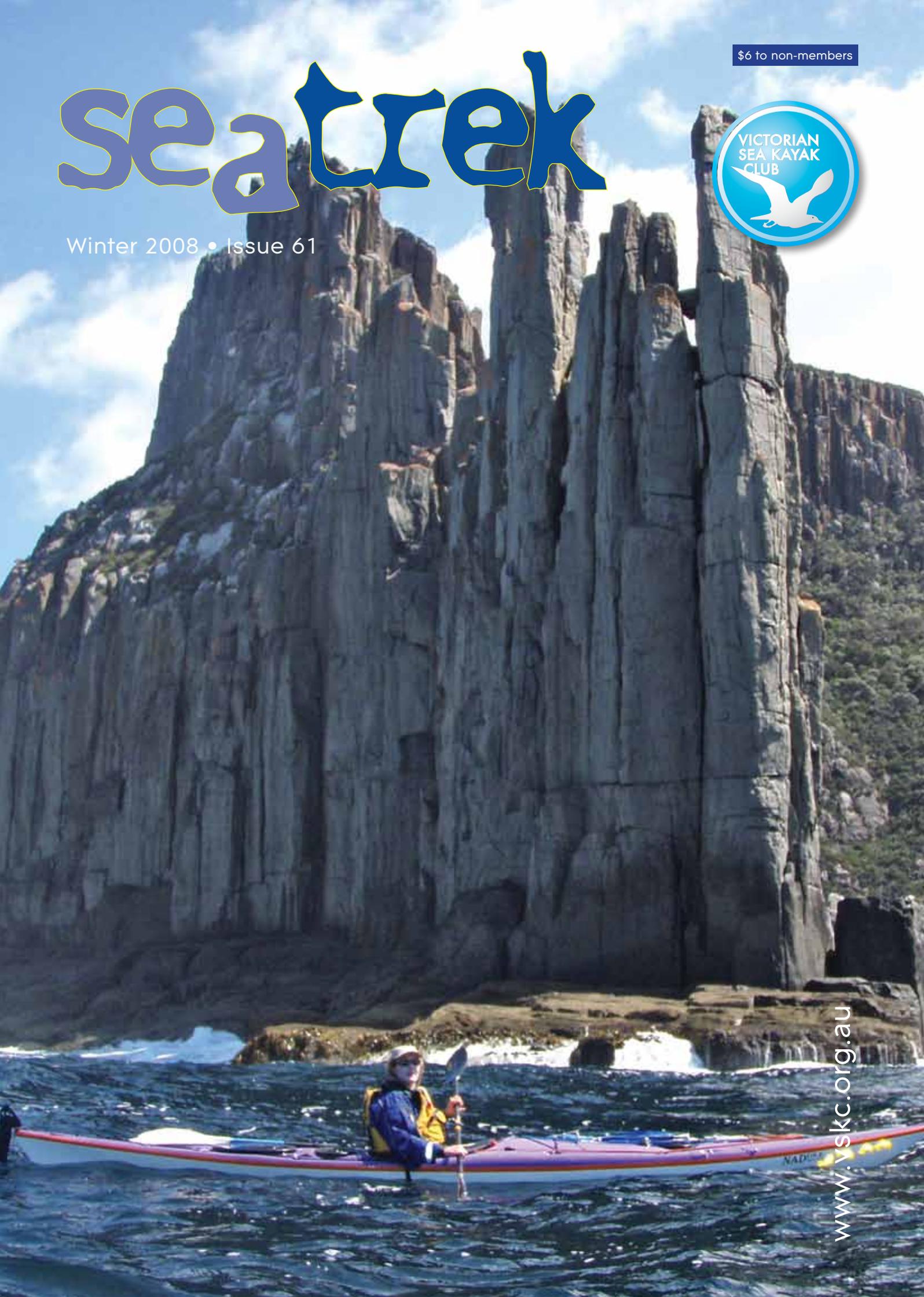


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Cover — Tina Rowley rounds Cape Raoul off Tasmania

It is now the middle winter, the club has trips posted on the web site and members are running regular paddles in Port Phillip and Westernport Bay and along the west coast. On longer weekends we have choices of overnight trips. The opportunity for paddlers to go on trips and enjoy themselves with the safety of other paddlers is a core objective of this club. Thank you to those members and leaders who run these trips.

On our club trips we have managed to combine enjoyment and safety with skills improvement and confidence building under the direction of our trip leaders. The protocol of objective self-assessment and representation of a paddler's capability to their trip leader is an important step in the process of putting a trip together.

Likewise, it is also important that trip leaders assess a paddler's capability for the anticipated conditions. The trip leader has the right and obligation to question a paddler's experience directly if they do not know the individual, viewing log books as required and making other reasonable enquiries. The email and telephone conversations and briefings leading up to launch take place for reasons other than logistics. It should not be assumed that just because a trip is being run, any club member can participate.

As a paddler, when your skills are questioned, it is for your safety and the safety of other paddlers. Evidence of paddling capability should be supported with infor-

mation on the physical location, distance and conditions on more recent paddles. Presentation of a well maintained log book is one of the best forms of presenting a paddler's capability. This reminder on trip protocol is made to continue our track record of enjoyable trips in a recreational sport where safety is dependant on conditions beyond our control.

Training and skills development activities have been active under Phil Woodhouse's direction. The club has held four level-one and two 'log book days', a two day level-three induction day and a two day assessment weekend. In addition, we have had British paddling legend, Nigel Dennis conduct two days of workshops we called *Deepening the talent pool* for our current and future leaders.

A key objective of arranging the visit by Nigel was to impart some of his vast knowledge to us on training and assessment practices of the British Canoe Union, discuss training methods and of course to present at our *Show and tell night*. The feedback on Nigel's visit to us and to NSW has been very positive. His workshops on fitting paddles to paddlers were especially insightful.

He reviewed the VSKC syllabus and noted that aside from some differences in skills required to attain specific levels, we shared the same objectives in rating skill levels. Nigel's trip was a joint VSKC and NSWSKC event; it was great to see the two clubs working to pool their resources to conduct

an activity that is mutually beneficial.

In running training events, I would like to acknowledge the efforts of Todd Truscott, Greg Murray, John Woollard, Julian Smith and Tina Rowley. In the support for Nigel's trip, many people helped out but special thanks go to Neil Brenton and Greg Gleason. The service and cost savings to the club was very significant. Neil continues to set up audio visual facilities for us at no charge for our major functions and Greg has now on a number of occasions organised the facilities of at Mordialloc.

Congratulations go to John Evertze and Peter Sharp, who both completed their level three Sea Proficiency course. At present there are three more candidates in the final stages of completing the course.

Finally, some notable trips have been successfully completed. John Evertze, Russell Blamey and Tina Rowley completed a trip from Strahan on the west coast of Tasmania around to Southport. This trip is one of the most challenging open water trips in Australia with long stretches of unlandable coastline. The swells are continually several metres high. However, a notable point to all adventurers is that this trip is about the enjoyment of the wilderness and the stunning coastline afforded to paddlers as a result of many years of dedication to developing their paddling skills.

Enjoy the water. Winter is also great with good paddle clothing.



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"The sea kayaking specialists"

Participants: John Evertze – Nadgee and Tina Rowley - Nadgee

John and I had two weeks holiday leave organised and our original plans to kayak in west Tasmania or South Australia were squashed, due to the change in the weather conditions in this region. We decided after looking on the weather web sites that the best conditions and weather patterns were going to be on the eastern side of Tasmania.

Our first destination after getting off the ferry was to drive straight to Freycinet, we did a car shuffle with the local taxi service in Coles Bay and camped the night on the sand at Friendly Beaches.

Day one — Wineglass Bay

We paddled in a two metre swell along the coast to Wineglass Bay. The afternoon sea breeze kicked in and we were able to sail along until we turned into Wineglass Bay and were met with a broadside wind of 25/30 knots. We camped on the far end of the beach away for the designated camp spot purely because of the black sand and toilet paper strewn about behind the campsite.

