

Sea Trek

Official Newsletter of the Victorian Sea Kayak Club inc.



EDITOR: CHRIS SEWELL
6 THE GRANGE
BAIRNSDALE 3875
PH: (051) 521 533 FAX: (051) 568 759

FEBRUARY 1996

ISSUE 22

DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE: 26 APRIL 1996

VICTORIAN SEA KAYAK CLUB INC.

The Victorian Sea Kayak Club exists to provide a loose bond for a disparate bunch of individuals, with exploration of wild places as common philosophy
- Earle Bloomfield

COMMITTEE - 1996

PresidentMike Cromie (03) 9878 4582H
Vice President.....John Basemore (03)9560 5718H
Secretary/Tres/Public Officer.....Ray Musgrave (059) 75 2414H
Trip/Technical Adv.....Ian Hill (03)9786 6580H
Editor.....Chris Sewell (051) 52 1533H
Equipment Off.....John Stomps (03)9580 8226H
Touring Committee Reps.....Laurie Atkins (052) 43 1035H
.....Ray Musgrave (059) 75 2414H
VCA Reps.....Ray Musgrave (059) 75 2414H
.....Michael Crouch (03) 9531 9335H

SEA TREK ISSUE 22 FEBRUARY 1996

Deadline for May issue: 26 April 1995

VSKC
P.O. Box 426
Seaford 3198

I hope everyone has had a happy Christmas and had a good break. Paddling wise its been a bit blowy and cool in this part of Victoria. December saw us with only two days getting into the very low thirties, the rest bordering between the 18 - 22° mark and five days of below 15 knots - most being in the strong wind category. January has been a little better??? with one day hitting the low thirties but with slightly calmer winds.

Thanks must go to Ray Musgrave for producing the front cover. We hope to change it every couple of issues. Please give him a call if you think you can help out. Ray's also got a new beaut photocopier and that can make good copies of photos. We the original if we are to get the best possible copy.

Keep sending the articles. If sending a 3 1/2" floppy disk please have it formatted as Claris works or Microsoft works (Apple Mac) or on a DOS disk. If DOS send either standard double-sided disks in 720K format, or high-density disks in the 1440K format.

NEW MEMBERS

On behalf of the club I welcome the following new members:

Kate Broughton 25 Florence Ave, Upwey 3158 (03) 9754 6101H
Katrina Graham 53 Johnson St, Thornbury 3071 (03) 9484 7768 H
Barry Wiggins 113 Main Rd, Paynesville 3880 018 517 459W
Geoff Nicol 24 Thames St, Frankston 3199 (03) 9781 5287H (03) 9611 1584W

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Karen Thornton C/- Ozone Hotel, 42 Gellibrand St, Queenscliff
(052) 581 011W 0419 367 629 Mobile

Wilson's Promontory Paddle (Depart Tidal River, 26 Dec, expected finish Yanakie 31st Dec 1995) Highlights for the trip, good company, beautiful scenery, good weather. I should have taken a panorama camera to capture the excellent views.

John HYNDMAN, Ray MUSGRAVE, Lyndon ANDERSON, Rex BROWN, Laurie ATKINSON in Greenlanders
Brian WALLACE - Pittarak, Jeff FORD - Artic Raider, John STOMPS - Iceflow

Tue 26th Foster to Oberon Bay

Meet at Foster and a last chance to visit shops including a bakery for freshly baked bread. Inspected Lyndon's new Greenlander surprised at the apparent lack of strength when pressing on the deck, Brian displayed his modified Pittarak (the lack of room for Brian's feet meant that he had to raise the deck), John STOMPS introduced his new rudder which also doubles as a Radar detector. On to Tidal River and the task of loading our boats Brian appeared to packing light whilst I was seen to return luxuries back to the car due to the lack of space, Laurie seemed to have more equipment scattered around his Kayak and faced with the dilemma I know only too well with the small opening of the Henderson Hatches. Next the car shuffle to Duck Point, Yanakie courtesy of a return trip in Ray's vehicle. A decision had been made earlier not to visit Skull Rock due to sharks feeding on seals who have had their pups at this time of the year. A Japanese tourist being photographed sitting on Lyndon's Kayak was the first hazard encountered, however his kayak survived. The Victoria Police Search and Rescue squad wished us all well while they were confronted with the task of locating a missing 14yr old boy who was washed from rocks while fishing at Squeaky beach two days earlier. They too had encountered a hazard and blown the outboard motor to their inflatable, we all hoped we did not have a similar problem. We were all ready to pull our boat by hand due to the low tide at Tidal River but to our surprise we were able to paddle most of the way including out the mouth and into the sea.

Finally with departed into 15 knot S/W, it was great to pass through the small surf knowing that we had the rest of our trip to go. Arrived at Oberon Bay and set up camp courtesy of Ray finding the camp site, a walk along the beach and a dead seal was inspected but no signs of being a shark victim and over onto a rocky point left us all with a postcard view one we all wished we could take home.

Wed 27th Oberon Bay to Waterloo Bay

Up and breakfast, a light S/W wind, my adrenaline was starting the pump, I knew the day was possibly the most dangerous, rounding South East Point Lighthouse does not offer any chance to pull in because of the steep cliffs and the winds and currents. Experiences here have provided Captains of much larger ship to loose more hair than I have?

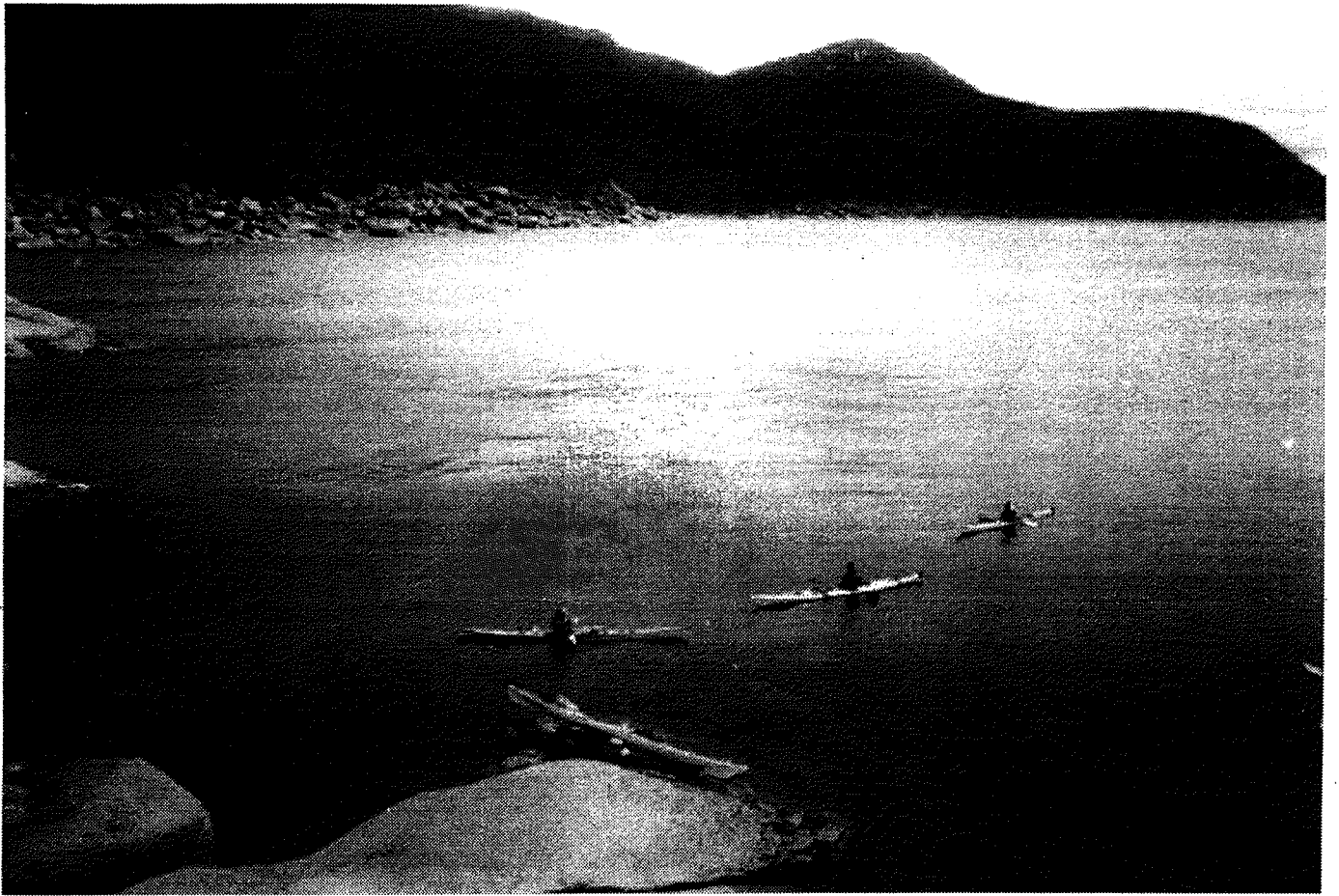
Off we ventured in against the cliffs and the washing machine effect of waves rebounding off the cliffs was a treasure we will all remember, the task was not only to look to the right at the sea but also the left at rebounding waves. Although the tides shown of the chart run between 1 - 2 knots they get up to 5 or more knots through the funnelling effect of the islands. The trip had been organised so that we paddled with the tide and this was particularly noticeable at South Point between Wattle Island. As we crossed into Fenwick Bight (Roaring Meg) the water was calmer and we all ventured into the very small sandy beach and had an unexpected short stop for a drink and stretch.

