (see Calendar). Among a variety of instruction and discussion workshops the weekend will provide opportunity for two small groups on Saturday and Sunday to attend a half-day workshop aimed at helping beginners to read the surf, enter and exit a beach and learn the basic method of staying upright when your kayak is pushed sideways (broached) in surf. The workshop will be conducted only in small to moderate surf. Rather than catch waves emphasis will be placed on developing a reliable and safe brace for broaching. Below is the first of a series of guides to kayaking in the surf. It is aimed to provide beginners with an overview of basic techniques and surf types. The first two boxes are a key to the types of waves generally encountered and are used throughout the remaining boxes. Type A or steep barreling waves are not suitable for beginners to surf and are potentially hazardous as they often break into relatively shallow water. Type B or softly breaking waves are usually the best for surfing as the waves break gently down their face. They usually break in water of a depth amenable to kayak surfing and are good to develop basic surf skills. Type C or swell or very full waves break gently if at all. They provide easy conditions for the novice kayaker.

Diagram 1: Shows the type of waves known as a shore dump. The waves shape up steeply before breaking powerfully in shallow water next to the shore. Exiting requires the kayaker to time the exit to avoid the

main sets (or groups) of waves. Eventually a reprieve will afford opportunity for passage beyond the shore. beginners may require someone to assist them in launching their kayaks and keeping them pointed out to sea as there tends to be a lot of water movement on an often steep beach. When entering the beach the kayaker should aim to avoid the sets and/or paddle swiftly after a broken wave from just behind the break zone and quickly pass through the break zone to avoid having a wave break on top of them. High tide removes some of the sting from the very steep Type A waves to Type B waves, except in very big sea conditions.

Diagram 2: Shows the impact of a sand bar upon the surf. Sand bars often produce waves very similar to the shore dump. Indeed they are both caused by swell suddenly reaching shallow water. In exiting the kayaker should sit in between the beach and sand bar keeping the kayak facing out to sea. When a lull in the waves arrives the kayaker should then paddle swiftly across the sandbar and out beyond the break zone. Do not be afraid to wait in the whitewash (in between the beach and sand bar) for the right moment to arrive. In entering the beach follow instructions as for shore dump (Diagram 1). Tidal influences are similar to shore dump (Diagram 1).

Diagram 3: Illustrates the effect of a rip on the surf conditions. The rip usually provides a zone or channel where the waves break less frequently, unless rip is against wind or tide which becomes ugly. In entering and exiting kayakers should endeavour to locate the rip and paddle in or out of the channel, watching for sand bars and/or changes in the rip's direction. At high tide the waves are generally less steep, although rips can be tidal influenced in that the volume of water trying to escape may reach a critical mass which creates or stops a rip current.

Diagram 4: Broaching. When a kayak is tossed sideways the kayaker should place the paddle

flat on top of the whitewash and lean slightly into the wave. The larger or steeper the wave the more they should lean. Because the kayak is moving, albeit sideways, the paddle gains assistance/support and allows the kayaker to push down on the blade supporting themselves without plunging it to the bottom. This is a skill which requires an experiential feel to adjust to waves of different sizes and strengths. You just have to practice, although you might be amazed at how easy it is to broach successfully.

Diagram 5: Low-Brace in a broach. There are two wave types for diagrams 5, 6, 7. One is the cross section, indicated by an x in a circle which represents a broken wave which has become whitewash. The other, dotted line, represents a steep wave which is about to break upon the kayaker. In both scenarios the kayaker should lean with their kayak into the wave. In the low brace the kayaker pushes the paddle down almost onto the deck. Where the wave is whitewash the paddle blade stays close to the top of the wave, the power blade faces to the sky. Where the wave is steep and about to break the blade section is pushed into the face of the wall as the kayaker leans into the wave. The paddle must be gripped firmly and the arms locked in their low position. All going well the wave will break and the kayak will be propelled sideways toward the beach.

Diagram 6: High-Brace (Low) in a broach. This is my preferred stroke. Note that the paddle is always lower than the shoulders and above the elbows. The arms should be locked into place, very tightly for larger waves. When broaching on the broken whitewash wave the paddle blade should be in a similar position to the low brace but the power blade will be facing the wave rather the upwards as in the low brace. In the steep breaking wave the paddle should be pushed into the wall as the kayaker again leans into the wave.

