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March/April 2011
Volume 20, No. 1



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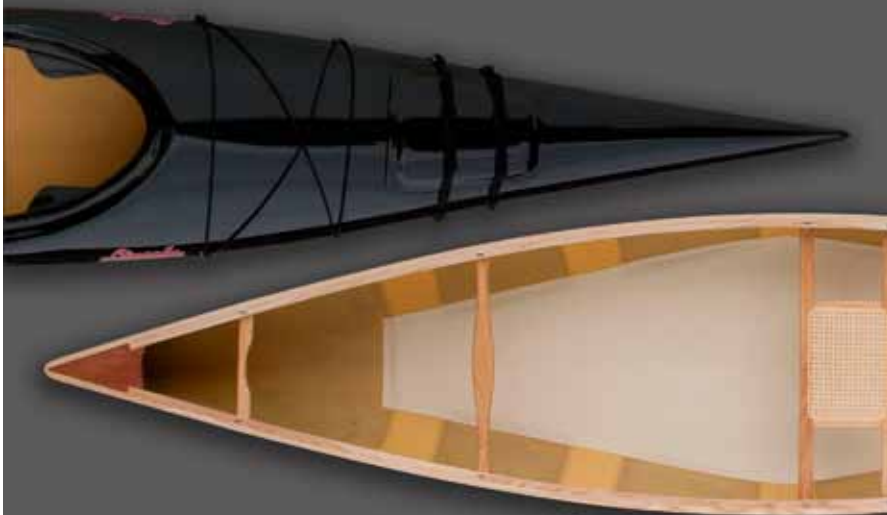
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Coastal Kayaker

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On The Cover:
Outfitter Brian Houston of Adventure Sea Kayak in the mangrove maze of Buck Key, Sanibel Island, FL. Photo by Tamsin Venn.

Subscribers may go to our website atlanticcoastalkayaker.com, to see the full-color version of this issue! Email us at ackayak@comcast.net or dweden@atlanticcoastalkayaker.com for the password.

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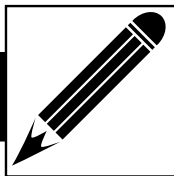
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This season marks the magazine's 20th year of publication. The magazine began in May 1992 with Bob Hicks of *Messing About in Boats*. The cover was Tom Bergh of Maine Island Kayak Co. paddling through the beautiful Deer Isle Archipelago. The format was horizontal, to take advantage of the kayak's view of the world, mostly on a flat plane of sea and sky and the horizon dotted with fir-studded islands.

In April 1995, we bowed to economic constraints and flipped the magazine into a vertical 8x10 format, which more printing presses were geared to, including Staples where we printed the magazine for awhile. On the cover was Tom Bergh of the Maine Island Kayak Company paddling Lake Superior during the Great Lakes Symposium.

In July 2000, we switched to a color cover, having persuaded some major advertisers to run with us in color, including Perception, Dagger, and Harmony Paddles. The cover was a view of Antarctica, and the issue highlighted Paddling Antarctica, "Man in Extreme Conditions," by Tom Bergh, Stan Chladek, and Nigel Dennis.

Our Atlantic Coast kayakers were reaching out to farther shores and greater risks and sharing their stories with us.

Meanwhile, for our inaugural issue, May 1992, here was our opening statement, page 2.

How Come? We felt it was time to bring INFORMATION and INSPIRATION to kayakers along our Atlantic Coast, in an en-

joyable, easy reading monthly publication.

Who's we? "We" are Tamsin Venn, avid kayaker, professional journalist and editor, author of the AMC guidebook *Sea Kayaking Along the New England Coast*, who will edit our new magazine and BOB HICKS, occasional kayaker (and tinkerer on kayaks), editor/publisher of *Messing About in Boats*, biweekly small boating magazine now in its ninth year, who will handle the publishing.

What'll it be? You're looking at it! This introductory issue illustrates how we plan to present news of interest to Atlantic coastal kayakers.

Featuring What? Information on: Access to the water – places to paddle – detailed trip guides – environmental issues concerning kayakers – safety - instruction – navigation –clubs- dealers- builders – make & model reviews – whatever else we learn about that will interest Atlantic coast kayakers.

Inspiration from: Well written and illustrated articles on the above topics, plus the stories readers have to tell of their adventures and experiences paddling the Atlantic coast, Labrador to the Bahamas.

Will it survive? This is always something people question about a new magazine. We know it will, the sport on our coast is growing and has a diversity that can support an interesting journal. And both of us are professionals in publishing as well as kayaking nuts, so we know what we're getting

into. We've got the saying power necessary to get this magazine afloat and underway, count on it.