On to S/E Point and the waves gained in size, the actual size could not be fully agreed on but to set the picture there were frequent intervals of not seeing other kayakers, however all paired up and kept an eye out for others. Finally around the Lighthouse point into the calmer and protected waters, I stopped paddling only to find I was drifting backwards thanks to the eddy effect of the current. A short stop at the light house revealed the lighthouse keeper was expecting us. On to Waterloo Point and as we rounded the point the funnelling effect of the S/W wind and the mountains found us now battling a constantly gusty Westerly head wind. The time spent looking for sea eagles was rewarded with one gliding out from Mt Boulder into Waterloo Bay and finally we all made it ashore then another battle northward to the camp site. A suspect snorer was quickly isolated however by morning a new suspect emerged, was that you Ray??? The local Ranger "Swampy" advised us of a shark taking seals of Darby River, perhaps it was a good idea not to visit Skull Rock.

Thur 28th Waterloo Bay to Sealers Cove

On our way to Refuge Cove, waves were rebounding from the rocks but the water was soon calm, on occasions sails started to emerge, into Refuge Cove and lunch on a rocky outcrop overlooking the beach. As we departed I notice my bilge pump was working overtime and I could not turn it off, I opened the rear hatch





only to see water lapping the hatch, it certainly pays to check your hatch cover is fully on and not half like mine was. On to Horn Point and there is was again a gusty Westerly headwind funnelling through Mt RAMSAY and Mt LATROBE, although the tide was dropping we managed to get in the mouth of Sealers Creek and set up camp. A walk up a nearby hill and out onto some rocks gave a magnificent view of Sealers Cove and also several late bushwalkers obstructed by Sealers Creek which had now risen. The Rosella's at Sealers take great delight at helping you during meal time and I was able to give them water soaked biscuits. Another Ranger "Macka" informed us of a recent encounter of a twenty foot white pointer in Sealers Cove. The measurement was interesting as the ranger accompanied Fisheries and Wildlife Officers in there 18 foot shark cat and the shark was longer than their boat.

Fri 29th Sealers Cove to Johnny Sueys Cove
A light South easterly wind dropped away, a short stop at Miranda Bay allowed the examination the old ship wreck the Miranda, onto Johnny Sueys Cove and set up camp. The group divided by fishing off the rocks and other circumnavigating Rabbit Island. I must talk about the fishing especially to two huge sharks caught by Ray and John HYNDMAN, thankfully Jeff gave me a lesson if fishing spots, which led to the capture of much larger fish including Ling, Parrot, Cod, and Luderick. As for the sand flies I still have bites itching.

Sat 30th Johnny Sueys to Tin Mine Point and onto Yanakie
A expected strong Southeasterly wind encouraged us to an early start against the tide in the entrance, it was great to see four sail up, prior to Tin Mine Point I observe a small yacht captained by Jeff aground on a rock, fortunately he was able to drop his sail and use turbo power to recover. Then for a debate should we continue back to Yanakie or camp, with some keen to get back it was decided not to split the group and we all headed back. After we waited for the tide to turn and the mud banks to be covered. The S/E wind had picked up and those with sails made use of the wind, Linden, Ray and Brian decided to use a hutchie (tent fly) tied to paddles to catch the wind back to Yanakie. They may have been a little slow but I am reliably informed they did not paddle one stroke. The distance of fifteen kilometres was covered in two hours courtesy of the current and wind.

~Intrepid Kayak Reporter Rex.

"KNOW YOUR TIDES, WATCH THE WEATHER." by Russell Jennings

FURNEAUX GROUP - CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF FLINDERS AND CAPE BARREN ISLANDS.

December 20 1993 - January 1994

Summer 1993/94 was a particularly wild one. Continual gale force winds swept south eastern Australia. Sydney was under siege from bushfire while snow fell in the high country of Tasmania, Victoria and NSW. The Sydney to Hobart yacht race was decimated by gale force SE winds. It is for the wild and unpredictable weather that this trip is most memorable.

Participants were:

Helen Murray ~ Pittarak Expedition
Russell Jennings ~ Pittarak Expedition
Parrish Robinns ~ Pittarak Nautilus
Wendy Wait ~ Greenlander IV

Maps used: Tasman 1:100 000 series Flinders Island 1985

The Australian Pilot was invaluable for tidal stream information. Tides in Bass Strait Flood from east to west and consequently Ebb from west to east. As Flinders and Cape Barren Islands present a vast barrier to the tidal flow, tides at the the north and south extremities can attain up to six knots (11 kilometres per hour).

Tasmanian tide tables were obtained from Boat Books, Nepean Hwy, St Kilda. Tide times are shown for Lady Barren and Whitemark. Tide Times elsewhere are estimations.

Weather reports: A transistor radio tuned ABC 936 AM or 900 AM at 0555 hours, 1230 hours or 1755 hours have good comprehensive weather reports. (Correct in December '93)

Boats were freighted by Flinders Strait Shipping from Port Welshpool for \$100 return per boat and had to be packed and ready at Welshpool two weeks in advance. Freight is calculated by volume not weight how they measure the volume of a sea kayak is still a mystery) so the boats were loaded with 28 days food and camping gear and need to be padded to prevent damage. These people are used to freighting sheep and hardware, not sea kayaks.

Basically the group was loosely organised as two independent and self sufficient couples. At times during the trip we went our own ways and

met to camp at a prearranged location. The facilities to carry a large amount of fresh water (20L) was helpful. Streams (after good rain) were reliable early in the trip, but when these dried up we relied on tanks at huts which are on nearly every island.

We cooked on a Trangia stove and used approximately one litre of fuel per 6-7 days (for 2 persons).

An excellent reference on the Furneaux Group is "Flinders Island and eastern Bass Strait" by Jean Edgecombe.

-/-

Wendy and I arrived in Whitemark on a sleepy, warm Sunday. The one taxi on the island took us to the one pub in town. The main street was deserted. We had no camping gear and searched the horizon to the west for 'Flinders Strait Shipping.' True to their word they arrived at 7:00pm and I walked to the docks to make sure the boats weren't attacked by a forklift or similar fate. They were stowed for the night in the shed. Hele and Parrish were to arrive in a few days so we decided to paddle 13km south to Trousers Point, a stunning bay with enticing green shallows and a camping area with, most importantly, a water tank. Drinking water at this stage was a scarce resource. The paddle to Trousers Point was deceptively warm - the only time on the whole trip that I didn't paddle in a thermal top. Across a maze of shallow water we had a spectacular view of the 700 metre Strezlecki Ranges. A moderate NE wind was blowing offshore. I couldn't help but wonder about the seas on the east side. The view from Strezlecki Peak the next day was breathtaking. The wind was also breathtaking - a good 30 - 40 knots. From the summit we could clearly see standing waves in tidal races around the offshore Chappell Islands and were thankful we had a campsite on the lee side. That night it poured and blew from the NE. On the coast we were buffeted by express train gusts and awoke next morning to see spray being whipped up and blown away offshore. However, our fresh water problems were solved. Every small stream was flowing - a blessing on these dry islands.

Hele and Parrish flew in, discovered a damaged boat from the transport and spent the rest of a rainy day placing a patch in the Pittarak. We met at Trousers Point the next day and took off into Franklin Sound, the passage of shallow water separating Flinders and Cape Barren Islands. Hindsight is a wonderful thing and we should have put more thought into which

direction we would travel around these islands in an attempt to double guess the winds. In reality, a headwind was the likely result no matter which way we went!

We camped at Big River Cove, a splendid isolated river, after a leisurely 8km paddle. The sea surface is generally calm in Franklin Sound due to the shallow sand bars at the eastern entrance and Islands to the west breaking the swell. However, spring tides can be fast flowing. Fortunately we were only two days away from neap tides (least difference between high and low tide) so passage through here presented us with few problems, except to work out when the tide turned and wait until it was flowing our way.

The next day, Christmas Eve, we crossed Franklin Sound to Cape Barren Island. It was a grey, misty, drizzly and cold day. We were faced with crossing against the tide or hanging out an enticing pastoralists hut at Everetts Cove on the island. I vividly remember grabbing a bag of clothes and food and running along the beach to the hut muttering something about "just like Queensland only ...". It was a difficult place to leave despite the somewhat agricultural scenery. Practically all the smaller offshore islands have been cleared for grazing in the last century and on many there is scarcely a tree left to shelter behind. Native wildlife is scarce. The further we went the more we wondered about the rape and pillage of these islands and how they had changed in the ensuing years. Camp was made at Prickly Bottom Beach after a drift through the shallows surprising the odd baby shark and stingray. It was a novelty to have search for a campsite. So many places now have designated camping areas for good reason. Less frequent areas such as this require the near lost art of campsite finding. Imagination and creativity are essential and the pattern for the next few weeks became: hit the beach and spread out into the dunes in four directions, regroup for a quick discussion and then disappear to the chosen spot like rats up a drainpipe. Camping on the beaches was not really an option in such a windy place. Parrish was the terrestrial explorer in the group and had soon discovered a shack nearby and met the owners. Christmas morning we called by and generously topped up our water containers at the house of Frank and Emily. They had lived in this lovely bay for twenty years.