Day two — Wineglass Bay to Hen and Chicken Bay on Shouten Island

The morning was overcast and showers fell in the early morning. Sitting eating breakfast and enjoying the view, we were met with a runner from a celebrity race that placed a sign and clipper nearby. The runner stated that it was a celebrity race and noted some very famous sporting identities that would be coming by very shortly.

With this information, John and I quickly packed up camp and left, not wanting to show them up! The conditions were choppy with a 1½ metre sea state. If paddling down this area, be aware that the tide stream can move up to five knots through Shouten Passage.

Hen and Chicken Bay



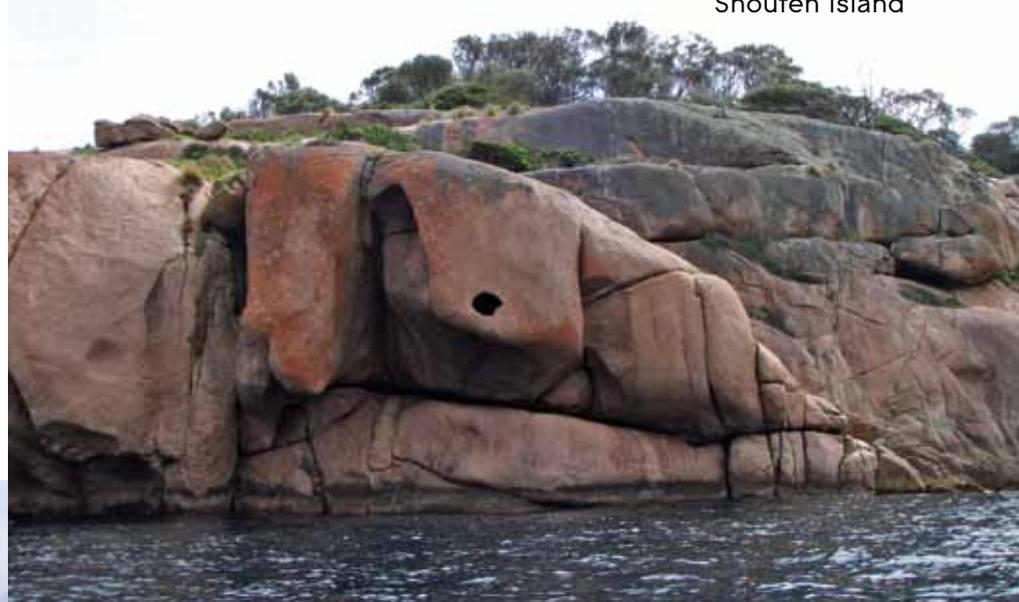
Paddling this section around the eastern side of the island, we made slow progress, due to the tidal stream effect going through Shouten Passage and not being able to tell, given the choppy conditions. Hen and Chicken Bay is a great spot to camp with all weather accessibility, it is also good for snorkelling, fishing and catching abalone.

Day three — circumnavigation of Shouten Island

We left Hen and Chicken Bay at midday in calm, clear conditions and paddled around the western side of the island. John hooked onto some salmon but sadly lost them. We camped on the northern end of the island, where there are designated camp spots and there is also a hut for shelter in emergencies. The hut housed a family in the early 1800s, who farmed cattle.

Day four — Shouten Island to Coles Bay

Left early morning to catch the tide at high water, a southerly wind came up and we sailed up to Coles Bay to finish the second part of the trip. John caught some salmon which became our lunch for this day. This is a lovely part of the coast to paddle in amongst the red granite landscape. Carry plenty of water if you plan to paddle this part of the coast.



Shouten Island

Where

to now, we asked each other?

Well, we thought we would drive down to Spring Beach and circumnavigate Maria Island.

Day one – Spring Beach to Riedle Bay (eastern side)

Conditions were good for this part of the trip. We paddled over to Darlington and had lunch. Darlington was an old convict settlement which has now been turned into an eco farm. Be aware that you need to pay to look inside the buildings!

After lunch we paddled around Cape Boullanger, the most northern tip of Maria and headed down the eastern side, exploring sea caves along the way. Some of the sea caves are very spectacular and are the best we have seen to date. Coming into Riedle Bay, we paddled in between an island and saw a few aboriginal drawings of an octopus and a serpent.

Day two – Riedle Bay to Booming Bay

Paddling down the southern tip of Maria, again in very calm conditions, we stopped in Haunted Bay, whilst John went snorkelling for abalone.

Day three —
Booming Bay to Spring Beach

Conditions were overcast, rain and wind from a southerly direction. This made our trip across to Spring Beach quick, as we were able to put up our sails at Lachlan Island and sail back to the car.

With still more time up our sleeves we decided to paddle around Tasman Peninsula. We checked the weather on the net and decided to start at Nubeena and head for Eaglehawk Neck.

The first night we stayed at a caravan park at Whites Beach so that we could recharge our cameras, laminate maps and get our gear ready. We were also able to leave the car in the caravan park telling the owners that we would collect it in a few days with the view to hitch a ride back upon finishing.

Day one — Whites Beach to Safety Cove

We started with a two metre swell and light NE wind increasing in the afternoon. The rock structure was totally different to the red granite seen on the east coast, forming into dolerite cliffs that raise above the sea more than 300 metres.

This section had minimal exit points which in turn made this section a 40 km paddle. We paddled past Ship Sterns Bluff which the caravan park owner had told us that when the swell is big gets waves to six metres.

I took a wide berth around the bluff whilst John went in for a closer look. On this day, there were minimal waves due to the two metre swell. Paddling on, we were able to

paddle in close to Cape Raoul. This cape was quite impressive, being the best John and I have seen.

It was impressive due to being over 300 metres in height and the unique structure of the dolerite stack formation when looking up. Upon rounding the cape we were met with a twenty knot head wind, making a hard paddle having to paddle for a few hours seeking respite in Safety Cove.

We found a nice little camp site behind the pine trees out of the wind, and decided to go for a walk, heading towards Port Arthur. A bit down the road we were met by an eccentric old man who had been born in Safety Cove and stated that he had been to Hobart only once in his lifetime, he was doing up an old boat that seemed like it might stay in the exact same place for quite some time.

Day two — Safety Cove to Fortescue Bay

We left early in the morning to avoid the sea breezes and headed around past Tasman Island. The seas were calm and it was not until we were nearing the end of Tasman Island, did we realise that the tide streams were coming through at a fast rate. By staying close to the land, we were less affected by the tide.

After paddling past Tasman Island, we came upon Cape Pillar, rising above 277 metres, again another spectacular view. Passing the cape, we paddled on past Munro Bight and onto Cape Hauy.

Heading through the lanterns, we were met with a tour boat, who asked us if we were the two missing kayakers?

John advised the boat guide that we were kayakers, but not missing. As it turned out, there was a misunderstanding between ourselves and the caravan park owners as to when we would be finishing the trip.

We paddled into Fortescue Bay and were met by a local police officer, who stated that he was glad to see us, as they were one hour away from sending out a helicopter search party.

He advised that the caravan park owners had contacted the authorities that morning to advise that we had not come back from our days' paddling from White Beach to Eaglehawk Neck. This confusion could have been avoided had we given a float plan to the owners.

Day three —
Fortescue Bay to Eaglehawk Neck

Along this coast, the rock changed again to sandstone with many gauntlets and caves to be paddled in and around. We practiced many rock landings along the way, landing on bull kelp to soften the blow. Again, another spectacular day.

Notes to consider

The eastern coast of Tasmania, where we paddled, has some of the most spectacular coast to offer in the country. However, be prepared for some windy situations as landing points are few and far between, a must is to watch the weather. When seeking shelter along cliff faces out of the wind, you might find that it can intensify with wind spiralling around off the cliffs.

