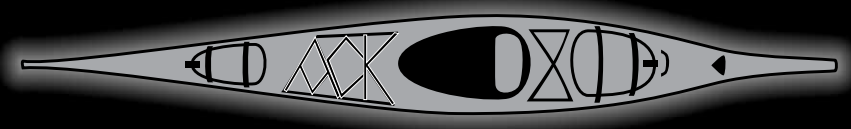


# ATLANTIC

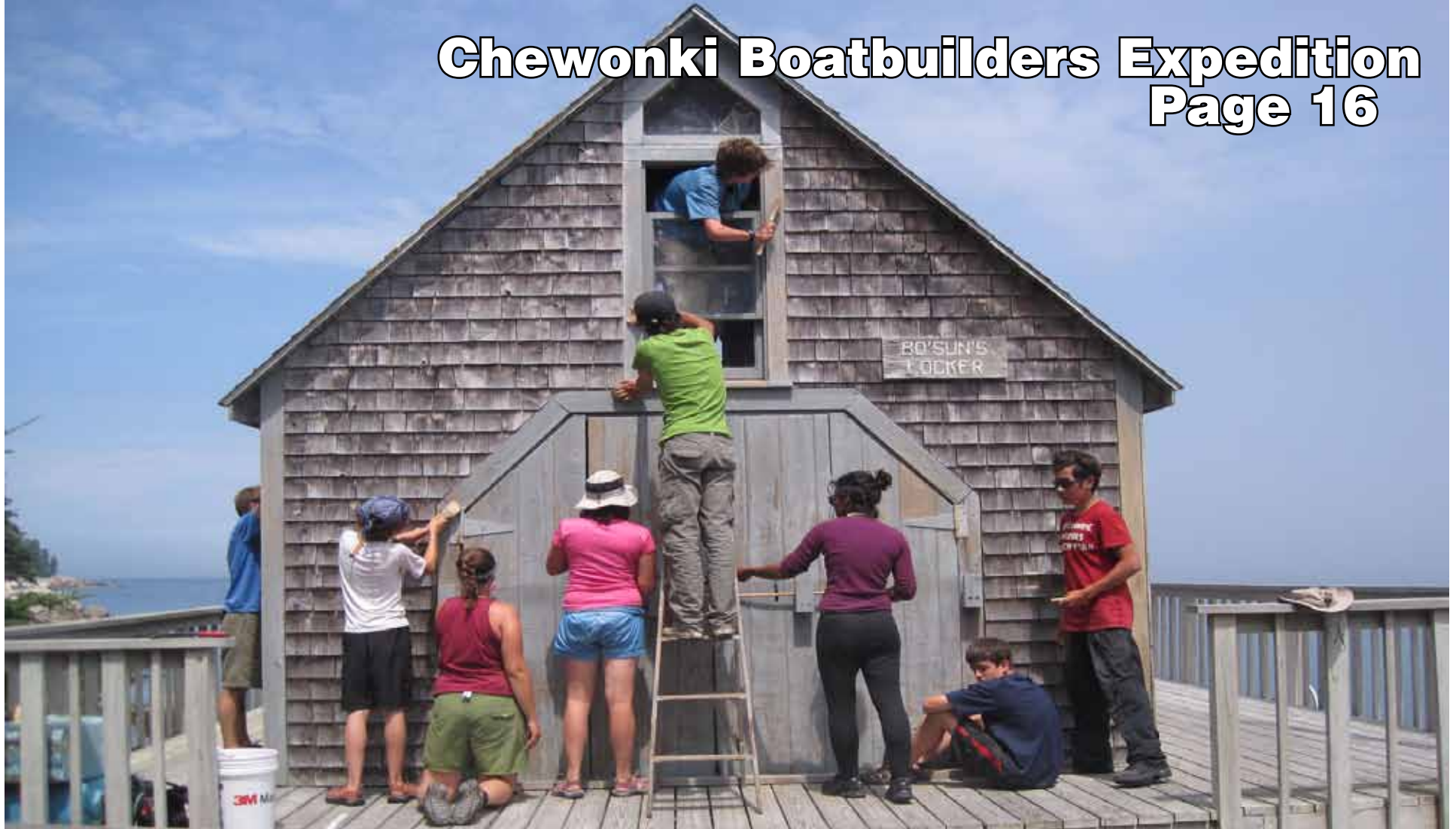
---

## Coastal Kayaker



September 2010  
Volume 19, No. 6

### Chewonki Boatbuilders Expedition Page 16



**CHARLES RIVER  
CANOE & KAYAK**  
PaddleBoston.com  
(617) 965-5110

Group Outings  
Trips & Tours  
Rentals  
Sales



New Rental Location:  
Kendall Square, Cambridge

**COLLINSVILLE  
CANOE & KAYAK**

Celebrating  
20 Years Of  
Putting People  
On The Water!


**RETAIL SALES  
LESSONS - Adults & Kids  
RENTALS  
GUIDED TRIPS  
BIRTHDAY PARTIES  
CUSTOM GROUP OUTINGS**



SWIFT CANOE & KAYAK  
DAGGER • ESQUIF • HERITAGE • HOBIE • JACKSON • LIQUID LOGIC  
MAD RIVER • NATIVE • NECKY • OCEAN KAYAK • OLD TOWN • P & H  
PERCEPTION • PRIJON • PYRANHA  
VENTURE • WAVE SPORT • WILDERNESS SYSTEMS

41 Bridge Street (Route 179) PO Box 336  
Collinsville, CT 06022  
(860) 693-6977  
www.cckstore.com

**Lincoln**  
CANOE & KAYAK  
HANDCRAFTED IN MAINE



expeditions, tours, rentals, canoe & kayak sales  
on-site manufacturing & repair

8 VARNEY RD  
FREEPORT, ME  
207.865.0455  
www.paddlelincoln.com

Lincoln, BoréalDesign, Maelström, Kōkatat

*On the cover: Members of the Chewonki Boatbuilders Expedition help restore the Bos'n's Locker on Hurricane Island, ME. Photo by Emma Carlson*

**Atlantic Coastal Kayaker**  
is published monthly for 8 issues,  
March through December. We take  
January and February off.

**Publisher/Editor**  
Tamsin Venn

**Contributors:**  
Rob Battenfeld  
Emma Carlson  
Mark Ceconi  
David Eden  
Lilly Eden  
Ray Fusco  
Dave Harp  
Wayne Horodowich  
Rona Kobell

**Website**  
www.atlanticcoastalkayaker.com

**Atlantic Coastal Kayaker**  
PO Box 520  
Ipswich MA 01938  
(978) 356-6112 (tel,fax)  
ackayak@comcast.net

**Layout & Editorial**  
David Eden  
dweden@atlanticcoastalkayaker.com

**Business Office**  
Lou Anne Maker  
makeribfs@msn.com

**Deadline for all materials is  
the first of the month preceding  
the month of publication.**  
Letters are welcome. Please  
direct to ackayak@comcast.net

A  
T  
L  
A  
N  
T  
I  
C  
  
C  
O  
A  
S  
T  
A  
L  
K  
A  
Y  
A  
K  
E  
R

# Contents

ACK Vol 19, No. 6 September 2010

## Feature

**The Chewonki Boatbuilders Expedition .....16**

## Departments

**Eddy Lines .....4**

**Letters From You.....6**

**News & Notes .....8**

**Expedition Watch: From Sea to Sea.....11**

**Technique: Your Paddling Engine .....12**

**Events: 5th Annual Mayor's Cup Race .....36**

**Places: Eastern Long Island, NY .....41**

**Places: Mattawoman Creek, MD ..... 46**

**Safety: Newfoundland Death, MA Law .....49**

**Environment: Milfoil, Phone App, Green Turtles..51**

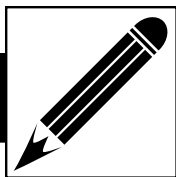
**Fiction: The Dolphin Mystery, Part 2.....52**

**Reviews: Without a Paddle, Kayak Strokes .....55**

**New DVD Release: Essential Kayaki Strokes ...57**

**Calendar .....58**

**Klassifieds.....60**



With the September issue, this will be the last issue online for Atlantic Coastal Kayaker. Let me revise that, the magazine will be still be available on line to subscribers, but we will also print a paper copy.

It is has been an interesting foray into the online world. The best news from this side is that the magazine is once again debt free. We paid off the printer and postage fees, and owe the printer nothing at this point, and that is a great relief. I pretty much do the magazine on a break even status, so it is more comfortable for me to be out of the red.

We are the thrilled with the results of the online version from a visual point of view. Sea kayaking has always lent itself to stunning visuals, and it has been gratifying to present those in full color, as many as we like. Furthermore, without printing restrictions, in the JulyAugust issue we were able to go to 50 pages, vs. the usual 34, as we were unhindered by printing costs. That number of pages is a first for the magazine. Furthermore, if we want to add just one page, we are not tied by having to go up four pages, or down four pages, based on printing press specs. It has been wonderful

to be free of the printing press! In addition, in JulyAugust we went back to our horizontal format, which the magazine started with in 1991, to best capture the horizontal frame that the long touring kayak travels through. It has really been fun and really liberating!

On the downside, we received mixed reviews on the online edition. Some of you were thrilled with the portability. Some of you reluctantly adopted the new format. Others flatly refused to go with the format, either because you preferred print copies, to read at leisure in whichever place you chose – on the porch, in between errands, in bed, in the tub, on vacation. Also, some of you did not have computers or access to them. Some of you I regret to say don't even know we're online. We sent out two mailings, posted it on our website, posted an announcement in the magazine, and wrote an editorial. The message did go out.

Some of you had trouble accessing the file, and we tried to respond immediately to help correct the problem.

One recent bug bit the JulyAugust issue. Here's an email from one reader:

“ .\_.JP P^(\_V4~□N\_ n□Kt”\_#6c\_□%z□^Íq\_YI\_ .i±\_t□<

Ea9fU`6{□□(jir\_% 3+□□]w□wâ□ I1+dV»/<|Q`? {½□ e&^(i%,+:RS´ t<\_ é<□ F52\_\_h|]\_w□\_□I\_w7!\_:am>m ±\*s\ u□s/ El36ú0p□E□\*?»~\_z- t q = ~ \_ \* \_ \_ Y & G H & f V F x 3 ” \_ g v □ E □ d # \_ , \_ 2 ( y + < | • 1 b B R \_ {l’>v\_a%g<;M\_.;u\_\_U:-yethXt)ML% wG\$V\`o&|Ib□E¥□z4i\*i<:ya>|\_\*5\_+& □F&&\_ any ideas?”

Terse, but very much to the point!

We are still working out this bug, but essentially the file becomes corrupted. We believe the cause is the HTMLPassword software we use that encrypts the monthly menu. Ideally what we would like is for each subscriber to be able to set his or her own password which would be active as long as the subscription is up. We are investigating how to structure a user database to make that possible. It can be done on our server, but we just haven't figured it out yet.

For those of you who are having problems with JulyAugust, you will be happy to know that the corrupted file has been replaced and retested. I would be happy

to send you the PDF file. So please let me know if you were unable to access that issue or any other.

Let me end by saying that ACK is by no means moribund. We are just seeking our way in the new publishing modes. We appreciate everyone who has stuck by us during this interim, and we sincerely hope you liked the magazine, as much as we enjoyed producing it in glorious color and multiple pages.

Enjoy your September issue, and look forward to seeing October in print again.

Happy September paddling.  
**Note from David Eden, Layout and web manager:**

The difference in what we can provide online vs. the print version was most remarkable in the July/August issue, with its full-color photos and increased editorial content. We are currently thinking of producing two versions of the magazine, one with black and white for the printer, and the full-color online version. We will have a two-tiered subscription rate, with those opting for the online version only paying a significantly reduced annual rate.



**Peconic Paddler is back in business. We specialize in paddling Canoes, Kayaks and Stand Up Paddleboards.**

500 watercraft are in stock including the following brands: Current Designs Composite Sea Kayaks, Ocean Kayak Sit On Top Kayaks, Valley Canoe Products British Kayaks, Wenonah Canoes, Grumman Canoes and a bunch of different stand up Paddleboards. We have over 50 of the coveted Werner San Juan Paddles, Lightweight Werner SUP Paddles, a full line of Yakima Roof Top Carriers for kayaks and canoes and many super comfortable PFDs.



Jared on his Stand Up Paddleboard

**Open Thursday through Sunday. Other days by appointment. Delivery is available up to 150 miles.**

**89 Peconic Ave. Riverhead, NY 11901 631-727-9895**

**Kayaks • Canoes  
Rowing Shells**



**Sales • Rentals  
Repairs • Accessories  
Instructions • Guided Tours**



**Center Harbor, New Hampshire  
tel. 603-253-7536  
or 1-800-427-7536  
www.wildmeadowcanoes.com**

# PYGMY



**18 TOP RATED  
KAYAK  
CANOE &  
ROWING KITS**

**Beautiful, Rugged, Ultra-light  
Wood-Fiberglass Composite**

**www.pygmyboats.com 360.385.6143**

# Letters From You



## Drawbacks to Online Edition

I think the online issues look great, but I have to admit that there are drawbacks. The primary one is that it's less portable. An Ipad would solve that problem, but if I had an extra \$600.00 I'd probably put it into kayak gear, or a paddling trip. Another issue is psychological: I don't feel the same sense of urgency with a link, which I do with a paper magazine, where I feel compelled to at least flip through it immediately. It was several days before I looked at the May issue, and I still haven't "opened" the June issue.

I get a few other electronic publications that include teasers to the stories, in the email that announces each issue. Maybe something like that, or even an image of the cover, would encourage me to read ACK sooner. Finally, it's a little bit of a nuisance to have to keep track of, and enter the password every time you want look at the magazine. No doubt at this point you are thinking "why doesn't the moron print out the effing thing and solve all his problems?" Answer: It seems so un-green, but no more so than if you print it I guess, so that probably is the solution. In any case, it's still a great read and thank you for sticking with it all these

years. Happy paddling.

Will Clarke  
North Falmouth, MA

## Will Miss ACK

I don't have a computer so I won't be subscribing to your online edition. I'll miss you. I have been reading ACK for a very long time. I don't recall your mentioning paddling in Alaska, so I'm sending along some notes about one my trips. Try to go!

Bill Paschal  
Aiken, SC

## Norwalk Islands Revised Guide

The new 2010, second edition of the guide book, *Kayaking In and Around the Norwalk Islands* is now on sale throughout the Norwalk, Ct., area. As the book continues to be in demand, it has been improved and updated to reflect a few changes out around the waters of the Norwalk Islands.

The book is now printed with much better printing equipment on better quality, glossy paper which makes the text and pictures appear to "jump out at you." And a new chapter has been added titled, "Norwalk Islands—a brief history."

As the guidebook is a local niche publication, the 2009, first edition was just 160 copies. The second edition printing is 350 copies of which more than 100 copies have been sold so far. As demand may continue, the book will be updated and improved as needed in the years ahead.

The book is available at kayak outlets and several other locations. For a location nearest you or to order a book by mail, contact David at (203) 866-7555 or david-park66@att.net. The book continues to be not-for-profit by the author which keeps the retail price reasonable.

David Park  
Norwalk, Ct.

## Hudson River Greenland Festival

Our event was successful last weekend. It seems all you need to do is invite lots of paddlers, feed them well, and good things happen. Well, it might be that simple, but it works.

This was our 4th HRGF at Croton Point, and it has grown a lot in those years. A big difference from ten years ago, when you didn't see too many Greenland paddles at all.

Jack Gilman  
hudsonsb@yahoo.com

## Cohill's Inn and Key West Thru Paddler

Just got back from Lubec/Cobscook Bay, Maine last week. Wonderful time. Friends own Cohill's Inn right across the street from the boat ramp. I'm big on boat ramp accessible lodgings or campsites in that area since carrying all my gear and boat up the mudflats, at low tide there, is a good thing to avoid. Ran Cobscook Falls a bit. Not a recommended thing for solo paddlers, although at least a mistake does not sweep you into rocks, cliffs, keeper holes, or whirlpools.


Interesting incident. Camping on Wheat Island near Isle Au Haut, Maine, a couple of paddlers pulled up. "Where did you put in?" - usual question. "Key West." -unusual answer. Glenn Charles has been on this leg of his trip since Jan. 31. His goal is to get to Quebec City before it snows. He has a website oneoceanproject.com. Maybe worth a look.

SYOTW (See You on the Water)  
Jon Cons  
Porter, ME



**NIGEL DENNIS KAYAKS**

[www.maineislandkayak.com](http://www.maineislandkayak.com)  
 Peaks Island, ME 04108  
 207-766-2373      Since 1986



Small or large.  
 Expedition-ready.  
 The new Wisper XP has two sets of cockpits to choose from, with rudder as standard.  
 Fits you. Fits your travels.  
 Made in Canada by Feathercraft naturally.

*Kayaks that go everywhere*

**Feathercraft**  
[www.feathercraft.com](http://www.feathercraft.com)  
 888 631 8437

# News & Notes



## Paddlers Log 1,600 Plus Miles for Northern Forest Trail Challenge

Northern Forest Canoe Trail (NFCT) paddlers logged more than twice the number of miles needed to meet the goal of a trail-wide challenge on the 740-mile water route.

On Saturday, July 24, canoeists and kayakers contributed 1,648 miles during the “740 Miles in One Day Challenge.” Two hundred forty-three people paddled on lakes, ponds, rivers, and streams in New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine to surpass the goal of accumulating the total mileage of the trail.

The event was part of the NFCT 10th Anniversary Paddlers Rendezvous held in Rangeley, Maine. Solo and tandem paddlers, families, summer campers, paddling clubs, outfitters, and guides along the trail enjoyed a day on the NFCT to help achieve the goal.

“The event was a fun way for people

along the trail to be a part of our anniversary weekend, and we were thrilled to have a great turnout,” said NFCT Executive Director Kate Williams.

Paddlers in Maine logged 922 miles, paddlers in New York logged 568 miles, paddlers in New Hampshire contributed 128 miles, and participants in Vermont added 30 miles. Paddlers reported their mileage to NFCT staff by e-mail, phone, and texting.

The total mileage was announced Saturday during an anniversary party and dinner at Saddleback Maine resort. For more information about kayaking on the Northern Forest Canoe Trail call 802-496-2285 or visit [www.northern-forestcanoetrail.org](http://www.northern-forestcanoetrail.org).



## Wenonah Canoe Delivers Boats to the National Scout Jamboree

At the end of July, 38,000 Boy Scouts

and 3,700 adult leaders from all 50 states and from countries around the world spent ten days celebrating the Boy Scouts of America’s 100th Anniversary since its founding in 1910. They took part in the 2010 National Scout Jamboree at Fort A.P. Hill in Caroline County, Va. Wenonah Canoe supplied 85 Current Designs Kestrel 120 kayaks. Those special edition boats all feature the 100th Anniversary Boy Scouts of America logo.

Three fully loaded trailers delivered the boats (and 78 light Kevlar canoes) to the Jamboree. Owner and founder of Wenonah Canoe, and Distinguished Eagle Scout award recipient Mike Cichanowski attended the event.

Cichanowski said, “I am proud that our company is able to provide the Jamboree participants with great paddling, high quality boats. The Boy Scouts organization has done so much for this country’s youth and companies in the outdoor industry such as ours.” The Jamboree ran July 26-Aug. 4.

Wenonah Canoe, established formally in 1968 in Winona, Minn., is the outgrowth of a lifelong devotion to paddling by Mike Cichanowski, who began canoeing as a young Boy Scout, and who began manufacturing canoes while still in college.



## Blueway or Bust: Snook, Trout, Redfish Will Earn Top Angler Free Kayak

The annual Calusa Blueway Kayak Fishing Tournament, Nov. 6, is expected to draw about 75 paddling anglers to the shores of Pine Island in southwest Florida as they compete for cash prizes and a chance to win a Hobie Adventure fishing kayak. Kayak fishing paddles from Bending Branches also will be awarded.

The catch-and-release event is scheduled as part of the ten-day canoe and kayak festival along the Calusa Blueway Paddling Trail.

During the one-day competition, anglers will catch and release snook, redfish, sea trout, and other species. All fishing must take place on Lee County waterways. Captains’ meeting, weigh-in and awards take place in Matlacha.

The first-place winner will receive



# News & Notes

the fully rigged Hobie Adventure kayak, with a retail value exceeding \$2,000. The second-place winner will receive \$500, based on 50 participants. The third-place finisher gets \$300; the fourth-place angler earns \$150; and the fifth-place finisher wins \$50.

"It's significant to have a kayak of this caliber donated as our grand prize this year," said Josh Harvel, tournament committee chairman who also is a Hobie Fishing Team member and Lee County Parks & Recreation volunteer. "The Adventure is one of the best-performing kayaks on the water today."

The Nov. 5 captains' meeting will include a reception sponsored by Angler's Inn and Bert's Bar. The digital weigh-in, a seminar with Kayak Charters' Dominick Greco and the awards presentation will be Nov. 6 at Matlacha Park with a celebration afterward for anglers and kayakers at The Sun & The Moon Inn, Matlacha.

Tournament proceeds benefit the Great Calusa Blueway and the Society for Ethical Ecotourism, which is hosting the event with assistance from Lee County Parks & Recreation volunteers. Sponsors include Hobie, Bending Branches, Estero River Outfitters, West Marine, Sea Tow, Angler's Inn, Bert's Bar, The Sun & The Moon Inn, Kayak Excursions, Kayak Charters, and many

more local businesses.

The registration form and rules are at [www.CalusaBluewayPaddlingFestival.com](http://www.CalusaBluewayPaddlingFestival.com). Call (239) 233-0655 or (239) 533-7474. E-mail: [yaknitup@embarq-mail.com](mailto:yaknitup@embarq-mail.com) or [belayton@leegov.com](mailto:belayton@leegov.com).



## Liquidlogic Celebrates 10th Year

It was only ten years ago Woody Callaway, Shane Benedict, and Bryon Phillips along with the other original founders launched Liquidlogic on a shoestring and a lot of passion. The Liquidlogic project began as a simple effort by a group of dedicated enthusiasts and industry veterans who wanted to preserve the original culture and spark that animated the growth of paddlesports and was quickly dying as so many companies combined and their owners sold their interests to outsiders. Today, that proto-culture and spark still persists in western North Carolina close by the

Green River where so many industry-leading models have been honed and developed over the past decade.

LiquidLogic was recognized as Manufacturer of the Year twice in its first nine years by Canoe and Kayak Magazine. To help celebrate, the company has added a special 10th anniversary graphic to its boats and accessories for the coming season including the surprise accessory hit - the Speedloader.

For more information, contact Woody Callaway (336) 454-8385 [woody@legacypaddlesports.com](mailto:woody@legacypaddlesports.com)

## Paddlesports Generate Increased Revenue for Boating Access in Ohio

An updated registration fee schedule for non-motorized watercraft in Ohio took effect March 1, 2010. Implementation of the Waterway Conservation Assessment Fee increases the non-motorized watercraft registration by \$5. No changes were made to the registration fee schedule for motorized watercraft. The revenue generated by the registration of canoes, kayaks, non-motorized sail boats, rowboats, and inflatable boats are deposited in the Waterways Safety Fund and used to maintain and upgrade existing non-motorized boat access sites such as canoe and kayak launch sites.