The wind had done a 180° shift to the north and high cloud was moving in. We rounded the western end of Cape Barren Island in slight seas

-/-

to land at Thunder and Lightning Bay before moving on to Armstrong Channel and Preservation Island where we discovered a palatial hut. It was nearby in 1796 that the ship 'Sydney Cove' was run aground after taking water crossing the notorious Banks Strait after rounding Tasmania. Bass Strait had yet to be discovered. Whilst the survivors made do on Preservation, the liquor was stored on Rum Island. Some men in a longboat rowed (yes rowed) to what is believed to be Ninety Mile Beach and a couple of men made it up the coast to Sydney by foot to raise the alarm.. Eventually two ships arrived at the island. One entered the Armstrong Channel with its five entrances and was never seen again. The other rescued the survivors. The Sydney Cove wreck was important in that it indirectly led to the discovery of Bass Strait and also it led to the discovery of seals in the area. The hut was used as a base to raise artifacts from the wreck which lies in less than ten metres of water and contain a window to era being the first merchant ship to sail for the colony.

Pinned down the next day by a 30 to 40 knot Sou'easter, we were thankful for the refuge of the hut and, had it been locked would have probably have camped in the lee anyway. Not a tree in sight. This front was a precursor to the next one that decimated the 1993 Sydney to Hobart fleet. The next morning was ominously calm and glassy seas tempted us back on the water. We made the detour to paddle through the gap between Rum and Preservation. An eerie spot knowing the history. We then turned Nor'east across the channel to Wombat Point, a fascinating jumble of Wilson's Prom like granite through which we could paddle. Armstrong Channel proved to be virtually estuary paddling conditions with such good protection from the islands. Wendy and I discussed doing a lap of Clarke Island and meeting the others at Seal Point. (The seals are long gone - slaughtered after the discovery of Preservation Island). The unstable weather convinced us to stay within the channel and by mid afternoon we were forced to camp, unable to make any further headway into a renewed Sou'easter that had "come from nowhere." Up in the dunes of Battery Bay the next morning we were left with no option but land exploration for the day. Standing on the head of Sloping Point with the binoculars leaning into gale force winds I could see three of the channel entrance/exit points clearly. All were a seething mass of white water. In the background the infamous Moriarty Banks was cranked up into a boiling pot of water as waves broke from all directions.

Several sea kayakers have been rescued from this vicinity when attempting to cross Banks Strait from Tasmania and have misjudged the tides.

For reasons unspoken we decided the next day to exit the Armstrong Channel and head for Cape Barren itself. We calculated the tides and extrapolated for local variations etc and decided that the all important slack tide would be 10:45am.

Perfect. We were a good ten km paddle from our chosen exit passage - The Sea Lion Narrows. We consulted the 'the Pilot' and the charts. All was ready. Again that ominous calm had arrived. We crossed the wider but shallower entrance craning our necks and seeing lots of surf. Waves breaking on sandbars inside the channel gave us the chance for a lighthearted and safe ride. As we approached the Sea Lion Narrows the current felt weak and we thought we'd cracked it - slack tide. However, we only half cracked it. One side of this 600 metre wide passage was slack, the other half was ebbing. In the middle lies a submerged rock. There was nowhere obvious to land and scout. We decided to go. The boys (being boys) took the ebbing line. Much to my horror as I passed 10 metres left of the submerged rock a large swell passed and it appeared as if "Jaws" was thrust skywards. I frantically waved Parrish away and he broke through a hefty standing wave a little left of my line and we both paddled along the edge of a huge boil line where water was being forced up. The girls took the sensible line and we regrouped just outside the Narrows. The swell pushed up by the Sou'easters was short and sharp with the ebbing current. No-one said much - we just gave each other these awestruck looks. The swell was estimated to be five metres. Having paddled in lake like conditions for the day, the size was a little off-putting. The thunder and rust from the break zone as we passed one bay, and then another was frightening. None of us was prepared to land in such big surf. This wild up and down ride on a swiftly ebbing current along the coast was a highlight with the power of nature and the insignificance of humans clearly evident. One thing about a big swell is the effect on the stomach. Two of us were feeling crook and it got to the stage where we inevitably had to land. Our 100 000 topo map was of limited value in trying to choose a safe landing. We calculated the direction of the swell and went for Jamieson's Bay, resigned to our fate. We could swim in if we had to ... As we approached the headland a promontory of rock jutted out. The

ra
al
la
sh
sn
W
th
al
th
th
ex
rel
pr
isl
ha
fac
wa
wi
lee
isl
litt
flat
Ne
the
Wi
dry
afte
"wi
wit
low
and
"ca
afte
star
mea
'Far
Frai
a ris
We
on F
Lad
stor
west
the t
thre
Islar
beh
Islar
the i
I wo
sight
the o
for th
oppo
in tw
to sta
west
A ritu
Regai

rather large waves kept on relentlessly straight ahead, while we did a sharp left turn and landed, to our astonishment, in a half metre shore break. At the back of the beach was a small stream to wash the salt water off. Lucky. We camped there for two days and explored this area in all directions. Parrish walked back along the coast to view the narrows again and then climbed Mt Kerford. Wendy and I climbed the closer Mt Munro and then walked the extensive dune system at Cape Barren itself. On returning to the beach there were hiking boot prints - bushwalkers also circumnavigate this island. Rounding Cape Barren set us on the long haul up the endless beaches of the east Coast facing the Tasman Ocean. This 100 km stretch was to take us ten days and stretch our patience with the weather severely. The east coast is a lee shore for the westerlies. However, the islands are generally so flat that this affords little protection from the wind - only the swell is flattened. After rounding Cape Barren we spent New Years Eve and New Years Day camped in the dunes at the entrance of a place we named Windy Lagoon being hassled by a vigorous, but dry Sou'west "breeze". We were forced in here after rounding a headland and being forced to "walk" our boats along the shore towing them with climbing slings to make headway. Being low in the water the cockpits eventually filled and the looks on our faces again said "camp". The saga of the east coast continued after the lay day with a dawn start. We were starting to realise that a calm morning did not mean a calm afternoon. The wreck of the 'Farsund' lies at the southern entrance back into Franklin Sound and afforded good shelter from a rising Nor'wester heralding yet another front. We had decided to visit the only other "town" on Flinders Island apart from Whitemark called Lady Barron. Getting there was a different story. The flood tide was being propelled westwards by a now 25 knot Nor'wester and the tide was at its peak. We had to cross the three kilometre main channel to get to Great Dog Island and Lady Barron. It was time for a break behind a clump of noxious weeds on Vansittart Island. My sources told me that all the trees on the island had been plundered for ships masts - I wondered how we humans could be so short-sighted. The legendary "Pot Boil Shoals" lay on the other side. We used the line of sight method for the crossing - looked at a point on the land opposite, pointed our noses at it and paddled in two pairs as the choppy seas made it difficult to stay close. we were swept rapidly westwards while travelling northwards slowly. A ritual at Lady Barron is the New Years Regatta Day with usually many of the

Sydney/Hobart fleet passing back to the mainland. Anyway, the regatta features a sailing event for all comers with a lap of Great Dog Island. We had a prime view. I still vividly remember being slapped in the face by every second wave and watching this race pass by in front of me - all the time stupidly thinking that we were going to end up in the middle of it. By the time we landed in the last calm sunny and totally deserted little cove on Great Dog Island, the race was but an hallucination. We slumped on the piles of washed up seagrass wondering where we would find the reserves of energy needed to reach Lady Barron in these conditions. Fortunately the main channel was exactly that - that all the tide went down it whilst we paddled in a daze towards a distant wharf. We had seen two people in a week and were in for a rude shock. A foreign looking man on the wharf took my picture then shouted down at us "Are you coming to Narna's?" in a rich European accent. Stuck for words, I could only answer "No" and wonder who he thought we were, and where he thought we had come from!! Camping on the shore just 100m from the 'centre of town' we availed ourselves of the luxuries at the store and the pub and then retreated back to camp having decided one night here was more than enough. Tomorrow we faced the east coast again, but first we had to pass pot Boil Point. This area of sandbars guarding the eastern entrance to Franklin Sound heeds great respect from all sailors. It is notorious in any wind from the east. We were expecting a SW change overnight and again were aiming to arrive at the point at slack tide. The dawn start went perfectly; the change had arrived and for the first time we flew our parafoil kites and sailed the 10 km down the channel to the point. The fluorescent colours of the kites contrasted with the grey early morning and added to the drama of approaching a place you dread. This time it was an anti-climax. The shoals while still 'boiling', were calm enough to cross. One could imagine the place in a big sea.