Diagram 7: High-Brace (High) in a Broach. The major fault with this approach is that it lends itself to potential shoulder dislocation. The paddle is held above the shoulder and it is difficult to lock the elbows preventing sudden throwing of the

(Continued from page 23)

shoulder if the water catches the blade and pushes it. Also the kayaker is leaning the kayak the wrong way which is likely to result in capsizing because the edge of the kayak which is moving toward the beach might catch the still water underneath and be suddenly flipped. The edge should always be raised in the direction of travel.

Obviously these skills need to be practiced. A good way to practice is to take your kayak close to the beach in very small surf and paddle parallel to the shore occasionally broaching as whitewash hits your kayak. Don't

forget to practice on both sides. David Winkworth recommends practicing the braces in shallow (6 inches) still water where the paddle touches the bottom and the bottom gives the feel of the support from the moving wave.

Hope to see you at what promises to be an exciting and interesting weekend in April.



<p>WAVE TYPE PROFILE (ELEVATION)</p> <p>A. STEEP BARRELLING WAVE</p> <p>B. SOFTLY BREAKING-FULL WAVE</p> <p>C. SWELL OR VERY FULL. BREAKS GENTLY IF AT ALL.</p>	<p>BROKEN WAVE-WHITWASH</p> <p>A. A.</p> <p>B. B.</p> <p>C. C.</p> <p>DIRECTION OF BREAK ↓</p>	<p>1. BEACH OR SHORE DUMP</p> <p>LOW TIDE HIGH TIDE</p> <p> LOW TIDE HIGH TIDE</p> <p>XXXXXXXX XXXXXXXX</p> <p>////// BEACH //////////////////////////////////</p>
<p>2. SAND BAR</p> <p>LOW TIDE HIGH TIDE</p> <p> LOW TIDE HIGH TIDE</p> <p>SAND BAR</p> <p>XXXXXXXXXXXX</p> <p>XXXXXXXXXXXX</p> <p>//////</p>	<p>3. RIP</p> <p>LOW TIDE HIGH TIDE</p> <p> LOW TIDE HIGH TIDE</p> <p>XXXXX XXXXX</p> <p>↑ ↓</p> <p>//////</p>	<p>4. BRACING WHEN BROACHING</p> <p>XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX</p> <p> BRACING WHEN BROACHING</p> <p>↓ ↓</p> <p>//////</p>
<p>5. LOW-BRACE BROACH</p> <p> LOW-BRACE BROACH</p> <p>✓</p>	<p>6. HIGH-BRACE (LOW) BROACH</p> <p> HIGH-BRACE (LOW) BROACH</p> <p>✓</p>	<p>7. HIGH-BRACE (HIGH) 'WORLD OF PAIN'</p> <p> HIGH-BRACE (HIGH) 'WORLD OF PAIN'</p> <p>✗</p>



WORKSHOP REVIEWS - SETTING UP YOUR KAYAK

One of a series of workshops which were presented at the Club's Annual Rock 'n Roll weekend

You stand astride your shiny new kayak - spinning power drill in one hand, sealant cartridge gun in the other! "Where to start" you wonder.

CEASE...DESIST...HALT!
There may be a better way.

Setting up a kayak is something every paddler has to do. That is every paddler who is serious about ocean paddling. Let's think about it because what we're doing here is equipping a living room cum kitchen cum bathroom on the ocean. It's pretty cramped I know but it is where you ARE when out on the sea. It's also a survival capsule when things get tough.

How much time and effort you put into it depends on how you see yourself, your boat and what sort of paddling you intend doing.

I don't intend in this article to give you all the answers (because I don't have them) but maybe you can pick up a few hints. Let's get started:

If you already have a boat that's what you'll be working on. If you are still looking around for a suitable craft my advice is to try as many as you can - either at the shops or at club paddles but preferably at both. Sit in all of them, twist around, stretch forward, lean far back, try a few rolls. Ask lots of questions be a real pest but don't worry because you're the one spending the money 80 YOU have to be happy.