The income also helps fund management of the Ohio Water Trails and Ohio Scenic Rivers programs, each administered by the Ohio Department of Natural Resources (ODNR) Division of Watercraft.

The registration for non-motorized watercraft is \$17. Alternative registration decals are \$22. The new fees do not include the standard writing fee of \$3 received by watercraft registration agents. Ohio watercraft registrations are valid for a 3-year period and are collected by the ODNR Division of Watercraft.

For more information, visit [www.ohiodnr.com](http://www.ohiodnr.com).



## Beaches Closed for Sharks

Officials have repeatedly closed beaches to swimming on the south shore of Massachusetts and Cape Cod in July and August due to great white shark

# News & Notes

sightings. The sharks congregate near large seal populations, upon which they feed. Usually, officials have reopened the beaches within a day or two after the closing.



## Prime Waterfront Up for Sale

The views are great, but the property gets flooded at high tide, and a blaring fog horn could keep you awake at night. Over the summer, the federal government put the Ram Island Ledge Lighthouse in Portland Harbor up for auction.

The 72-foot-tall lighthouse, about a mile offshore, sits on tideswept ledges, and requires a 30-foot ladder to reach.

The lighthouse is one of at least

eight lighthouses currently for sale, part of a trend by the federal government to sell off its lighthouses.

The Coast Guard built the lighthouse in 1905 and automated it in 1959,

thus evicting the lightkeepers who had served there for nearly 40 years. Anyone who buys it must allow it to continue to be used as a navigational aid, with a light that flashes every six sec-

onds and a fog horn that blares every ten seconds.

The online auction is run by the GSA, if you're interested in an online drive by.

No Matter Where You're From —  
When You're Ready to Talk With a Knowledgeable,  
Experienced Sea Kayaker to Help You Choose Your First  
or Next Sea Kayak — Beat a Path to Maine and Poseidon

**Poseidon** Kayak Imports  
60 Poseidon Landing  
Walpole, ME 04573  
800-206-3780/207-644-8329  
lkfjr@aol.com  
[www.nvo.com/poseidonkayaks](http://www.nvo.com/poseidonkayaks)

Trying kayaks is time intensive. Paddle any number of boats as long as you want, in a quiet Maine estuary or open ocean — your choice, with Ken Fink's personalized help. When you make your decision, you'll know it's right.

**NECKY** KAYAKS Nautiraid Lightning & Epic Paddles  
Feathercraft Kokatat **SEDA**



## Maine Island Trail Association

### New Destinations! Remote islands! Trip planning guides!

Join the Maine Island Trail Association and receive immediate access to many of Maine's most beautiful, and private, kayaking destinations. MITA members use, enjoy and maintain over 160 sites along the Maine coast, from Kittery to the Canadian maritimes.

MITA is the oldest water trail in America and still includes many of the best destinations owned by private families, local land trusts, non-profit organizations, the State of Maine and others, and all available to MITA members for an annual membership fee of only \$45 (\$65/family).

MITA members receive the 350 page Stewardship Handbook & Guidebook updated annually, newsletters and eblasts, and they share the satisfaction of caring for one of the world's foremost kayaking destinations.

Celebrating 22 Years of the Maine Island Trail  
1988 - 2010

Join now and learn more at [www.mita.org](http://www.mita.org)

# Expedition Watch

## From Sea to Sea: A Continuation



*Maxime Geoffroy and Simon Carrier*

In 2006, Simon Carrier and Patrick Lesage biked 7,500 km in 48 days from Newfoundland to British Columbia (Canada) as part of the “From Sea to Sea” expedition. From there, they traded their bikes for sea kayaks and paddled 6,500 km to come back on the east coast. They chose the Northern route, inspired by the first fur trade water routes, and expected to reach the Atlan-

tic before winter. However, once in James Bay they realized that the cold weather had won the race and they decided to paddle up the mythic Harricana River to reach their hometown, Amos (Québec). Simon was just waiting for the right time to add the second “Sea” to the kayak part of the expedition.

In July 2010, Simon started the second and last phase of this expedition, now called



“From Sea to Sea, a Continuation.” He bicycled the 800 km from Amos to Radisson. From there his new partner, a long time kayak buddy named Maxime Geoffroy, joined him with two sea kayaks. The two protagonists planned to paddle 1600 km

through remote Québec wilderness to reach the Atlantic Ocean in Cartwright, Labrador.

On Aug. 14, remarkably they accomplished their mission when they arrived in Cartwright. They paddled up La Grande River, Robert-Bourassa Reservoir, Laforge River, and Caniapiscau Reservoir to reach Labrador. There, water finally flowed toward the Atlantic, and they paddled down McFadden and Churchill Rivers. Simon and Maxime kept an average of 45-50 km per day. More details about this expedition can be found online at [www.puresaventures.com](http://www.puresaventures.com) or on Facebook. Sponsors include Kayak Import, Impex Kayaks, Kokatat, Intersport d’Amos, Sawyer Paddles, and others.



## Your Paddling Engine

Story and Photos by Wayne Horodowich

If you were to get into a friend's motorboat and ask, "How far and how fast can it go?" he would have to consider the following: the engine's power, the amount of fuel, the size of the propeller, and the engine setting. If you change any of these, you will get a different answer. The same is true in kayaking. When you get in a kayak your body is the engine. As we will see, you have different engine settings, which provide differ-

ent levels of power. This article is meant to focus on "Your Paddling Engine," so you can begin to determine which engine setting gets you the best fuel to distance ratio, while enjoying your paddle.

I believe there are three significantly different ways you can use your engine when paddling. Each of these engine settings provides different degrees of power. We will assume you are using the same paddle-pro-

peller when you compare these. We will also assume you are taking the stroke the same way since stroke angle, blade path, blade angle, and stroke length can also change the results of your stroke. Regardless of how you move your kayak, your muscles will be using your fuel to move the kayak. Hopefully your goal is to use those energy stores efficiently. I will add a quick note that using energy efficiently does NOT always need to be your goal. Since you are not a machine, as is the motorboat, you have other needs, desires, feelings and a sense of order that also needs to be considered. So when we examine the three different engine settings, remember many if not all of the variables I have mentioned will affect the result of your stroke.

Just for a quick anatomy review, your muscles are attached to your bones. Your muscles also cross over joints. When a muscle contracts it causes movement at the joint it crosses. Your joint determines your range of motion. You can also use opposing muscles to keep the joint from moving. I will refer to this as static power, which

means your muscles are working to stabilize and or keep a joint from moving. As a quick example, your muscles' using static power keeps you in an erect position when standing. If there were no static power, you would collapse and end up on the floor.

Photo 1: After gripping your paddle with your hands, you can move your paddle just by using your arms only. The arm closer to the water would be using the biceps muscle to pull and the other arm would be using the triceps muscle to push the paddle. I will refer to this arm movement as dynamic power, because the joint is moving. If you are strong and specifically trained to paddle this way, I am sure you could keep up with an average group for most of the day or the full day. Before I go any further, I want to

make it very clear that I am not suggesting you paddle just using your arms. The reason I discuss arm only paddling is because paddlers who have NOT had any formal instruction will typically paddle just using their arms. I have met paddlers who've paddled most of their life using arms only and they never have had a problem getting



Photo 1.

# Technique

their kayak where it needed to go. For this article, we can refer to arm only paddling as the low engine setting.

In Photo 1, I am leaning back, with my feet off of the foot pedals and I am just using my arms to move the paddle. You can see the bend in the elbow and more importantly, the paddle shaft is not parallel to my torso.

If we were to compare the size of the muscles between your arm muscles, your trunk muscles and your thigh and leg muscles, your arm muscles would be the smallest. With that in mind let's look at other ways to make your paddle move. No matter what engine setting you use, your arms will always be working. The difference in the work can be dynamic power versus static power.

Photo 2: If you were to put your blade in the water, and grip the paddle shaft with your hands, while providing static power with your arms, you could move your paddle by rotating your torso. Moving your paddle in this manner takes advantage of the larger trunk muscles to provide the power for the stroke. In order to use your trunk as a power source, you need to have your feet stabilized

on your foot pedals. If you did not have foot pedals and your feet were moving freely in the cockpit, when you try to take a stroke with your trunk your feet would move to the side until they hit the side of your kayak. When your feet stopped moving you would get the resistance you wanted from using your trunk muscles. However, why waste all that energy of having your feet moving from side to side in your kayak when you are trying to take a stroke. That is why solid foot pedals are important. The foot pedals provide stability so your trunk movement moves your paddle; as long as your arms are in a static position. Paddling with torso rotation and static arms could be considered the medium engine setting for paddling.

In this example you can see the paddle shaft is kept parallel to my chest with my static arms. I need to use my torso to move the paddle. There will be movement in your elbows at the end of the stroke.

If you have been paddling for a while, you may have probably heard someone say, "push on the right foot pedal when you take a forward stroke on the right side and push on the left foot pedal when you do a forward stroke on the left side." Cor-



Photo 2.

rectly pushing on your foot pedals, while paddling, can provide more power to your stroke. I would like to explore, in greater detail, what is meant by pushing on your foot pedals. To get the most power for your forward stroke you should not only press on your foot pedals you should try to straighten your leg during the stroke. If you were to drive off of your right foot pedal and straighten your right leg something has to move to allow your leg to straighten at the

knee. If your foot pedal is in a fixed position and you use your leg muscles to hold your foot in a static position, then the only other place for movement would be at your hip. By driving off of your foot pedal, as I have just described, you would be driving your hip backwards. By doing this you are providing more power to your stroke when using torso rotation. When I use the term, "full body paddling," I am referring to paddling while driving your hips back during

# Technique



Photo 3.



Photo 4.

each forward stroke, while using torso rotation and static arm power. Full body paddling would be the high engine setting.

Photo 3: In this picture you can see my

right leg is straight. My feet are held in place against the bench, which is simulating your foot pedals in the cockpit. That means my right hip had to move back when I straightened my right leg.

In my experience, the vast majority of experienced paddlers, who paddle with torso rotation, do not drive their hips back with every stroke. They are using their foot pedals for support so they can use torso rotation. If there is leg movement, by those paddlers, it's minor leg movement. I can honestly say driving your hip back with every stroke takes a lot of energy. You also have to remember to drive your hip back while you are paddling. Many paddlers have told me they understood that "pressing on the foot pedal," meant to use the pedal as support and just press with the foot. They did not realize it meant driving off of the foot pedal and straightening the lower limb at the knee.

The paddlers who seem to use the hip drive regularly are the ones who usually race. For the average paddler, hip drive is usually reserved for sprints or when extra power is needed. I am not suggesting that the average paddler should not be using hip drive. I am just reporting my observations

and the information I have gathered by asking hundreds and hundreds of paddlers.

Photo 4: There could be any number of reasons why a paddler would choose not to use hip drive with every stroke. I can honestly tell you that even during races where I should be using hip drive, I sometimes forget to do it if it's a long race. Since I am not a professional racer I still have to think consciously about all the moving parts when I am racing. When I am sprinting for a prolonged period of time my mind starts to wander and when it does my hip drive diminishes. Another reason for not using hip drive could be lack of energy levels. Sustainability of your stroke style is a topic unto itself. If you are not in condition and you do not have enough energy stores built up, it is difficult to use and maintain full body paddling for long distances.

In this picture I am using torso rotation and I am pressing with the correct foot during each stroke. There is a slight bit of movement at the knee, but it is NOT a full hip drive with my leg straightening out. I still need foot support to paddle this way. In fact, you need to have your feet supported if you want to maximize your power while using torso rotation. As I mentioned earlier,

# Technique

if your feet move, because you do not have them supported on foot pedals you will end up wasting energy.

There are times, during long day tours, where I needed to stretch my back and rest my torso. At the same time I didn't want to stop my forward momentum. That is when I take my feet off the foot pedals; slide forward in my seat, lean back on the back of my coaming and paddle using arms only. I do this for about 5 to 10 minutes. Then I'll sit back up, put my feet on the foot pedals and go back to paddling with torso rotation. I am one of those paddlers who press on the foot pedals, but does not use hip drive during my normal touring stroke while using torso rotation and static on power. I save the full body paddling when I need to sprint to the front of the group, quickly get through a surf zone, when I need to tow someone, during racing, in strong head winds, and any other time I need my engine to be working on high.

It is easy to say one should paddle with full body paddling all the time. Saying it and being able to do it are two different things. When you get in your kayak, it is important you find a paddling style and rhythm that fits your sense of order and your bod-

ies' energy stores. Now that you know you have three engine settings, you can decide which one to use and when to use it. When you're paddling by yourself no one is going to care. When you're paddling in a group it's nice to be able to stay with the group and not slow it down. It's also advantageous if you have the power to tow someone in an emergency.

So the next time you get out on the water think, about "Your Paddling Engine" having three settings. Just for an experiment take your feet off the foot pedals and paddle using arms only for five minutes. Then put your feet back on the foot pedals and paddle with torso rotation and static arm power. After that, try full body paddling where you are driving your hips back with every stroke. After using the three different engine settings you can decide when and where each one works best for you. If you were to compare the three different engine settings over a short distance (one to two miles) there is very little doubt in my mind that you will cover that fixed distance faster with full body paddling. However, how long can you maintain full body paddling? Your energy stores and your strength best answer that question. This takes us into the

realm of sustainability, which I said earlier, is a topic for another day. The only true way to decide which of these engine settings gets you the best fuel to distance ratio is by comparing three different trips. Each trip would have to be done until exhaustion using the three different engine settings. The winner will be the one where you traveled the farthest. Since this is not really practical and probably unsafe (there are also hidden variables) you will have to decide this by your own empirical research. Try using and maintaining the three different engine settings on three similar day tours. After, compare your results of the three trips (pace, your fatigue, energy at the end of the trip,

your enjoyment, and comfort level) and decide which engine level works best for you. If you are like me, you will end up using all three settings as needed and find one for general touring.

If you want more details regarding stroke mechanics, this topic plus many others are included in our new video "Essential Kayaking Strokes." Our new strokes video is 3 1/2 hours long and not only includes how to perform the strokes, it includes the many elements you need to consider behind the strokes.

Wayne Horodowich is the founder of the University of Sea Kayaking. Visit [www.useakayak.org](http://www.useakayak.org) for more articles by Wayne.

Billington Sea Kayak  
Plymouth, Ma

**KAYAKS • CANOES  
ACCESSORIES**

**Our 24th Year**

Specializing in *SURGE KAYAKS*  
and WARREN LIGHT CRAFT KAYAKS

**On-Water Demos & Rentals • Instruction at all levels**

billingtonseakayak.com  
508-746-5644

## The Chewonki Boatbuilders Expedition

### 135 Miles Down East in a Lilly-built Boat

Story by Lilly Eden Photos by Emma Carlson, Lilly Eden, and David Eden



The Chewonki Boatbuilders of 2010 display our work.

*I am just relieved that we made it, in the time frame we had set for ourselves with a half hour to spare. Now it is about 3 o'clock and everyone is taking a nap while Cory and Emma make food. WE MADE IT! We have paddled around 135 miles in boats that we made ourselves. If that is not the coolest thing anyone has ever done, I do not know what is.*

#### From Chewonki...

#### Boatbuilders Expedition (ages 15-17)

Creating a seaworthy vessel with your own hands is a rewarding experience in itself. Combine that with using the same vessel in an expedition along the Maine Coast, and this five-week trip produces a strong sense of accomplishment, adventure, and leadership.

Our Boatbuilders Expedition course, run by the Chewonki Foundation of Wiscasset, Maine, combines basic boat building techniques with an eighteen-day sea kayak trip. Participants spend the first half of the program on the Chewonki campus creating the Willow sea kayak, designed by Bill Thomas of South Berwick, Maine. Although it is similar to other plywood kayak designs



It was hard to remove the drips by hand..

and the Greenland-style boats we have built historically, the Willow is unique in many ways and is sure to be used and admired for decades to come. Students begin with a pre-cut kit and use the “stitch-and-glue” method with okoume plywood, fiberglass cloth set in epoxy, and bronze ring nails to join and seal the hull and deck panels. The process will be overseen by Bill Thomas and Carob Arnold, our waterfront/woodshop manager. Participants learn the craft of boatbuilding from frame to finish utilizing hand tools in addition to learning paddling skills on our waterfront in between sessions. After just two weeks, these sleek, functional, voyage-worthy boats are ready to launch.

#### Day 1 6/27/10

The day of arrival! After hitting Maine traffic, and getting lost in Chewonki’s parking lot, we found the two group leaders waiting by a kayak made in last year’s course. Their names are Cory Cramer and Emma Carlson. Emma’s boat, “Bubbles,” was the one being shown. People trickled in all day. There are only eight of us now, because one of the



# Feature

group's plane was delayed: Nadine Cutler, Chavella Lee-Pacheco, Conor Burke, Sam Wheeler, Augustine Peterson Horner, Geoffrey Hufford, Gabe McGinn, and Antoine Andrier. Antoine should be arriving shortly from France. We hiked out about a half mile to set up our tents in the afternoon; the Boat-builders' campsite is isolated from the main campus. After health checks and dinner, we briefly met with our boat designer Bill Thomas. Our leaders explained how most evenings would be structured around dinner and an A.N.C.H.O.R. meeting. (A is for Appreciations: "I appreciate how much work we finished today" and "I appreciate that it stopped raining." N is for news: the duties for tomorrow, what time we will be getting up, and what breakfast is going to be. C is for concerns: If anyone has concerns about people in the group or general complaints they want addressed. H is for hopes: "I hope it doesn't rain!" O is for oddities, usually jokes and funny stories. R is for reading: Someone writes and reads a short blurb about what we did that day.) Nadine and I hiked a half mile so we wouldn't have to use the woods as a toilet. What women do for facilities and running water is sometimes ridiculous. Someone gave Chavella

chocolate before she left, and now we're hoarding that like an illegal substance.

## Day 2 6-28-10

We woke up to the sound of rain on our tent. Torrential, chilling rain. If someone had been in the mood for a shower, they could have stood under the eaves of the roof. The tarp that's supposed to keep us dry at night on the bottom of our tent was not big enough, so we also woke up very soaked. The plan was to have oatmeal for breakfast in camp, but we realized that we could not use our stoves. We went up to Packout for our breakfast. Packout is a small, one story building absolutely full of food, dishes, and equipment. They stock every wilderness trip leaving from Chewonki. Today was the



*The cockpit reinforcements are clamped up and drying.*



*Emma helps Nadine, Antoine, and Chevella to line a hull with fiberglass.*

first day I have ever enjoyed oatmeal. I put raisins, apples, cinnamon, brown sugar, and vanilla in mine. We started on our kayaks right after breakfast. Building is satisfying because the process gives one the feeling of fulfillment. After only six-and-a-half hours, our boats already look like boats. The method we used for putting the pieces together is called stitch and glue. Today, we were just stitching. Holes were drilled in the chines

through these holes to keep the pieces together. The gluing will come later when we start using epoxy. We took a GORP break halfway through the morning. The initials for this are debatable as are the ingredients; ours had raisins, peanuts, cheerios, chocolate chips, and sunflower seeds. I don't think I'll ever be able to eat commercial trail mix again. Some of us played soccer in the parking lot in front of the E.E.C. (Environmental Education Center), using discarded shirts as



*Sam, Chavella, and Nadine find that many hands make bulkhead installation a snap.*

goal posts. We had our A.N.C.H.O.R. meeting in the E.E.C. Nadine and I took another trip to the bathroom by the health center so we would not have to go in the woods. I set the alarm for 4:47 A.M so I can get up for a run with Cory and whoever else can roll out of bed. I Appreciate that we're all getting along really well; I Hope it doesn't rain, and the News is that we get to take showers tomorrow! YAY! Because I have been Concerned that I'm one dirty Oddity!

*After dinner, we finished fiberglassing our boats. I'm still amazed that we are right on schedule, but we seem to have come so far in only two days of building.*

### **Day 3 6-29-10**

I managed to get up and run, but no one else got up until 6:30. We worked on the boats until lunch. We started working with epoxy today, and Bill expressed how carefully we needed to mix the epoxy. The reason that

Emma's boat is called "Bubbles" is because the mixing process was not done correctly, so bubbles formed under the fiberglass as the epoxy cured. We put masking tape around the seams of our boats, and then filled them with epoxy mixed with other materials, such as powdered wood, until it resembled peanut butter. You would not ever want to eat this peanut butter, but it's the only peanut butter we'll be seeing until the end of our trip because Chewonki is a safe environment for campers with nut allergies. Instead, we eat sunbutter, made out of sunflower seeds. We neatly filled the seams of our boats and then peeled up the tape for a nice, clean look. I actually got my camera out today and took a few pictures because the weather turned gorgeous and sunny, but not too hot. We went to early lunch at around 11:40, then started fiberglassing the insides of our boats using clear epoxy and fiberglass fabric. As a group, we talked a lot about movies and music. I have started a list of all the movies I need to see, TV shows I need to watch, and music I need to listen to when I get home. A difficulty for our group has been properly pronouncing Antoine's name, and I finally had my pronunciation approved, which feels like a major ac-

complishment. We had GORP in the afternoon, which is just too delicious to avoid. After dinner, we finished fiberglassing our boats. I'm still amazed that we are right on schedule, but we seem to have come so far in only two days of building. The way we work is like an assembly line. Bill will usually demonstrate on Cory's boat, which is the closest boat to the tool tables and epoxy bottles. Then he'll just tell us to do our own thing, and we'll go down the line. We don't start the next step until all the boats are finished. We had a little freak out when we discovered that the trash can had started smoking, but it turned out to be a full cup of epoxy that had started to bake. The epoxy gets very hot when it dries, so the unused epoxy cups have a special place outside where they can smoke without anyone worrying. This incident was probably the most exciting thing that happened all day. After we finished fiberglassing the insides of our kayaks, we got to take showers. Unfortunately for the guys, their water was not warm, but the girls had nice hot showers. After sitting in the Adirondack chairs talking to Bill, we headed back to camp for our A.N.C.H.O.R. meeting around a campfire. Nadine and I hiked up to the bathrooms as

# Feature

usual, but we didn't see the growling bunny. We have seen the small furry creature every single night. It looks like a bunny, but then it starts snarling at us. We have concluded that although it is not a bunny, we have no idea what it actually is, so it is dubbed The Growling Bunny.

---

*Nadine and I hiked up to the bathrooms as usual, but we didn't see the growling bunny. We have seen the small furry creature every single night. It looks like a bunny, but then it starts snarling at us. We have concluded that although it is not a bunny, we have no idea what it actually is, so it is dubbed The Growling Bunny.*

---

## Day 4 6-30-10

Breakfast was eggs and beans and rice in a tortilla for breakfast. At Chewonki, on the trips at least, everything is eaten out of a bowl with a spoon. This is all we can take with us when we leave Chewonki, which is going to be interesting. After breakfast, we went to the shop. We discovered early that some of the epoxy we had mixed yesterday was bad, so there were spots on a few boats that were still sticky. Apparently very fixable. We clipped off the wire stitches on the

outside of our boats as close to the wood as possible. Then we sanded down the extra until the stitches were smooth. We've started a very happy looking cartoon of a kayaker with all his supplies on the whiteboard in shop. He now has a teddy bear to go with him on the trip. We added the bulkheads today. We used the same assembly line technique for these. We also reinforced where the foot braces will go. We worked solidly throughout the day, but took a 40-minute break after camp dinner. We returned to find that Bill had leaned the boats against the rafters in our absence. Something about sealing the bow with the help of gravity and some clear epoxy. Most of us were too busy playing soccer and missed the full explanation. We had our A.N.C.H.O.R. meeting and hit the sleeping bags early.