Turning northward we could again see the distant shapes of Babel Island and the Patriarchs seemingly rising out of the ocean, the only significant hills along the east coast. True to form the searching wind was running down the coast off the front quarter of our boats. We literally hugged the shore. The big SE swell was mostly gone and only an occasional beach break necessitated paddling out wider. It made for good viewing of the shoreline. The eastern sides of Flinders And Cape Barren are a network of lagoons and inlets. Cameron Inlet was closed to the sea but we carried our boats up onto the

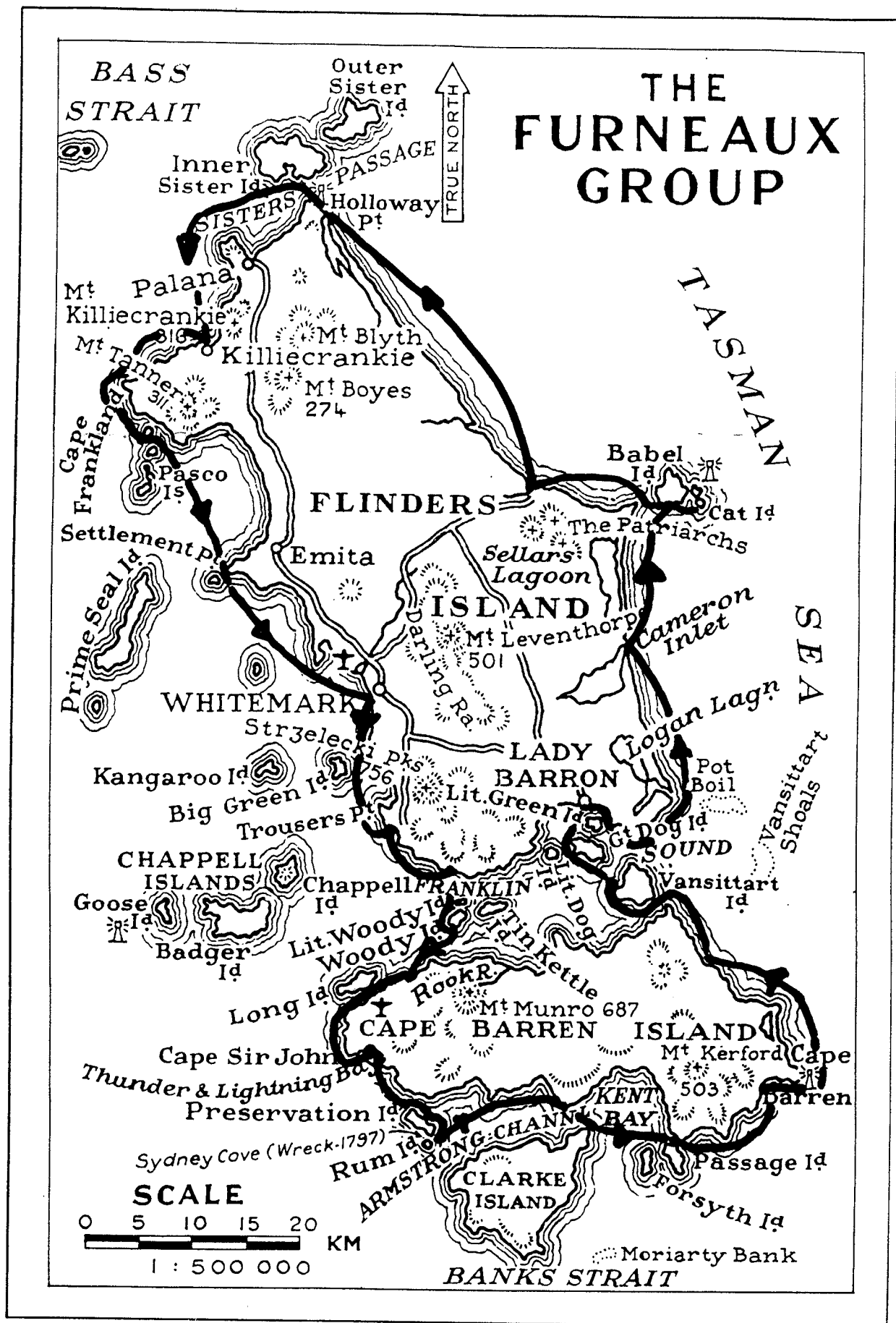
beach and found a sheltered camp in the tea tree. Unfortunately road access meant trail bikes and they took great delight in tearing up and down the beach. We feared they would jump a dune and land on our boats and were thankful for dusk when they left. The peaceful inlet was a haven for thousands of water birds yet none of the east coast coast is reserved as anything more than "Unallocated Crown Land". It is fast being destroyed by irresponsible use of vehicles.

The swell had picked up next morning as we set off for Babel Island and Sellars Point, the only feature to break the 100 km line of sand. We also picked up a welcome northward flowing flood current as we approached the island. Parrish took the bold line close inshore to escape the wind and at one stage we who were paddling out a little further had a large set pass under us. We looked shorewards and saw him disappear under whitewater and reappear swimming. I sprinted in to help him gather up some loose gear, straighten his bent rudder and relaunch. A passing fishing boat gave us valuable tidal information and the weather forecast - westerly change of 40 knots plus. It was already blowing 15 knots from the west so we took advantage of the tailwind by heading for Babel Island, conscious that we might be there for several days. Babel Island is a shearwater colony - after the trip I was told that it was the largest rookery in SE Australia with up to 4 million birds - Yes 4 million!! Consequently finding a campsite after landing in the small dumping surf was difficult. the remains of old "muttonbirders" huts were checked out and rejected due to their dilapidated state, however later we did spend time in the best kept hut a twenty minute rock in the next bay. It also had a freshwater rain tank without a hole. At dusk we sat on the headland and watched thousands (millions??) of shearwaters return from a day's fishing to land with a splat in the bush around us. It was a noisy night and their pre-dawn departure to avoid predators such as the everpresent sea eagles left us to sleep. The wind was as promised. Next evening there was a notable lack of shearwaters in the sky at dusk. We assumed the thousands of birds just spent the night floating out east due to the gale force winds making return to Babel Island too exhausting. Exploration of the island was not easy - it was honeycombed with burrows. Try as we did not collapse any on our walks - we inevitably did and decided to stay put in order to cause as little damage as possible. The fishing boats had moved to our bay overnight, there was a gale warning for all Victorian and

Tasmanian waters, Sydney was burning and we were freezing.

Off the eastern tip of Babel Is. lies a smaller, flatter island known as Cat Island. We had heard that some amateur ornithologists were in residence to study the almost extinct (in this area due to fire and hunting for fish bait) Australian Gannett population. Life was rather desperate - 8 people were crammed into a windblasted hut that had already been blown apart once. They were expecting us and were hungry to talk to other people. It was a castaways existence and we were thankful we had chosen the more sheltered Babel for our camp. A now daily ritual was to tune to the weather forecast. After two nights on Babel we listened for a break in the weather. Next morning the wind had dropped to 15 knots and just after dawn we were frantically packing. We still had to cross the Sellars Point sandspit which extends right out to the island but the lee shore again meant low swell and we crossed easily paddling 16km in 3.5 hours to Patriarch Inlet. We had travelled 16km in five days! It was a futher 10k's to the next inlet so we headed for the tea tree to camp again. Patriarch Inlet was the scene of a mass stranding of pilot whales in the seventies and some bones still remain. With road access we received a few tourist visitors but with the wind again blasting down the beach we spent little time on it. i remember watching an older pacific gull teaching some young birds how to crack shells on the rocks. With the wild seas, land exploration was again the order of the day. North Patriarch afforded views of 360° and having sampled the westerly wind atop this peak we were thankful we were on the east side. We discussed abandoning the trip but with quite a few days up our sleeves, decided to push on. However, with Hele sick and visiting the doctor in Whitemark we decided that the next break in the weather Wendy and I would keep going.

Spring tides were due today (9/1) and with the Sisters Passage at the northern tip of Flinders Island to negotiate we were actively trying to calculate the tidal influence and time our run to North East River. Another dead calm glassy dawn and we were away on the final 32km of beach. As small local breezes puffed in our faces we cursed them, for up to now they had always built into gales by lunch. This time they puffed and faded. It was the tide that slowed us. We knew that the ebb current flowed south in this part of the island from Sisters Passage, but we could not afford to be fussy. High tide was just after 9am. We departed at 7am and by the time



Islands of the Furneaux Group — George Elliott.

we were approaching the tip we could not even rest for we would go backwards. Wendy and I negotiated the bar at North East River and slumped exhausted on the beach. With so little paddling before today we were out of condition. Some friendly locals offered us some water from their tank which we were glad to accept - the top up meant a welcome wash. Later that evening we walked around the headland to view the passage which we would have to negotiate tomorrow. It was an emotional moment. We had struggled stubbornly against the weather for ten days and it was a great sense of achievement to have reached "the end of the beach." The passage itself was two kilometres wide and riddled with standing waves the size of which we could only guess. It was the Port Phillip Rip, without the ships. We studied it thoroughly through binoculars, for with 2.5 hours to the end of the flood it was the same time of tide that we would pass through in the morning.