John paddles around Cape Raoul



The plan was to drive from Melbourne to Omeo and camp beside the road. After Greg Murray rang John and Annie Woollard to see if they were home for a cup of tea, we found ourselves being warmly greeted and given a bed for the night. How fortunate we are to have wonderful people in the club.

The next day at Cape Conran, Chris King launched his brand new "Riddler-green" Nadgee and with Greg went for a quick paddle; after which we loaded up the trailer and went to the launch site at Greenglade, near Wonboyn.

Here we met up with the NSW crew, loaded the kayaks, played in the surf then headed to Merrica River to set up camp.

This area is a pleasant spot, as it is tucked away with fresh water being available by paddling several kilometres up the river until you have to walk a short distance up over the dead-fall to a fresh water pond.

The river is tidal and full of fish, so a lure is a good piece of kit to have, but there are numerous oyster clumps which you need to navigate. After exploring the area and playing in a 25 to 30 metre tunnel that you can reverse paddle into, we set up camp, broke out the wine and cheese and had a very pleasant evening.

Day three, Friday; we did our own thing. Elizabeth Thomson aka ET, Mike Snoad and Mark Pearson (NSWSKC) stayed in the area to get back to nature as hunter gatherers.

Greg and I paddled down to Cape Howe in to a strong head wind which at times brought us to a stand still. We sheltered behind the bluff at Nadgee Beach and had a scoff and drink then set out again into the wind. The only thing that kept me continuing was the thought of the 'rocket ride' we would have on the way back to Merrica River.

After rolls at Conference Point, along with the obligatory photos, we had lunch on the water while the wind blew us back to around the middle of Howe Beach. Not long after we started paddling back, the wind started to drop and by the time we were back off Nadgee Beach, we only had the swell to give us assistance.

In the mean time, Chris and Katrina Nicholls (NSWSKC) had paddled down along the coast behind us, with the intention to explore rather than race around. When we got back to camp, we were treated to fresh oysters, cheese and wine and very enlightening conversation lead by Mark. John and Gillian Wild (NSWSKC) arrived and we were told the story of John's experience with a shark attacking his boat at Christmas time.

Day four, we paddled from Merrica River to Mowarry beach. The day was overcast with a low on-coming swell but the breeze was relatively behind us and allowed those with sails to put them up. We crossed Disaster Bay and at Green Cape, Greg and Chris performed rolls. Then we set off along the cliff line being bounced around by clapotis.

Mark was appointed as navigator for the pod, but he

disappeared out of sight with his black sail. The plan was to stop at Bittangabee for lunch, but the navigator failed to find the entrance and so paddled on past.

We continued along and found our navigator at Saltwater Beach and after looking at the surf landing, decided to go on. At Mowarry Point, we had fun shooting the gauntlet, then we turned and headed for Mowarry Beach in the Ben Boyd National Park. By this time the sun was out and we soaked up the scenery and set up camp on a secluded little beach.

Day five, at Mowarry Beach, we had an Easter egg hunt while trying to recover from the previous nights indulgences. Sat around, swam, fished, tried out different kayaks, read, surfed, nattered and explored the coast line, all under a blue sky and warm sun. Mark started up his game of guess the water temperature and then proceeded to throw his watch in to the water tied to an old bottle.

In the afternoon, Laurie Geoghegan and his amigo Ben arrived with day hatches full of beer and ice. Ben also had caught some fish, which we enjoyed raw dipped in wasabi and soy sauce.

Day six, Mowarry beach to Boydtown. The rock formations along this section of coast are awe inspiring, as there are acute angle slabs jutting out of the water then morphing into curved sections.

At Boydtown, we ported the kayaks up to the car park (the hardest part of the trip), did a car shuffle to retrieve the cars from Greenglade and then said our farewells after coffee at the hotel. Seven hours later, we arrived back in Melbourne.



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Phil (left), Chris, Greg, Mark, Kate & Mike

Easter bunnies: bunny wabbit ET, wascally wabbit Chris & woad kill Greg



In Australia, there are about 3,000 snake bites per year, of which 200 to 500 receive antivenom. On average, one or two will prove fatal. About half the deaths are due to bites from the brown snake; the rest mostly from tiger snake, taipan and death adder. Some deaths are sudden, however in fact it is uncommon to die within four hours of a snake bite.

Struan Sutherland's *Death from snake bite in Australia, 1981-1991* (The Medical Journal of Australia, December 1991, Volume 7, pages 740-46) contains some graphic descriptions of the eighteen known fatal snake bites in that ten year period.

In 1906, the untreated death rates were as high as 40% to 50% for death adder and tiger snake bites! Improved supportive treatment and the availability of effective antivenoms has reduced this considerably.

The tiger snake lives in the temperate southern areas of Australia. The characteristic stripes are not seen all year round, and there is a totally black variant found around the Flinders Ranges area of South Australia. As well as neurotoxicity and coagulopathy, rhabdomyolysis (due to notexin in the venom) is very likely if treatment is delayed. Untreated mortality is about 45%.

On 26 April, six members of the VSKC were camped at Jonney Souey Cove on the northern part of Wilson's Promontory. It was after a dry spell and the usual water supply had dried up. A ranger had told the group the night before at Refuge Cove that fresh water was probably available 'behind the lagoon'.

Five members of the group went in search, Mark, Terry David, Chris & Raia. After travelling approximately 100 m from the

beach along a well defined but overgrown track, a snake was startled adjacent to Marks left foot. It moved quickly past Mark's left ankle and behind him and disappeared. Terry witnessed the snake's movement being only 1½ metres behind and clearly identified it as a tiger snake and noticed it had its mouth open as it moved past Mark's ankle, making contact. But he wasn't sure.

Terry took charge. The group immediately stopped, Mark was told to sit down, his shoes and socks were removed. On close inspection a small scratch was observed on Marks left ankle. It looked like it may have been made by a stick. Mark had not felt anything and was surprised. Closely looking at the wound a series of small pin type holes were dotted along the graze.

Terry, David and Chris removed their thermal tops and an improvised pressure bandage was placed over the left leg. Chris then ran back to the beach and returned with Terry's first aid kit the temporary bandage was removed and replaced with a firm pressure immobilisation bandage from toes to groin. This time frame allowed Terry to gather his thoughts and leaving the group in place, returned to camp and placed a call to 000.

Once put through to the operator he was asked the nature of the emergency, location and was immediately connected to the air ambulance who asked for an exact location (latitude and longitude) was there space for a

helicopter to land, and what treatment had been given and a return phone number (it really pays to think and write down this type of information before making the call). ETA was given as 45 minutes. Terry enquired whether to carry the patient to the landing site or remain in place till a stretcher was available and was told to try and move the patient.

Phone coverage for this area is better with the new Next G system than the older CDMA as reception was good at the camp area, but non-existent in the scrub.

When Terry returned to Mark, the teamwork kicked into full swing. Mark was carried slowly and carefully so as to minimise movement of his limb through the scrub and to the beach. A 'thermarest' chair appeared for him to rest on, a sleeping bag was placed around him and he was given lots of reassurance. His vital signs were recorded. A landing area was marked out with a large cross and a flare was in readiness for the chopper's arrival.

All bystanders were told to keep clear (some bushwalkers had arrived) and all loose gear and kayaks were secured. Terry spoke to the air ambulance again and



Tiger snake — *Notechis scutatus*

The group on the Prom



relayed Mark's vital signs (which were normal) and told them of the preparations. They seemed impressed. The group was then briefed on the new ETA (ten minutes) and to keep clear and not approach the chopper until signalled by the crew.

The chopper appeared over the hill and once close the flare was lit. As the chopper came in the downdraft was massive, resulting in a sand blasting for fifty metres around. Everyone covered up Mark was shielded by Graeme and no one could look in its direction.

The crew appeared did a quick check of the bandage for correct firmness. We were then asked to help Mark onto a stretcher and helped carry it to the chopper. Taking shelter once more, it took off and disappeared as quickly as it came.