---

*The bow is the part everyone wants finished perfectly, so there is totally no pressure. We finished fiberglassing before dinner, following the "no boat left behind" policy.*

---

## Day 5 7-01-10

We got to the shop earlier than usual, which might mean we have our morning schedule worked out, or it means that we take less

time to make a cold breakfast. We lowered our boats from the rafters, and a few people had clumps of gravel beneath their bows that were held together with excess epoxy. We sanded down the rest of the copper wire stitches that we hadn't finished yesterday. The next task was very time consuming: fiberglassing the outsides of our boats. I discovered I'm really good at doing the bow, which has to be done a certain way with certain brush strokes but it's actually really fun. The bow is the part everyone wants finished perfectly, so there is totally no pressure. As if. We finished before dinner, following the "no boat left behind" policy. After dinner we took showers and had a group break. We met in the E.E.C to make posters for a fourth of July parade this Sunday. Before our A.N.C.H.O.R. meeting, we had tea and giant cookie slices leftover from Chewonki's "giant dinner." We hiked back to the campsite, which is called Hoyt's Point if I haven't mentioned it before, and went to bed.

---

*We lined up the decks using rainbow straps, then we peanut-buttered the edges of our boats and epoxied the inside of the decks so the entire boat will be water tight. We nailed*



*Conor lines his hull down the decks with nails four inches apart. Throughout the entirety of the day, we tried to learn French slang, odd words, and accents from Antoine, but it's actually turning out to be a complete disaster.*

---

## Day 6 7-02-10

Another early rising, with no breakfast at the campsite, but nice hot hash browns at the shop after a few minutes of work. The fiberglass we had put on the bottoms of our boats had dried overnight, but most of the boats had their excess fiberglass epoxied



Construction details and packing theory explained. Don't forget the teddy bear!

to their sawhorses. We carefully cut off the extra fiberglass so the boats will have nice, clean edges. Then we flipped our boats over and started planing the sides in preparation for attaching the decks, checking the angles with pre-cut arches. We also did some patchwork on the boats that needed it. We started putting the decks on in the afternoon after lunch. We lined up the decks using rainbow straps, then we peanut-buttered the edges of our boats and epoxied the inside of the decks so the entire boat will be water tight. We nailed down the decks with copper nails four inches apart. Throughout the day Antoine tried to teach us French slang and proper accents from Antoine, without much success. After dinner, we changed out of our designated work clothes and returned

to the campsite to grab our bathing suits. Then we went swimming at the Chewonki waterfront. The water was chilly at first, but actually very refreshing. It was also nice to rinse off, even if it the water was salty and kind of muddy instead of fresh and clear. We looked at charts before at the E.E.C and began to work out the course of our trip, then had our A.N.C.H.O.R meeting and hit the sack at Hoyt's.

---

*My boat was one of the unfinished ones, and I worked on it with Augie. Bill, at the same time, was power sanding down most of the excess overhanging wood on our boats so we could start planing those edges until they were flush and smooth. The boats really do look like boats.*

---

## Day 7 7-03-10

6 o'clock rising and straight up to the shop we go. We worked until Augie and Gabe had finished making French toast. Because we hadn't finished putting decking the boats, we continued that job. My boat was one of the unfinished ones, and I worked on it with Augie. Bill, at the same time, was power sanding down most of the excess overhanging wood on our boats so we could start planing those edges until they were flush and smooth. Bill taught Chavella and I how to put on the cockpit coaming, and we taught everyone else. We went swimming after we had finished for the day, and the girls very quickly rinsed off in the shower before we changed. After changing, we went to the Chewonki camp

dinner. It's very formal: everyone has to be quiet and has assigned seats. We also went to the Chewonki boys' campfire that night. Campers perform skits and everyone sang *Waltzing With Bears*. We had a quick A.N.C.H.O.R. meeting afterwards and went to bed early. Bill is leaving tomorrow!

---

*We represented Chewonki as "Human Power." We already knew that the parade was the biggest in Maine, but seeing the number of people cheering for the parade really put that in perspective. We later found out Human Power received Judge's choice award, so that's very exciting!*

---

## Day 8 7-04-10

Today was the Fourth of July! We woke up late, at 7 o'clock, which was awesome! It's weird how my perception of time is changing. Before, waking up at 7 o'clock would be absolutely ludicrous over the summer, but now it's something to look forward to. We worked solidly until about 11:15, and then we said goodbye to Bill. We went to Bath, the big shipbuilding town, with Bubbles the boat sitting in the aisle with the posters we had made attached to paddles. We We got into the parade behind a car

# Feature

powered by biodiesel, and a solar powered buggy. We represented Chewonki as “Human Power.” We already knew that the parade was the biggest in Maine, but seeing the number of people cheering for the parade really put that in perspective. We later found out Human Power received Judge’s choice award, so that’s very exciting! After the parade was over, we went swimming in fresh water, and played soccer for a little bit before going back to Chewonki. We went for a short paddle in the waterfront boats without spray skirts and learned how to do a T-rescue when Chavella tipped over while trying to turn. I also discovered the convenience of lists today, I didn’t forget anything! I think I’ll make it a habit.

## Day 9 7-05-10

We slept in until 7 o’clock again, so I feel very well rested. The weather has been absolutely beautiful lately, but it is a little hot. We are all trying to hydrate like crazy. For breakfast, we tried to toast bagels over a fire, but most of them ended up burned. We headed up to the Shop for our first day without Bill guiding us. We hand sanded the bodies of our boats, then power sanded, then sanded with a finer sand paper. We all

looked very attractive in dust masks and protective glasses and gloves. After lunch, we worked on attaching the inside lip of our hatches. Then we rolled on epoxy for the decks. We went for a quick dip before dinner because it was so hot, and I finally managed to pull myself up onto the float.

## Day 10 7-06-10

Today is the first day in the double digits! I got up at five o’clock to run with Nadine, Augustine, Antoine, and Cory. We sprinted through the woods, and I felt really out of



*The boys are set to march.*

shape because I couldn’t keep up. Then Cory told me I had run three miles. We took a very challenging short cut back to camp along the water. The shop was like an oven today. We cut and sanded the extra wood on our cockpit coamings and hatch lips. We



*The BBE 2010 marchers in the 4th of July parade in Wiscasset, Maine.*

passed the time playing a number of word games, and then we started bending the hatch covers until they matched the curve of our boats. We found out that we had made some correctable mistakes on some of the hatches. The guys were working on the hip braces, and then went to the waterfront while we fixed our mistakes. We finished the fixing listening to Green Day and then went swimming. We headed to the E.E.C to chill before camp dinner.

## Day 11 7-07-10

Up at 6:30. We had GORP for an early morning snack. We had to get up early and start working before it got hot because we had to filet the insides of our boats. We brought our headlamps and worked fileting the bulkheads. It was slightly uncomfortable because the job involved sticking a head and at least one arm in one of the hatches or the cockpit. We took a break for breakfast, but continued before and after



*Mom and I view the BBE campsite, our beloved home for nearly three weeks. Parents bearing chocolate were always welcome!*

lunch. It was very time consuming work.

We rolled a thin layer of epoxy onto our decks, and then went kayaking in the waterfront boats while we waited for that layer to dry.

We practiced wet exits and T-rescues with each other, and I actually managed to flip over without freaking out. The second time I flipped over,

I was practicing how to roll on the surface and leaned over a little too far. My timing was rather perfect because Conor, who was experiencing some flip-phobia, had just finished wet-exiting and needed to practice T-rescues. After dinner we sanded our decks and put on another layer of epoxy. This took longer than usual because we were all tired.

*Today, we flipped the boats over. Augie found a Greenhead stuck to his boat, and we mocked it for a little while before cutting it off. It flew away, leaving a few legs behind. We sanded down our decks, then carefully put on a thin layer of epoxy.*

### **Day 12 7-08-10**

Today, we flipped the boats over. Augie found a Greenhead stuck to his boat, and we mocked it for a little while before cutting it off. It flew away, leaving a few legs behind. We sanded down our decks, then carefully put on a thin layer of epoxy. We also put a layer of epoxy on our hatch covers. We made a discovery today about our hatches. For the last few years, the boat-builders have skipped a step while fitting the hatch-

es, so they've never quite been flush. That was worked out, so our hatches practically fit perfectly. Fixing our mistakes lasted until lunch. Just after lunch, my parents arrived for a visit. It was fun talking with them and showing them around while everyone else went swimming and had a short break. After they left, we lightly sanded the decks and put another layer of epoxy on them. I found a greenhead on my boat this time. While some of us group mixed peanut butter and fileted the hatch covers, another group hung the boats from the ceiling rafters again and sealed the sterns with clear epoxy. After we had finished, we played soccer until dinner. We mopped the floors of the bathrooms we had been using for showers, and then we went to the E.E.C. and decided what we

would do for the evening. We worked on the Boat Builders Expedition 2010 plaque, made out of wood with our names on it. Then we made s'mores around a campfire while we had our A.N.C.H.O.R. meeting. We went to bed shortly afterwards.

---

*We flipped the boats back over onto their decks and cleaned them in preparation for poly urethane. We carefully put on the first, very thin layer of poly urethane. We were supposed to have a navigation lesson, but instead we developed a game called "saw-horse."*

---

### **Day 13 7-09-10**

Everyone in the group except Gabe and Chavella got up at around 6:30 to run out to the point (in lifejackets) and swim part of the way back. We had a mud fight because the tide was dead low. We got out of the water to walk because it would take us too long to float all the way back to the waterfront. We were most of the way back when Nadine rolled her ankle. Cory and I helped her up to the health center. We had a plain bagel breakfast up at the shop. We sanded the sides of our boats and worked on our hatches again. After lunch, we went to the

waterfront for a quick dip before returning to the shop. We flipped the boats back over onto their decks and cleaned them, then carefully put on the first, very thin layer of polyurethane. After dinner, we put on another thin layer of polyurethane. Then we had another break at the E.E.C. followed by a very brief navigation lesson on the use of a compass.

## Day 14 7-10-10

We actually managed to get up out of camp early. After washing our breakfast bowls, we packed that set of bowls away for the last time. We went to the shop and changed into our work clothes. We put on the first layer of polyurethane on the decks. This took less than an hour, but we had to wait for the first layer to dry before we could keep working. We went down to Hoyt's and packed up all of our gear, including tents and personal equipment. We got new tents for the expedition at Packout and set them up by the tennis courts. The guys were having problems setting up their tent. We played a little tennis before painting on another layer of polyurethane before lunch. After lunch, it started to rain. We put on the final coat of polyurethane, then went to the E.E.C and sorted clothing and personal equipment for

our trip. Emma and Cory just wanted to see if we had everything and give us an idea of what to bring. At camp dinner, I had a nice conversation with a counselor from Massachusetts who had been on the Maine Coast Kayak trip, whose route is almost exactly the same as ours. We went to the Chewonki campfire after dinner, and saw a lot of funny skits. We sung *Dancing With Bears* and then headed over to the E.E.C. for our A.N.C.H.O.R meeting. Being so close to the E.E.C. for bed is a little strange, but it means we don't have to hike anywhere anymore. We're only about 200 hundred yards from the shop, and only a short walk to the E.E.C. and its bathroom.

---

*We had a quick breakfast before we started painting our boats! Someone brought in a Beatles CD and we listened to that while we worked. That sort of made my day. Everyone is putting a lot into the paint job. There are a lot of stripes and one black bow.*

---

## Day 15 7-11-10

We got up very early. We were able to get to the shop faster because the walk is so short. We had a quick breakfast before we started painting our boats! Someone brought in a

Beatles CD and we listened to that while we worked. That sort of made my day. Everyone is putting a lot into the paint job. There are a lot of stripes and one black bow. I'm painting mine hot red so it stands out even though the boat is only one color. I still can't think of a name. After we put on the first coat, we had lunch then packed our bags, putting everything into the dry sacks we will be using on our trip. We also did a lot of laundry because of a strange rash everyone seems to be getting. We put all of the extra clothes down in the E.E.C basement on a designated shelf, so we'll be living out of our bags until we leave Chewonki. We put on a second layer of paint before dinner. This is less difficult for me because I don't have to do any finer work with a small brush, so I helped other people re-paint their stripes, mostly. After dinner, we took our last showers. No showers for two and a half weeks! Hopefully we'll survive.

---

*Putting in the foot pedals is taking longer than planned, so we are going to leave the 13th instead of the 12th. I wasn't in the group working on the foot pedals, but it's gotten to a point where we are just going to wire them in place.*

---

## Day 16 7-12-10

We got up before dawn and started working. This really messed up everyone's internal clocks, so most of us were ready for lunch by 9:00. We'd used tape to keep the painted edges clean, and keep the stripes from being messy, so we had a little un-taping ceremony. Everyone was really excited. We talked to the MCK (Maine Coast Kayak) trip. All of the three-week camps in the first session finish on the same day and come together for a banquet.

It's unfortunate that the boat builders is the only five-week expedition, so we don't get a banquet. Then we packed up our temporary campsite by the tennis courts and moved down to the waterfront to make way for the returning expeditions that camp there for one night before going home.

The dining room was packed because of all the returning trips. We listened to appreciation speeches for the retiring head of the Chewonki Foundation while we ate. Afterwards, we had a rest hour before we started attaching the seats and foot pedals. Putting in the foot pedals is taking longer than planned, so we are going to leave the 13th instead of the 12th. We finally decided just to wire them in place.



*Here's my baby, almost finished. Just the fittings and paint to go!*

## **Day 17 7-13-10**

Another early rising (YAWN). We started working on the boats right after breakfast. After we had started wiring the foot pedals to our boats, we found the correct set of screws that would have allowed us to properly put in the foot pedals, but it was already too late.

Throughout the day, we started to attach grab ropes and deck bungees, which is the finishing touch. We spent a lot of the day drilling holes for the fittings. After we finished we took the boats down to the waterfront for their first launch. It was very private and very quiet. We took a few pictures,

and none of the boats sank. SUCCESS! We're pretty much all ready to go, although some squirrels did get into our stash of snacks. We had camp dinner again that night, and then we did a thorough cleaning of the shop.

We were all still slightly dirty and damp from the day and from the paddle. At low tide, the Chewonki launching beach becomes a mud flat. We were practically knee deep in mud as we brought our boats back up by the boat shed and our tents. We tried washing off by jumping off the dock for a short swim, but then we were soaked anyway. I CAN'T WAIT FOR TOMORROW!

---

*After we were all ready to go, the camp was summoned to see us off. We did the Chewonki cheer, and had our pictures taken. As soon as we got around the first point, where we couldn't see the camp dock anymore, we stopped and had a review session.*

---

## **Day 18/Day 1 7-14-10**

We finally left Chewonki for the expedition! We got up at 5:45 to pack. It had also started to rain at around 4:00, so as we were getting ready we were also getting very wet. The rain stopped by the time we left, but it was still slightly overcast until we reached our campsite that night. We packed our kayaks on the hill so we would know where to put things and how they would fit, and then we unpacked them. We weren't launching from the beach, but from various places along the dock. After we carried our boats down the angled walkways, we loaded them back up and put them in the water. I realized then that I would need to re-distribute some of my heavier things because my stern was sticking about an inch out of the water. This was remedied by moving the water baby (water bag) I was carrying from in front of my feet to behind my seat. We paddled around for a while. When we were all ready

to go, the whole camp was summoned to see us off. We did the Chewonki cheer, and had our pictures taken. It was 10:40. As soon as we got out of sight around the first point we stopped and had a review session. Cory gave us each a Snickers bar for the time when one would need an energy fix. We paddled for maybe an hour before we took a break. We had left Chewonki at around 10:40, and we were all kind of hungry. We ran into some rip currents at one point, and one of our safety flags fell off Geoffrey's boat. We went through a narrow, twisty passage called the Back Door next to Beal Island in Knubble Bay, which is safer for paddlers to go through than the much rougher Hell Gate on the other side of the island. This was my first experience with really, really fast water. I had to attempt this little crossing twice when somebody crashed into me because we were both losing control of our boats in the fast current. We also saw a fawn on a small island that stood still as a statue while we paddled by, but it was so cute! We had lunch soon after we had gone through the Back Door, and it started raining again. We also noticed some very interesting fog formations along the coastline. When we got back in the wa-



ter, we had barely been paddling for five minutes when we arrived at a dock with a cooler on it. Emma and Cory made a big show of “stealing” the cooler of ice-cream sandwiches. Then the owner came down, and it was a woman who had visited us at the shop. We talked with her for a little bit before continuing. We saw our first seal that afternoon, and then another. We paddled about nine miles today, but it really did not seem like that far. We are camping a small island called Spectacle because of an adjoining island that makes the two look like a pair of spectacles at low tide. We had our A.N.C.H.O.R. meeting around an unlit campfire, and then we went to sleep really early. Spectacle Island was actually supposed to be our destination for Day 2, but because we left a day late and could reach the island without too much hassle, we are right back on schedule for our itinerary.

---

*Antoine and I reviewed our itinerary and considered different variables with Cory and Emma. The variables are always the tide and the weather, but we seem to have most of those in our favor. We're going around Pemaquid Point and heading up to Harbor Island tomorrow!*

---

## Day 19/Day 2 7-15-10

We were supposed to wake up at 4:30, but because of a really thick fog bank, Cory and Emma let us sleep in. Until 5:30! We got on the water by 7:30, straight into a fog bank. The fog had mostly cleared by the time we had paddled about six miles to the break spot at a small, sandy beach on Castle Island. Cory and Emma decided that we would actually be having lunch there, so we all soaked up the rays while the cook crew made tuna fish sandwiches. The tide was coming in as we ate, so the boats kept trying to float away, but that's okay. We paddled up the river to Fort Island, and arrived by 1:30. On the crossing over to Fort, we had to fight very fast moving water and small whirlpools, but we all survived and only had a few collisions. We spent the rest of the day relaxing, swimming, sun tanning, and exploring. I will be leader of the day tomorrow, and I led A.N.C.H.O.R. meeting that night. Antoine and I reviewed our itinerary and considered different variables with Cory and Emma. The variables are always the tide and the weather, but we seem to have most of those in our favor. We will be going around Pemaquid Point and heading up to Harbor Island in Muscongus Bay-



*Finished at last, the BBE kayaks are ready to launch.*

tomorrow! We had our A.N.C.H.O.R. meeting early and got into our tents at 7 o'clock! It was still light out, but we all pulled our hats down over our eyes to try and ignore the light.

---

*There was a very nice lobsterman we saw first thing that morning, who waved, slowed down, and altered his course for us. I guess not all lobsterman think of us as speed bumps.*

---

## Day 20/Day 3 7-16-10

We got up really early today. At 4:30. What Dad calls “O Dark Thirty!” I tried to tell myself that it was later so I would be more motivated to get out of bed, but that did not quite work. We packed as quickly as possible, and made our first crossing right after we left Fort Island. There was a very nice lobsterman we saw first thing that morning, who waved, slowed down, and altered his course for us. I guess not all lobsterman

think of us as speed bumps. We had a quick GORP break to hold us out until breakfast, because we were trying to get off Fort as quickly as possible to keep the tide with us the entire day. The plan was, to go around Pemaquid Point at slack tide, and then the tide will be going with us. We were in Johns Bay, I think when we had our GORP break, but I am not entirely sure because I was having difficulty matching up land masses and bays to the land masses and bays on the

map. We passed under a bridge called the Gut, and stopped for a quick cereal break before crossing over to Pemaquid Point. It was a long crossing, and even more difficult because the point never seemed to get any closer! The alternative to this plan had been crossing at an earlier point and then following the coast down to Pemaquid Point, but because there was hardly any fog we knew we would have a clear visual of the point, so we would be all right. The weather was

overcast, but there was no rain. After rounding the point and following the coastline up for an hour or two, we stopped for lunch. We still had very little fog clouding our crossing, so we were able to make a straight crossing to Haddock and Ross Islands at the southern end of Muscongus Bay and then to Harbor Island. The island is very beautiful, and there are lots of berries and a small beach and the campsite is flat. Harbor Island is privately owned and at the moment, Chewonki is the only non-profit allowed to camp on it. We had chocolate chip and walnut banana bread with tea during our A.N.C.H.O.R. meeting, then we went to bed.

#### **Day 21/Day 4 7-17-10**

I woke up happy, well rested, and with the sun shining outside our tent. There is not a cloud in the sky. Then I looked at my watch and realized it was 6:45. That just seemed weird. Cory, Sam, Conor and I were all up, and we went for a walk along the coast, all the way around the island. We went for a small venture in the woods, but ended up back on the rocks by the water. It was beautiful. We returned to find the cooks attempting to make pancakes, but they couldn't

figure out why the pancakes just weren't acting like pancakes. They named their creation Scrambled Pancakes. We found out later that they had actually been using corn bread instead of pancake mix. It tasted good anyway. We had a 45-minute break afterwards, and then we went through some caves and looked at fairy houses. We had another break before going swimming and dinner. We had our A.N.C.H.O.R. meeting after dinner, and then stretched out our backs and did some yoga.

---

*We stopped at a private beach, and thought we were in trouble when the owner came down. We have discovered a number of very nice people by now, and later on in our trip, and this woman was one of them. The owner talked to Cory, and he explained that we were not Outward Bound, but an entirely more awesome program from the Chewonki Foundation.*

---

#### **Day 22/Day 5 7-18-10**

We crawled out at 4:30, which will apparently be our usual time on expedition, and then started the slowest day we have had so far. We were paddling at a very leisurely pace. We reached a public launch, and we



*We always paddled in a pod, "no boat left behind."*

took a break while Cory and Emma bought supplies. Everyone saw their reflection for the first time in a mirror since we have left Chewonki, and we had a brief, horrified discussion. We stopped to rest at a private beach, and thought we were in trouble when the owner came down. She talked to Cory, and he explained that we were not Outward Bound, but an entirely more awesome program from the Chewonki Foundation. Our pace afterwards was so slow that we were able to experience why specifically we try to get off the water by early afternoon. The wind picks up and makes paddling difficult. I'm not entirely sure how it happened, but somehow Cory managed to tip over, but was still in his spray skirt. He was T-rescued white-water style, so he didn't actually get out of his boat. I hope none of our supplies got too wet, because we have all discovered that our hatches are not waterproof. We reached Whitehead Island at the southern end of Muscle Ridge and carried our boats up to where we were camping in a field close to where we landed. On the other side of the island, there is a boys' camp, and someone from there came and visited when we were about to start our A.N.C.H.O.R meeting. We have managed to break 13 tent

poles in six days, so apparently the tents we are using are not as well made as they could be. Oh well.