The best sunrise of the trip greeted us. The pristine river was flooding and with some butterflies we packed and launched having to eddy hop our way out of the river mouth against the tide, with the charts showing a six knot current through the passage on the spring tide we were expecting a great ride, however from the water the passage looked dead flat and we thought we had miscalculated. a slight Nor'wester was blowing with the tide whereas the previous night had been a slight westerly against the flow. Once into the middle we were off. A passing fisherman waved a cheery good morning. Big boils came to the surface regularly. With the sun shining and a tail wind - we were in haven. We rode the current a long way off shore for ten km then turned towards Killiecrankie Bay with our kites towing us towards a picturesque mountain backdrop. The easiest 22km of the trip. That day we clocked 40km around Cape Franklin to Roydon (or Lion) Island where we again found a rather nice little hut. It turns out a guy had tried to claim the island under some mining lease scam but the CNR people had other ideas. His efforts were welcome anyway. Sitting atop the crouching lion shaped island that evening I could see out to the Kent group to the north, 70km away and to the SW, Prime Seal Island. I was sure there were no seals there any more and thought a name change might be appropriate in these more enlightened times.

With only 34km to Whitemark and being inside the ring of islands that protect most of the west coast of Flinders Island we were confident the

trip was nearly over. Another clear day with light winds made for great viewing as we glided over the shallows of Parry's Bay towards Whitemark (named as such because that is what was visible of the track from the beach in early days). The wind had dropped and the bay was like a mirror as we landed and I couldn't help but remember the words of a Scotsman in the Lands Department office when I mentioned our trip before departing: He said simply "Know your tides, watch the weather."

-//-

Sorrento - Mud Island - South Channel Fort Sorrento by Ray Musgrave

Weather Report: Fine, max 33°, North to North Easterly Breeze, seas rising to 1 metre. (Reality 30°, Northerly all day and abated to a zephyr in the afternoon with seas becoming very smooth).

An excellent trip was had by the 14 participants with John Hyndman as trip organiser (this man must know somebody in higher authority to organise the weather conditions and tides to perfection). Left Sorrento about 10:30am heading due north towards Mud Island, approx. 9km. About 4km off Sorrento a sea fog rolled in through the heads and partly up the bay, tended to keep to the shores more than the middle of the bay after entering the heads, an interesting phenomena to behold. Had to stop to wait for a large container ship to pass heading down the channel, the speed of these monoliths can never be underestimated. After the ship passed we had an uneventful paddle to Mud Island. The island may have mud in or on it somewhere but it appears to be made up of shells built up over the milleniums with salt bush and grasses being the main vegetation. The island is a bird sanctuary to a myriad of bird life: swans, terns, seagulls, gannets to name a few. Some of the adventurous paddlers decided to catch sharks by hand, no not the great white but one we call a banjo shark, no teeth to talk about but can give you a nasty suck. As the water was only 600mm deep in places, an interesting sight to behold as kayaks and paddlers dipped into the water to catch the sharks, a success rate of 60% wasn't bad, most went back into the water, they are also not too bad to eat. The award goes to one paddler, who shall remain nameless, for trying to perfect the eskimo roll whilst picking up a shark on the bottom of the exercise, 10 out of 10 for effort. Had brunch on Mud Island with thousands of seagulls who weren't too impressed with our intrusion. After brunch, headed off to South Channel Fort, a relic left over from the 1800's when Australia had a fear

of a Russian invasion. It is entirely man made, getting the material there, let alone building it and maintaining it and manning it is a credit to our forebears. Alighted at the fort, some had a look around the old gun emplacements whilst others went diving, the water was the clearest many of us have seen it for years, could see the bottom at 6 - 10 metres. After an hour or so of exploring we headed back to Sorrento. It was a hot day with calm sea, nearly everybody spent another hour practising rolling, support strokes and rescue techniques. On behalf of everybody who partook, thank you and especially John for being the organiser.

TRUE STORIES!! by Michael Koppenol

I decided to share some of my experiences as both ex- seaman and paddler with my fellow kajakers. About 20 years ago I was employed as an assistant marine engineer on (Dutch) ocean going tug boats. Memories of 2 particular journeys I would like to share with the reader. The largest tugboat I've ever worked on had a capacity of 22000Hp available on 2 adjustable pitch propellers and it was and think still is the largest ever build ocean going tugboat. With this ship we towed a huge oil rig from Europe to South Africa. We weren't able to go any faster than a miserly 2 knots, and during a 60+ knots hurricane we encountered in the Gulf of Biscaye November '76, we were the ones who got towed backwards at a steady 3 knots per hour over a period of 24 hours. During that night lying in my bunk I could feel the boat forever going on a downward slide and kept thinking when is she going to get back up? We then got hit by it seems a million ton hammer. Any ocean going yacht would have been smashed to soggy potato chips. For 2 weeks we were buffeted by heavy seas and only after those 2 weeks the captain allowed us to see daylight, because all windows were sealed off with steel covers. These tug boats are extremely well built and can withstand anything, provided she has a seaworthy crew as well (we flew the Dutch flag and not one of those cheap flags nowadays seen on so many ships). The largest ever job we did was towing a 400000 ton Ultra large crude carrier from Galveston (Texas) to Singapore via Cape Town in 110 days.

We never saw land for all those days, because we had to stay well clear of all shipping lanes and bunkered fuel from our tanker whilst towing! The average speed used to be around 6 to 8 knots.

This ULCC nearly got us in trouble twice. Ones at night an unknown ship (cheap flag carrier presumably!) crossed between us and our tanker (we always towed any object at a distance of 1 km behind us.) If we would have had a torpedo on board, our captain would have given us orders to sink her. On the second occasion during our passage well south of Cape Town we got ourselves into a force 11 gale. The incredible hulk was off to Antarctica towing us instead! (we were all looking forward to a ski trip!) I will never forget this incredible sight of seeing this monster charging past us. Then it slowly changed direction and some 12 hours later could be seen at right angles to our direction. It simply had a life of its own and slowly kept gyrating from starboard to port side. Each gyration took about 12 hours, so when you came back on duty this rust bucket had changed its mind ones again. Impressive stuff I can tell you! These waves were the real thing and made you feel very humble indeed. At sea there is always very little room for error. Anyway it was one of the largest towing job ever carried out for the company, so we got our pay but never a medal. To me it was a true expedition, but who these days is interested in an expeditionary? Funny enough it is Chris Sewell who, after my absence of 5 years from the water, got me back on salt water because one day he showed me his brand new Greenlander. I gotta have something like that too and quickly bought myself an old 2nd hand Iceflow and after having investigated this coffin, wanted to make a few alterations. So I immediately decided to make a large rear hatch and bring the old rear bulk head forward to just behind the seat thereby creating more storage space.

After having cut a hole for this hatch opening, it seemed rather large and in fact so large that it could easily accommodate a backwards paddling guest on board of my reborn coffin. (At least it would never be a lonely paddle!) I also wanted a beautiful rudder like all those other fancy little yachts. After some trials I thought to have the ultimate rudder design, so off I went trying it on Port Phillip Bay. It rather seemed to slow my little coffin down and well to such a degree that I hardly made any headway at all! It dawned on me I was the proud owner of a newly and not yet patented break system for seakajaks! I did not yet need my secret break system, so I made a smart little rudder which actually functioned very well. After all this work and applying kilos of fibreglass resin to make my rear hatch water tight, my coffin had put on a considerable amount of weight. It must have weighted nearly

30kg by now! I wanted to enter the Murray Marathon with me coffin (I completed the race but find river paddling extremely boring just the same) and for this race I did my training on Port Phillip Bay. For good measure I decided a one day trip from Port Melbourne to Geelong should be included in my training schedule, so arranged to have my wife drop me off at Sandridge Beach (Port Melbourne) and pick me up in Geelong. She mumbled something like me being crazy. The weather forecast was fine, sunny and north westerly winds up to 15 knots and freshening winds later in the afternoon.

I kissed my love goodbye and departed at 8.30 am. On board I had an in build compass as well as a hand held compass (for taking bearings) around my neck and kept this underneath my shirt when not needed. A water proof map inside a plastic waterproof case was strapped onto the deck ropes as well as under the shock cords, so it could never get washed overboard (holding it under shock cords only is in my opinion unsatisfactorily). I carried a 4 litre drink water container mixed with a fairly strong solution of energy replacement (polycose or energy plus) in the rear compartment and fed a plastic hose through the bulk head and deck. The use of rubber grommets to seal off the feed-through makes everything water tight. Of course the container itself was also held in position with velcro straps. I could be rolled over and still at my leisure sipping away at my drink hose!