At this point, most of us felt the nerves kick in and we returned to camp and consumed most of our happy hour supplies, packed Mark's kit up and put it in his kayak and contemplated how we would get it out the next day.

Mark was flown to Dandenong hospital and was placed on observation overnight. He was released the next morning with no envenomation occurring. The initial pressure bandage was left in place throughout.

He recovered his kayak the following week, after paying a hefty price to a charter boat. No one thinks we acted hastily 'better safe than sorry'.

Mark is loaded onto the chopper

Lessons learned

The training in emergency rescues undertaken in the past by members of the group really paid off. The fantastic teamwork shown by the group under pressure helped keep Mark safe and calm throughout.

Without some form of outside communication, this would have been a far greater and more difficult emergency and had envenomation occurred, may possibly have resulted in death.

Prevention is better than cure, we all agreed that it is pretty simple to pack a pair of gaiters in the kayak and will do so in future. Having a comprehensive first aid kit amongst the group is vital.

First aid for snake bites:

Do not wash the area of the bite!

It is extremely important to retain traces of venom for use with venom identification kits!

Stop lymphatic spread – bandage firmly, splint and immobilise!

The "pressure-immobilisation" technique is currently recommended by the Australian Resuscitation Council, the Royal Australasian College of Surgeons and the Australian and New Zealand College of Anaesthetists.

The lymphatic system is responsible for systemic spread of most venoms. This can be reduced by the application of a firm bandage (as firm as you would put on a sprained ankle) over a folded pad placed over the bitten area. While firm, it should not be so tight that it stops blood flow to the limb or to congests the veins.

Start bandaging directly over the bitten area, ensuring that the pressure over the bite is firm and even. If you have enough bandage, you can extend towards more central parts of the body, to delay spread of any venom that has already started to move centrally. A pressure dressing should be applied even if the bite is on the victims trunk or torso.

Immobility is best attained by application of a splint or sling, using a bandage or whatever to hand to absolutely minimise all limb movement, reassurance and immobilisation (eg, putting the patient on a stretcher). Where possible, bring transportation to the patient (rather than vice versa). Don't allow the victim to walk or move a limb. Walking should be prevented.

The pressure-immobilisation approach is simple, safe and will not cause iatrogenic tissue damage (ie, from incision, injection, freezing or arterial tourniquets, all of which are ineffective).

See the AVRU site for more details of bandaging techniques.

Bites to the head, neck, and back present a special problem – firm pressure should be applied locally if possible.

Removal of the bandage will be associated with rapid systemic spread. Hence *always* wait until the patient is in a fully-equipped medical treatment area before bandage removal is attempted.

Do not cut or excise the area or apply an arterial tourniquet! Both these measures are ineffective and may make the situation worse.



Participants – John Evertze, Nadgee; Tina Rowley, Nadgee; Russell Blamey, Raider X and Roger Bellchamber, Sea Leopard, during March 2008.

After a two hour car shuffle we entered the water at Pea Soup Bay (Port Fairy) around 10 am and started to paddle towards Lady Julia Percy via our first cape – Cape Remur.

After doing the necessary rolls to add to our Cape Contourer résumé we paddled on towards our next cape on Lady Julia Percy Island. Tina was able to sail some of the way with a easterly wind varying between 10–15 knots with a two metre swell. Nearing the island and paddling in a southerly direction the rebound did not ease until after we rounded West Cape.

Again we did our necessary rolls, which were very quick given the rebound conditions as well as the fact that we were now near an island with lots of seals and potential sharks. After this cape we rounded another corner to find Cape Fredrick.

Having already done two rolls in ocean water, we quickly did another and paddled around to the western side of the island where we found lots of seals. Carrying goggles is a necessity if paddling in this area as we were all able to roll and watch underwater the seals swimming by. This was an amazing sight as there appeared to be swarms of seals swimming in every direction.

Russell (below) passing Lady Julia Percy Island and at right, Roger

At times, it appeared that there were at least fifty seals swimming along with the kayakers. We were able to get really close to the land and Tina found herself coming into very close contact with a bull seal (by a couple of centimetres) who was protecting his lady seals, both seemed to scream and turn away at the last minute!

We paddled on in a northerly direction to a bay that had a beach with small rocks and small waves on which we were able to land and have lunch. After lunch, we left and headed towards Portland as the wind was still blowing from the east and had increased to 15 knots. Roger, Tina and Russell put up their sails and used this assistance most of the way back.

We ended the trip around 7 pm at Crumpets Beach (Portland) and after sharing dinner together, we headed back home, which was a four hour drive.

Points to consider: this paddle is a really interesting one, however it is 65 km in total. If the wind is blowing it is probably best to start at one point and end at another point to be able to go with the wind direction which means a car shuffle.

Car shuffles do take time and it would have been favourable to have done a car shuffle the night before, saving valuable time and leaving us all with a reasonable time frame to drive home as we all got home after 12 am Sunday night.



On a warm sunny day during the last school holidays, I launched my kayak into the smooth water at the Yowie Bay boat ramp. I planned to revisit a place I had been to some years ago, but hadn't had the opportunity to properly explore until now. This was my chance.

I worked along the shore amongst the moored yachts and motor cruisers looking for some shelter from the fairly stiff breeze that was blowing through the steep sided bay situated on the north side of Port Hacking.

On entering the open water of the harbor, the full strength of the southwesterly made its presence felt. Changing gear I headed over to the shore of the Royal National Park, past the Anglican camp site and on towards the entrance to Southwest Arm.

Southwest Arm is a deep water haven for large and small yachts and cruisers of all descriptions, especially on long weekends and holidays. On reaching the mooring buoys at the end of the arm, I was surrounded by bush covered hills and the wind had all but disappeared.

Flowing into this top end of the arm is a creek that changes greatly according to the state of the tide. Some places are wide shallow expanses with long sand spits extending across nearly to the other side, while others are somewhat narrower and deeper. Not much of a problem this time though because I was there just after the high tide. At low tide there is barely enough water to float in the channel as it meanders through this magnificent national park.

On entering this creek you seem to enter another world. There are mangroves on one side, and on the other, are long shelves of rock laying on top of each other, seemingly painted in splashes of ochre and red-oxides and overhung by trees and thick undergrowth. Further upstream in a couple of places care is needed where an underwater rock shelf is covered in sharp oysters, waiting to spoil a nice day. They cannot be seen until you are right on top of them.

It was remarkably quiet as I slipped along in the smooth water. The silence of the bush was broken only by a protesting bird whose territory had been invaded by something else and occasionally there was the reminder of civilization as the murmur of an air-liner filtered through the bush.

There are two or three grassy spots along the banks where small signs saying, "No camping, no this or no that," remind the visitor that this is a national park. They don't really detract from the beauty of the whole place.

I rounded a bend to discover a retired couple set up on one such spot with their twelve foot tinny pulled up on the little sandy beach, the lady enjoying a good book and the gent with his eyes closed, both lounging back in their chairs soaking up the sun. The remains of their chicken and champagne lunch lay on a table in front of them. "Hard to take, don't you think?"

A few more light strokes of the paddle and around a bend I reached the end of the road. There was a steady flow of water

spilling over several rocks in a series of shallow falls and clear fresh water pools. The timing could not have been better. The sight of that food before reminded me that I was hungry.

After pulling the boat up out of the water, I took my sandwiches out of the day hatch and looked for a comfortable seat.

Something flashed past me and swooped up into a nearby tree. I strained to see what it was, when I spotted the beautiful rich blue of two magnificent little kingfishers.

Back into the kayak for the return to civilization, but not too fast, for while eating my sandwiches at the water's edge, I had watched a few fish feeding out of the moving water at my feet. My curiosity got the better of me and I wanted to see if there were more; so I started back with the occasional stroke, not much more than drifting for the next, perhaps, half hour, probably more. I wasn't counting.