## Day 23/Day 6 7-19-10

We got to sleep in this morning, until five o'clock, and were out of the campsite by seven o'clock. We got our blood pumping early by carrying partially loaded boats down the path to the water. Today, we only paddled about ten miles, but the first five or six were completely dedicated to us getting to our re-supply at Birch Point on the mainland on time. When we got there, the re-supply van had not yet arrived, so we organized our boats, collected water babies, collected water bottles, and got our personal supplies organized. The entire ordeal took a couple of hours. After the van arrived carrying new tents, food, water, and mail, we were a whirlwind of activity. We had to organize food, fill water babies, fill water bottles, organize our toilets, test our new tents, and many other smaller jobs. Hopefully these new tents will not be nearly as breakable as the other ones. These ones are the same brand, but they are more compressible with two doors. They also don't need floor tarps to keep us from getting wet while we

sleep. We had lunch, repacked our kayaks, and read our mail. We paddled to Munroe Island off of Owl's Head that afternoon. We were paddling in mostly protected waters, and we saw a lot of boats.

There is a ferry that keeps going back and forth, and I am looking forward to being leader of the day tomorrow for our longest crossing over to the Fox Islands. Chewonki has a crossing policy that a crossing can be no longer than three miles. This is the one exception, but we have to have a completely clear visual of Vinalhaven to be able to make the crossing

---

*No one slept very well last night. A fog horn started some time in the night, and very loudly told us where its location was twice every ten seconds. I believe the point of lighthouses is to tell us where the rocks are, not deprive us of sleep..*

---

*We sang a lot of tunes during the crossing, but the going seemed so slow. We were so far from our destination, but also so far from where we had started, and neither of them seemed to be getting any closer or any farther away. I guess that is just how it is with crossings.*

---



*Our early starts meant we got to camp with the sun still high.*

## Day 24/Day 7 7-20-10

No one slept very well last night. A fog horn started some time in the night, and very loudly told us where its location was twice every ten seconds. I believe the point of lighthouses is to tell us where the rocks are, not deprive us of sleep. I woke up dreading to have to spend another day on this island because of the fog horn. Cory and Emma made us eggs and sausage for breakfast. Then we packed up our campsite, and had just finished loading up our boats when the fog cleared. The osprey that had been screaming at us throughout our entire

stay must also be glad that we are no longer at Monroe. We started paddling and were at a buoy after about a mile-and-a-half and we had a small break for GORP and water. We sang a lot of tunes during the crossing, but the going seemed so slow. We were so far from our destination, but also so far from



*You never realize how big these things are until you paddle right up to them.*

where we had started, and neither of them seemed to be getting any closer or any farther away. I guess that is just how it is with crossings. When we finally reached the other side, we took a long break at a rocky beach and some of us did yoga and stretches, and a few others ran sprints. There was a sense of accomplishment, though, we had just made a five-mile crossing, and we were almost

halfway to our destination. We wound in between islands with Sam as point kayak as we reached Hurricane Island. We had lunch at the first nice-looking spot we saw on the north end of Hurricane while Cory went to find the owner and sole inhabitant of the island. Staying on this island is actually a privilege. Cory has some personal connections with the island because his grandfather started the Outward Bound program on Hurricane, so we have been volunteered for community service work during our rest day tomorrow so we can stay here. We paddled another mile around to the south end of the island where we would be camping. After experiencing some difficulties beaching the boats, we discovered a small, fixable leak in my stern. I knew that all that water could not just be getting in there from my hatch. After we put the tents up, Cory led us through part of the Outward Bound ghost campus to some still functional bathrooms. Then we went swimming in the quarry. The level of the water has risen, leaving part of the dock and most of the walkway we were using, underwater. The water was perfect, and it was awesome to feel sort of clean because of the fresh water. I do not know how long we stayed in for, but I know that

I enjoyed every single minute. We saw the Outward Bound rock climbing wall, but it now looks a little unsafe. Emma, Chavella, and I talked about what an experience seeing your reflection is after a few days of no mirrors. We changed, had dinner, had our A.N.C.H.O.R. meeting, and went to sleep. We are all looking forward to our rest day tomorrow!

---

*Then we started clearing trails. I will never forget the look on the boys' faces as the owner of the island pulled out a machete. He left that one in the shed, but we had a few other tools to cut grass and other vegetation. Mostly, we just followed behind the chain saw and moved debris off the trail. At one point we just stopped. We had reached a part of the trail that was so thickly overgrown with raspberry bushes that there was barely any trail left.*

---

## **Day 25/Day 8 7-22-10**

I woke up at 6:45 this morning, and was reading for a half hour when Cory came around and told everyone to wake up. This sun is shining and the water looks beautiful, but I am a little relieved we are doing something other than paddling for a day.

We walked up to the Outward Bound dining hall, and were given our instructions for our first hour: We were going to be scraping off one of the sheds for another group that would be coming in later and repainting it. We went for a small hike and had lunch overlooking the quarry. We could have seen tomorrow's destination, as Cory had that morning, but a heavy fog had set in, and the sky was darkening, promising rain. Then we started clearing trails. I will never forget the look on the boys' faces as the caretaker of the island pulled out a machete. He left that one in the shed, but we had a few other tools to cut grass and other vegetation. Mostly, we just followed behind the chain saw and moved debris off the trail. At one point we just stopped. We had reached a part of the trail that was so thickly overgrown with raspberry bushes that there was barely any trail left. We went for a short walk through another overgrown path and looked at an Outward Bound tent platform and a well that has been collecting water since before the granite started being shipped off the island. We returned to the campsite and had dinner, but skipped our A.N.C.H.O.R. meeting because a thunderstorm set in less than an hour after we had

# Feature

finished eating. We were all instructed to stay on our sleeping pads, but poor Nadine had a sleeping pad intended for midgets, and we kept trying to find a comfortable place for all of us while the storm raged overhead. I have never been camping in a worse lightning storm. There seemed to be at least three storm heads trying to blast the ground away at the same time. We would be relieved because we would calculate that the lightning was five miles away, and then a second later, it would be right over our heads. At some point we managed to get to sleep at last.

---

*We paddled by a beautiful lighthouse, and saw a for sale sign on the shore of an island. I thought that was a little strange, but I suppose people on islands might also want to sell their houses at some point or other.*

---

## **Day 26/Day 9 7-22-10**

We got roused out at 5 o'clock and carried our boats to a rocky, sloping beach because we did not want to try to put our boats in at the sand beach where we had landed, because of the surf. We said goodbye to Hurricane Island, and headed against the current to get to our next campsite. We had some

disagreement about where we would have lunch, but eventually we stopped at a small MITA (Maine Island Trail Assn.) island called Dumpling. We paddled by a beautiful lighthouse on Brown's Head, and saw a for sale sign on the shore of an island. I thought that was a little strange, but I suppose people on islands might also want to sell their houses at some point. Cory went to refill one or two water babies on our way to the island because we were going through water so quickly. We hydrate so much, which is a good thing, but that means we are going to have to start using salt water to cook. We had some patchy rain and wind. At one point it got ridiculously strong, so we stopped in a small cove and put on more layers, and then the sun came out five minutes later.

The rain that afternoon was funny because we could see the patch of rain coming toward us, as if just one cloud had decided to rain. When we got to our destination at Calderwood Island, the sun came out again, but we could not find our campsite. When Cory and Emma finally did find the campsite, we realized that the places where the tents normally go was actually flooded because of the thunderstorm we had, so we made do with a sort of flat spot. It was not a



*I was carrying our safety flag today.*

very nice campsite. No one really likes this island.

## **Day 27/Day 10 7-23-10**

What an awesome day! Getting our boats on the water was a piece of cake because we didn't unpack much on Calderwood. After a two-and-a-half mile paddle from Calderwood up the coast of Noth Haven, we learned that we were almost halfway to our next campsite. After a few more crossings, we reached Butter Island. It was only about six miles that day. The island is owned by a Cabot family, and we had some debates

as to whether they are the dairy company Cabots or the ones who "talk only to God." We got the boats up on the beach and unpacked by 10 o'clock, and spent the rest of the day relaxing. We took a small walk around the island before we had pita pizza for dinner.

---

*Today, we got up a little late, but because we did not have breakfast on Butter, we were able to get off the island by 6 o'clock. It was slow going. It was overcast and occasionally drizzly, and we had the wind going against us.*

---



One of our really early starts.

## Day 28/Day 11 7-24-10

Even with our early start, today was slow going. It was overcast and occasionally drizzly, and we had the wind going against us. We came south again to Eagle Island and Cory went to fill up some water babies. The person who was there is actually a Chewonki expedition counselor, so there was no trouble getting water. After a longer crossing to Deer Isle with the tide and wind

against us, we came to a small cove near Sunset where we started talking to a couple named Ken and Joy Kleeman. Ken had built a boat similar in design to ours at the Wooden Boat School, our final destination. They let us have breakfast at their beach. They were really excited about our trip and took pictures of all of us. We clicked with them immediately, and they were so nice and so hospitable. While we took an extended

break at their beach, Ken drove Emma to get us some supplies and pick up our new weather radio. We tried to teach our last weather radio how to swim, but it ended up drowning so we were using mine. That saved us so much time and we really could not thank them enough. We continued on, through a channel called Merchant's Row, and made a few crossings to reach Russ Island off of Stonington. We were also nearly run over by a lobster boat, but we are still alive to paddle another day. We were supposed to have gone swimming at the fresh water quarry on Green Island, but the day was a little chilly and was getting us down. The sun had only made one appearance before disappearing behind a solid cloud cover. Dinner was getting repetitious. We have had cheese melted on pita bread with something else on top of it four meals in a row. We had our A.N.C.H.O.R meeting, and then were told to go to bed. Soon after, we were called out again and told that if the infection one of our group had developed had not significantly improved by tomorrow, we would be having a rest day while he was taken out. Everyone was really confused because we were so tired, but they were just telling us that wake-up time might be

closer to 9 or 10 instead of 4:30. We were also told to put a sock out on a rock because Santa Claus was going to visit us because it is Christmas in July tomorrow.

---

*It was a quarry I had been to before, but it was great to make new memories with the boat builders and jump off stuff. We had a lot of fun teasing the fish who were trying to eat our fingers and toes, but they were too small to do anything more than make us laugh.*

---

## Day 29/Day 12 7-25-10

Today was Christmas in July! The state of the infection had not improved, and we had been allowed to sleep in until 8:30, but I had been up since 7 anyway. Cory came around, trying to make a Santa Claus laugh, but it actually sounded like an evil "mwahahaha-haha" cackle. That did not make the experience any less exciting, just a little bit funnier. He came around and gave us giant cookies, and when everyone had gotten out of their tents we lined up by age and got to go down and see what was lying on top of the socks we had left out last night. I had actually left out a neoprene bootie since I could not find my extra pair of socks. We each got two

gummy worms and two caramel candies. I had not tasted such artificial deliciousness in so long. It was just soooooo awesome. We ate burned bagels for breakfast with sun butter and cream cheese. The one with the infection had to be evacked out to Stonington with Emma while the rest of us went to Green Island to swim in the quarry.

The sun came out for a while and Antoine and I had brought soap so everyone could wash up. We stayed there until about 3:30 when it started to cloud over again.

I am beginning to conquer my fear of heights and jumping off things, so I felt like I had accomplished something other than being enjoyably lazy that day. It was a quarry I had been to before with my parents, but it was great to make new memories with the boat builders and jump off stuff. We had a lot of fun teasing the fish who were trying to eat our fingers and toes, but they were too small to do anything more than make us laugh.

We had unpacked all of the heavy stuff out of our boats for the day paddle, so it was also relaxing to paddle the boats without all of the heavy gear stuffed inside. We had bean casserole for dinner, and Emma made corn bread with spices for us.

---

*We were pretty much sheltered from wind or big waves until the last two or three miles, but I would have rather had less harsh conditions for a longer period of time than do that again. We were all weather-cocking like crazy, and it was just slowing us down so close to our destination.*

---

### **Day 30/Day 13 7-26-10**

We woke up at about 4:30 and watched the sun rise as we ate and packed up our boats. We said goodbye to Russ by 6 o'clock. We were pretty much sheltered from wind or big waves until the last two or three miles, but I would have rather had less harsh conditions for a longer period of time than do that again.

We had crossed Merchant's Row and passed through the harbor between Isle Au Haut and Kimball Island when we got the full force of the weather. We were all weather-cocking like crazy, and it was just slowing us down so close to our destination. The waves broke over our decks and leaked into our spray skirts. Some people made a game of how far up the bow they could get the water to go, which was probably not the smartest idea, but it passed the time. We had been following the coastline of Isle au Haut for some time when we fi-



*Passing the Blue Hill Bay light on Green Island.*

nally reached the Seal Trap. It was a relief to be in sheltered, quiet, and calm waters after struggling through choppy waves and white caps. We met the Mariner's Program, a Chewonki sailing expedition, which had just had a rest day in the Seal Trap and were preparing to leave. We chatted with them for a while, marveling at the difference in what 10 o'clock meant to each trip. For the boat builders, 10 o'clock was the perfect time to arrive at a destination, after an early start to avoid afternoon winds. Mariners had just eaten breakfast and were getting ready to leave to take advantage of

the afternoon winds. Mariners could also finish a day when we were going to bed; they got to their next A.N.C.H.O.R.ing spot anywhere from 4 to 8 o'clock at night. We unpacked and set up tents and made lunch.

After we had finished eating and we cleaned up, we hiked up to the ranger station for something to do. Then Cory, Conor, Geoffrey, Antoine, Sam, and I set off on a hike that ended up being about eight miles long. Emma, Nadine, Gabe and Chavella went back to camp and relaxed. We got back in time for dinner and some Lipton Cup-o-Soups before we had our A.N.C.H.O.R

meeting and a really early bedtime. *It was about a 16-mile struggle, but when we finally saw how close we were to the Wooden Boat School, we got the extra spurt of energy that we needed to get to the beach. VICTORY!*

---

## Day 31/Day 14 7-27-10

This morning, Cory and Emma seemed very happy to wake us up at 3:45. To cut back on time, we were not having an official breakfast, but were just given Bricks. Bricks are like power bars, except with more calories per morsel.

The sun had not even risen by the time we left the Seal Trap at 5 o'clock. We were paddling under the stars for a while at about one mile per hour through still waters that had been so choppy the day before,

The entire day was really slow going. We had the wind and tide going against us most of the way, as if nature for whatever reason did not want us to reach our final destination. We were also trying to stay in a pod, but we were fighting the clock and the elements.

The closer we got to the Wooden Boat School in Brooklin, the stronger the winds seemed to try to blow us in the opposite di-

rection. It was about a 16-mile struggle, but when we finally saw how close we were to the Wooden Boat School, we got the extra spurt of energy that we needed to get to the beach. VICTORY! We started heading towards the beach and the boat ramp in a V-shape, but it soon turned into a race.

We carried our boats up to a grassy field and set up our tents. A few people came and talked to us, and one man from the Wooden Boat School staff brought a camera. Emma joked that we just could not escape the paparazzi. We left Chewonki with someone videotaping us, and we arrived at the Wooden Boat School with someone wanting to interview us and take our pictures.

I am just relieved that we made it, in the time frame we had set for ourselves with a half hour to spare. Now it is about 3 o'clock and everyone is taking a nap while Cory and Emma make food. WE MADE IT! We have paddled around 135 miles in boats that we made ourselves. If that is not the coolest thing anyone has ever done, I do not know what is.

---

*We managed to get on the water by 9:30 to go to Hog Island for our solos. We stood in a circle and that initiated our vow of*

*silence, and then we were spread around Hog Island. We were alone and silent until Emma and Cory came and retrieved us, silently.*

---

## Day 32/Day 15 7-28-10

I got up at around 6 o'clock and woke up the cooks so they could start breakfast. We managed to get on the water by 9:30 to go to Hog Island for our solos. We stood in a circle, made our vow of silence, and then spread out around Hog Island.

We were alone and silent until Emma and Cory came and retrieved us, silently. We paddled back to the Wooden Boat School where Emma and Cory made the most delicious stir fry I have ever had. Afterwards, a photographer from Chewonki came and took pictures of us and our boats, and has asked a few of us to get up early tomorrow for some shots on the water. Then we were interviewed by the Wooden Boat School about our experiences. We sprinted back down to the campsite in time for chocolate cake and ice cream someone else had brought us. We skipped A.N.C.H.O.R meeting that night and went right to bed. WE'RE GOING BACK TO CHEWONKI TOMORROW! Everyone is really hyper

from all of the sugar, and we are all marveling at the red moon.

---

*When we got to Chewonki, we were all really excited to do the Chewonki cheer when we saw the barn, which is a tradition upheld by all returning trips.*

---

## Day 33/Return to Chewonki 7-29-10

We got up early and started packing up our stuff. Some of the group went kayaking with the Chewonki photographer, and the rest of us stayed in camp and packed up the tents and supplies. We consolidated our stuff until the bus arrived. Then we were a whirl of activity again, loading things, sorting stuff, and then finally putting our boats on the trailer with sleeping pads as cushioning. We all climbed into the bus to begin our three-hour bus ride. Cory was originally not going to give us our mail, but he had a change of heart and we got packages and letters. Half of our group had begged friends and family to send them care packages with food that we had not gotten on our re-supply, so there was a lot of food to go around. We also listened to a song by Ingrid Michealson on repeat, and we eventually figured out that the song was not an hour long and we listened



to the radio instead.

When we got to Chewonki, we were all really excited to do the Chewonki cheer when we saw the barn, which is a tradition upheld by all returning trips. We unpacked our personal supplies, equipment, and boats, and then we did a huge load of laundry. Unfortunately, Gabe, while taking the recycling to the dumpster, was cut by a shard of glass from a broken salsa bottle. He went to the hospital and got ten stitches, but the rest of us continued unpacking and we had dinner.

After dinner, we had our final A.N.C.H.O.R meeting, and we gave each other gifts we had made on our solo day. Chavella also gave us each a bracelet with something written on it. My favorite was Antoine's bracelet, which said Average American on it. We sorted more laundry, and decided to sleep outside under the stars. We were all seriously annoyed by the number of bugs, but most of us fell asleep.

---

*We had early breakfast in the Chewonki dining hall, and it was weird for me having so much noise after two weeks of being on uninhabited islands with just our group!*

---

## Day 34/Last day 7-29-10

I woke up this morning very confused. I glanced down at my watch and saw that it was about 1 a.m., but I could not figure out where the rest of the group had gone! There was just Conor and Emma. I could not figure it out! I thought for a second and realized that they were probably in the E.E.C., so I checked up there. Sure enough, the others, fleeing from the bugs, had taken their sleeping bags and were sleeping in our storage pace. I was so sleepy that it did not occur to me I could join them, so I just went back outside to my bag.

Cory woke Mabel, Conor, and me up the next morning at around six, and told us how he had tried waking a few volunteers from our group up for a run that morning. He said they had looked at him as if he were crazy and had gone back to sleep. We still had time before breakfast, so Conor went off to do something and I read while the rest of the group slept. We had early breakfast in the Chewonki dining hall, and it was weird for me to hear so much noise after two weeks of being on uninhabited islands with just our group! After that, we washed our boats with bleach and soap. Then we waited. Our parents steadily arrived, and



*WOWOWEEEEEE! We made it! Expedition end at the Wooden Boat School.*

the number of boats sitting on the lawn got smaller and smaller. My parents came at around noon, and we said goodbye. and headed home. Sleeping on a bed for the first time that night was an experience. It Was. So. Comfortable. I am glad I can now appreciate the little things about a domestic lifestyle because I spent so much time sleeping on the ground. What I now have is some crazy tan lines and an awesome boat that I kayaked 135 miles in. Who else can say that they have done that? I am really glad I went to Chewonki, but now it is great to be home.

---

*Sleeping on a bed for the first time that night was an experience. It Was. So. Comfortable. I am glad I can now appreciate the little things about a domestic lifestyle because I spent so much time sleeping on the ground. What I now have is some crazy tan lines and an awesome boat that I kayaked 130 miles in. Who else can say that they have done that? I am really glad I went to Chewonki, but now it is great to be home.*

---

*For more information on the programs offered by the Chewonki Foundation, visit their website at [www.chewonki.org](http://www.chewonki.org).*



**Essex River  
Basin Adventures**

**End of Season Sale**  
Starting September 1  
35-40% off list price on all fleet boats!  
10-30% off 2010 boat and  
Equipment stock!  
Open Daily 10-5 thru 9-19

Sales of Eddyline, Perception &  
Wilderness System Boats, Thule Racks,  
Werner Paddles & MTI Equipment



Open Weekends  
Through October  
Saturday 10-5  
Sunday 12-5

Essex River Basin Adventures  
P.O. Box 270 • 1 Main St. • Essex, MA 01929  
(978) 768-ERBA [www.erba.com](http://www.erba.com)

**Catch the  
Wave**



with  
**Osprey Sea  
Kayak  
Adventures**



**We Are New England's Only  
ACA Pro School Offering:**

- ✦ Tours
- ✦ Instruction
- ✦ Sales & Rentals

Westport, MA  
tel. 508.636.0300

Cape Cod, MA  
tel. 508.240.1211

[www.ospreyseakayak.com](http://www.ospreyseakayak.com)





**THE SMALL CRAFT NAV-AID**  
enables mariners in open boats to  
easily and accurately determine course  
bearings from charts while underway.  
Great for kayakers. It is a compass  
rose on a 4x5 in. plastic plate with a  
flexible course plotting line. Instructions  
are included. Make checks \$8.- to C.  
Sutherland. Postage paid. Write: C.  
Sutherland, 2210 Finland Rd., Green  
Lane, PA 18054.



Tether  
Plotting Line  
Add for  
Your Chart

**OUTER-ISLAND**



**STRIP BUILT  
KAYAK PLANS  
18' x 21"**

**LOW VOLUME DESIGN • GOOD TRACKER  
FAST • EASY ROLLER • NO WEATHERCOCKING  
FLUSH WOOD OR VCP HATCHES**

**OUTER-ISLAND KAYAK**  
C/O JASON DESIGN  
7 JEFFREY LANE, BRANFORD, CT 06405  
[WWW.OUTER-ISLAND.COM](http://WWW.OUTER-ISLAND.COM)

**Kōkakat**  
watersports wear  
[www.kokatat.com](http://www.kokatat.com)



► **T3 Meridian dry suit with  
relief zipper and socks (TMER)**  
Modeled after our GORE-TEX® Meridian  
dry suit, the TROPOS T3 Meridian also  
incorporates an overskirt to layer with  
your spray skirt and keep water out of  
your boat.

► **Seeker**  
An ultra light, flexible and  
low profile shoe designed to  
fit well in touring boats.