The first edition had a book review of *Coastal Labrador* by Tony Oppersdorf, an interview with Trailkeeper Karen Stimpson and Director Kate Cronin of the Maine Island Trail Assn. In the article, we asked, "Does this mean that sea kayakers with their paddles flashing and their yellow hulls glaring on pocket beaches, are overrunning the Maine islands?"

Surprisingly, no, was the answer and jist of the article.

Other articles included T. Ole Phimm's trip through the Exumas in his kayak called Eeyore; a profile of Barry Buchanan who was building Caribou Kayaks (later taken over by Current Designs); an exploration of Vinalhaven, Maine by Tamsin Venn; an interview with Gay Atkinson who ran Explorers at Sea out of Stonington, Maine; a primer on safety and instruction by cold water guru Chuck Sutherland; plus a listing of clubs and retailers (of the ten stores in Massachusetts, six are still in business and Klepper American was then located in Union Square in New York City). We managed to identify a mere 24 outfitters along the entire Atlantic Coast! That was when you traveled for hours to buy a kayak or attend a symposium.

Well, life in the kayaking world along the Atlantic Coast certainly has expanded in the past two decades, and I doubt many of us would have predicted the type of growth the sport has seen. It is a very different kayaking world now, but one thing remains the same, the inspiration, renewal, and adventure we find every time we put our tiny boats into the great ocean.

Who knows what the next 20 years will bring?

Meanwhile Happy Birthday Atlantic Coastal Kayaker and a million thanks to all who have contributed to its ongoing success. Happy Paddling!

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Letters From You



Southern Waters

My key interests are fresh water kayaking on the lakes down in the Carolinas and Virginia. Thanks for your recent article on Charleston, S.C. ("A Break from the Bleak: A Winter Trip to Charleston, S.C.," *ACK* November/December.)

Charles Cummins
Cobleskill, NY

Norwalk Islands Guide Updated

The guidebook, *Kayaking In and Around the Norwalk Islands* and the brand new *2010 Trails of the Norwalk River Valley & Vicinity* trail maps are now available for purchase on-line at <http://norwalkriver.org/docs.htm>. The books are being sold for \$10 each and the maps are available in paper for \$5 and outdoor quality for \$8. The proceeds benefit the Norwalk River Watershed Association.

The maps were produced by the NRWA and printed with funds from a REI grant. It includes trails of the region including Norwalk, Wilton, Ridgefield, Weston and Redding.

The book includes color photos and good information on kayaking the Norwalk area including Westport and Darien. Details include paddling the three local rivers, coastal and off-shore paddling, descriptions of all the islands along with other useful information for the paddling enthusiast.

It is also available locally at the Outdoor Sports Center, 80 Danbury Road in Wilton and the Small Boat Shop, 144 Water Street in South Norwalk, where sales staff can help with any outfitting questions.

David Parks
Norwalk, CT

ACK Returns to Print

My wife and I want to thank you so much for offering a paper copy of your wonderful magazine! This is exactly what we were hoping for. A two tier system seems to be the way to go. The best to you and the magazine.

Bruce and Carolyn Kagan
Wading River, NY

The new holdable, analog, old-fashioned, preferred, ACK arrived and it's great, it's back on my bedtime-reading pile, and being read (it does NOT put me to sleep!) Good stories. Good layout. Great to read about all that paddling, but I'd like to be out paddling myself.

Peter and Alicia Moore
Ipswich, MA

Got my print copy of the ACK today. Lovely cover plus a joy to hold.

It's obvious I have a computer, which I use regularly, and I read your last few issues that way. But it is a pleasure to look at the print version, riffle through the pages, glance at the ads, etc.

It's worth the few extra dollars to get the print version!

Herb Stein
Washingtonville, NY

An old friend found its way to my door. What a pleasant surprise. I have to admit, I didn't read any of the PDF issues - maybe quickly scanned over the first one. I'll take a black and white, small issue over more computer reading any day. If you're going to continue with the paper issues, I'd rather have my ad there than on the PDF. I remember when the announcement was made that *ACK* was going on line with PDFs and someone at a ConnYak meeting said, "Oh well, another good publication is gone." Because nobody will bother to read it. People hate downloading on the computer let alone printing it out.

I lay on my couch and read it cover to cover. Everyone knows that it's a financial decision and all the "going green" and "now in full color" stuff is way of justifying a tough decision.

We had the ConnYak newsletter go from monthly black and white to a "full color" PDF and our membership went from 450 to less than 200. People loved the newsletter and really felt that it was well worth the \$25 a year dues. Now people are saying let's do a paper newsletter again even if it's a few times a year. Our membership is now

around 240.