Come to think of it I could even use the entire rear compartment as my air supply when forced into extended under water excursions! No, I don't believe in deck strapped drink bottles when negotiating treacherous seas. A closed-cell foam lining glued on my seat with 2 bum holes in it and a 7cm high removable thigh support also made of the same material, together with a solid foot support was to provide me with many hours of comfortable paddling. Carrying a float strapped on the rear-deck gave me "psychological support" and was usable as pillow to laze about on, in case my coffin would disappear from underneath me. This float was made of 2 air filled wine bladders held in a bag. A set of flippers I had also strapped inside the boat in case everything else failed. (Yes, I carried a life jacket) From Sandridge Beach I did cut across to Point Cook, had a rest there and continued on towards Werribee for another break. From there the coffin headed straight for Point Wilson. By then the wind had shot up to approx. 30 knots with up to 40 knots gusts. It was surfing for quite long distances with moments of gusts during which I had to brace

for all it was worth. In a very short space of time waves got whipped up to 2 meters. What a nasty swimming pool it suddenly had become! At one stage a wave coming in from behind, buried me coffin over its entire length (or what it seemed like afterwards) and would have keeled her over if not a lighting brace would have saved her. During really strong gusts I decided not to paddle at all, and instead remained under constant bracing support until the gusts had past. I also applied this when a larger than average wave passed underneath. I noticed it took 5 to 6 smaller waves before a much larger one appeared. During those moments of relative "inactivity" I paddled the boat at approx. 30 degrees off the general direction, allowing me to get an easier view of incoming waves, as well I would not be the victim of a surprise attack by being braced ineffectively. Thus I layed her 30 degrees to starboard until a big one appeared, during which I followed my "wave" precisely, and soon after it had passed layed her 30 degrees to port. That way I kept to my general direction of travel. It became almost an enjoyable ride! I was surprised to see the bow buried under water way past the front hatch! Had the coffin sprung a leak? At one stage I wondered if it would pitch pole, (you start to imagine things when you're under stress!) because I had to lean backwards like a surfer. I don't mind being tested, but rather not in the middle of Corio Bay. Speeds of up to 15 knots must have been reached during those extended periods of surfing. I kept telling myself to relax and counter balance the boat as naturally as possible, because one gets very tense when under stress for prolonged periods. I also had to visit the loo and really needed to stretch my legs as well. And as if my call was answered, there suddenly appeared a change in wave pattern there right in front of me! It was a 3 metre wide man made ridge (opposite Bird Rock?) submerged by less than half a foot of water, so got out and slightly increased the depth of Corio Bay. I ate my last boiled egg and while standing there for about 15 minutes, saw the water rise to nearly a foot because of very strong winds and incoming tide. I had to hurry and get into me coffin quick smart and leave this little safe spot. I can't say it was a sheltered spot anyway and felt quite lonely there in the middle of Corio Bay! I was wondering what people with binoculars must have been thinking, seeing a kajaker eating an egg and walking on water. After my short outing the wind increased further but seeing Geelong yacht club in the distance I decided to get closer inshore, but these ferocious wind gusts stopped me from making any headway towards the shore. I was forced to simply stay in the

midc
land
Any
gone
go!)
cove
allo
corre
of pa
favo
such
stor
repla
in w
nuts
ener
long
pizz
recip
duri
endu
the f
mist
By tl
such
wan
fit ar
pade

I nov
she f

Sorr
undi

Any
us a

Cont

First
opin
topic
news
PRO
othe
let m

1. Ru
Some
a ruc
you :
Offer
on th
go st

Othe

middle of the bay until the beach was reached. I landed at about 6.30 pm. What a relieve! Anyway, my wife told me she thought I had gone under with me coffin. (Not a bad way to go!) The total distance of approx. 60 km I had covered in about 8 hours of paddling (I have allowed approx. 2 hours for the breaks). The correct choice of food during extended periods of paddling is of course very important and I favour easily digestible (natural) food stuffs such as dates, but only combined with a fairly strong solution of food - and energy replacements like Polycose or Energy Plus mixed in with your drink water. Jelly Beans, raisins or nuts are in my opinion less useful because their energy output is only short lived, or it takes too long to digest. Eating ham sandwiches and pizza's just prior or during a paddle can be a recipe for disaster! It happened to me ones during the Murray Marathon in which I had to endure cramps and nearly slumped over onto the fore deck. (I can't however afford the same mistake at sea!)

By the way, this trip was a private trip and as such was responsible to myself only! If anyone wants to make this trip, please make sure you're fit and go with a party of at least 4 equally fit paddlers.

I now paddle a new Pittarak Nautilus, because she has such beautiful lines!

Sorry, I have sold my famous coffin for an undisclosed sum of money.

Anyone interested in making this trip please give us a call.

TECHNICAL TIPS

Controversial topics taken off the Internet

First a disclaimer: I am completely unopinionated. Do not argue with ME about these topics. Fill each other's email boxes, use the newsgroup, these are INTENDED TO PROMOTE DISCUSSION. However, if you have other topics that you feel belong in this section, let me know.

1. Rudders

Some will argue that a good boat does not need a rudder, that they are subject to breakage and you should not learn to use them as a crutch. Often these are the same people who put skegs on their boats because they are difficult to make go straight in certain sea conditions.

Others will argue that a rudder is a tool that

improves the safety and convenience of a boat, and not having one is pig-headed and blind to the utility of the device. They do admit, though, that the rudder had better be well constructed and durable.

2. Rolling

A roll is an excellent self-rescue tool, and a good first line of defence to an accidental tip. It does not absolve you from needing to learn other means of self-rescue, because in sea kayaking whatever tipped you over (big waves, high winds, fatigue) is still there when you try to roll, and if it was bad enough to tip you over in the first place, it may make your roll fail as well.

3. British boat mystique

The Brit boats (exemplified by Frank Goodman's Nordkapp and Derek Hutchinson's Baidarka Explorer) have a certain mystique among sea kayakers. They are designs proven in rough seas and long expeditions, and they have a number of features like built in bilge pumps, waterproof hatches and bulkheads, and recessed deck line fittings that were safety innovations when they were first introduced.

They are tippy, have small hatches and small cockpits, no rudders (see #1 above), and a cadre of devoted paddlers who seem to the unwashed masses to look down on other, lesser boats (gross generalization alert!) Be cautious of being talked into a boat you may not like by an enthusiast who will assure you that this is an 'expert' boat that you will have to 'grow into'. Some are also quite old designs that may not perform as well as some newer boats. There is a definite character to British-designed boats, born from the personalities that designed and built them, and the seas they were meant to be used on. Choose wisely and well.

--/

MORE ON FINS by Peter Carter

I was interested to read John Basemore's 'Skegs' in the August issue. Let me add to his comments, and include a short explanation of the dynamics involved.

Voyager

After experimenting with various rudder systems, I began fitting fins to my Voyager kayaks in 1986. The design evolved into what you see in Figure 1.

Key points in the design were a low parts count and minimum interference with loading aft of the fin case. That meant that nothing came through to the deck: the control cord runs in a tube in a three dimensional S curve against the hull.

Cleat and tensioning shock cord

Shock cord to lower

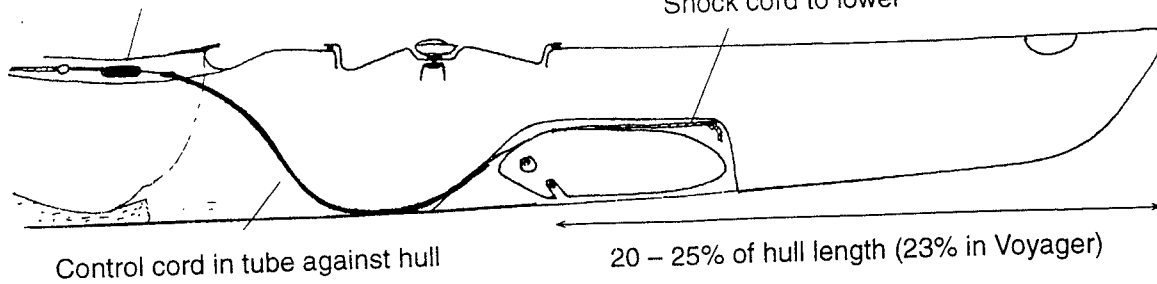


Figure 1 Voyager fin system

The Dynamics

The writers of sea kayak books never explain how fins and rudders work. I suspect this is because they don't understand the dynamics, although the problems are obvious enough. Unfortunately the naval architecture texts usually offer little help.

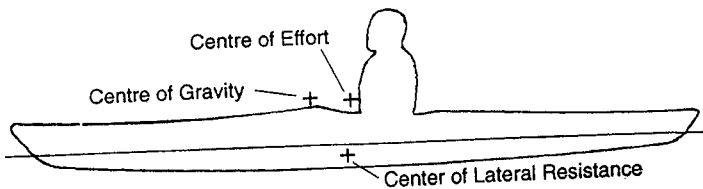


Figure 2 The static situation

Figure 2 shows three Centres¹; the Centre of Gravity, the Centre of Lateral Resistance (ie. the hull's resistance to being moved sideways), and the Centre of Effort (through which the wind can be considered to act). Left to itself, a kayak will drift sideways, because all three Centres are close to each other.

Things change when the boat is under way and Bernoulli takes a hand. In particular, the CLR moves forward; exactly how far is uncertain because it seems no-one has done the sums for kayaks. Some work with ships suggests that it may be at, or in some cases even ahead of, the bow.