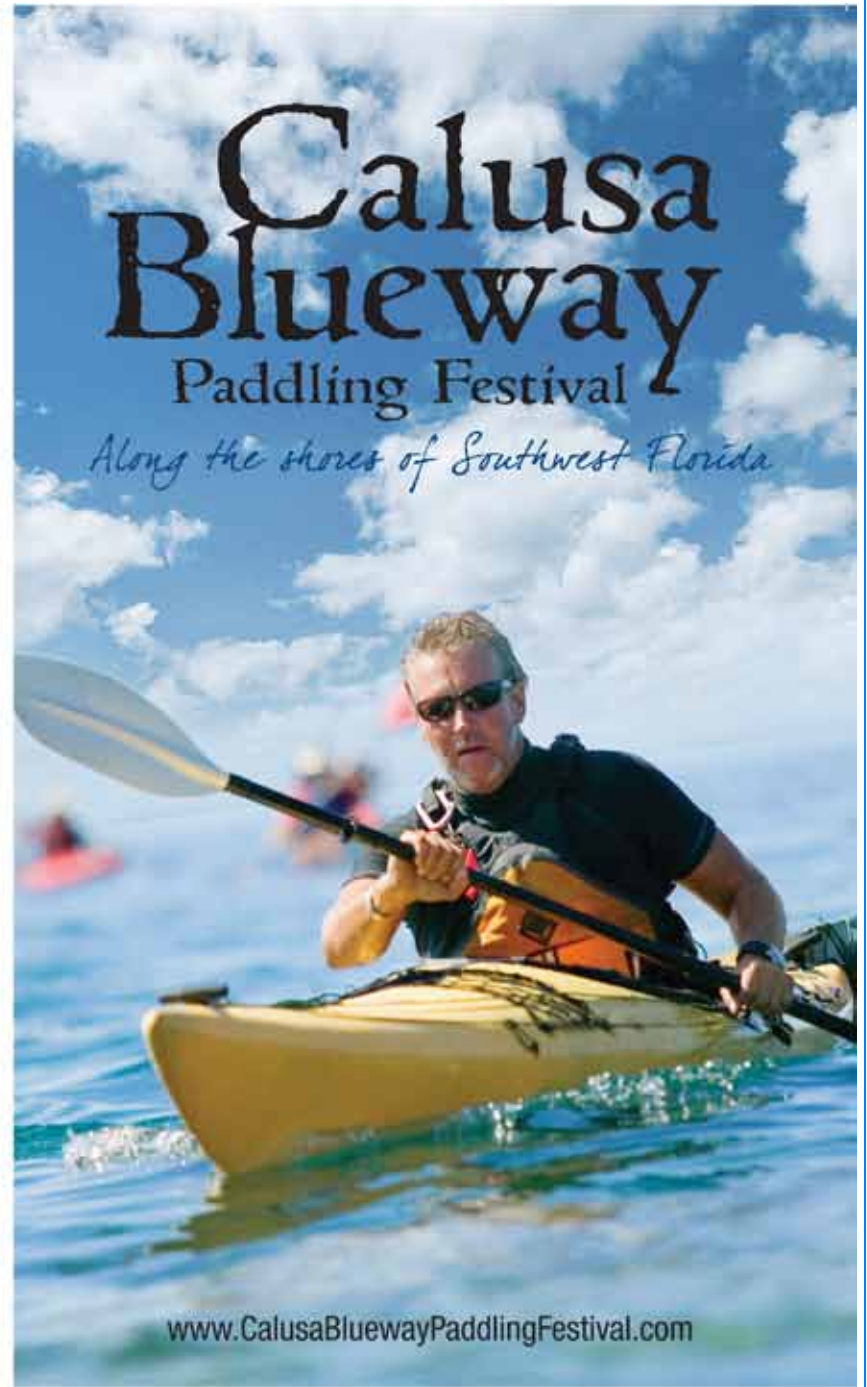

Suzanne Hutchinson, Kokatat New England Sales Rep and Team Paddler  
for P & H Sea Kayaks, near Sames Sound (ME). Photo: ©Werner Maas



October 29  
through  
November 7,  
2010



the beaches of  
**FORT MYERS**  **SANIBEL**  
Tourist Development Council



[www.CalusaBluewayPaddlingFestival.com](http://www.CalusaBluewayPaddlingFestival.com)

## Events

# 5th Annual Mayor's Cup Race

by Mark Ceconi



Mark Ceconi, Sean Milano pose with the "Watermelon." Photo by Mike Maronich.

When the first large barge came through, we were concentrating on staying upright; nothing was predictable, and all that lovely forward momentum we had so enjoyed up until that point had packed its bags and decided to take leave. The Coast Guard safety boat came over the bullhorn, and sounded almost exactly like Charlie Brown's teacher: "Wa, wa, wa. Wa, wa, wa. Wa, wa, waaaa... BARGE!" We looked quickly over our left shoulders to see a vessel roughly the size of my local supermarket bearing down...

Saturday, August 14th, the fifth annual running of the Mayor's Cup Race. Setting: Manhattan, The City That Never Sleeps. After the previous two years where Mother Nature evoked her wrath, causing one race to be canceled halfway through and then last year's, where only the elite and the insane were allowed to proceed, the forecast couldn't have been more perfect. Balmy temps in the '80s, dazzling sunshine, and breeze tousled treetops were the order of the day at the race's new location at the North

Cove Marina at the 79th Street Boat Basin on the Hudson River.

Racer after racer unloaded boats at the circle aided by helpful volunteers, for the short carry down the driveway to the marina, adding their craft under the trees to the others offloaded the night before. Ray Fusco, Promoter and Race Director Extraordinaire, was bustling about, clipboard in hand and surrounded by a bevy of officials and others associated with race details, making sure to dot all i's and cross every t. After kicking cancer and putting together one of the premier races in the good ole' U.S. of A., today he would get payback for his efforts and tireless hours devoted to growing this race five short years ago, grown from the seed of an idea planted with three of his buds over drinks at a restaurant in North Salem, N.Y. This year saw the return of reigning victor from last year's atrocious conditions, the young South African Sean Rice, as well as three-time Olympian and four-time medalist Greg Barton, and Brooklyn boy, Joe "Glicker" Glickman, among others. Joining this cast of champions were other world-renowned young bucks: Dawid Mocke, Caine Eckstein, Jeremy Cotter (who would fall ill with food poisoning and wind up on the media boat)...and the list goes on... This year also marked the first year of the OC-6 teams. Sea kayaks, OC-1s, and OC-2s rounded out the field of about

150 racers, many returning year after year to circle the island.

The first year of the race, I did it in a sea kayak with my adventure racer friend, Kirsten Begg. The second year, Sean and I had partnered up for the first time, also in a tandem sea kayak. The year after that, I'd team up with Sgt. Mike Blair from Team Achilles, comprising wounded and injured war veterans. We'd make it to the halfway point before the race was cancelled and we were pulled. Last year, due to monsoon-like conditions replete with high winds and freezing rain, only the pros and a select few mortals attempted the course. This year, the fifth annual running, Sean Milano and I, and buddies Steve Delgaudio and Jim Hoffman, would all be paddling tandem surfskis. Three to four hours on the water is a whole lot more enjoyable with someone to share the burden with, and the stability of the big boats is an asset on the backside of the course, when water conditions can get, uh...interesting. Our tropical hued tomato orange/lime green Fenn Mako XT double was jokingly referred to as "The Watermelon." Taking the ball and running with it, I spent some time cutting out woodgrain "seeds" from contact paper and affixing them to the deck. Wielding a dark green, water-soluble marker, I hurriedly scribbled the hull converting it into the "rind." Voila! A 25-foot-long giant slice of

watermelon would make its way around the Big Apple. People stared as it was toted down, amidst delighted cries of “Watermelon! Watermelon!”

Ray ran a relaxed and comprehensive captain’s meeting, and racers were primed and prepared. We figured to have a push up the Hudson, some ebb/slack tide down the Harlem, and another slight push down the East River. The last seven miles back up the Hudson would be harder, against current and dealing with increased pleasure boat traffic, as the city stretched its arms wide and came alive this gorgeous day. Touring sea kayaks were the first wave to launch at 11:30 a.m., followed by the Team Achilles disabled veterans and sea kayak tandems, then sea kayak fast touring and OC-1s. Tandem skis and OC-2s started together next, followed by OC-6 teams, and finally single surfskis and K-1s, at ten-minute intervals.

At the horn we were whisked away by strong current up the mighty Hudson, seeking out the shipping channel to take advantage of the push. Jim and Steve, and another tandem team, Derek and Brent, in matching Fenn Elite doubles, immediately gapped the field, even as our GPS numbers were reading 10-10.5 mph. The span of the George Washington Bridge, albeit far closer than previous years, hung teasingly just beyond reach. In a race of this length, one has to have faith that eventually you’ll get there

(despite the intentions of what the East River had up its sleeve to insist that that didn’t happen).

Passing under the GWB and its little red lighthouse perched on one of the piers, we reached the rotary railroad bridge marking the entrance to Spuyten Duyvil Creek and the Harlem River a mile and half farther, under the watchful eye of the Cloisters up on the hill. Passing under the bridge trusses, we proceeded into the placid waters of the creek and its cliffs jutting from the river, emblazoned with the colorful crest of Columbia University. The tide was slacking, and speed dropped from the train ride that was the Hudson.

Here we started catching some OC-1s and Achilles Team tandems, then sea kayaks. Moving through paddlers on the Harlem River from classes started before, our speed was consistent. Sean was happily chatting away, as we called out encouragement to folks we knew as we tandem motored by, fueled by the power of two. At one point I ran over a human head bobbing in the water. It was either that or a coconut with the husk still on. Given our northern location, my spot identification of “human head” was more likely, since coconuts are tropical and do not migrate, unless carried by unladen swallows. In any event, it made a dull “ponk” as it passed under the boat and was wonked by the rudder. “What was

that?” queried Sean over my shoulder. “Human head,” I matter of factly replied. He said, “Oh,” and continued conversing away. New York gets a wholly undeserved bad rap from those that prejudge without actually experiencing the magic of the city. I’m almost entirely sure it was a coconut. Now, if we were in New Jersey... Wink.

At Hell Gate, things began to percolate a bit, reminiscent of liquid coming to a boil, just before things start roiling. This, I would later recognize, was a textbook example of literary foreshadowing. Things were about to get ramped up a notch or two. At one of the bridges (Which was it? Williamsburg? Manhattan?), the water changed character, as if suddenly awakened from a peaceful slumber. The combination of changing current, narrowing waterway lined by a gauntlet of concrete seawalls, and increased boat traffic, punctuated by three (Count ‘em, three...) barges, made for a confused maelstrom of wake and refractory waves bouncing off the piers.

When the first large barge came through, we were concentrating on staying upright; nothing was predictable, and all that lovely forward momentum we had so enjoyed up until that point had packed its bags and decided to take leave. The Coast Guard safety boat came over the bullhorn, and sounded almost exactly like Charlie Brown’s teacher: “Wa, wa, wa. Wa, wa, wa. Wa, wa, waaaa...

BARGE!” We looked quickly over our left shoulders to see a vessel roughly the size of my local supermarket bearing down. That kind of sight will plant the fear of God in even a dyed-in-the-wool agnostic. “How far away?!” I shouted to Sean, over the blare of the ship’s horn. “About 300 yards!” he yelled back, “Closing fast! Take us hard right toward the sea wall!”

Hard right we went. When the first repercussions of its wake arrived, we were instantly swamped, burying the bow, seatwells flooding like twin Jacuzzi’s. Increasing in wave frequency, the swells beelined to the seawall and ricocheted back in the opposite direction. We bobbed helplessly, trying to maintain some semblance of forward motion, like...well, like a slice of watermelon at sea. The water retained this frenetic attitude alllllll the way down, past the U.N., towards the South Street Seaport, egged on by passing after passing of barges and large pleasure craft.

Suddenly, Sean called out: “Surfski right!” Sean Rice, the eventual race winner from South Africa in his distinctive yellow and gray Think Uno, streaked by, literally putting the hurt on the water. Thrust forward in the cockpit, he was a picture perfect technical demonstration of the forward stroke catch, milking every pull for all it was worth, as he ripped his ski through the water past the buried blade. It was incred-

## Events

ible, to witness his poise, focus, and sheer power in the midst of all that. He shot along, literally feet off the seawall, picking up every rebounded swell he could find to hurtle him to the next. Next came Caine Eckstein from Australia, clipping along with a faster cadence than Rice. He slipped past before we even knew it. Not too long after that, came another South African, Dawid Mocke, this time on our left. He was utterly unruffled through this mess as well, knifing through the chop like a hot blade through butter. Greg Barton was next on this train; his slower but efficient cadence belying the speed at which he was moving. At age 50, to be keeping pace with the best young guns in the world was unbelievable; the man is a champion through and through.

These four had spent the miles up until shortly before they passed us, pacing one another side by side, accompanied by another racer, six-time French Olympian Philippe Boccara. An attack by Eckstein splintered the lead pack and Boccara was dropped. Eckstein would take a course river left and find himself mired in the current, while the cagey Rice, having researched the course he won on last year, stayed on the opposite side of the channel for a strategic move as the river looped lazily to the right. Rice surged here, and Mocke fell off the pace. Meanwhile, Eckstein was struggling

to rejoin, his needle pegged in the red zone. Rice hugged the seawall, leaping onto every refracted wave he could find. The gentle winds had picked up in intensity funneled upriver, skimming the tops off the wave crests.

By South Street Seaport, we were exhausted, both physically and mentally. The hammer fell, and life was not so good. At this point, Sean would later comment, we went from racing, to finishing the race. We later learned that quite a few people went for some unscheduled dips through here; a number abandoned. Bob Capellini later reported he went for a little swim under the Brooklyn Bridge (“It was dark under there.”), and it was here that good samaritan paddlers stopped to assist fellow racers in need, until the safety boats were on top of things. We received a little boost coming past the South Street Seaport Restaurant. Patrons enjoying the waterside tables by the railing cheered us on, cocktails raised high, and the majestic sight of Lady Liberty, torch raised in salute as well, inspired us to surge more strongly toward the tip of the Battery and the right turn up the Hudson again.

Suddenly we heard the Coast Guard bullhorn again. Looking ahead, the prop wash of the Staten Island Ferry in its berth was churning the water to froth, as it readied to back out. We were being warned to



*The elite surfski pack get a power jolt from the Hudson River current at the race start.  
Photo by Ray Fusco.*

stop immediately, and waited out the three to four minutes it took the large craft to back up, pull a U turn and head out on a run, chased by several Charter Waterways ferries. The copters from the pier-side heliport were deafening, their rotors' wash slicing and dicing up a fine spray that whipped the air with a cool spritz. Bright yellow water taxis zipped in and out of moorings like bees from a hive. The hulking, stationary black barge that marked the swing around the point was a welcome sight in all this confusion.

If we were fatigued before, we were exhausted now; the East River had broken us; all wind was out of our sails. At this point, I would have given just about anything for sails. Seven miles of headwind with the current slightly against us for the return trip

back was daunting. Sybil-like, the water's personality again had changed, rolling in glassy lumps beamside against the cement retaining wall. The combination of these factors Sean would later comment, caused the Hudson to feel like it had “doubled in density.” The boat felt mired in molasses. To add insult to injury, we wistfully pined at the entrance to the marina that was the former start and finish of the previous Mayors Cup Races. “Do you think we can turn in there, and just claim we didn't know?” Sean suggested, his voice an octave higher in desperation and hope. Several other surfskis slid by us here. For every one that came by, we slowly reeled in two or three boats from preceding waves starting earlier. Over to our left, Mike Blair and Phil Warner appeared, in the beautiful Nick Schade

# Events



South African Mike Maronich took first place. Photo by Ray Fusco.

designed mahogany Fast Double. “Goooo!” they encouraged, as we shouted back to spur them on as well.

Following the water trails of other boats before us, we hugged the piers, trying to stay as far out of the current and boat channel as we could. In one marina’s cove, a flock of brightly colored plastic kayaks, obviously part of a guided tour were milling about, venturing out into the open Hudson, laughter emanating from their paddlers as they rose up and down on the swells. It’s a funny thing when you hit the wall and begin to bonk. The most innocuous ruffle in the water can be an open invitation for a swim; no R.S.V.P. required. The same swells that they were enjoying imbalanced us, each trigger-

ing a cumulative case of the wobbles, as the miles ticked by agonizingly slowly. Robotically, we speared blade upon blade into the water, each repetition carrying us closer to our North Cove destination. Somehow we managed what I’d like to claim was a final sprint to the yellow flag at the finish line, amidst the cheers of the timekeepers and volunteers. At least we managed the sound effects part; I doubt our actual paddle cadence increased by any scientifically measurable amount. The 29.3 miles registered on the clock. I now know the welcome relief the first explorers must have felt upon arriving on dry land after months at sea. If I could have mustered the energy to pucker, I would have kissed the coarse boards of

the dock, splinters be damned. Stiffly, we rolled out of our watermelon onto the slimy planks, like mackerel on ice, creaking unsteadily to our feet. I was done. Two surfski paddlers lay prone on the dock gasping, one with his forearm flopped over his forehead, the other with arms stretched out stiffly at his sides like a cadaver. Racer after racer wobbled in unsteadily. Boats were haphazardly cast about on the grass, tools for the job that had served their purpose. For a bunch of grubby racer types, we clean up pretty well. The after party at the boat basin restaurant was hopping. The beer was flowing freely, burgers and dogs charbroiling on the grill, and a bluegrass band was rocking the house. Paddlers shared war stories of their own personal trials and tribulations. It was a fine time.

A rightfully emotional Ray Fusco took the stage after the band’s first set. Prior to announcing placings and times, handing out prizes and schwag, a different set of awards were presented by the man who five years ago, took a ‘What if?’ dream and replaced its foundation of clouds with solid brick and mortar, making it not only a reality, but improving and adding on, despite consecutive setbacks that threatened to bury it. These were awards of the heart, dedicated to those who had faith in him, stood by him in his personal life, and assisted him in this dream

over the years. The actual prizes were awarded afterwards, and bags of schwag flowed as freely as the beer, but it was these awards of the heart, simple plaques that spoke a wealth of gratitude, that prompted the standing ovation he received by all attendees. Some time ago, in a write up of a previous Mayors Cup Race, I quoted from the Kevin Costner movie *Field of Dreams*: “If you build it, they will come.” Ray, you built it, and as promised, we came. We will continue to come again and again, as long as you have the strength and desire to build.



Map by David Eden.

# Events

## MAYOR'S CUP RACE RESULTS:

### Men

Place No.	Wave	Name	Class	Time
<b>Elite Open - OC1 - Male</b>				
1	26	3 LUKE EVSLIN	ELITE OPEN - OC1	4:03:52
2	25	3 JEREMY GROSVENOR	ELITE OPEN - OC1	4:14:14
3	27	3 ALAN GOTO	ELITE OPEN - OC1	4:15:36
4	23	3 ANDREY DRACHENKO	ELITE OPEN - OC1	4:16:06
5	24	3 ROD MCLAIN	ELITE OPEN - OC1	4:20:14
6	29	3 DANNY HAMMER	ELITE OPEN - OC1	4:31:30
7	28	3 BRENT BECK	ELITE OPEN - OC1	4:33:51
8	21	3 TONY SOUKHASEUM	ELITE OPEN - OC1	5:32:37

### Elite Open - OC2 - Male

1	30	4 LEX/JEAN RAAS/RAAS	ELITE OPEN - OC2	3:52:28
2	31	4 JOHN/JANE ZEIGLE/ZEIG	ELITE OPEN - OC2	4:09:28
3	34	4 DAVID/RAY LAM/LEU	ELITE OPEN - OC2	5:27:57

### Elite Open - Surfski - Male

1	67	5 SEAN RICE	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	3:17:08
2	55	5 CAINE ECKSTEIN	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	3:19:36
3	64	5 DAWID MOCKE	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	3:27:46
4	45	5 GREG BARTON	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	3:34:00
5	56	5 FRANCK FIFILS	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	3:39:14
6	74	5 DORIAN WOLTER	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	3:41:36
7	59	5 BORYS MARKIN	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	3:42:49
8	48	5 PHILIPPE BOCCARA	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	3:43:18
9	70	5 BAREND SPIES	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	3:46:07
10	53	5 JOEL DUOX	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	3:51:56
11	72	5 DIDIER VAVASSEUR	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	3:51:58
12	57	5 JOE GLICKMAN	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	3:52:01
13	61	5 MICHAL STARCZEWSKI	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	3:53:52
14	63	5 ROBERT MIRLENBRINK	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	3:55:56

15	60	5 ERIC MCNETT	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	3:58:39
16	62	5 ERIC MIMS	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	4:00:43
17	69	5 ROWAN SAMPSON	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	4:04:09
18	65	5 DAVID PRINGLE	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	4:13:40
19	58	5 TOM KERR	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	4:16:56
20	71	5 ERIC STILLER	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	4:17:15
21	47	5 ANDREW BINKS	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	4:25:04
22	51	5 ROBERT CAPELLINI	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	4:30:40
23	50	5 JOSEPH CALTO	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	4:38:50
24	73	5 SALEMOM WEYERS	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	4:39:33
25	75	5 RAY ZUHOWSKI	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	4:40:32
26	49	5 CAREY BOND	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	4:45:31

### Women

#### Elite Open - Surfski - Female

1	41	5 ALEX MCLAIN	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	4:12:50
2	40	5 STEFANI JACKENTHAL	ELITE OPEN - SURFSKI	4:30:42

#### Elite Open - OC1 - Female

1	20	3 CAROL CHOI	ELITE OPEN - OC1	5:12:24
---	----	--------------	------------------	---------

#### Elite Open - OC2 - Female

1	32	4 KELLY/CAROLINE RHODES	ELITE OPEN - OC2	4:16:02
2	33	4 STEPHANIE/KATHLEEN PR	ELITE OPEN - OC2	4:49:04

#### Sea Kayak Fast Touring - FEMALE

1	90	3 FIONA COUSINS	SK FAST TOURING	4:58:47
---	----	-----------------	-----------------	---------

#### Sea Kayak Touring - FEMALE

1	113	1 PAULA JEAN LUNT	Sk TOURING	5:02:01
2	110	1 NANCY BROUS	Sk TOURING	5:33:14
3	111	1 ORLOVA CHAZE	Sk TOURING	6:04:30



## The Shores I Know - Eastern Long Island

Story and Photos by Rob Battenfeld



Ready to launch into Shinnecock Bay, Munns Point.

*As I ebb'd with the ocean of life,  
As I wended the shores I know,  
As I walk'd where the ripples continually  
wash you Paumanok  
Where they rustle up hoarse and sibilant,  
Where the fierce old mother endlessly cries  
for her castaways,  
I musing late in the autumn day, gazing off  
southward,  
Held by this electric self out of the pride of  
which I utter poems,  
Was seiz'd by the spirit that trails in the*

*lines underfoot,  
The rim, the sediment that stands for all the  
water and all the land of the globe.*

Walt Whitman

Long Island is the product of glacial processes that occurred tens of thousands of years ago. The enormous ice sheets that protruded from Canada and extended over the eastern seaboard of North America created the familiar fish-shape of Long Island.

The terminal sections of the glaciers left

ridges or moraines that formed the “skeleton” of the island. The twin forks of eastern Long Island consist of those moraines. In fact, a third fork lies submerged off Montauk, much to the delight of local surfers.

Geologists believe that the barrier beach that extends along the south shore of Long Island is a remnant of the original coastal plain that was once marked by the giant and on and off until 1938. Even today, at footprints of mastodons. Thousands of years of storms and the westward movement of sand and ocean currents formed the beautiful fine sand beaches of Long Island, much to the delight of beach goers.