It's rare that any of us make modifications to the hulls of kayaks we buy (unless they meet rocks at speed) but the cockpits and decks are a different matter. That is where we make the changes and additions. Obviously some mods are easier to make in the manufacturing stage - things like seat heights, flush deck fittings etc. If you know what you want when purchasing a boat, ASK for it! Manufacturers want your business. If they can't or won't accommodate your wishes, go somewhere else.

Now, put your boat out on the lawn and hop in. Lean as far forward and as far back as you can with an outstretched hand. This then is your limit of influence out at sea. Everything that happens

outside of this is beyond your control. Now, of course you say "Well, I can hop out of the cockpit, slip over the side and get a chocolate bar from the front hatch" ...Of course you can but better you than me in the middle of winter in 30 knot wind!

As I sit here at the typewriter arguing with myself in print, I should also mention that it's probably not wise to depend on a fellow paddler to fetch items from out of your reach on your boat. You MAY be in conditions where this is quite difficult.

So, you should look at having everything you MAY need within reach. Let's look at some examples - there will be others but these are basic;

Water: On a long hot day with no landing, you'll need a few litres. Where are you going to put it? Can you get the bottle lid off easily. Can you get at the bottle easily AND confidently in a choppy sea? If your storage area is a day hatch, does it matter if your storage area is a day hatch, does it matter if the hatch fills with water when the lid is off? Is your storage area wave proof. DO NOT underestimate the power of surf!

Food: Where do you put it? Can you eat it in rough conditions? Can you store enough for a full day.

Extra Clothing: Obviously this will be thermals or fibre-pile right? Where will you carry it...Equally importantly, can you put it on if you have to at sea? (Better practise this one.)

Paddling Jacket (Cag): Comments as above.

The little bits: such as compass, knife, rope, sunglasses, hat, sunscreen. There are probably a few others - all the items that seem insignificant until a big wave sweeps them away. They can then assume monumental importance when needed

Perhaps we could also add torch, parafoil kite, fishing gear, tow rope. Building up quite a list now but it is all needed at various times. At other times, it's nice to know it's there IF needed....a couple more items: flares, radio, EPIRB perhaps.

As I see it, there are 5 storage options for this stuff - let's go through them:

(1) **Day hatch** - behind paddler. See comments above re water container

(2) **Rear deck** - you'll need some sort of netting or a bag. Some gear stored here is difficult to access and can also roll around possibly de-stabilizing your

boat. Bulky items such as PFD's stored here can increase weathercocking. Rear decks are the location-of-choice for spare paddles. Are they surf-proof? It would be nice if you didn't have to remove them to get into the rear hatch. Norm Sanders and Mark Pearson have solved this problem by locating their rear hatches ON the rear bulkhead. Clever.

(3) **On your Person**- obviously there is a limit to what you can stuff into the pockets of a PFD and still paddle comfortably.

(4) **Cockpit**- the location-of-choice for lots of stuff. You can reduce cockpit volume by storing items in there but make sure that everything stays where you put it - ie well secured, and that the gear does not hinder you in a rescue re-entry. Also, can you replace the sprayskirt quickly before the next wave hits!

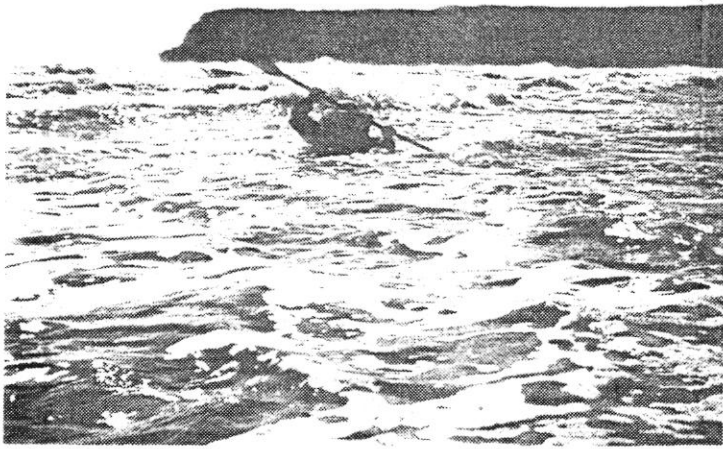
(5) **Foredeck** - a useful storage area for small items. The limit here is that items are exposed to waves and care must be taken that bulky items do not force a change to your paddling stroke clearance of the deck.