Following the rock ledges, I peered into the water just watching the variety of fish, big and small, foraging amongst the rocks or the just cruising along the bank in schools.

In what seemed to be far too soon, I was back out into the channel that would take me back to Yowie Bay and the boat ramp.

There were no real challenges on the day, although the decision to turn for home and leaving such a beautiful place behind wasn't easy. There is, however, the knowledge that it will still be there to visit another day; and so ended a day that I will remember for a long time.

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On Wednesday 29 January 2008, fifty-one year old Canadian sea kayaker Derek Crook was pulled from the water 200 metres from shore at Conical Rocks, south of the Pieman River entrance on the West Coast of Tasmania.

Derek was attempting an anti-clockwise circumnavigation of Tasmania. He had been out for seventeen days. He was paddling a Mirage 580 sea kayak. Derek comes from Nanaimo on Vancouver Island, British Columbia. His experience includes a trip from Alaska to British Columbia.

Derek launched around 7.00 am. At some point, he decided to turn back due to prevailing conditions. He came out of his kayak. Equipment stored on deck and the rear hatch were washed off the boat. He fired a flare. He activated a 'SPOT' satellite messenger device. At a little after 10.00 am a signal was received by rescue authorities.

This was first received by GEOS in Houston, Texas, in accordance with SPOT alert arrangements, then relayed to Australian search and rescue authorities, then Tasmania Police. Without knowing of the rescue call out, locals saw him in trouble in the water and launched a boat to assist him. After 11.00 am he was taken from the water and brought to land.

He was then suffering severe hypothermia. He was taken by helicopter to North West Regional Hospital and discharged the next afternoon.

Derek's broken kayak was later washed up ashore some way north of Conical Rocks.



Comments

A sea kayak should not have a hatch cover come off or dislodge and allow a compartment to flood, even in heavy conditions. The kayak's rear hatch was fitted with a neoprene cover on a coaming, covered with a hard laminated lid, held in place by stretch cords hooked together.

This is the standard Mirage back hatch cover arrangement. It can be insecure, particularly if equipment, such as a spare paddle set, is stored under the shock cords.

A VCP oval hatch can be fitted as an alternative. Non-stretch straps across the lid and locators to stop it dislodging could also be considered. Spare paddles should be secured independently of the hatch retainers, so they do not increase the risk of hatch failure. Pictured below left is a possible strap arrangement.

It is possible that the kayak broke or distorted in a heavy breaking wave, which then caused the back hatch to fail, rather than the hatch cover failing first. Sea kayaks are not indestructible. A kayak manufacturer has to balance many considerations, including the trade-off between weight and strength. Primary safety means keeping out of conditions beyond the kayak or the kayaker.

At right is an image of a Mirage back neoprene hatch cover holding up an 85 kg person. It is important with such a neoprene cover to make certain that it is properly fitted all around the rim. After fitting the neoprene cover, run your fingers around under the rim and ensure that the bungie cord is securely tucked in. Gear in the compartment should not push at the neoprene cover so as to lift it off the rim.

If you are paddling with others, it is good to check each other's hatch covers visually after launch. If one paddler has a flooded

compartment, everyone has a problem.

Derek was unable to self-rescue. With the rear compartment flooded, there were very limited options for self-rescue. Derek tried to swim with the kayak towards shore. Swimming a flooded kayak was extremely slow and tiring. The following link tells another story with somewhat similar difficulties: <http://mattbezzina.blogspot.com/2008/03/trashed-off-killcare.html>.

The SPOT satellite messenger device functioned effectively. See <http://www.findmespot.com/> for details of this system. A SPOT messenger device is not a substitute for an epirob.

Water temperature was around 17°C. Over four hours immersed in that water produced severe hypothermia.

Swell at Cape Sorell, south of the incident, was around four metres, a significant wave height, with occasional double height waves, as usual. Wind was reported at under 15 knots. Derek reported the wind increasing during the day.

Local comments:

"If he'd asked locals he wouldn't have gone out."

"If you can see the coast you're too close, if you can't you're too far out."

"Look out for a bloke in a wetsuit trying to buy a Tattsлото ticket."



Some suggestions, observations, and argument starters

“For expedition use” is a term sometimes bandied about loosely in kayak circles.

Expedition means different things to different people. I consider that a kayak suitable for expedition use in Australian conditions means a kayak which a reasonably skilled paddler can use to handle wind, rough water and significant surf. It should be able to be used in more remote locations for extended periods.

Where, if something fails, it is not always easy to deal with. In this article I’m highlighting some features common to many kayaks, across all price points, stuff to think about, little things that can really ruin your day or even be an expedition stopper.

There is not a paddler alive who won’t fiddle with their boat (pimp my float), no matter how perfect it is.

It should be noted most kayaks are made to a price and geared to the market.

Expedition is not mainstream. Cheaper or plastic does not always mean bad design and composite or pricey is not always better. It is up to each paddler to rate what is really important for the paddling you realistically expect to do in your boat.

If truly bombproof is the primary need, many plastic boats are unbeatable and may be modified to expedition standard. Andrew Hughes is currently paddling the coast of Papua New Guinea in a Ecobehzig, dragging it across mangrove mud flats and coral sand beaches. John Evertze paddled a Cortez to Tassie via King Island.

Suggestions, observations and argument starters, in no particular order of importance.

Screws – ripping your sandwich bag on a protruding screw is annoying; ripping an expensive tent fly in the middle of nowhere, on that same screw is serious

and preventable. Kayaks should not be full of screw holes. If yours is, all sharp screw ends should be covered, shortened and sealed with Sikaflex.

I have ripped deck lines attachment screws through the deck in surf. Consider fitting a large flat washer underneath to beef it up. Glass is often pulled very thin when laminating over a sharp edged recess; you won’t know till it fails. One of mine failed, the laminate turned out to be paper thin. Choose a boat with minimal screw fittings or one that uses blind holes for screws.

Deck lines need to be at least 6 mm to be comfortably usable.

Seams should not leak. Internal seams only may be fine for some, but at minimum, additional external seams double the amount of glass holding the boat together, which has to be a good thing. Check that internal seams go right to the ends of the boat, not all do.

Hatches – there are many types and methods. All should not leak. Light weight flimsy fibreglass covers are useless to compress gear into a hatch or deform under spare paddle pressure. Covers should not be able to shift nor wash off a boat, *ever*. Beef them up and secure them properly. VCP type hatches should have no sharp attachment screws protruding. Some laminate these hatches on without the need for screws.

Consider mast stay lines on sails. On a Prom trip, I saw a front VCP hatch peeled off by a thin stay line caught under the lip when raising the mast. Older VCP hatches that have become a bit soft and flexible can be given a new lease of life by fitting a stout bungie in the recess on the cover.

Rudders must be field repairable, or removable. I have straightened my old Pittarak rudder blade by bashing it between two Tassie rocks, that’s field repairable. Some alloys will not handle this treatment. Consider carrying spares. Stainless rudder cables work fine but eventually corrode and fail, probably easier to use spectra, as

repairing in the field is as easy as tying a knot.

I have seen a rudder on a top end kayak jam on a screw head costing two cents. Make sure it all works every time, even if new. Nothing should be able to fall out, like a rudder pin. Consider electrolysis of dissimilar metals. Carry a spare pin for rudder pedals; they corrode and don’t last forever.

Electric pumps – most factory fitted pumps have room for improvement. Fit the battery into a waterproof Tupperware container or similar, roughed up and sikaflexed into the day hatch. All wire joins sealed and housed inside the sealed box, use marine grade wire and a switch that is 100% sealed, not just waterproof on the outside of boat. Everyone gets slops into an open hatch sooner or later. Reliability is the name of the game.

End loops – cord drilled through end pour, ugly but probably the strongest. Whatever method used make sure it can take any weight you expect to reasonably put on it, and that it will not damage the deck or seam.