Jay Babina
Branford, CT

Cold Water

I just posted an essay on "Kayaking and Cold Water Immersion" (at www.tsunamirangers.com). It centers on how to deal with hypothermia. Please feel free to add your comments, cold stories, or questions at the "comments" button below the essay. Also, let others know about his post if you think it might be useful for them to know about cold shock and hypothermia.

Eric Soares
www.tsunamirangers.com

Kayaking in North Carolina

Thank you for listing the WNC kayaking site for our area. We are certified Instructors with the ACA and have our own website now, www.WannaKayak.com.

Fern S. White
Etowah, NC

Safety First

The 11th Annual Bangor Paddle Smart Safety Symposium for beginner and experienced paddlers alike will kick off National Safe Boating Week, Friday, March 19, 10am - 8pm and Saturday March 20, 11am - 4pm. The new location is Bangor Auditorium (<http://www.basspark.com/>) in Maine. This will be our 11th annual event promoting paddling safety thanks to the help and support from all of you! We hope you can join in supporting this event again!

We have an exciting new format this year. Paddle Smart will be included as part of the Bangor Boat Show. We will have an entire room focused on paddle sports available for exhibitors and breakout rooms for presenters! The event, in conjunction with the Annual Bangor Boat Show, will increase our community outreach ten-fold!

Karen Francoeur
Castine Kayak, Maine



News & Notes



Moby Dick's Skipper's Second Ill-fated Ship Discovered

The whaling captain who inspired Herman Melville's epic tale of *Moby Dick* has just had a new spike in fame. In February marine archeologists uncovered what they believe to be the remnants of George Pollard Jr.'s whaling ship, *Two Brothers*. They found the disintegrated hull full of whaling artifacts including harpoons, a hook used to strip whale blubber, and rendering cauldrons, 600 miles northwest of Honolulu in a remote atoll. The ship sank during a storm in 1823 at a time when Nantucket whalers roamed all the world's oceans to hunt for whales. Pollard has the sad distinction of having lost two whaling ships. The first, the *Essex*, rammed by a sperm whale was the basis for *Moby Dick*. Most captains would retire after the first sinking, but Pollard continued on, only to meet disaster again. He finally retired in his mid-30s and became a night watchman. Enough is enough.



Lihou

Lihou is a small tidal island off the west coast of Guernsey in the Channel Islands, Great Britain. The Jersey Canoe Club has a booking for the last weekend in June on a neap tide, which is great because the causeway doesn't dry on neaps so the club is guaranteed to have the island to itself. Lihou is connected to Guernsey at low tide by an ancient stone causeway. All 30 places went within a week, eight months in advance which is evidence of the attraction of the island. Lihou's name contains the Norman language suffix "hou" of Old Norse origin. For more information, www.jerseycanoecub.co.uk/

MITA Guidebook Goes on Line

After 22 years of producing its annual paper Guide to the Maine Island Trail, The Maine Island Trail Association has launched an online Guide. The new website, located at guide.mita.org provides coast-wide interac-

tive nautical charts, plus local weather and tide information. The Guide is only available to current members of the organization and access to islands in the guide is a benefit of membership.

A trial version of the guide is available to nonmembers, with access to ten Maine Island Trail sites. Membership, which starts at \$45, provides password-protected access to all 185 trail sites, boat lunches, pump out facilities, and a wide variety of other member benefits. Go to www.mita.org



Ferris Launches New Pages

Intrepid arctic explorer Gail Ferris has new webpages created lately. Visit her website to read about Ferris' adventures paddling in Uppernavik and Arctic Bay, Greenland, and other adventures and musings. You will find intimate stories of her experiences and interactions with the landscape, inhabitants and wildlife of the area, including a thrilling tale of her being stalked by the nefarious and sinister fjord cod. There is even advice on launching and paddling with a hip replacement. Go to www.nkhorizons.com.



Expedition Watch

Lately, the women adventurers are on the move again. British kayaker Justine Cuvengenden, creator of Cackle TV *This is the Sea* DVDs, is currently circumnavigating Tierra del Fuego. Go to www.cackletv.com/justines-blog.

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Freya Hoffmeister, of Germany, who recently became the first woman to circumnavigate Australia plans to circumnavigate South America. She aims to start in fall 2011 at Valparaiso/ Chile, on the Pacific Ocean and do the trip in three installments, finishing in May 2014. www.facebook.com/home/notes-freya-hoffmeister. Good luck to Justine and Freya!