Into wind, the CE will also be forward. With the two Centres close to each other, the yawing moments are small, and it's easy to keep the boat straight. (Figure 3)

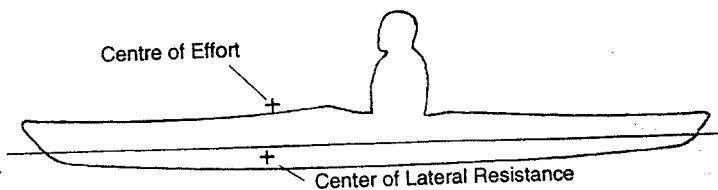


Figure 3 Under way, into wind

Downwind, the CLR will still be forward, while the CE has moved aft. The situation can be made worse in following seas by the bow burying, the stern being in the air, the orbital movement of water in waves, and so on. With the two Centres widely separated, the yawing moments are large and the boat wants to broach. (Figure 4)

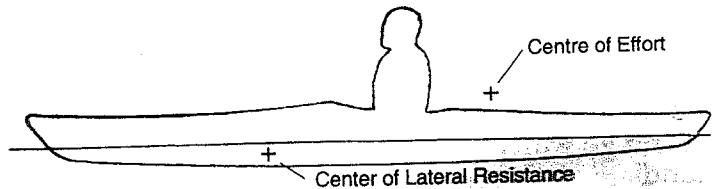


Figure 4 Under way, downwind

To restore control, one can either move the CE forward (eg. with a sail), move the CLR aft with a fin, or perhaps move the Centre of Gravity to and fro. The fin is the simplest solution. By moving the CLR aft, close to the CE, balance is restored.

The fin therefore cures the problem, with only one moving part and one control line. The kayak will have a different 'feel' from that of a rudder craft. It will yaw about a bit on waves, but hold its course without any steering effort. (Provided you don't muck things up by carrying a pile of stuff on the aft deck)

Rudders

The rudder does not cure the problem; it masks the symptoms by allowing the paddler to steer². But steering introduces unnecessary drag, as well as unnecessary complexity: numerous moving parts including the pedals or tiller, and four cables, besides putting a vulnerable, and potentially hazardous, piece of hardware right on the stern.

Rudders are fitted on sea kayaks for two reasons: tradition, and lack of understanding on the designers' part.

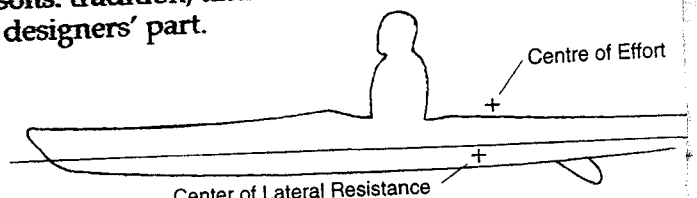


Figure 5 Downwind, fin down

Cave
The fi
is eas
steer
459 c
succe
Pitta
time

Ther
diffe
Voy
cock
the s
cock

The
The
kay
mov
The
or s
fix.
sho
cor
the
adj
the
up

(T
pr
co
nc
is
by
co
si

A
V
e
s
a
u
e

1
C
I
2
1
1

Caveats

The fin works best on hulls with some rocker. It is easier to stabilise a manoeuvrable hull than to steer a very straight-running boat. Voyager is 459 cm long, and its fin has also been used successfully in Selkie, Weekender, Ice Floe, Pittarak, and Nordkapp. I wouldn't waste my time fitting one to a Mirage.

There is some loss of internal space with a fin. I differ from John with his numerous bulkheads: Voyager has no bulkheads. It has an integrated cockpit, and can therefore regain the space along the sides. (And there is a lot more to integrated cockpits than that.)

The SkerrayRM

The VCP SkerrayRM is a rotomoulded sea kayak with a fin. The case is a very neat piece of moulding, but there are a couple of problems. The fin could be a bit bigger, and perhaps 30 cm or so farther forward. That's a bit difficult to fix. What is easy to fix is about 30 cm of 4 mm shock cord between the end of the fin control cord and the nearest deck fitting. This will keep the cord always within reach, and also allow adjustment of the fin without needing to cleat the cord. If the fin strikes anything, it will come up and stay up.

(The SkerrayRM has another, more serious problem. Its cockpit holds some 150 litres, for a cockpit:hull volume ratio of about 1:1. That's not good enough for a modern kayak. (Voyager is 1:2.7 with a cockpit volume of 80 litres.) Fix it by adding lots of buoyancy material in the cockpit, either as a central pillar or along the sides.)

Another bonus

Without pedals or a tiller bar in the way, it's easy to install a foot pump, thereby eliminating all the problems of maintaining an electrical system in salt water. If you need to have a boat that can be used by different people, mount the pump on a third footrest, with its rail along the centreline of the deck.

1. I use the word 'Centre' advisedly. More correctly, it is the locus of the Centre, as it moves about with waves, gusts, etc.

2. The word 'steer' is used here for convenience. The rudder is not for steering, but to trim. Sea kayakers are steered with the paddle, like all kayakers and canoes.

ADVERTISEMENT

TWO PORTS SAILING / KAYAKING / RUNNING RACE

Date: Sunday 31 March

Organisor: Roy Graham - Measor

Phone: (056) 862 477H (056) 881 303W 019 436 062Mobile

CORNER INLET BOAT CLUB - Port Welshpool, RMB 1275, Toora3962

Please note: this is not a VSKC event, but is fully run & insured by the above club.

I write to inform your members of an event which the Corner Inlet Boat Club will conduct on 31st March 1996 in which we would like to include a Kayak Division.

The event is the Two Ports Sailing/Running Race, commencing at 0900. The pre-race briefing begins at 0830 sharp near the Toora Boat Launching area.

The first running stage will start at the Toora pool, running to the Toora Boat Ramp where competitors can either board their craft for the second stage of the event or tag their team paddlers if they are only running and drive to Port Welshpool to meet their team for the second running stage (which is in fact the third stage of the event).

The second stage then proceeds to Port Welshpool, leaving the two bouys at the entrance to Barry Beach Marine Terminal to port (left) and then onto Port Welshpool to the beach area on the eastern side of where the long pier meets the shore. Runners who only completed the first stage tag their paddlers in this area and then run the lap of the township.

Paddling distance is approximately 10 km, the run is approximately the same distance. The sailing component of the course is to follow the channels from Toora to Port Welshpool.

Don't worry if you don't have a runner as this is easily organised by the boat club. Please let me know in advance (two weeks??) if you are interested and need to be part of a team. A car shuffle has been organised. Roll up and don't worry - it will happen afterwards. Trophies will be presented to the First and Second Kayak placegetters - paddling crew and runners.

Entry fee \$6.00 per team.

BBQ lunch on foreshore at finish line at Club Yard on completion - a small fee is payable (Adjacent western side of end of long pier).

ADVERTISEMENT

WANTED:

NORDCAPP or early ARCTIC RAIDER

Contact: Julian Smith (03) 9795 4084

ADVERTISEMENT

WANTED - INFORMATION

Information about folding double sea kayaks e.g.

Klepper, Feathercraft, Foltbot

What trips have you done in them?

What do you like about them?

What improvements would you make?

Also looking to rent/borrow/try out for a day or two a folding double.

Replies to :

Russell Jennings

255 Old Chum Rd

Healesville 3777

Pone: 059 625 027

ADVERTISEMENT

PITTARAK FOR SALE

Almost as new, has been paddled a total of 14 days.

\$1500 - FULLY EQUIPPED COMPLETE WITH
RUDDER

Contact Chris Sewell or Therese Pollard

Phone (051) 521 533 H or (051) 568 220 W

ADVERTISEMENT

GREENLANDER SEAKAYAK FOR SALE

The Greenlander design originates from Tasmania and proved its sea worthiness over many years of use in Bass Strait waters. The kayak offers stability, low wind exposure and excellent volume for storage.

This particular kayak was constructed for an experienced sea kayaker and due to circumstances it is now offered for sale. It has a distinctive finish, best described as a Ken Done Special.

Quality construction;

- built with strength for tough conditions
- prepared for expedition paddling
- hull, chopped strand mat with Biaxial Rovings
- deck, chopped strand mat with woven cloth
- hull & deck ribbed with core mat sections

Supplied with:

- Three compartments
- Keeper pedal control system
- Canoe valley rudder
- 2 x 3 way neoprene hatch covers
- 1 Henderson hatch
- deck line fittings
- Electric pump kit, 500gph pump & 7 amp/12 volt gel cell battery

The purchaser customises the kayak by fitting the bulkhead and keeper pedal system (simple to complete).