Let's have a quick look at safety items in your boat set-up, How are you going to get all the water out of the cockpit after a rescue? Hand pump, footpump, bailer perhaps. Look at all the options. Some pumps are pure junk because they move such low volumes with each stroke. Something for you to investigate and maybe the subject of a future article Mr Editor? You may also think about pumping out a front hatch that is leaking. That's a bit more difficult!

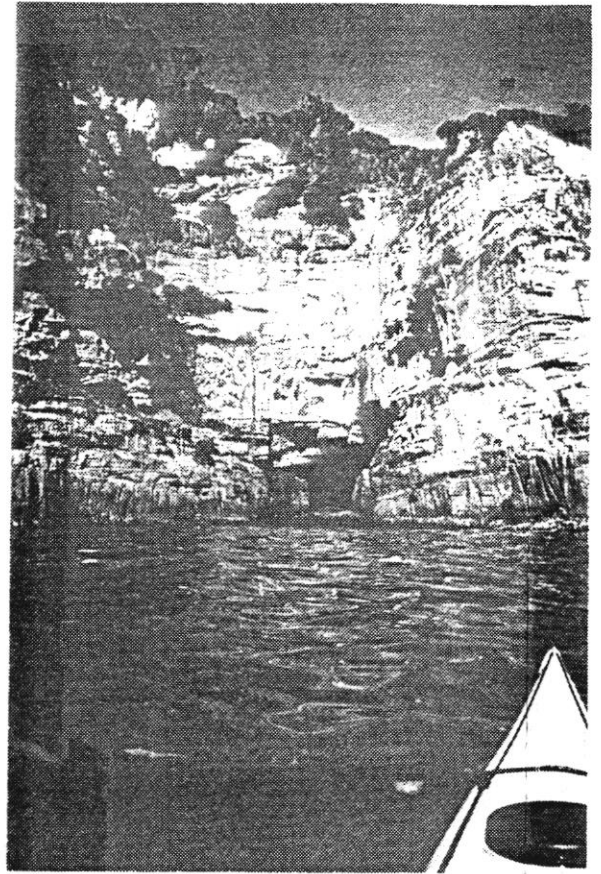
Decklines are a necessity as are some form of bow and stern grab loops or toggles. An interesting point here and one worthy of debate around a campfire: If decklines on a boat are continuous: ie passing up either side of the cockpit, and the paddler had the misfortune to snap their boat in two at the cockpit, would it be better that the two pieces of boat are still connected even if they will hinder the paddler during an unglorified wet exit OR would it be preferable to terminate decklines forward and aft of the cockpit and so have two separate pieces of boat bobbing on the ocean?

An important point from the above article is that whatever system or set-up you choose, it MUST work in rough conditions. Almost anything will work on calm seas but when the wind is blowing

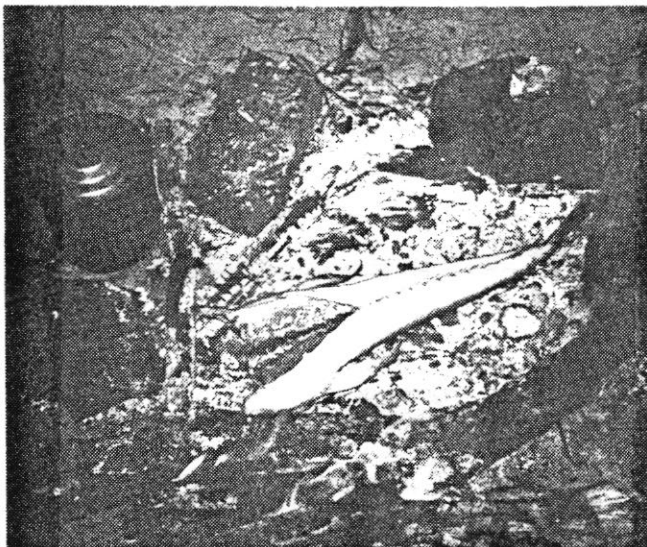
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Norm Sanders demonstrating flawless surf landing technique in angry seas at Nadgee beach (later he did it with a boat)