Front bulkheads – doing an unplanned face plant in surf is not the time to wonder how strong your chop-strand bulkhead is. If in doubt, glass a reinforcing bar across the back of bulkhead, attaching to the hull sides. A scrap of paddle shaft works well. Having a weak front bulkhead in a loaded boat is like driving a semi with no brakes.

Shape considerations – generally curved surfaces and angles, such as vee and chines are laterally strong rigid shapes, flat surfaces are flexible. I have a relatively lightly glassed boat with a very strong rigid shape, a trade off I chose to make suited to the paddling I do.

This is not intended as a definitive listing, just an opinion. If this article generates a bit of discussion, a focus on detail and starts drunken arguments around camp fires, my job here is done, I can return to my own planet!

Albatross Island, by John Evertze



A trip over the Aanzac Day long weekend 2008

The first lesson in preparation for remote kayaking trips revealed itself before I had gone anywhere near the water!

It was the Thursday night leading into the 2008 ANZAC long weekend, we had just arrived at Tidal River and I found that my bilge pump switch had failed – take mental note, carry at least one spare switch in the future (or as some would say, don't rely on electronics).

Fortunately, Terry Barry, our trip leader, had experienced this problem before and with some judicious manipulating, we had soon jury-rigged a solution that we were confident would suffice for our planned trip around 'The Prom'.

Wilson's Promontory was first traveled by the Koories. These people were of the Gunai community with the Brataualung clan occupying the surrounding areas of South Gippsland. To the Koories, Wilson's Promontory is known as 'Wamoon', is watched over by Loo-ernn, ('spirit man') the guardian of his people.

Legend tells the story of when Loo-ernn was living by the Yarra River with his wife. One day, when cooking eels, he observed a swan feather carried by the wind towards the south and decided to follow its journey.

He came upon the swans in Westernport Bay and waited until they migrated to the east, whereupon he followed them to Corner Inlet. They made their home in the mountains of Wamoon, in a cave on Mount Hunter, where this 'spirit man' watched over the welfare of the Brataualung people that visited there.

Wamoon was a place of retreat from attackers, so in times of danger, canoes were kept strategically located around the coast from Port Welshpool, in preparation for making a quick getaway. Loo-ernn protected his people from strangers and raids from other groups, and could be seen by his people marching over the Wamoon mountains.

These people had been spending at least part of their year on the Yanakie Isthmus for approximately 6500 years prior to the arrival of George Bass in 1798. Bass named the Promontory after Thomas Wilson, a London based friend of Bass's companion Mathew Flinders.

It seems that those of Western heritage were not excluded from this sense of a presence as a quote by a Mr. Smyth when visiting the area in the 19th century indicates:

"... he was seen by strangers occasionally ... at a great distance ... clothed in mist and regarding with unnatural but human

eyes, these intruders in his domain. 'Loo-ernn'— awful and majestic, permitting for only a few seconds his form to be visible ..."

Six of us had signed up for the trip: Terry Barr, Maelstrom; Mark Heggie, Nadgee Expedition; David Golightly, Mirage 530; Chris King, Nadgee Expedition; Raia Wall, Raider X and Graeme Quin, kindling 'original'

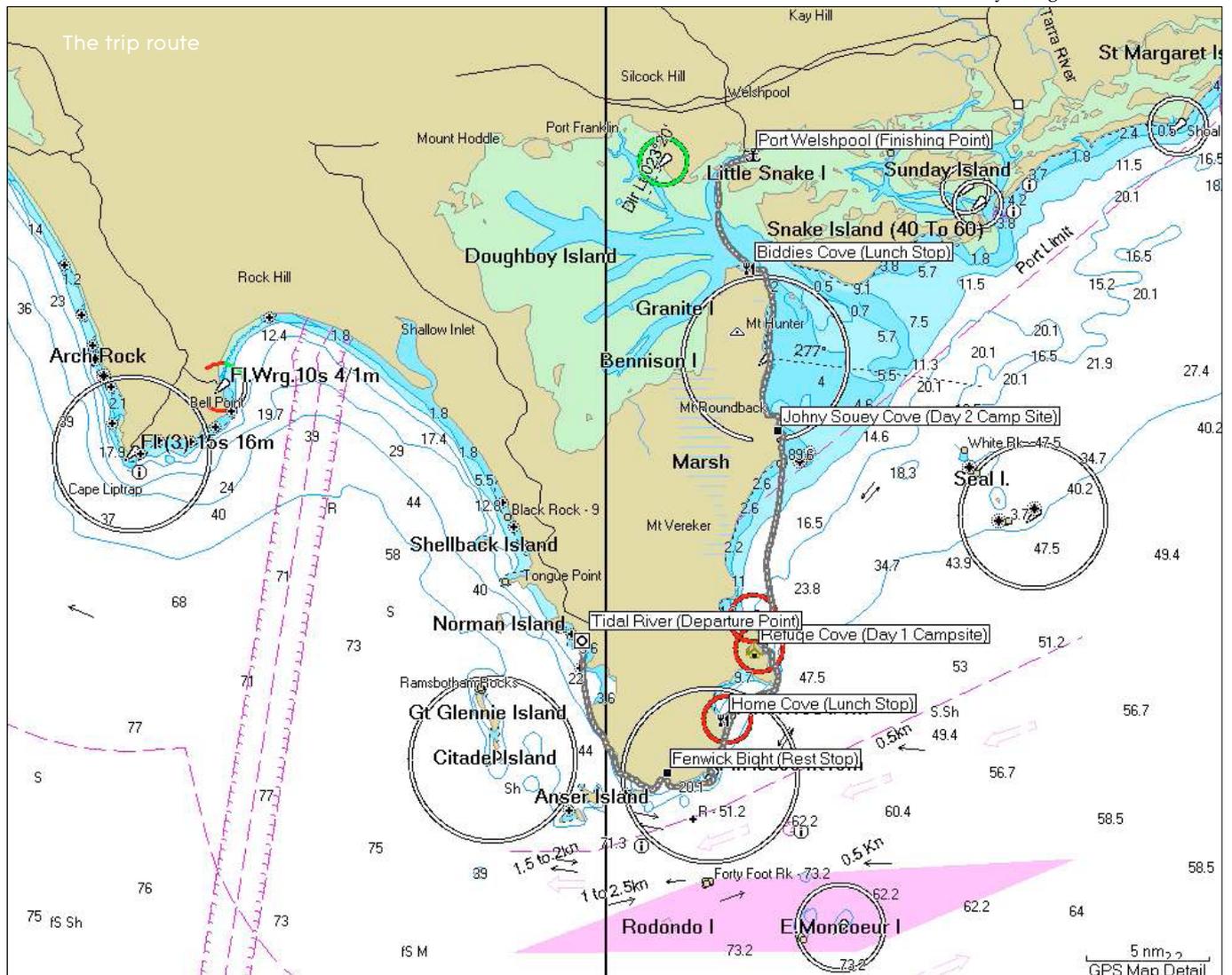
The plan was to paddle from west to east, starting in Norman Bay at Tidal River village and finishing three days later at Port Welshpool on Corner Inlet. The proposed timing was:

Day one – Tidal River to Refuge Cove (20 nautical miles)

Day two— Refuge Cove to Johnny Souey Cove (10 nautical miles)

Day three – Johnny Suey Cove to Port Welshpool (14 nautical miles)

The predicted weather pattern indicated marginal conditions. However, we were confident that by keeping close inshore on the eastern side of the promontory, we should be adequately protected, except for a few open bay crossings and of course, Corner Inlet itself. Importantly, considering the exposed west and south-west coasts, we knew the high probability was that day one would be relatively benign!



Earlier on the Thursday evening, Mark's car had been parked at Port Welshpool in readiness for the all important car shuffle, which in this case involved a 180 km round trip. After some discussion around the tranga we agreed to a 7.30 am departure the next morning.