As the glaciers retreated and melted away, the rising sea levels filled in the depression and ravines left behind, forming the many bays and creeks on eastern Long Island, much to the delight of local kayakers.

As you drive south from either the Long Island Expressway or Sunrise Highway, you encounter a series of rolling hills that are the remnants of the glacial moraines. One of these moraines runs through Hampton Bays and extends east through the Shinnecock Hills. The melting glacier outwash formed many of the bays on the south shore

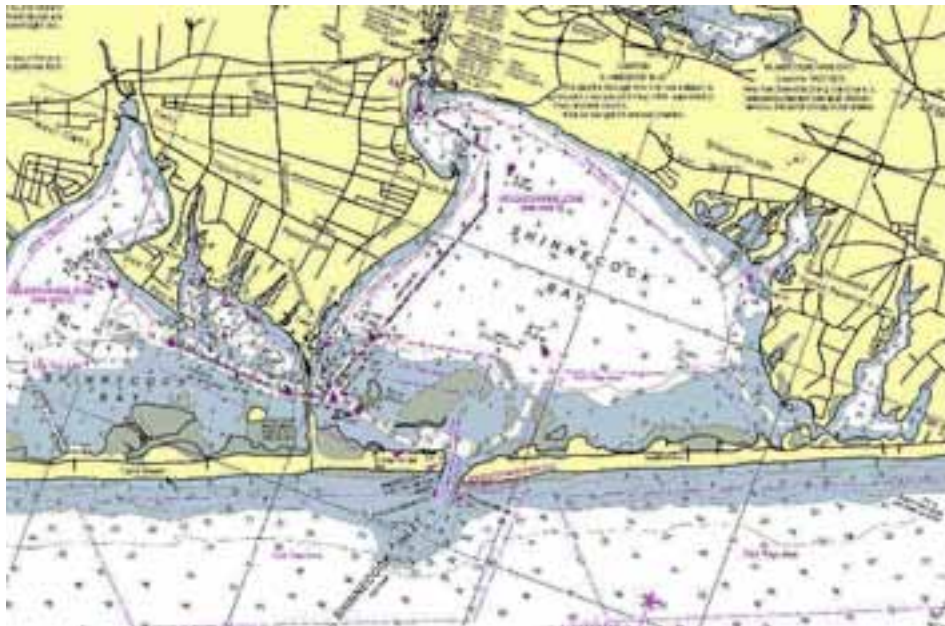
including Shinnecock Bay.

For most of its existence Shinnecock Bay was an enclosed brackish lake not open to the ocean except during fierce storms. It is believed that the local native inhabitants

would breach the enclosure to let in juvenile fish to later be harvested, once grown. Breaching was done in pre-colonial times and on and off until 1938. Even today, at designated times of the year, breaching the barrier beach is still done by the local towns at other enclosed water bodies farther east, such as Mecox Bay and Georgica Pond. Several attempts were made to create

a permanent inlet opening Shinnecock Bay to the Atlantic Ocean. However, one wasn't created until the unnamed 1938 Hurricane that made landfall in Westhampton Beach with 150 mile an hour winds, breached the barrier beach and created a nascent Shinnecock Inlet.

In 1955-1956 rock jetties were finally installed and the Shinnecock Inlet now serves as an important outlet to the Atlantic Ocean for the local fishing fleet, pleasure boaters, sport fisherman, and intrepid sea kayakers. In the winter and early spring, seals can be spotted near and in the inlet.



*The chart of Shinnecock Inlet and Shinnecock Bay.*

Shinnecock Bay offers some protected kayaking even in the busy “Hamptons” summer months. Powerboats, for the most part, are restricted to the boat channel on the north side of the bay, except as the channel approaches Shinnecock Inlet. The inlet should be approached and traversed only by the most experienced sea kayaker. The current can be very strong during the changing tides. Large vessels including fishing trawlers ply the inlet on a daily basis, weather

permitting. While recent dredging of the inlet has improved the conditions in the inlet, keep in mind that several large trawlers have been lost entering the Inlet from the ocean due to excessive shoaling and heavy currents.

The shallowness of the southern part of the bay along the barrier beach makes for a relatively quiet paddling experience among the salt marsh islands. However, during low-tide this area is even too shallow for the

smooth passage of kayaks unless you like to use your paddles as ski poles!

In the summer months many of the launch sites are restricted to town residents. However, there are several access roads along Dune Road on the west side of Shinnecock Inlet and Meadow Lane on the east side that offer legal parking for non residents all year round.

### **Shinnecock Bay – East side of the Ponquogue Bridge**

At any time of year, a non-resident can park and launch a kayak from Road D off of Meadow Lane. However, in the summer the parking fills up quickly in the morning with nonresident beach goers. To get to Road D, take Montauk Highway from Hampton Bays and proceed east towards Southampton village. Cross over the Shinnecock Canal and drive 5.2 miles to Halsey Neck Lane in Southampton village on Hill Street. Make a right and drive to the end and make a right onto Meadow Lane. Road D is 1.9 miles on your right. This launch site will give you access to Heady Creek on the east and Shinnecock Inlet on the west. Across from the launch site is the Shinnecock Indi-

an Reservation. Please be respectful and do not land anywhere on the reservation. However, the relatively undeveloped condition of the reservation makes the shoreline along the reservation a nice area to kayak. Or if you prefer you can kayak along the barrier beach to gawk at the oceanfront mansions. The bay side is not developed so you can paddle along the salt marsh.

The Shinnecock East Suffolk County Park is at the end of Meadow Lane on the inlet; however, parking is available only to New York State residents. Southampton Town and Village residents can launch at Munns Point Preserve, about a mile east of Road D.

Once done exploring eastern Shinnecock Bay you might want to take advantage of the many good restaurants. They do, after all, cater to the discriminating palate of Manhattanites during the summer and early fall. There are many good restaurants in Southampton Village including the Southampton Publick House (30 Bowden Square), which brews its own beer on site. They also have live music at night and are open all year round. If all you need is a cup of coffee try the Thunder Island Organic

# Places

Coffee Shop on the Shinnecock Indian Reservation at 88 Montauk Highway, Southampton. The coffee beans are locally roasted and packaged on the reservation and the coffee is always fresh.

## Shinnecock Bay – West side of the Ponquogue Bridge

The barrier beach area along Dune Road west of the Ponquogue Bridge is Suffolk County and Southampton Town owned, so this area, at least for a few miles, is undeveloped except for the Town of Southampton's two public beach pavilions on the ocean side. The dunes rise in some areas to a height of 20 feet or more and give you a glimpse of what the entire barrier beach of Long Island once looked like.

The Eastern Long Island towns and New York State realize the importance of the dunes to the barrier island and the beach grass that holds the dunes in place. Although much damage had been done in the past by breaching the dunes with building and roads, there has been an effort to restore and strengthen the dune system. Part of this effort was to shorten the rock jetties on the Shinnecock Inlet that were starving

the western side of the Inlet of replenishing sand. Serious erosion had threatened the fishing fleet and restaurants on the inlet. The Army Corp of Engineers has replenished the barrier beaches with coarser sand to combat the erosion. As the sea levels continue to rise, it is expected that the barrier beaches and protected bays of Long Island will be under serious threat.

As you approach the Ponguogue Bridge, just beyond the U.S. Coast Guard Station, you can make a left onto the old Ponguogue Bridge Fishing Pier parking area, just before the bridge. You can launch from the small beach off the parking area. This will give you access to the east side of the bay or you can paddle under the bridge to access the west side of the bay. There can be a strong current going under the bridge and be careful of fishing line dangling from the pier. However, you do not need a special permit to park here.

After you cross over the Ponquogue Bridge, there are several launch sites along Dune Road west of the Shinnecock Inlet. Directly under the bridge is the Old Ponquogue Bridge Marine Park. Parking is seasonal for town residents but is available to

nonresidents after September 15. You can launch under the bridge for access to the west side of the bridge or on the beach to access the east side. East of the bridge on the bay side is Road I, which also has seasonal parking. This launch site will put you within a mile of the inlet.

On the north side of the bay is Shinnecock Canal that connects to Great Peconic Bay by operating locks. The current flows from Peconic Bay to Shinnecock Bay and can run very swiftly during the tides. I have never paddled the canal between the two bays since I have experienced “white



*Robbins Island and Scallop Pond chart.*



*Snowy egret trio on West Neck Creek.*

knuckle” rides even in powerboats while going through the locks when the gates are open. Portaging would be difficult but not impossible. In fact, this area is called Canoe Place since this is where the local Indians would portage their canoes between the bays. Today with all the bulkheading, development, and Montauk Highway, it would be difficult to even wheel your kayak over land. You could go through while the locks are operating, but this would mean sitting in an enclosed area with idling powerboats.

Shinnecock Bay paddles can consist of an easy trip of a few hours or a full day trip. The Quogue Quantuck Canals con-



*Heading towards Robbins Island.*

nect Shinnecock Bay to the neighboring Moriches Bay to the west, if you are looking for a longer trip of 15 miles or more, depending on at which point you turn around. There is camping at both Cupsogue Beach and Smith Point County Parks on both sides of Moriches Inlet. Reservations, with restrictions, are necessary with the Suffolk County Department of Parks, Recreation, and Conservation. Nonresidents can purchase Tourist Reservation Key cards to ac-

cess the parking and camping areas.

Dining in the Hampton Bays area is decidedly more casual than in Southampton Village. The Green Door General Store on Shinnecock Road, just north of the Ponquogue Bridge typifies the laid back lifestyle in Hampton Bays. The breakfast and lunch menu offers wholesome and tasty choices for an after or before paddle meal. The outdoor dining area is a perfect spot to relax after a paddle or bike ride.

## Scallop Pond – Great Peconic Bay

The Scallop Pond and Sebonac Creek estuary on Great Peconic Bay is my favorite paddling spot. It is the spot that I take friends to introduce them to sea kayaking. Scallop Pond is also the place I took my soon-to-be wife, Caroline, on our first kayaking date. On a subsequent trip we became engaged.

Most of the land surrounding Scallop Pond is preserved as part of the Nature Conservancy, the Peconic Land Trust, or a private hunting preserve called the “Port of Missing Men.” In the 1920s, Harry Rogers, heir to the Standard Oil fortune purchased the land as a 1,200-acre hunting preserve, the largest private land holding on Long Island. At the far end of Scallop Pond, part of the Rogers home can be seen overlooking the Pond. It is designed to look like the stern of an old wooden ship. The name “Port of Missing Men” is said to come from the use of the property as a private hunting lodge where men could go missing for a few days.

Although another story says that since there was a shipwreck off the property and pieces of the ship were found there, Harry Rogers named it after the missing crew. Today, the home is still in the Rogers family,

but most of the land was sold to Louis Bacon, a financier, who also purchased Robins Island and the Cow Neck area surrounding the Rogers home. Robins Island is another great kayaking destination and launching in Scallop Pond will put you within striking distance of the privately owned island.

If you decide to take a trip to Robins Island, keep in mind that all of the land is private, including below the high water mark. The property lines extend into the bay as stipulated from the original deed from pre-colonial times. A few kayaking friends and I landed for a rest on the sand spit on the south end of the island (we were paddling from Riverhead to Mashomack Preserve on Shelter Island), and within minutes we were politely asked to leave by the current caretaker once we were rested. The new owner donated most of Robins Island to the Nature Conservancy.

When I was a young boy, an earlier caretaker, not so polite, would chase you away with a shotgun loaded with buckshot. There is no longer any need to fear a backside full of buckshot but beware of the area called the South Race between the Robins Island sand spit and Cow Neck, where the currents during a running tide and winds can kick up

# Places

large waves.

Since most of the land in the Scallop Pond area is preserved, there is a good chance to see wildlife such as osprey, great blue heron, snowy egrets, diamondback terrapins, and deer. Since the estuary is shallow and secluded it is also mostly free of powerboats.

You can paddle southwest into West Cove Creek and Little Sebonac Creek and access the Great Peconic Bay by a small cut at the far end of Little Sebonac Creek. Then paddling north, you can round Cow Neck Point. Just east of Cow Neck will be North Sea Harbor, where English settlers from Lynn, Mass., landed at Conscience Point and founded Southampton in 1640. Or, instead, you can also remain inside the protected estuary and explore farther into Bullhead Bay that fronts the exclusive National Golf Links. The most prominent feature, besides the clubhouse, is a Dutch style windmill that was shipped over from Europe and is unlike the windmills used by the local English settlers.

To get to the access road to Scallop Pond, take Montauk Highway west from Hampton Bays. Cross over the Shinnecock Canal and drive 3.2 miles. Make a left at

the traffic light on Tuckahoe Road at the SUNY/Stony Brook – Southampton campus. Proceed across the railroad tracks and across County Road 39. Follow the road through the golf course until you get to the fork at the stop sign. Take the left fork and cross the road onto Barkers Island Road and follow the right hand curve onto Millstone Brook Road. At the fork, take the left fork onto Scott Road and turn left onto the dirt road at Scallop Pond Road. The launch site will be on your right as Scallop Pond comes into view.

There are so many great kayaking trips, both long and short, that can be taken on eastern Long Island or as the locals call it, “The East End.” The fall and winter are my favorite time of year to paddle out here on the East End of Long Island. After the summer crowds leave and the pace slows, you can find yourself alone in your kayak, and to paraphrase Whitman, be “held by your electric self,” in the middle of Great Peconic Bay.

If you wish to explore eastern Long Island by kayak, I highly recommend local kayak guide and naturalist Mike Bottini’s book, “Exploring East End Waters: A Natural History and Paddling Guide.”



*Waterfront cornfield at Cow Neck.*

## If You Go...

Suffolk County Department of Parks, Recreation, and Conservation  
(631) 854-4949  
[scparks@suffolkcountyny.gov](mailto:scparks@suffolkcountyny.gov)

Southampton Town Parks & Recreation Department  
(631) 728-8585  
Beach Parking Information Facilities/Parks Map - 2010  
<http://www.southamptontownny.gov/filestorage/760/762/782/1048/1434/BeachInformation-Map.pdf>

NOTE: Southampton Town Trustee Roads require a separate access permit.



*Port of Missing Men, Scallop Pond.*

## Paradise Lost?

### Proposed Road Threatens Mattawoman Creek

Despite claims that damage can be mitigated, the Maryland waterway already shows signs of stress from encroaching development

Story by Rona Kobell



*Jim Long, who has been counting eggs each spring for about ten years, has seen a sharp decrease in their numbers as development in the area has grown.*

Photo by Rona Kobell

Physicist Jim Long fell in love with the Mattawoman at first sight.

Who wouldn't? The Southern Maryland creek is like a chameleon. In the shallower parts, it looks like an enchanted forest—with a canopy of river birch and willow oaks. Ferns, flowers and shrubs, like the fragrant pawpaw, sprout from the ground. Where the sun peaks through, the water is clear enough to count the river herring.

The deep, open-water part is even more spectacular, covered in marshes thick with rice and lotus flowers unfurling their glorious blooms. Kayakers glide past in awe; anglers try their luck in the bass-rich waters. In its quiet splendor, the Mattawoman looks like it belongs in the remote areas of Costa Rica or Ecuador.

Instead, the Mattawoman is only 20 miles from the Washington Beltway, and therein lies its problem. It's in the fastest-growing region of the state. And it wends

through some of the last undeveloped stretches of its corner of Charles County.

The county commissioners and other local politicians are pushing to build the Cross-County Connector, a road that would cross Mattawoman Creek and bring development to the Indian Head peninsula. They note that the road has been in the planning stages for nearly 30 years. They have cleared nearly every planning hurdle and are not asking for any state or federal money. Nearly two-thirds of the 16-mile road has already been built—only the contested stretch planned near the Mattawoman remains.

Government officials believe they can mitigate the effects of the road and the impervious surface it will bring. Long and his fellow volunteers at the Mattawoman Watershed Society argue that no mitigation will save the Mattawoman from the devastating consequences of more building. Several environmental groups, including the Chesapeake Bay Foundation, are working with them to stop the road. Also raising concerns about the Cross-County Connector are the Maryland Department of Natural Resources and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

Charles County commissioners contend that the road will not cause major impacts. But scientists and activists say development has already hardened ten percent of the creek's watershed, and it can't take much more before the creek is seriously degraded. Already, the stream's populations of river herring and white perch are showing declines. According to estimates from the Department of Natural Resources, if the road is built, the Mattawoman will eventually reach 22 percent impervious surface. If that happens, and the creek follows the pattern seen in other waterways with developed watersheds, one of the Western Shore's most valued creeks will cease to be productive. Plants and fish will die.

"The creek is telling us just what the scientists have been telling us to look for," Long said as he stood knee-deep in the creek, counting fish eggs. "The Mattawoman is a poster child for the issue of land use impacts to the Chesapeake Bay."

The road's last hurdle is obtaining two permits, one from the Maryland Department of the Environment and the other from the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. Those agencies would need to grant the county permits to disturb wetlands and specially protected

# Places

waterways. Old Woman's Run, a Mattawoman stream, was designated as a Tier II waterway—a designation for a water body of excellent environmental quality. A decision from the two agencies is not expected until the end of the year, after Maryland's gubernatorial election.

Long has been counting eggs each spring for about ten years. Not long ago, he would see hundreds of tiny orbs floating in his glass jar. This year, he saw about two each time he sampled.

Jeff Horan, DNR's director of watershed services, said the Mattawoman remains as close to ideal conditions for a stream as exists in Maryland—except for the fish. Counts are down for most species. It could be because of an excess of road salt used to treat winter's extreme snowfall. But it also is likely from the development that has already come.

State Sen. Thomas "Mac" Middleton, who served on the county commission from 1984 to 1994, said the county took a lot of care in developing a growth plan and in detailing a road that would mitigate negative impacts.

"We changed the course of the road. It's not like we have said we don't care. I

do care, but I'm a realist. We're a beautiful county, we're 25 miles south of D.C., and people are going to continue to move there," he said. "I think it probably will have an impact on the Mattawoman, but if there are impacts, how do you mitigate it?"

It is hard to show the downsides of a road that doesn't yet exist. But DNR fisheries ecologist Jim Uphoff put out a report called "A Tale of two Creeks," which compares Mattawoman to Piscataway Creek in Prince George's County.

"In Piscataway, which has undergone the development that the Mattawoman is slated to have, the anharomous fish spawning has, in fact, ceased," Uphoff said.

Also of concern are rare and endangered species in the Mattawoman watershed. The Maryland Department of the Environment is looking into the possibility that *Krigia dandelion*, a small, yellow flower, and *Melica mutica*, a two-flower watergrass, would be threatened by the construction.

The fight to stop the road is almost as old as the plans to build it. In the 1980s, when Charles County designated its growth area—which is larger than the entire District of Columbia—the area included the Mattawoman. The commissioners built a large



*Bonnie Bick, a longtime Mattawoman activist, kayaks the creek. Photo by Dave Harp*

sewage treatment plant in the watershed to handle the growth. Then they approved Chapman's Landing, a 4,600-home development on 2,100 acres in Chapman's Forest near the Mattawoman's headwaters. The project was zoned and had the necessary wetland permits.

But to then-governor and Smart Growth champion Parris N. Glendening, the project was little more than sprawl. After months of negotiations, Glendening had the state buy the land for \$28 million. The commissioners and some of the governor's own advisers criticized the purchase, in large part because the development had already

mitigated for environmental impacts and because the price was so high. But environmentalists cheered the decision.

Especially grateful was Bonnie Bick, a longtime Mattawoman activist. She believed the battle had been won, and the road would disappear shortly after the Chapman's project did. But it didn't. And developers began proposing even more development in the area.

Since 2005, Mattawoman has had a total maximum daily load, which is supposed to limit the pollution that can flow into the creek. So far, only a few rivers in the watershed have TMDLS, but the EPA is requiring



*Activist Bonnie Blick has criss-crossed Maryland in an effort to preserve the creek. Photo by Dave Harp*

them for all tributaries. Last fall, EPA officials began a series of hearings to explain the new requirements, and Bick made sure she and her fellow advocates argued their case to protect the Mattawoman at hearings in Baltimore and Annapolis, and at a Clean Water Conference in Washington where several congressmen and environmental officials, including Administrator Lisa Jackson, spoke.

“The Mattawoman could be a big win

for the Chesapeake, at a time when all eyes are on the Bay,” Bick said. “You have to wonder, what is the hope for the rest of it if the TMDL doesn’t work here?”

Bick is indefatigable when it comes to advocating for the creek and for land preservation. She walks with a cane, the result of a broken pelvis and other injuries she suffered in a car accident in St. Mary’s County in 2004. The crash occurred on her way back from a protest against then-Gov. Robert V. Ehrlich Jr.’s plan, later scrapped, to sell several hundred acres of a protected state forest to Baltimore developer Willard Hackerman. But her injuries don’t appear to slow her down as she crisscrosses the state on behalf of her beloved creek.

Her efforts are gaining traction. She has met with J. Charles Fox, Jackson’s point-man for Chesapeake Bay. Last year, American Rivers, a national nonprofit, put the Mattawoman on its list of the nation’s most endangered waterways. The creek has been featured on draft maps of the Treasured Landscapes initiative, which is trying to protect large-scale landscapes in the Bay watershed.

The strength of her citizens’ group spurred the Chesapeake Bay Foundation to

get involved, which it rarely does in local land disputes. The last time the foundation officially entered one of these fights was in 2006, when farmers and environmentalists in Dorchester County opposed a project to bring several thousand homes and a hotel and conference center to a rural area near the Blackwater National Wildlife refuge. That fight ended with then-Gov. Ehrlich agreeing to buy the property just a few days before Election Day.

Later this year, Ehrlich will challenge Gov. Martin O’Malley, who beat him last time around, for the state’s top job. Reminiscent of the 2006 election-year efforts, CBF and the Mattawoman Watershed Society are urging constituents to contact O’Malley in hopes of defeating the project.

“We know what we need to do to clean up the Mattawoman,” said CBF advocacy manager Terry Cummings, “and yet, we are doing the opposite.”

Environmentalists would rather focus the county’s growth in Waldorf and keep it out of Mattawoman. They are pushing a rail line from Waldorf to the Branch Avenue Metro Station in Prince George’s County. The county and the state have already endorsed the plan. But Middleton and others

have been working on that since 1988, and the rail line doesn’t seem imminent as funding is tight.

Opponents know it is hard-almost impossible-to kill a road project. Montgomery County activists fought the Inter-County Connector for nearly three decades. The first part of that road is slated to open later this year. More often, agencies get together to mitigate the impacts of the project. But DNR’s Horan is not confident that can be done in the case of the Cross-County Connector.

“You cross a threshold, and really, limiting impacts may not be enough,” he said. “I haven’t given up on the Mattawoman yet. But, if the 22 percent (impervious surface) comes to pass, then we will have lost it.”

*Rona Kobell is a former writer for the Baltimore Sun.*

*Reprinted by permission from 2010 Chesapeake Bay Journal. Go to [www.bayjournal.com](http://www.bayjournal.com). The Bay Journal is published by Chesapeake Media Service to inform the public about ecological, scientific, historic, and cultural issues and events related to the Chesapeake Bay.*



## Rough Seas off Northeast Newfoundland Claim Kayaker

by Tamsin Venn



*Baie Verte Peninsula and the Horse Islands, northwestern Newfoundland.*

A Michigan man paddling in Newfoundland on a summer kayak expedition with his friend, succumbed to hypothermia when he kept capsizing in rough seas.