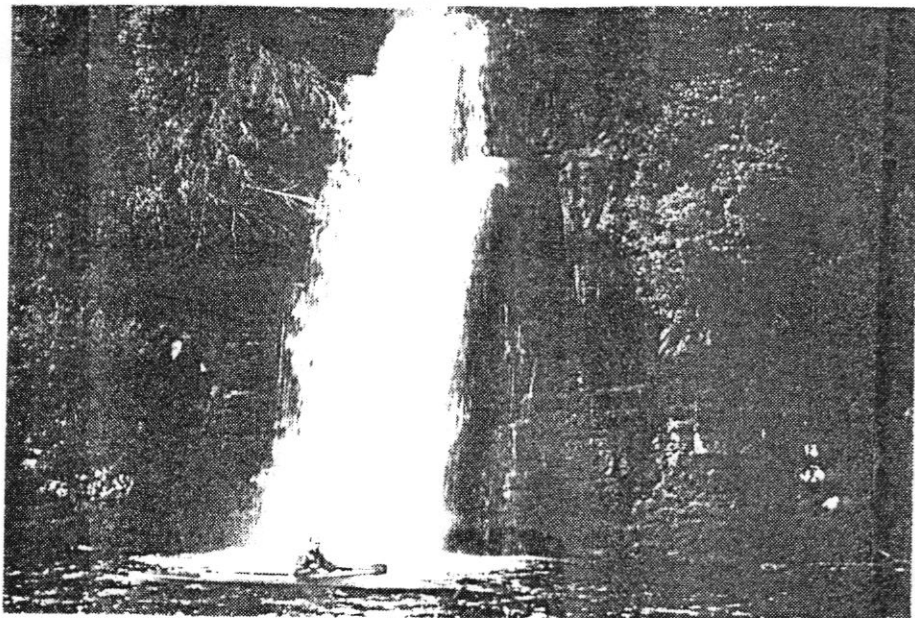
Sea Caves near Merrica River



Fired Flathead, Merrica River



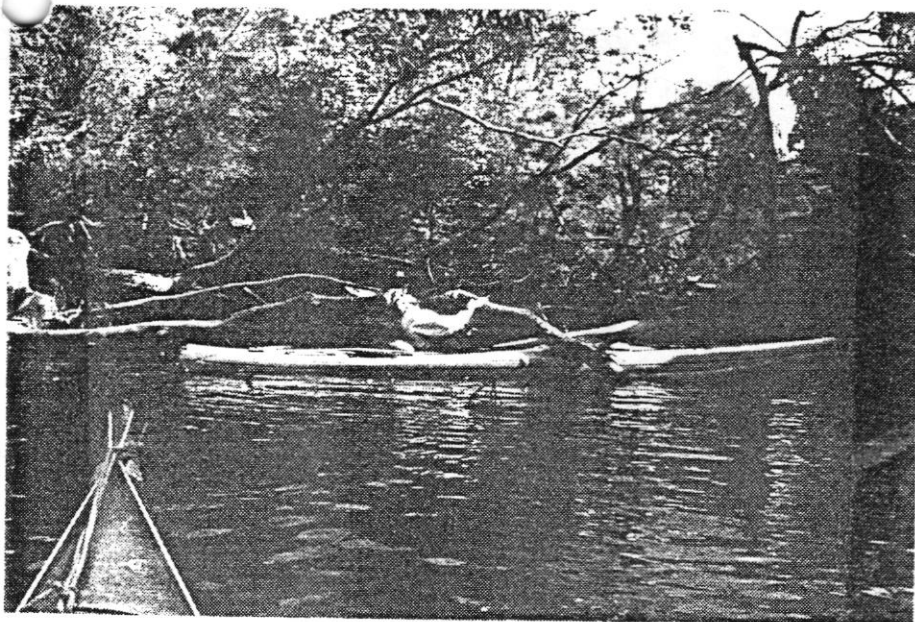
Nick and Norm at Merrica River inspecting three Greenlanders