A very low tide in Norman Bay forced a long carry next morning, albeit aided significantly by Chris King's thoughtful inclusion of his kayak trolley, which handled the soft sand well. After storing all the remaining cars at the overnight hikers parking area, we managed a 7.45 am departure from the beach. We quickly launched, then headed south-west over a near calm sea with little wind and in sunny conditions towards Norman Point and onwards into Oberon Bay.

We made excellent progress as we made our way southwards towards Australia's most southerly mainland point. Conditions were fantastic and allowed the pod to virtually paddle next to the wonderful boulder strewn shoreline as well as play around in the rock gardens.

As we worked our way towards South-East Point, it became evident that we had been blessed with a wonderful moment to engage with this very special part of Victoria. As we neared the low-lying rocks which so modestly mark this point, we continued to take the opportunity to get 'up close and personal' with the environment we found ourselves in.

By 11 am we had decided that we could not let the opportunity to go ashore into Fenwick Bight pass by. Most of us, including myself, had never ventured into this special place above which flows what bush-walkers relate to as Roaring Meg. We were not disappointed, it is a magical location, but one can only imagine what it must be like in a south-westerly or southerly.

Mark Heggie's discovery of shipwreck flotsam by way of a rudder from some unfortunate yacht, underlined the exposure this place has to Bass Strait. We did wonder where the rest of the boat was located!

We enjoyed an hour ashore, very conscious of the fact that we had luckily picked a weekend in which completing the Prom contour was a distinct possibility. Some of the senior members of the pod, including Terry Barry and Mark Heggie, had experienced multiple failed attempts at completing this contour behind them, this background alone made the day special.

Soon after returning to the water, the lighthouse came into view, perched on a small peninsula jutting into the wild seas of Bass Strait. The dramatic granite tower and head lighthouse keeper's residence was built in 1859. It is always a special sight and a glance seaward emphasises the importance of this guide to mariners.

Out to sea, Rodondo Island stood sentinel like to the south of us, then nothing but open water between our position and the distant north coast of Tasmania.

We really enjoyed the journey 'around the corner' and soon found our deck compasses shifting into northerly sectors. We paused for the obligatory photographs, then headed rapidly for our selected lunch stop in Home Cove, a delightful north-facing beach with fantastic views onto the mountains of the Prom. Progress to this point was excellent, so we were generous with our shore time as we relaxed and explored the area.

Soon after launching as we headed for Refuge Cove, our selected overnight campsite, we began to feel the effects of pushing against a steady north-westerly as we battled our way across Waterloo Bay. Soon enough, we were forced to change course towards the mainland in an attempt to gain shelter, modifying our initial plan to go 'point-to-point'.

The breeze however didn't build into anything threatening and we soon found ourselves contemplating a VSKC cape contour of Cape Wellington, one of the most isolated capes on our Victorian coast.

Discovered in 1846 by Captain John Lort Stokes, the cape was named on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. Mark Heggie stood up to the test, determined not to let the occasion pass, he quickly rolled and with witnesses on hand to take the necessary photograph, he 'claimed the contour' in accordance with the VSKC rules of engagement.

Soon after rounding Cape Wellington, we approached Brown Head and the welcoming entrance to the wonderful natural harbour aptly named Refuge Cove. We lost no time in setting up camp in the boaties' area, whilst all the time directing the arriving bushwalkers further on into the hikers' campsite. Terry's habit of carrying a large fly sheet proved valuable again as we organised our kitchen, lounge and dining area in traditional turf-protection style!

The national park ranger was in residence and didn't take long to check that we had the necessary camp permits. He was soon satisfied that we were legal and returned to his broadcast of the match of the day from the MCG. The campsite was popular this long weekend as more and more hikers arrived. In addition, we were soon joined by a lovely sailing ketch, which gently rode at anchor a few metres from shore as its crew sipped a selection of sundowner cocktails whilst enjoying the setting sun.

A team meeting over dinner and drinks, with the benefit of an up to date weather forecast, resulted in a decision to continue our strategy of an early departure the next day. The plan being to be well on our way, if not already resting in Johnny Souey Cove, before any adverse winds threatened our progress.

An enjoyable dinner, drink and exchange of stories tall and true finished off what we all agreed had been a great day on the water; with twenty nautical miles behind us we were all weary and ready to turn in.

Next morning after a very efficient and organised striking of our camp we were on the water by 7.30 am – even Terry was impressed!

It was a lovely morning and we were looking forward to what should be our easiest journey of the three days, the ten nautical mile trip from Refuge Cove to Johnny Souey Cove. Soon after rounding Horn Point however, we again felt the effects of the wind as we headed straight into it. As a consequence, our velocity soon dropped below our target lower limit of three knots.

The journey from Refuge Cove to Johnny Souey is characterised by point-to-point open water crossings, such as Sealers Cove and Five Mile Beach. Our location out from the shore allowed us full exposure to the increasing wind velocity as the land mass warmed the northerly breezes.

The typical Wilson's Prom landscape of high mountain ridges and low passes provides an ideal geography to train the winds onto the eastern seaboard, resulting in an increasing struggle on our part as we headed north. In an attempt to counteract this, we sought the longer but more sheltered option of following the coastline.

Soon however, we realised that we were making such good progress that we would make our destination before lunch. A ten nautical mile journey was proving to be a relatively easy target for this group who by now had melded into a strong self-supporting unit.

Before midday, we found ourselves paddling through the low surf to land at what Terry Barry describes as one of his favourite campsites, Johnny Souey Cove. At Johnny Souey, campers have the choice of either a low level site just above the beach or an elevated site necessitating a steep climb. Typically, we chose the later and were rewarded with stunning views north, much to the chagrin of late arriving bushwalkers, including one very outspoken character. Camp established, we settled into spend a wonderfully relaxing afternoon sheltered from the wind whilst soaking up the autumn sunshine as we lay on the beach in various poses. Terry, being the only one with a very trendy looking hammock, promptly fell fast asleep. Little did we know he was about to earn his stripes as well as his rest!

Shortly after our afternoon siesta, the 'wheels fell off'! Mark decided that he would go bushwalking in an attempt to locate the freshwater lagoon where the ranger had advised we could possibly top-up our water supplies. Four of us headed up the narrow path with Mark in the lead and Terry close behind.

With only approximately one hundred metres covered after leaving the beach, Mark was struck on the lower left leg by a tiger snake he had disturbed. The end result being a dramatic helicopter evacuation to the mainland, followed by a series of tests in Dandenong hospital. So serious was this episode that we have written an account of it elsewhere (pages 8-9) in this edition of *SeaTrek*, meanwhile on with the story!

That night we sensed the arrival of the change in the weather, characterised by an increase in wind velocity and a change in

direction. With a thirteen nautical mile day ahead of us, as well as handling the burden of Mark's gear and kayak, we were very concerned about the prospect of forcing our way to Port Welshpool. In fact, a couple of the senior paddlers in the pod were pretty sure we would have an unscheduled stay somewhere on the northern shore of the Prom.

Leaving Mark's valuable gear in this location was not an option, so we thrashed out a towing plan and soon the next morning, we launched into a half-metre surf.

Chris and Graeme, being alpha male types drew the short straw and were elected to tow Mark's boat whilst Raia and I shouted words of encouragement from a safe distance. Chris's attempt at protestation on the basis of his mal de mer experience the previous day fell on deaf ears.

Again, an early morning departure saw us achieve a morale boosting good start. However, expedition weariness, as well as the adrenalin sapping experience of Mark's evacuation the previous day, was evident on the faces of everyone as we made our way north. We all knew that this was likely to be our toughest day of the expedition.

The thirteen nautical mile leg to Port Welshpool against the forecast elements emphasised the challenge which lay ahead.

None of us relished the thought of the forecast twenty-five knot north-westerly winds belting us as we fought our way across Corner Inlet.