David Gillette, 63, of Grand Rapids, Mich., was paddling off the Baie Verte Peninsula, in northeast Newfoundland, just to the east of Notre Dame Bay. On Friday June 25, he and his friend, Jim Siegal, 62, set out on a beautiful day about noon, from a town called Fleur de Lys. They were heading

for Coachman's Cove with the intention of camping for a few days.

Within an hour, they encountered brisk seas and high winds. By one estimate, winds were 18 gusting to 30 mph from the southwest. The shoreline here is dramatic with high cliffs and few places to land. Siegal, the more experienced of the two, instructed Gillette to hug the shore, to get protection from the lee slope or "the lund" as Newfoundlanders call it. But Gillette capsized,

and from then Siegal struggled to keep his friend stabilized.

"Essentially for the next 12-18 hours, the survivor held his companion and his kayak together, and they traveled a track northeast to the Horse Islands," said Corporal Commander Jason Derry of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, pushed by wind and sea. The Horse Islands are located about 12 miles northeast of Fleur de Lys on the Baie Verte Peninsula. By one estimate, waves were as high as eight feet, and came on quickly.

Gillette fell out of his kayak at least five times but had managed to get back in. Water temp was 36-38 degrees Fahrenheit. Gillette had some level of protection with a wetsuit and wore a pfd, but the fifth time he fell out, he couldn't muster the strength to re-enter his boat, due to fatigue and hypothermia. After drifting in and out of consciousness, he finally just slipped away. Siegal indicated that that was about 1:30 a.m., so the two remarkably had battled conditions for more than 12 hours.

"You're in the northeast Atlantic. The current comes down from Labrador and Greenland so it's very cold," said CC Derry.

At that point, Siegal paddled to the Horse Islands, about a kilometer away, crashing on shore. He warmed up by building a fire, and at 6 a.m. deployed his SPOT

to alert authorities. The SPOT didn't work, according to CC Derry. Siegal went through Gillette's kayak which had washed up on shore, found his GPS, inserted the SPOT batteries into the GPS, and alerted the Canadian Coast Guard Search and Rescue. SAR sent a helicopter from Gander right to the location.

Canadian Coast Guard SAR took Siegal off the beach and started searching for his friend. SAR worked through the night and found Gillette's body Sunday afternoon. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police then took over the land arrangements.

"I was very impressed by the US consulate," said CC Derry. "The US government looks after its citizens, dealing with the survivor and getting the deceased reunited with his family. They were very conscientious."

Gillette's daughter indicated her father was an experienced outdoors person and the year before had taken a similar three-week kayak camping trip with Siegal to Lake Superior. They had also kayaked from Washington to Alaska.

Scott Cunningham, who runs Coastal Adventures in Nova Scotia, commented on the incident. "I was actually running a tour in the Baie Verte peninsula when the incident occurred (some people initially thought that it was with our group). I have

second hand reports of what actually happened and there is some confusion about the sequence of events. One thing certain is that there was a strong westerly wind at the time (offshore). The water temperature is always cold up there (with icebergs in the spring and early summer) and the prevailing winds are SW, which is offshore, and there are limited landing spots.”

CC Derry indicated that kayak mishaps were rare in that area. “We have a number

of kayak mishaps annually, but not in this area. It is well off the beaten track. The survivor was comfortable in those conditions and knew what he had to do. He tried to coach his partner to do the same,” said CCDerry.

Emergency calls go to the Canadian Coast Guard located in St. John’s, but it has several vessels steaming about and will task vessels, such as fishing boats, that are close to an emergency area. The Coast Guard also has a helicopter base in Gander.

It is not clear whether the companions carried a cell phone, but cell phone service is spotty in the area with a small radius around the town of Baie Verte. Two-way radio and satellite phone is the preferred mode of communication.

The SPOT works by pressing a button, which sends a signal to a satellite device, which then alerts an emergency search and rescue facility. That would go to the Coast Guard Station in St. John’s. A fisheries radio weather broadcast is updated every half hour, and also has a number to call.



## Mass Kayak Safety Law Shelved

by Tamsin Venn

A Massachusetts kayak safety bill that would make it mandatory for kayakers in a class or on tour to do a wet exit has been shelved again. It looked close to passing this summer, after four years, but the House made some last minute changes which were not voted on in the Senate so the bill died for this session.

The bill, which may be introduced again in January 2011, has several parts. It proposes to make it mandatory for kayakers to wear a pfd all year. Currently, state law mandates pfd use only from mid-September to mid-May. It also would require instructors to get certified by the American Canoe Assn. or the American Red Cross and receive training in First Aid and CPR. Finally, it would require that instructors make their students do wet exits before embarking on a trip or lesson.

The mandated safety requirements are in part a response to the tragic deaths of two young women who were lost off Monomoy Island on Cape Cod in foggy conditions in 2003. Two representatives from Cape Cod originally filed the bill in 2006 in response to fatal accidents that occurred in their districts. Rep. Shirley Gomes’ requirement for certain safety equipment is in response to

the Cape Cod incident. She worked with Harwich harbormaster Thomas Leach to come up with those requirements. Originally the bill also called for kayaks to be equipped with a compass and whistle. That requirement has been dropped.

Rep. William Straus of Mattapoisett filed the other piece of legislation for kayak schools. In May, 2001 Robert Beauvais, 51, of Mattapoisett died when his kayak overturned in a beginning class, and he failed to wet exit. His wife, Diane Beauvais, had testified that he should have had an opportunity to try a wet exit, removing his spray skirt. Straus and Gomes’ separate bills were combined at the advice of the Public Safety Committee.

Kayak instructors and guides object to the bill on several counts. Wet exits at the start of a lesson can be a deterrent for a beginner paddler and may discourage people from taking lessons or going on guided trips. Also, the legislation is unclear as to what kayaks would be involved – would it apply equally to a sit-on-top kayak, large open cockpit, and smaller cockpit? Would it be necessary for a kayak demo situation? And who would be available to enforce the requirement?

### COASTAL ADVENTURES



TOURS • BCU COURSES • RENTALS

Join Scott Cunningham and Gayle Wilson and explore the natural and human history of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, PEI and NFLD from a unique perspective. CRCA Instructor Certification, Youth Camp. Relax at our Paddlers Retreat B&B.

P.O. Box 771, Tangier N.S. B0J 3H0  
Toll Free: 1-877-404-2774  
[www.coastaladventures.com](http://www.coastaladventures.com)

# Environment

## The Mutual Suffering of Milfoil and Algae



Eurasian water milfoil (milfoil) is the bane of many a lake user. This aggressive non-native plant invades lake systems and spreads prolifically, choking out other plants and making swimming, boating, and fishing more difficult.

New populations arise from small fragments of plant that become established in a water body. Further fragmentation then expands the population. Since its first U.S. appearance in 1942 the plant had spread to 45 of the 48 lower United States according to the USGS Non-indigenous aquatic species web page. Milfoil is the monster of all invasive aquatic plants. Yet, in some cases,

milfoil can help prevent algae blooms, while high densities of algae can limit the growth of milfoil.

Milfoil may inhibit the development of algae blooms either directly or indirectly. Directly, plants in the milfoil genus (*Myriophyllum*) produce compounds that appear to suppress algae. Indirectly, milfoil populations allow for increased predation on algae, preventing blooms from developing.

*From Lake Champlain Committee Ripples, August 2010*

## Phone App Features Flora, Fauna of Bay Watershed



The Chesapeake Bay Trust has released a first-of-its-kind app, Field Guide to the Chesapeake Bay, that can be used to access data about the full range of plants and ani-

mals in the Chesapeake Bay watershed.

The free app also provides geographically targeted information so a user can be in central Maryland or the Virginia Mountains and pull up data about plants and animals indigenous to those particular areas of the watershed.

The guide provides bird calls, pinchable photos, range maps, identifiable characteristics of animals and more. It has advanced search functions and is designed to be visually appealing and user friendly.

Available initially to iPhone users, the new mobile app is available from a computer through a link to [www.cbtrust.org](http://www.cbtrust.org) or by visiting the Apple Appstore from an iPhone and searching for Chesapeake Wildlife. The guide is free and a quick download.

*By Karl Blankenship, From Chesapeake Bay Journal July/August 2010*

## Want to help the Green Sea Turtles?

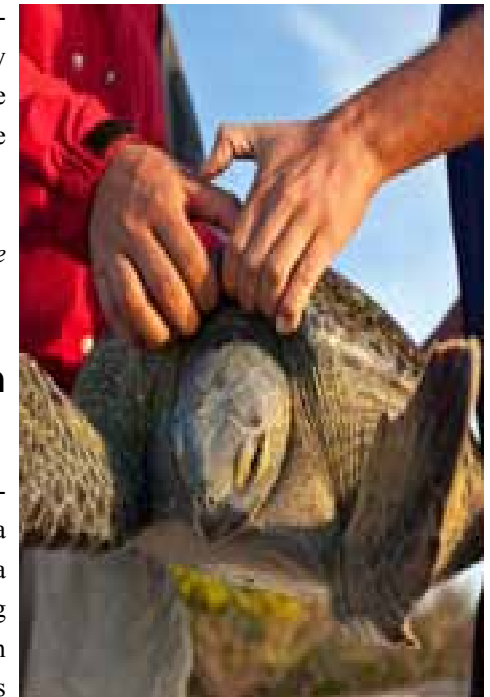
Join fishermen and researchers monitor endangered green sea turtles in Magdalena Bay, on the west coast of the Baja Peninsula in Mexico. Then spend three days paddling with sea lions and dolphins, snorkeling with tropical fish, and exploring desert islands

in Loreto Bay National Park, a UNESCO World Heritage Site in the Sea of Cortez on Baja's east coast.

Led by naturalists, the tour is run by Sea Kayak Adventures and is geared for beginner to intermediate paddlers and includes beach camping and hotel stays.

The trip takes place Oct. 24-31; 40 percent of the cost goes to a local sea turtle conservation organization.

Cost is \$1,650 adults and \$1,485 children. For more information, [www.seakayakadventures.com](http://www.seakayakadventures.com)



## The Dolphin Mystery Part 2: Rescue at Isla de Santa Maria

By Tamsin Venn



*Youth playing the flute and riding a dolphin, red-figure stamnos, 360-340 BC, Etruria.*

The three boys ran out of the ancient Mayan plaza as fast as they could and down a path, their brows brushed in bursting in scratches as they tore through the Mexican jungle. A monkey screeched and fled. Suddenly, a golden streak whizzed past them, ripping through the underbrush, circled round and stopped in front of them.

They halted abruptly. Jack fell into a hole and picked off a huge spider crawling up his leg. KP noted yellow, blue, orange, and red frogs all around him. How could that be? Billy Pilgrim gasped at the green wall to either side of them. Not only were they completely lost, they were now trapped by jungle.

Sven's jaguar, Mabillon, stood in front of them, panting, and growling, his yellow eyes glowed.

This was not good, thought all three boys. Then stepping out from behind a tree came Sven. A little Margay played about his heels, and he kicked it. It flew into the underbrush with a yelp.

We have no intention of helping you find your underground crystal, said KP. You can just take that machete and stuff it in the jungle.

Sven withdrew the machete and stepped toward KP.

Follow me, boys! shouted Mabillon. Mabillon stood up on his hind legs and pushed Sven over with his claws.

This way. And the children ran after him. Mabillon slowed his normal 45 mph speed and tried to trot so the boys could keep up. His had to keep tossing his head to get his

crown back on his ears. He wound his way through the jungle, sometime on a path, but mostly just through a green wall. The boys grunted and cried out when a branch hit them in the face, but they managed to keep up.

They came to a river.

Can you swim? asked Mabillon.

They had all taken swim lessons at the Y and nodded.

Good, follow me.

They dove into the river and started swimming with the current, slowly and steadily. KP grabbed the fur on Mabillon's neck and held on while kicking. He was never a very strong swimmer and always used flippers to help propel him forward and keep him above the surface.

After about a half hour of fairly good progress – the current was swift but the water wasn't terribly cold – they came to a swamp at the mouth of the river and hauled themselves out into the swamp. Mabillon trotted ahead where the jungle gave way to a green lawn, and toward a boxy structure that looked like a concrete Mayan temple. A sign declared the Mayan Riveran Hilton.

Here I will leave you. I know KP you know how to sea kayak and have good

stamina. You must rent kayaks here – it will be safer than traveling on the roads. Sven will not be looking for you on the ocean.

Ask the tour outfitter to point you south. Paddle 20 miles – this will take you about four hours – then you will see an island to the east. This is Isla de Santa Maria. You must paddle to this island, and from here, I will arrange an airplane to pick you up and take you back to your parents. Sven will never know. But you must go quickly, because I must get back to him before he really notices I'm gone.

Mabillon, you've got to come with us. KP threw his arms around the big cat's neck and wept, desolate tears, tears soon dripped from the jaguar's eyes as well. Years of being Sven's slave and taking children from their families for Sven's evil doings finally caught up with him.

You're right. I'll go with you.

Good, then it's settled, said KP.

Mabillon waited for them behind the beach bar at the Hilton. He saw them negotiating with the man who rented the kayaks. Then the man handed them pfd's, paddles, and bright yellow sit on top kayaks, and the boys carried their kayaks down the beach to the ocean.

They hopped on top of the kayaks, paddled out beyond the breaking waves and turned right, as instructed. Mabillon streaked out from behind the bar, ran down the beach, as the beach goers screamed in fright. But he was too fast for the beach bar waiters or lifeguards to stop him. He leapt into the water and followed the boys in their yellow kayaks, leaving behind spilled martinis, overturned beach chairs, and stunned hotel guests.

Follow me, he cried, and soon the boys settled into a steady pace, following the head and shoulders of the spotted jaguar as he paddled along in complete comfort in the sea and waves.

After several hours of pleasant paddling in mildly windy seas and beating sunshine and bright sand beaches, the boys and Mabillon passed Tulum, a Mayan temple right along shore. How great was that?

Soon, an island appeared, ringed by bright white sand and palm trees swaying in the middle. There is your island, said Mabillon. I must leave you here and go back to the mainland and see what is going on with Sven. You go on ahead, and I will catch up to you. The island is only a mile away, you should be able to reach it in 20 minutes.

Good luck, and the jaguar took off. The boys were scared now that they had lost their fearless leader. They were out in the middle of the ocean and even though they could see the island, it still seemed a long way off. They tentatively put their paddles in the water, KP in the lead, followed by Billy Pilgrim, then Jack.

As they began their crossing, the wind began to pick up, they put their heads down and kept paddling, only to look up occasionally to make sure they were headed for the island still. Shortly, the waves grew in size, then started breaking. All around, the aqua marine surface so beautiful in color was a washing machine of breaking waves.

The boys dipped down into troughs so deep, they couldn't see each other, and when they rose their boats spun around like tops. As they banged down into the next trough, they would desperately dig their paddles in to try to make forward movement, only to rise again, get spun in a sickening view of sky and froth, and to plunge down again.

The worse thing was that if either one of them capsized, the other ones would probably not be able to help them. True, the water was warm, but it was far from shore and there were no other boats around. No sail

boats or fishing boats, none. No one would know where they were.

KP usually kayaked with his parents who carried a VHF radio and flares for emergency situations and usually wore wetsuits for water immersion. Here they were dressed only in shorts and T-shirts and baseball caps and had no safety gear with them.

To Billy Pilgrim, this situation echoed with a familiar sickness. He remembered paddling in Maine with his father in similar conditions. That was the last time he had seen his father and had never been sure what happened to him. They never found his body or his kayak.

The familiar lines of poetry came to him.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters... They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end.

Wit's end was right.

That is the way it was on the ocean. You go to sea, then you die, he thought ruefully.

We should have listened to the weather radio, shouted KP. We would have known

this storm was going to come up.

Resorts don't give you weather radios, dufus, said Jack.

But we were only supposed to be going out for a short paddle, they didn't know we were going to steal these kayaks and escape Sven. No one knows where we are, shouted KP.

And your point is? asked Jack.

Off in the distance, Billy Pilgrim could see the rising and falling of three gray shapes. At first he thought it was just waves, but the gray was offset by aquamarine blue, and the motion was steady, not the chaotic crashings of water. It was moving toward them. It was a dolphin. No it was three dolphins, a mother and its two babies. Just like the ones who had lead him to safety in Maine. Just like the ones... maybe it was the same ones. It couldn't, but maybe it could... For the first time since they began this ordeal, he began to think that maybe they weren't going to die after all.

The dolphins swam up to Billy Pilgrim, and the mother winked at him, as she passed by. The three dove and Billy Pilgrim didn't see them again. Billy Pilgrim's sliver of hope vanished. It must have been a mirage.

Then several minutes later, the dolphins

rose back up the surface, with seaweed in their mouths, long brown tendrils of shining bulbous material. The mother dolphin flicked her head so that a clump of seaweed fell at Billy Pilgrim's hands. She flicked her head again. Billy Pilgrim picked up the seaweed, wondering what to do with it and what it meant.

Then the mother dolphin swam off with the seaweed in her mouth and started pulling Billy Pilgrim.

Her two babies had likewise thrown seaweed to KP and Jack, and both boys grabbed onto it, tucking their paddles into their bungees. Like a grand caravan from some ancient myth, the minions of Poseidon himself rising up to the surface to aid the mortals, as a capricious turn of kindness, the dolphins rose and dove, rose and dove and pulled the kayaks safely to the island.

The dolphins disappeared. The boys paddled frantically the last several hundred feet, crashed their kayaks onto the beach and leapt out in joy. They grabbed arms and did a funny victory dance, whooping, thankful for the feel of solid sand under their feet.

*To be continued...*

## Boston Harbor IslandCache Program

The IslandCache Program (ICP) at the Boston Harbor Islands (BHI) is an activity that will guide you to some of the park's significant cultural and natural resources. Using your own Global Positioning System (GPS) unit and clues provided by the IslandCache Site Sheets, you can guide yourself to one or all of the sites.

Note that geocaching with traditional physical caches is not permitted in the park.

### What You Need to Participate

- \* GPS unit
- \* Site Sheets
- \* Map of the islands
- \* Paper and pen
- \* Compass (Optional)

### How the IslandCache Program Works

1. Begin by downloading the Site Sheets onto your computer or directly to your GPS.
2. The first site is located at the bronze map in front of the BHI Discovery Center at the Moakley Courthouse. The coordinates are: N 42° 21.261' W 071° 02.879'.
3. From here, use the clues at the bottom of the Site Sheet to guide you to the next site.

### Things to Know about IslandCaching

1. Use the coordinates and clues found at the bottom of each Site Sheet to identify the specific locations for the sites. The ICP uses North American Datum of 1983 (NAD83).

If you are without a GPS unit, you will have to use the clues from the Site Sheets to find the approximate location of the next site.

2. The ICP is entirely virtual and supports the practice of Leave No Trace. Please do not bury or hide any physical caches within the park's borders.

3. This program requires the use of the park's ferry and interisland shuttles, which operate seasonally from early-May to late-October.

4. Depending upon the sites you choose to explore and the amount of time you spend at each site, the estimated time to complete the program is one to eight hours.

5. Though there is no fee to participate in the ICP, you must have a ferry ticket with interisland connection to get to the appropriate islands. The ticket is good for the entire day, and can be purchased at the Long Wharf ticket kiosk or online.

6. All of the sites are located on trails or hardened surfaces. The first two sites, however, are the only sites accessible to individuals with disabilities.

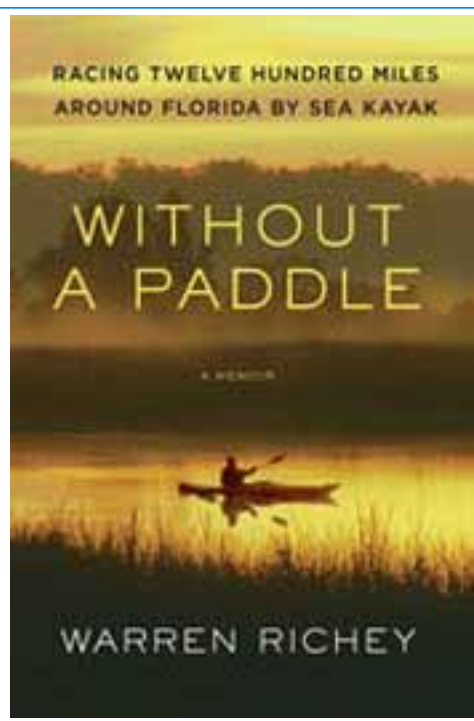
### Completing the Program

With the successful completion of the program, you earn the opportunity to obtain a completion certificate.

# Review

## Without a Paddle

Reviewed by Tamsin Venn



Author: Warren Richey

Publisher: St. Martin's Press, NY

Website: warrenrichey.com

Published: 2010

Contents: 336 pp, one map, appendix

Cover: Hardback with dust-jacket-

Price: US \$24.99 CN \$29.99

ISBN: 978-0-312-63076-8

Every few years, ACK runs an article on the top sea kayak races on the Atlantic Coast. The one that catches our attention without fail is WaterTribe's Ultimate Florida Challenge. The race is a corker; you must get 1,200 miles around Florida in a crushing 30-day deadline using only a small human- or wind- powered boat. Who would be crazy enough to do such a race?

Warren Richey, as it turns out.

A newspaper reporter from Plantation, Fla., with an eye for detail and interesting facts, Richey delivers a riveting log of his 19 days, 6 hours, and 48 minutes spent in his Current Designs Solstice GT sea kayak, 56 pounds empty, one meter downwind sail, racing around Florida. The book is *Without a Paddle, Racing Twelve Hundred Miles Around Florida by Sea Kayak*.

As with any long race, and especially one facing so many challenges, the goal is to finish, not to win actually. But remarkably, Richey does win, well under deadline. It's not easy.

"The Florida Challenge is meant to be so tough you can't even call it a race. It is more a dare. Or a threat," writes Richey. "The challenge is to cover twelve hundred miles in thirty days or less. To travel that distance

in a month means paddling around the clock with little chance to stop for a good night's sleep or to wait out bad weather. You just have to keep on truckin' no matter what." Steve Isaac, Chief, is the race organizer. His time in Vietnam left a gnawing need for action and challenge – the thrill of being self reliant in difficult situations. As a result, he developed a series of adventure races in small boats – the Ultimate Florida Challenge being the biggest one and billed as the "toughest expedition-style small boat race in the world."

The race is both exciting and grueling, and by the same token, an account of this race could be quite tedious, but under Richey's able words, the account is riveting. The narrative runs parallel to challenges in his personal life, a recent devastating divorce, raising his young son, and a new relationship of which he is as terrified as the imaginary pythons he thinks lie in wait for him in the Everglades, ready to sink their three rows of teeth into him. All this he relates with good humor, humility, and hope.