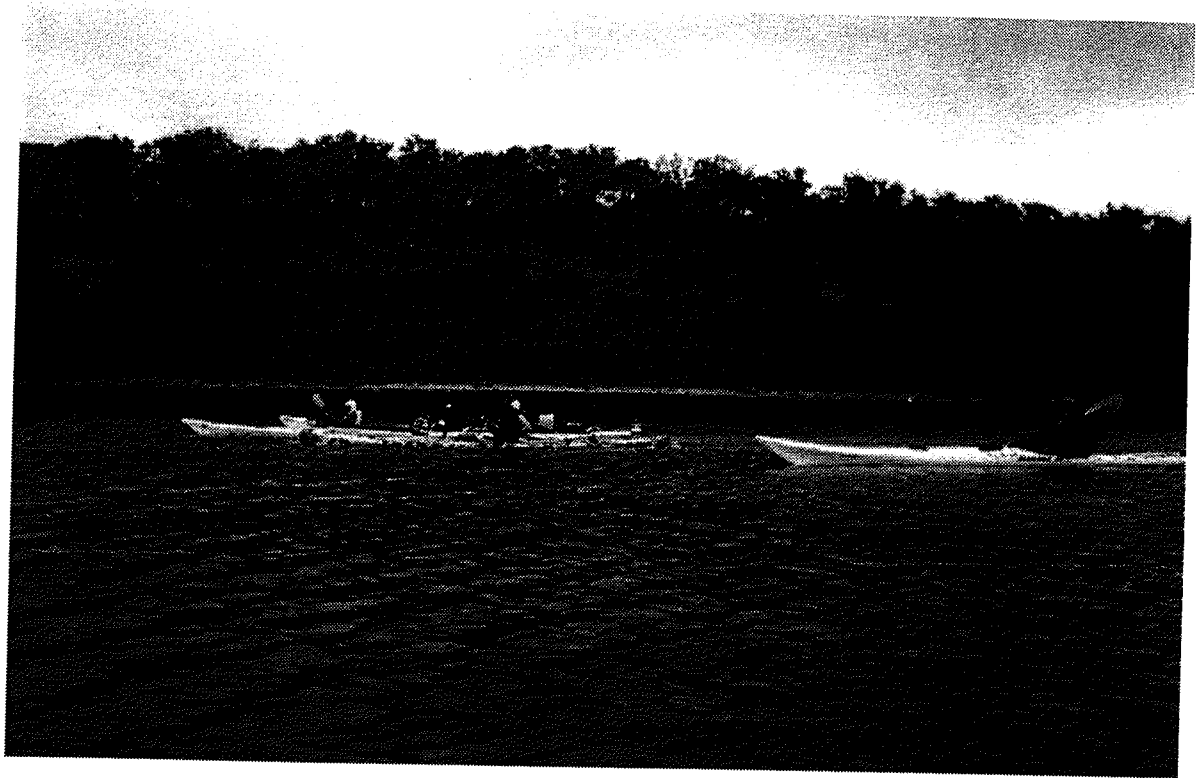
At present the kayak can be viewed at Capacity Sports in narre Warren. at the asking price of \$1500 it represents excellent value, it is new. Either contact Capacity Sports or Andrew Cope on 056 276 363 (AH)

A PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY OF FRASER ISLAND - JULY 1995

all photos courtesy Peter Carter



Chris Sewell and Therese Pollard



The west coast Woody Island



Sunset camp at mouth of Awinya Creek



Out from Urangan Harbour

VICTORIAN SEA KAYAK CLUB INC.

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL/CHANGE OF ADDRESS DETAILS

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TELEPHONE (WORK)..... (HOME).....

CANOEING QUALIFICATIONS (ACF/BCF).....

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION \$25.00 ALL SUBS. RENEWABLE NOVEMBER 1ST

JOINT/FAMILY SUBSCRIPTION \$35.00

SEND MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS TO:

VSKC
P.O. Box 426
Seaford 3198

PADDLING AGENDA 1996

March Sunday 17th Fourth of the Bay Paddles.

Where Frankston to Ricketts Point

Time. 9-00am Car-park, at boat ramp, bottom of Olivers Hill (Melway Map 101.K 5.) Distance approximately 20 km. Car shuffle to Ricketts Point.

Suitability Suit novices upwards.

Contact. Ian Hill (03) 9786 6580.

Comments. Another good chance to meet other members .

March Sunday 31st

Sea Proficiency Courses under the auspices of the V.B.C.E.

Contact Laurie Atkins. H (052) 431035.

April Good Friday 5th, Easter Saturday 6th, Easter Sunday 7th, Easter Monday 8th. Nothing planned, open to any suggestions either if somebody wishes to co-ordinate a trip or wants somebody to paddle with, please let us know Ray Musgrave H(059) 75-2514. Mike Cromie H (03) 9878 4582.

April Sunday 14th Fifth of the Bay Paddles.

Where. Ricketts Point to Sandridge Beach (Port Melbourne) Melway 56 H.3.

Time . 9-00am at Ricketts Point car shuffle to Sandridge Beach.

Distance. Approximately 25 km .

Suitability. Suit all paddlers.

Contact. John Basemore. H (03) 9560-5718.

Comments. None really.

April Saturday 27th / Sunday 28th. Canoe Orienteering.

Where. (Rendezvous): Sperm Whale Head (Bairnsdale area)

Time. 9-00am

Distance. Variable, depends on how much extra paddling one does in finding correct checkpoint(s)?

Suitability. For all paddlers.

Contact. Chris Sewell H(051) 521 533.

Comments. A fun weekend for all the family, camping by the cars at ?? National Park. The mozzies should have gone back to French Island for the winter and the days should be quite warm. Bring a compass (hand held will do) and waterproof pencil/pad. The area is very protected with numerous small islets.

May Sunday 12th

Where. Western Port Bay. meet at Warneet possible paddle to Tooradin and return to Warneet. (or Redbill creek to Hastings and return.)

Time . Meet at Warneet (Melway 142. E.12.) Yacht Club. at 9-00am.

Distance. Approximately 25km round trip.

Suitability. Will suit all range of paddle, an excellent chance for new comers to paddle somewhere different.

Contact. Mike Cromie. (H) (03) 9878 4582.

Comments. This is an excellent place to paddle with fairly sheltered waters and plenty of options if weather turns bad. The place of departure might be changed a decision will be made closer to the day.

Saturday 8th / Sunday 9th June.

Sea Instructors / Assessment under the auspices of the V.B.C.E.

Contact. Laurie Atkins H(052) 431 035.

July 1st-----July 5th.

Where. Hawksbury River NSW .

Rendezvous. To be announced.

Distance. Variable, dependant on weather, campsites, etc.

Suitability. For all paddlers.

Contact. Chris Sewell. (051)521533H

Comments. Spend a week on the Hawksbury looking at many isolated coves and inlets.

Saturday July 6th

Where Otway Coast

Suitability Experienced Paddlers.

Contact.

Laurie Atkins. H(052) 431 035.

Comments Because of the nature of the seas encountered in this area it will suit the more experienced paddler. If you have any enquires please contact Laurie.

Sunday August 11th

Where Western Port Bay. Balnarring to Flinders and return to Balnarring.

Time 9-00am at Balnarring beach foreshore car park at end of Balnarring beach road Melway 193.D.10.

Distance Approximately. 29 kilometres.

Suitability A good paddle for those paddlers

wanting to extend themselves whilst in the company of more experienced paddlers. Because of different shore platforms, a variety of sea conditions can be encountered. A good chance to experience and see cause and effect of these conditions.

Contact

Ray Musgrave (H) (059) 75-2414.

Comments Because of fickle weather at this time of year, paddle direction will be altered to suit prevailing weather conditions.

September Sunday 8th Bay Paddle number 6.

Where Williamstown to Werribee River.

Time Meet at Williamstown Life Saving Club beach. Melway 56 A.11. at 9-00am, car shuffle required to Werribee South.

Distance approximately 29 kilometres.

Suitability Suit novices upwards.

Comments A lot of early history in this area get a different view of history from the water.

Contact. Rex Brown. H (03) 9391 6889. W (03) 9392 3229.

September Sunday 22nd Bay Paddle number 7.

Where Werribee River to Geelong.

Time Meet at Werribee River. Werribee South, Beach Rd (J D Bellin Reserve.) at 900am car shuffle to Geelong. Melway 209 F 11.

Distance approximately 30 kilometres.

Suitability Suit novices upwards.

Comments . An interesting area of the bay to paddle in.

Contact. Laurie Atkins. H(052) 431 035.

October Saturday 19th / Sunday 20th.

Where. Port Welshpool - Port Albert.

Time. Meet at Welshpool hotel on Friday night or meet at caravan park near the long pier at Port Welshpool 8-00am on the Saturday morning.

Distance. 40 to 50 kilometres depending on which way the weather and tides direct.

Suitability. For all standards of paddle.

Contact. Chris Sewell and Therese Pollard H(051) 521 533.

Comments. I plan to paddle through the maze of islands and entrances, explore the vast waterways and camp on one of the remote and rarely visited desert islands.

November Saturday 9th Sunday 10th AGM.
Paddle on both days AGM meeting at the Flinders Hotel on the Saturday night (To be confirmed)

This is not definite, if anybody has any other suggestions, within reason, please let the committee know.

November Saturday 23rd and Sunday 24th Bay Paddle number 8.

Where Geelong to Queenscliff.

Time 9-00am Meet at Eastern Beach Reserve (Melway 228B N 3.)

Distance Total distance is approximately 40 kilometres spread over 2 days.

Suitability. Will suit most paddlers.

Contact. Lyndon Anderson (H) 03 9748 0314 (W) 03 9282 3620.

Comments. An overnight camp, to be decided, ending up at Queenscliff. An excellent part of the Bay to see and the grand finale to the Bay paddles.

December Saturday 7th Sunday 8th.

Introduction to sea kayaking under the auspices of the VBCE.

Contact

Laurie Atkins. H(052) 431 035.