Soon after clearing Three Mile Point however, Terry announced his decision to the group; make for shore and ditch (hide) Mark's 'Nudge'. Needless to say, no-one argued. After taking photographs and a lat/long so that Mark might relocate his valuable gear, we continued unburdened along Three Mile Beach towards Lighthouse Point. Whilst we did have periods where the increasing wind velocity caused minor irritation, in general we didn't experience the strong winds that had been forecast, albeit on a number of occasions we did alter course to seek more favourable paddling conditions.

Progress northwards was so good however that we were forced to delay our arrival through the entrance while we waited for the flood tide to arrive. These narrows mark the gap between the coasts of the Prom and Snake Island.

Pausing for a brief lunch stop at one of our favourite locations – Biddies Cove, we prepared for the final push across the 'Singapore Deep' and onwards into the channel leads which mark the maritime route to Port Welshpool.

The Singapore Deep didn't disappoint. We have come to expect significant wave action in this zone on the occasions when wind opposes stream flow. Wet and cold as we were, we enjoyed ourselves as we pitched and yawled our way towards that favourite of paddlers destinations, the wonderfully named tree-formed "Map of Tasmania", visible now on the distant mainland hillside.

The brief battle now over, we were soon paddling at five and a half knots with tidal assistance through the navigation channel guiding us to the large marine jetty now in view to the north-east.

The forty-three nautical mile mark of the three day trip was notched up as we neared the sandy beach behind which Mark's car had been parked. Once ashore we lost no time in getting ready for the one hundred and eighty kilometre round trip which the dreaded car-shuffle to and from Tidal River involved.

Before leaving the beach however, a group hug was called for as we unanimously expressed our appreciation to each other as well as trip leader Terry Barry, for a great weekend in a fantastic location.

We sea kayakers are indeed very very fortunate!



When planning meets opportunity you have success and on this occasion I had been planning for years a paddle from Port Campbell towards Lorne. I had hoped to go the week before on a long weekend and had advertised and even fished around for other takers. Although the weather became inclement, I knew, I would have a decent

weather window sometime in that month. When the right weather window drifted into view, I informed the usual crew. Some had the AGM to attend and others were not interested, so I headed for Port Campbell and under a brilliant blue sky, loaded my kayak and set off along the coast.

My first destination was Loch Ard Gorge, where there is plenty of clapotis in Survey Gorge, but the scenery and water colour was magnificent. Before paddling under the arch in Mutton Bird Island, I found myself in a cove with clear turquoise water and clean bright golden sand, reflecting the sun's rays up on to the cliff face, illuminating the cove and transporting my thoughts to a tropical setting.

After entering Loch Ard Gorge, I asked a tourist to take a photo of me in my boat then headed out the gorge where a clapotis wave threw the 150 kg, consisting of crewman and loaded kayak, into the air. After a few swipes of air I landed back on the water and then proceeded to get the 'hell out of Dodge'. The water's depth along the coast line is quite shallow and there are a lot of bombies to watch out for. As I got to the Twelve Apostles, a light grey cloud descended upon the cliffs and by time I got to Gibson Steps, the top of the cliffs were obscured.

By Clifton Beach, the cliffs and bombies were obscured by a thick sea fog; now I was navigating by dead reckoning. The eyrie silence and visibility of less than fifty metres was sporadically punctuated by the sound of water breaking over bombies, which added to the heightening of my senses.

Unsure of my surroundings, I would turn out to sea hoping to find safe water, but



Phil, photographed in Loch Ard Gorge

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soon learnt there were bombies as testified by the sound of crashing water and the sudden appearance of white water on my seaward side. However, I was comforted by the fact I had written down my bearings and distances so even when I had to turn out in to the fog I had an idea where I was.

I did consider turning around, but using qualitative logic thought the fog would soon lift. More importantly, I did not want to inconvenience my wife to come back from Wye River to pick me up.

In the dark murky atmosphere, I noticed the water had become turbid and in the gloom, a rock stuck up in the air. I looked at my watch and estimated that from the environs that I was near or at Point Ronald at Princetown; so far so good. The fog around Princetown beach had lifted and I could see for about 300 metres, which was pleasant as there were again numerous bombies to avoid in front of Rivernook beach.

After Rivernook beach, the fog was low again and my navigation tools were again compass and watch. It was interesting on a day with no sea and a low swell (sixty centimetres with a 13–14 second period) that when I paddled near reefs like Cats Reef and The Gable, I soon found my self slowing down and having to paddle harder.

Along Wreck Beach, the fog had risen to about fifty metres and I could not see the top of the hills and or cliffs, which was disappointing, since I was looking forward to the sights around The Gable. At Point Reginald, I had the option of going on a bearing to Cape Otway or contour the coast and since I would see any thing by travelling directly to Cape Otway, I turned and contoured the coast.

At Cape Volney, , thanks to David Golightly's rules for capes, I rolled, took the obligatory self portrait as evidence, then had lunch. After a twenty minute rest and refuel, I set off towards Milanesia Beach which did not have any fog covering it, only golden sun drenched sand under

a blue sky, which enticed me in like a beautiful siren.

This section of coast has marvellous scenery, (the previous section would have had as well but I could not see it) and I desired to spend time exploring, but I had been paddling for five hours and still had some distance to go. I set my focus on getting around Cape Otway, so I cut away from the coastline and headed towards Johanna Beach and Dinosaur Cove.

By Point Flinders I was hoping to see the lighthouse but this did not come into view until I was about 600 metres away. Below the lighthouse, I once again got wet, took the photographic evidence and notice that I had not drifted very much if at all. What was noticeable through the clear water were the numerous bombies. On the way to Point Franklin there is a solid building that lacks any architectural imagination and I thought must be a Government

building, but turns out to be the residence of the local land owner.

Point Franklin is an area where you need to take care as there is serious water movement. I had been there before when the bombies were working and the swell was being amplified by the sea floor but was intrigued by how much effort I had to put in to get round with no seas and a low swell.

Parker River was a welcome sight. Storm damage from the foul weather a week before had caused a lot of erosion and flotsam was to be found in the area where I had planned to camp. The next day I set off for Cape Patton, but at Cape Marengo near Apollo Bay, I was to hear from Jacki that she had injured herself at a function the night before in Wye River; so I made my way to the Apollo Bay marina and cut short the trip.



Paddling online

by Andy McKie

Victoria has had some pretty cold weather lately and given there is plenty of winter to go some club members are looking to paddle more from home rather than risk catching a chill. If you are really keen lash out this winter on a wireless broadband modem so you can continue paddling online from the warmth of your cosy bed without the risk of hypothermia. Check out these sites online:

www.consium.com/southern_cross.html
or en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Southern_cross

If you like paddling at night or simply want a cool party trick when camping with your less orientated friends, then try locating south by using the southern cross. Note: don't try this in the northern hemisphere. www.seacanoes.org/OffShore.htm

Have you ever paddled on a windy day? Here's some words of wisdom from our club friend Paul Caffyn.

www.schools.ash.org.au/dapthigh/eskimoroll.htm

Wanting to learn how to eskimo roll? You can find plenty of web sites on eskimo rolling by doing a Google search. This one is good with plenty of pics to boot. Even better – why not get along to a club rolling night. The pool is heated!

HF radio marine weather broadcasts www.bom.gov.au/inside/services_policy/marine/hf_radio_survey/hf_survey_report.shtml

The Bureau of Meteorology has published the results of its survey of HF radio weather broadcast. Some sea kayakers responded to the survey. Following the survey, the Bureau

will continue these broadcasts via VMC Charleville and VMW Wiluna for at least another three years. This is very useful for Australian sea kayakers, as HF radio broadcasts provide the best marine weather information at four-hourly intervals, accessible in remote areas using a suitable receiver. Some are described here: www.nswseakayaker.asn.au/magazine/58/radios.htm

If you find a site online you think might be of interest to others, then we want to know about it hear at SeaTrek Paddling online. Please forward any worthy links to seatrek@vskc.org.au



Photo of the issue —
dead calm off Altona & Point Cook

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