Richey's account covers the first year the Florida Challenge took place. Out of the ten contestants he is the only one paddling a hard shell sea kayak. Most of the entries

are Verlen Krueger expedition canoes with Balogh sail rigs; there's one Feathercraft K1 and one shallow draft sailboat. The ability to sail is key, especially cutting across wide shallow bays from point to point.

Each one has a race name, Richey's is "Sharkchow" in recognition of his "less than exalted status in the oceanic food chain."

"Potential challengers are warned that along the way they may encounter headwinds, riptides, alligators, sharks, even Burmese pythons. They'll confront clouds of ravenous mosquitoes at night, scorching sun during the day, and the dismal prospect of facing all of it alone in a boat about the size of a coffin. It's enough to make you paddle even harder, if you haven't already passed out from sleep deprivation or been knocked unconscious by a leaping mullet."

Along the way, Richey and his teammates encounter all of these and more: alligators that race with him, manatees exploding from sleep, threatening wind tunnels from Miami condominiums, getting sucked out the Intracoastal waterway by current, not to mention debilitating headwinds, fatigue, and pain.

# Review

Richey's descriptions are so compelling that you follow him right around Florida from the start in Tampa, south down the west coast to the Everglades, around to Key Largo, up the east coast, past Miami, Palm Beach, Sebastian Inlet, Daytona Beach, St. Augustine, Jacksonville, Amelia Island. On the St. Mary's River, the intrepid trade in their paddles for wheels as they portage 40 miles along a two-lane highway with zero shoulder and whizzing cars, to reach the Suwannee River. You follow him down the Suwannee River, to the author's goal of the Suwannee Gables Motel.

Then it's back into the Gulf of Mexico at Cedar Key, and so past Anclote Key, St. Petersburg – where the author's mind is so fuzzy from sleep deprivation and fatigue, he's not sure he's reached St. Petersburg, Russia – and back to the start/finish line at Fort De Soto Park on Mullet Key. (He mistakenly lands at the wrong finish line!)

Whew.

Richey divides the book nicely into different stages – 200 to 380 to the final 120 miles of the race. Along the way, we get interesting snapshots of Florida history and are treated to deadly headlines of alligator and python attacks as well as interesting

facts about natural history.

Also Richey is no newcomer to the challenge. He had already made the Everglades Challenge an annual event, three years in a row. “By the time Chief announced the inaugural running of the Florida Challenge, I knew how to get from Tampa to Key Largo, and I knew I could cover the distance in about four days. However, there is a big difference between racing 300 hundred miles and racing twelve hundred.”

“...a major obstacle in the Florida Challenge is trying to deal with the cumulating effects of physical exhaustion and sleep deprivation, combined with the gnawing desire to keep going as fast possible. At some point, something has to give. It is usually the mind that goes first. Confusion reigns supreme.” Wrong turns and getting lost are the consequence, losing precious time.

He covers the awkwardness of being both competitors and companions in the race, and actually races along with the “Manitou Cruiser” for several days. One of the best accounts is when they both spend the night on the mudflats in Florida Bay because they think the other is stuck and don't want to abandon the other person. They discover their mistake in the morning.

Richey provides amusing accounts of how he keeps himself going. “... anyone who has traveled the Intracoastal Waterway in Florida from one end to the other most remembers the bridges. The trip from Miami to Georgia involves passing under eighty-two bridges, but it feels more like a voyage of a thousand bridges...The hour-to-hour strategy along the entire east coast can be summed up in four words. Get to that bridge. That's it.”

And, “Paddling the Indian River was so boring it made me yearn for a chance to take the SATs. I started counting individual drops of water on my forward deck. After that, I enjoyed watching them evaporate.”

“Among my secret nutritional weapons are Snickers bars. Hikers on the Appalachian Trail swear by the regenerative power of the bars... It helped get places faster, this idea that once I'd arrived I could break out another Snickers bar.”

We get caught up in his race to be the first across the finish line.

“Aside from winning, the biggest surprise for me was that all three of us – each in completely different boats with different strengths and strategies-finished so close to each other.” Manitou Cruiser (the same per-

son on the Florida Bay mudflats) came in 50 minutes later; Wizard, five hours after him.

Memories accompany the miles: war reporting in Iraq, the bitter dissolution of his marriage, buying his first sea kayak – the divorce boat, the fear of asking Linda out on a date, hiking with his son in Montana grizzly country, playing chess with his grandfather, all of it well told and memorable.

I won't tell you how the end turns out. For that you'll have to read the book. And you'll enjoy every 1,200 miles of it.



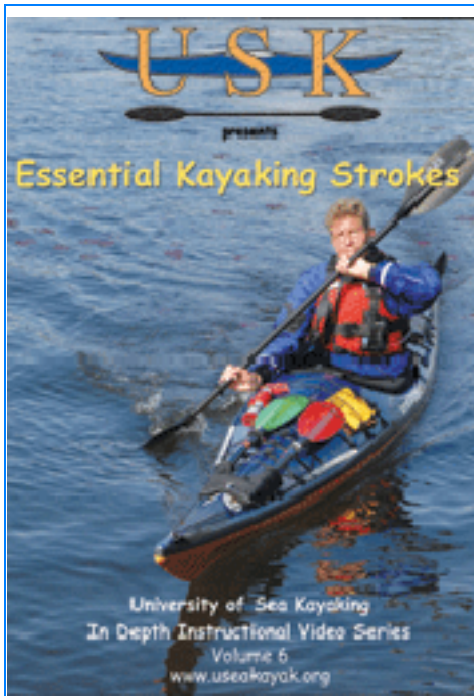
*The race around Florida.*



## New DVD Release

### Essential Kayaking Strokes

#### Volume 6 in USK's In Depth Instructional Video Series



Run Time: 208 minutes

Chapter stops: 113

Released: July 21, 2010

Price: \$29.95

Website: useakayaking.com

The University of Sea Kayaking has just released the latest addition in its "In-Depth"

Instructional Video Series. This video not only covers the essential strokes a paddler needs to move his or her kayak, it also focuses on stroke efficiency, while addressing overuse injuries. In addition, it discusses the factors that are important when taking strokes such as: paddle selection, boat selection, endurance levels, and the environmental conditions.

USK believes efficiency is very important, but you also have to take into consideration sustainability when looking at your stroke style. USK believes there are many different ways to perform an efficient forward stroke. There are times when performing a touring angle or a low angle

stroke is more appropriate than using a high angle stroke. That is why USK reviews the various forward stroke styles available. It also discusses the use of wing paddles and Greenland paddles. As a result of the many different forward stroke options available to the paddler, it has introduced a two-paddle philosophy. If a kayaker wants a greater range of performance, then he or she should consider carrying two different paddles, which can provide that versatility.

The step-by-step approach to strokes is easily viewed with the 113 chapter stops contained in the DVD. As always, it includes a written insert with the entire set of chapter links to help you navigate, aside

from the on-screen menus. USK feels it has left no stone unturned with respect to its strokes video. The first half of the video lays a strong foundation for efficient strokes. In addition it thoroughly covers the importance of equipment selection and discuss the causes of overuse injuries. The second half of the video discusses the details of how to perform each stroke. If you are starting out in kayaking this video will provide priceless information. If you are a seasoned paddler, you will find lots of useful information that can help you fine-tune your strokes. It is a resource you will revisit regularly as you develop your strokes or if you take a winter break from paddling.

## SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

**ATLANTIC  
COASTAL  
KAYAKER**

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_

State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Send this order form (or a copy) with your check for \$24 for one year or \$44 for 2 years (\$44 US Dollars overseas and \$35 dollars for Canada for one year) payable to Atlantic Coastal Kayaker, P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938.

## NORTH ATLANTIC

### SYMPOSIA AND SHOWS

#### **Sept. 10-13: 5th Annual Downeast Sea Kayaking Symposium**

Sponsored by Carpe Diem Kayaking, Bar Harbor, Maine. Four days of classes. Full slate of British Canoe Union training and assessments, plus rolling, beginning Greenland, and more events on Sullivan Falls. Also, Just for Fun series of guided nature tours and exploring. Discounted packages for other activities for you or your family. [www.carpediemkayaking.com](http://www.carpediemkayaking.com)

#### **Sept. 18-19: Collinsville Canoe and Kayak Annual Fall Demo Event & Sale.**

Saturday 9 a.m.-6 p.m., Sunday 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 41 Bridge St., Rte, 179, Collinsville, Ct. Right on the Farmington River. Rain or shine. [www.ckkstore.com](http://www.ckkstore.com)

#### **Sept. 29: Storm Gathering 5**

New York Kayak Co., NYC. 3 and 4 Star training and more. Sponsored by Tiderace, Impex, Werner Paddles. [www.nykayak.com](http://www.nykayak.com)

### RACES

#### **Sept. 12: 34th Annual Great Josh Billings Run Aground Triathlon.**

Great Barrington and Lenox, Mass., 27-

mile bike ride, five-mile paddle around Stockbridge Bowl, six-mile run around the lake ending at Tanglewood in Lenox. [www.joshibillings.com](http://www.joshibillings.com)

#### **Sept. 18: Soundkeeper's Lighthouse to Lighthouse Race.**

Norwalk Islands, Ct. 14/7 mile race start and finish at Compo Beach around the Pecks Ledge and Greens Ledge lighthouses. <http://121.soundkeeper.org>

#### **Sept. 27: Bolton United Way Race.**

Bolton Lake, Bolton, Ct. 5.5- and 4-mile evening race. [www.neckra.org](http://www.neckra.org) or [pdlqlt@mac.com](mailto:pdlqlt@mac.com)

#### **Sept. 27: Long Lake Long Boat Regatta.**

Adirondacks, N.Y. Includes the ten-mile Kayak Championships. All races begin and end at the beach across from the Adirondack Hotel. [www.macscanoe.com](http://www.macscanoe.com)

### BOATHOUSES

#### **NYC DOWNTOWN BOATHOUSE**

##### **June 12 through mid-September:**

Weekend and holiday guided trips. Morning trips run from Pier 96 Clinton Cove (56th St.) location. Trips go out into the Hudson River and the lower harbor, four or five miles, about three hours. Be at the boathouse before 8:00 AM to sign up. A lottery decides who goes. If you have your own

kayak, you can usually join the trip. [www.downtownboathouse.org](http://www.downtownboathouse.org)

### CLUBS

For a complete list of clubs, go to our website at [www.atlanticcoastalkayaker.com](http://www.atlanticcoastalkayaker.com)

#### **Brattleboro Outing Club**

Brattleboro, VT

The Brattleboro Outing Club hosts nine canoe and kayak outings May to October, all free and open to the public, suitable for family canoeing and kayak touring. For more information, contact Larry McIntosh at (802) 254-3666, or [Lmacyak@yahoo.com](mailto:Lmacyak@yahoo.com) or [www.brattleborooutingclub.org](http://www.brattleborooutingclub.org).

Sept. 19: Lake Sunapee, N.H.

Oct. 4: Sommerset Reservoir, Sommerset, Vt.

### TRAIL NEWS

#### **MAINE ISLAND TRAIL ASSN.**

**Sept. 11: Joint SMSKN/MITA Day Paddle,** Botanical Gardens Tour & Lobster Bake. Knickerkane Island Park, Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

Open to paddlers who are members of either organization. From Knickerkane Island Park, around Hodgdon Island and land at Coastal Maine Botanical Gardens for spe-

cial tour (\$7 fee). To Mill Cove Store to buy lobsters, then to Ram Island for lobster bake after the lobster bake, around south side of Sawyer Island, and back to Knickerkane Island Park. Organizer: Bob Arledge, (207) 415-1567, [bob@arledge.cc](mailto:bob@arledge.cc).

### CLASSES

For a complete list of outfitters, go to [www.atlanticcoastalkayaker.com](http://www.atlanticcoastalkayaker.com)

### MID ATLANTIC

#### **Sept. 24-Oct. 1: Qajaq Building Workshop**

This workshop runs six days leading up to Delmarva Retreat (see below). Price includes all materials and lodging at Camp Arrowhead (meals not included). Your instructor, Brian Schulz, builds about 80 kayaks a year in classes held around the country. Woodworking skills are not needed and all materials are supplied. Build a Skin on Frame (SOF) replica of the Fram .176 West Greenland qajaq surveyed by Harvey Golden, presently on display at the Fram Museum in Oslo, Norway. For detailed information on the qajaq you would be building see: [www.caepfalconkayak.com/oslo.html](http://www.caepfalconkayak.com/oslo.html). For more information, Brian Schulz, [www.caepfalconkayak.com](http://www.caepfalconkayak.com)

## **Oct. 1-3: 21st Annual Delmarva Paddler's Retreat.**

Camp Arrowhead, Lewes, Del. The premier gathering of those interested in Greenland paddling skills and craft. Shared learning experiences. Guest instructors from Greenland. Space is limited! Go to [www.delmarvapaddlersretreat.org](http://www.delmarvapaddlersretreat.org)

## **GREAT LAKES**

### **Sept. 10-12: 4th Annual Hiawatha Paddling Festival**

Les Cheneaux Islands, UP, Michigan. ACA instruction, personalized attention, small venue, exhibitors. [www.kayakfest.org](http://www.kayakfest.org)

## **SOUTH ATLANTIC**

### **Sept. 17-19: Tour du Teche**

A 130-mile race for canoes and kayaks through the Cajun, Creole, Indian country of southern Louisiana. Non-stop race from Port Barre to Berwick on entire length of Bayou Teche. Must finish within allotted 60 hours. Cash prizes. USCA sanctioned. The race is part of The TECHE Project, a civic organization dedicated to preserving the historic waterway that opened wild Louisiana to the French, Acadians, and others. Contact Ken Grisson, [kengrissom@aol.com](mailto:kengrissom@aol.com).

[www.techeproject.com](http://www.techeproject.com); (337) 394-6232; or [www.techeproject.com](http://www.techeproject.com)

### **Oct. 1-3: 20th Annual Born to Raise Sail**

Celebrate with the new owner of Balogh Sail Designs (BSD) David Valverde. Kayak and Canoe Sailors gathering. Cedar Island, N.C., Driftwood Motel and Campground. Weather permitting sailing in Pamlico Sound, Cedar Island Bay or Core Sound. Socializing, idea exchange, rigging/sailing techniques. Buffet seafood dinner Sat. night. The previous years gathering brought friendly, interesting people from Colorado, England, Illinois, Maine, Maryland, New York, North Carolina, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, and Wisconsin. Come to the gathering and meet some of the most interesting and friendly people in the sport of kayak and canoe sailing.

For more information, David Valverde, (718) 548-1188, [davev@baloghsaildesigns.com](mailto:davev@baloghsaildesigns.com).

### **Oct. 9: Paddle to Benefit Sargent Library.**

Sargent, Texas. 2-9 mile paddle down Caney Creek, boiled shrimp lunch, auction, raffle for new kayak, free T-shirt and whistle, musoc/ Minimum \$25 in donations. Contact [kayakfunfete@yahoo.com](mailto:kayakfunfete@yahoo.com)

### **Oct. 27-31: Sea Kayak Georgia Skills Symposium and BCU Week**

Tybee Island, Georgia. BCU courses as well as skills training courses developed by Sea Kayak Georgia and some of the world's leading kayakers. 4 Star Sea Training & Assessment, Level 1 Coach, Level 2 Coach Training & Assessment. Courses are available for all skill levels and everyone is invited to attend. Naturalist Day Paddle. Exploration Series. For more information, [www.seakayakgeorgia.com](http://www.seakayakgeorgia.com), or call (888) 529-2542; [info@seakayakgeorgia.com](mailto:info@seakayakgeorgia.com)

### **Oct. 29-Nov. 7: Calusa Blueway Paddling Festival**

Southwest Florida's Gulf Coast. Ten-day festival with speakers and instruction, races and tournaments, paddlers get-togethers, and green activities. Guided tours, fishing tournaments, photo contests, and more. Many events at public parks, resorts, campgrounds along the 190-mile Calusa Blueway Paddling Trail. Festival details are available at [www.CalusaBluewayPaddlingFestival.com](http://www.CalusaBluewayPaddlingFestival.com), including entry forms; listings of other activities, hotel packages and national ride-share options. For trail information, check out [www.CalsuaBlueway.com](http://www.CalsuaBlueway.com). Online interactive maps, suggested routes, outfitter and put-in locations, wildlife tips, and a social media site are included at the web site.

### **Nov. 6: PaddleFest 2010**

Hunting Island State Park, Hunting Island, Beaufort, S.C. 3 and 6 mile kayak and canoe races begin and finish in the Lagoon at Parking Lot J. Registration begins at 8:00 a.m. at Parking Lot J. Cookout and Awards Ceremony will follow the races. Register in person at Higher Ground, 2121 Boundary Street, Beaufort, or online at [www.active.com](http://www.active.com). Contact Ashley or Shelby at Higher Ground of the Lowcountry, 843-379-4327, or Dinah at 843-252-4820. Email [higherground@hargray.com](mailto:higherground@hargray.com) or [dinahbrock@me.com](mailto:dinahbrock@me.com). Or [www.HigherGroundBeaufort.com](http://www.HigherGroundBeaufort.com).

### **Nov. 7-10: Paddlesports Pro 2010**

Conference and trade show sponsored by The Paddlesports Industry Association and the Trade Association of Paddlesports, Paris Landing State Park, Buchanan, Tenn. [www.paddlesportsindustry.org](http://www.paddlesportsindustry.org)

## **Are You Moving?**

Please send us your change of address so you don't miss any issues.

Send your notification to:

**Atlantic Coastal Kayaker**  
**P.O. Box 520**  
**Ipswich, MA 01938**

You can also call us at **978-356-2057** or email us at [ackayak@comcast.net](mailto:ackayak@comcast.net)

# Klassifieds

THREE RUSSIAN BAIDARKAS - circa 1984; collector's item. Folding double baidarkas direct from the Soviet Union - brought here by members of Physicians for Social Responsibility who bought and sold them to help pay for their trips. We bought 3 - now there may be 2 with spare parts. They are not really salt water worthy and it shows - although we had a great week-long paddle in the Sea of Cortez in them! We had spray skirts made for them (which cost nearly as much as the boats!). If interested, let's talk. DRYBAG MATERIAL: Seattle Fabrics ([www.seattlefabrics.com](http://www.seattlefabrics.com)) item # 6830. Ultratex: 100% supplex nylon; microporous coated back. Recommended for dry bags, 60" x 20 yards. \$20. Call 207 255-0532 or email [beeegrant@gmail.com](mailto:beeegrant@gmail.com) (10)

PRIVATE ISLAND with prime sand beach off Deer Isle, Maine. Cabin (sleeps four), deck, and tent platforms with panoramic views. \$1500.00 per week, email for more info and pictures: [trowbridge.paul@gmail.com](mailto:trowbridge.paul@gmail.com), or call (207) 359-8369. (9)

VALLEY CANOE PINTAIL. 'C' cockpit, blue over white, rope skeg, compass, cockpit pump. Exc. condition. Great playboat for experienced paddler. 100% dry hatches even playing in the gardens or rolling all

day. 207-787-3620 or email to [suap@roadrunner.com](mailto:suap@roadrunner.com). \$1500.00 (9)

Fiberglass, QUILL Deck over white hull, Composite Seat, Factory Installed Nexus Compass, Rear Rope Skeg, Manufactured 2006, 16'x21.5", 54 lbs., Dayhatch, with extras, Like New, \$2875, Albany, NY Area, Call Charlie @ 518-234-9235 or [hac58@hughes.net](mailto:hac58@hughes.net) (9)

NDK GREENLANDER PRO. Yellow over white, keyhole cockpit, slider skeg, deck mounted compass, good condition, original owner, LI NY, \$1200. Jim, (631) 680-5828 or [pintail99@gmail.com](mailto:pintail99@gmail.com) (9)

NECKY LOOKSHA IV HV. Kevlar, dark blue over white, with custom installed Valley skeg system. Light, stable, responsive and great in rough water! \$1800 or best. Located in Vermont. [jduqhoff@gmail.com](mailto:jduqhoff@gmail.com) (8)

FOR RENT: 1840's farmhouse with attached barn on 2 1/2 acres, W/D, DW, 4 BR, 1 1/2 bath and outside shower, one mile from perfect put-in at Gray's Cove on Eggemoggin Reach in Deer Isle, Maine, \$800 week, (508) 824-3393 or [pinkyplatt70@yahoo.com](mailto:pinkyplatt70@yahoo.com). (6)

SURGE. Kevlar, Fast, Lightweight outfit-  
ted' Weight 38 lbs. (Specifications L.O.A 17' 7 3/4" L.W.L. 15' Overall Beam 22 3/4", Waterline Beam 21 3/4", Prismatic Coefficient (P.C.) 0.56 Lateral Center of Bouyancy (L.C.B), Station 5.1, Volume 11.7 cu. ft. Cockpit Size 16" x 27", Cockpit Height 13 3/4". Excellent boat, 3,100.00 proven track record call Cathy: (518) 893-1567, Saratoga Springs NY. (4)

WET WILLY. Custom built (80 work hours) "Spirit" flagship model, 17 ft. x 24 ins. Wide swede form, mahogany wood deck and hatches, large mahogany keyhole cockpit, deck height 13 1/2 inches, carbon/Kevlar hull. Expedition lay up and Seaward Kayak Smart Rudder system, white hull, specialty graphics and compass. Excellent condition, always garaged. Weight 59 lbs. Price \$2,500 neg. Sale is due to aging and health reasons. Custom wood paddle, spray-skirt, cockpit cover included. Ernie Jochen, Mastic, NY 11950; (631) 281-7873. (4)

BETSIE BAY ARAL. Greenland style kayak 18' X 20 1/2" 33 lbs. Purchased new Jan. 2007 and is in excellent condition. Located in Grand Rapids, Mich. Asking \$3,500. Contact Dale @ 616-868-6745 or email: [dreidsma@buistelectric.com](mailto:dreidsma@buistelectric.com) (3)

EPIC 16 kevlar touring with SmartTrak

rudder only 39 pounds. Near new yellow/white plus new fitted neoprene skirt. Super woman's boat. \$2000 / (860) 334 9433. (3)

KAYAK CAMPING on Cross Island Farms, 102-acre organic farm. Just one mile from launch into St. Lawrence River on beautiful Wellesley Island, N.Y. Paddle around pristine Canadian islands in fresh water. Run by kayaker and ACK photographer Dani Baker and David Belding. Refuel on organic veggies and pastured pork. Call or email (315) 482-FOOD (3663), [organic@crossislandfarms.com](mailto:organic@crossislandfarms.com) or [www.crossislandfarms.com](http://www.crossislandfarms.com) (8)

VINTAGE KLEPPER AERIUS. Bought the same year Hans Lindemann used his to cross the Atlantic Ocean. A true classic. Needs TLC and new sails. Your chance to own a classic at the very reasonable price of \$350. Located in Ipswich, Mass. Tamsin Venn, [ackayak@comcast.net](mailto:ackayak@comcast.net)

SEA KAYAKING ALONG THE NEW ENGLAND COAST 2nd edition and Sea Kayaking Along the Mid-Atlantic Coast, by Tamsin Venn, published by Appalachian Mountain Club BOOKS. Send \$18.95, plus \$1.50 postage and handling to Tamsin Venn, POB 520, Ipswich, MA 01938.