Ross Winters taking a scenic shower



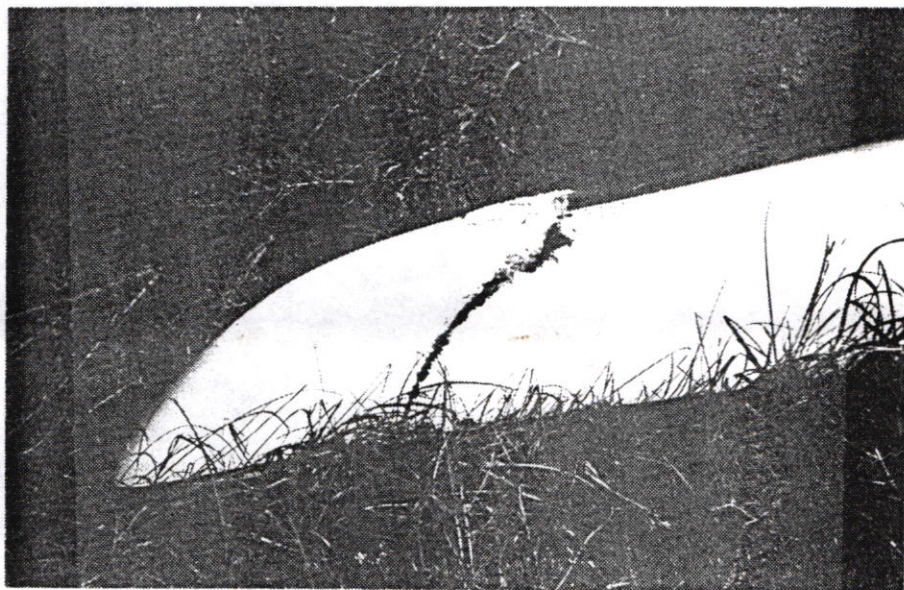
Ross Winters, Lake Dove, Cradle Mountain in in Background



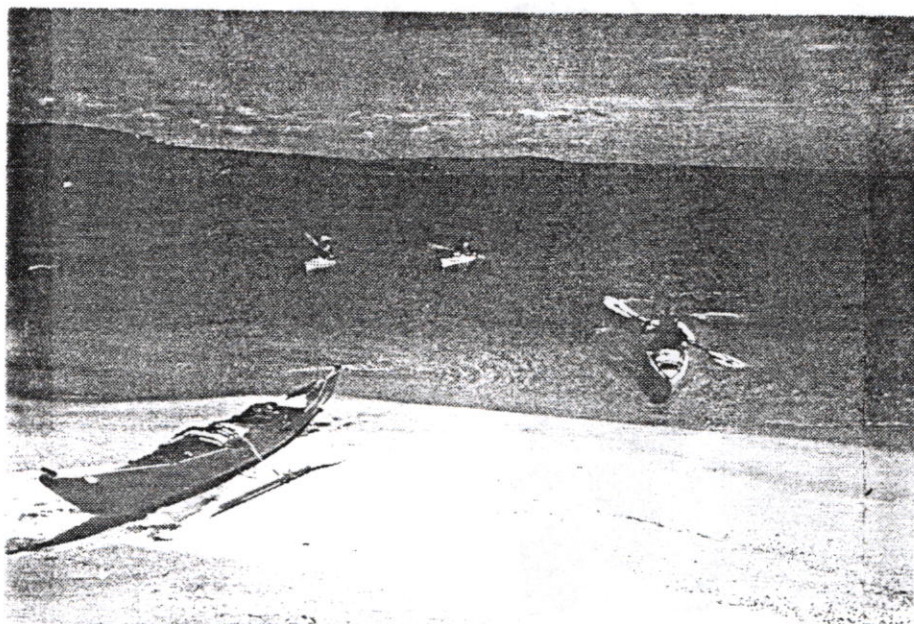
Jim and Puffin doing the log-limbo at Nadgee River



Kayak-eating seas at Bermagui, Mt Dromedary in the background



Damage to the bow of Jutta's Seafarer



Landing at Mowarry Point