Kingman & Heritage Islands Join Chesapeake Watertrails

The National Park Service recently announced the addition of Kingman and Heritage Islands Park in the District of Columbia to the Chesapeake Bay Gateways and Watertrails Network. The network includes parks, refuges, museums, historic communities, vessels, and trails that offer a connection to cultural and natural resources of the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries. The islands lie in the Anacostia River in the

District's northeast, and provide shelter and nesting for more than 100 bird species. The park provides access for canoe and kayak users. The public metro system provides easy access to the park; the RFK stop is within walking distance.

From the Bay Journal, January 2011, www.bayjournal.com



Charleston's 21st Annual Paddle-sport Festival

The 21st Annual East Coast Canoe and Kayak Festival will take place at James Island County Park April 15-17. The festival has a multitude of activities directed to all

levels of paddler. More than 40 commercial exhibitors will be on-hand to give you a chance to try the latest equipment. This year's featured speakers will be Nathalie and Alain Antognelli, from Monaco, professional photographers and passionate nature enthusiasts. The Antognellis will speak on Greenland, climate change, and their kayaking adventures.

Call (843) 795-4FUN or visit the website at www.ccprc.com/ecckf.

Stuart, Fla., Shop Expands

Riverfront Kayaks has outgrown its space and moved to larger facilities at 1080 NW Federal Highway. Riverfront Kayaks also is the outfitter for the popular Paradise Kayak-Tours, which offers camping tours and a variety of half and single day excursions. Call (772) 692-5505 or www.RiverfrontKayaks.com. For Paradise Kayak Tours, www.ParadiseKayakTours.com or (772) 678-0879.

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Technique

Shoulder Safety

Story and Photos by Wayne Horodowich

Unfortunately I too often hear of paddlers with sore shoulders or those recovering from shoulder injuries. These injuries range from simple strains to dislocations. I personally injured my shoulder (a number of years ago) during a demonstration just because I was lazy and I didn't follow my own instruction. I have personally witnessed four dislocations due to poor technique, even though the paddlers were well informed of what "To Do and What Not to Do."

Preventing a shoulder injury is very much a skill that needs to be understood and practiced, because it is so easy to get lazy and put your shoulder at risk. The bad news is, some injuries never heal completely. Therefore, one lazy moment or wrong movement can lead to a lifelong restriction. I hope this is motivation to read further and take this topic very seriously.

On the positive side, if one follows some basic principles of form and function the chance of injuring your shoulder is remote and/or non-existent. Ever since my injury I am a fanatic about following the principles of avoiding injuries due to improper form. I have a solid understanding of the mechanics of the body, having taught

anatomy and physiology at the university for years. I incorporate this information in my teachings and the principles I share in this article.



The shoulder joint (see picture 1) is one of the most moveable joints in the body. It is a ball and socket joint, as is the hip joint. The hip joint has a very deep socket unlike the shoulder joint that has a very small and shallow socket. The great range of motion we get in the shoulder joint leaves it more vulnerable to strains and dislocations. Without getting too complicated anatomically, the ball of the arm bone rests on the socket (part of the shoulder blade). This is all held in place with ligaments, tendons and muscles. The shoulder joint will stay in place as long as we don't put pressure on the upper limb when it is in vulnerable positions.

Vulnerable positions begin when your elbow reaches the height of the shoulder



joint as seen in picture 2. In addition, the farther your hand is from your shoulder, the more strain you can place on your shoulder. Therefore having your arm straight out from the body is a potentially dangerous position if you were to pull/press down on an object, such as a paddle, with your hand. Reaching up and back is an even worse position (see picture 3).



When you are in these weak positions and you pull down and/or forward you can strain muscles or pull the ball out of the socket. In most cases the injuries occur due to the forces created by our own muscles. Injuries can occur due to outside forces too, but most often we cause the injury by fighting an outside force.

As paddlers we often get into these vulnerable positions when performing high braces, sweep strokes and rolling. I will mention a few other not so common ways later.



A high brace done correctly (see picture 4) has your hands above the elbows and your elbows pointing down and below shoulder level. The key principle is "el-

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bows below your shoulder height.”



If you perform a high brace and you reach out away from your body, as seen in picture 5, be sure to keep a bend in your elbow and your elbow below shoulder level. The opposite elbow is tucked in next to your body.

By keeping your elbow lower than the shoulder it makes it very difficult to dislocate the shoulder joint, which is the ball sliding out of the socket. Remember, elbows point down and are lower than your shoulder.



Picture 6 is an example of a straight-arm brace or as I like to call it a “dislocation brace.” If you were to try to brace in this position, you would pull the ball out of the socket when you pulled down on the paddle. Due to the arm position and the muscles pulling, the ball actually slips downward out of the shallow socket when the elbow is higher than the shoulder. This happens when we get lazy and don’t pay attention to the simple concept of keeping the elbows pointing down and below the level of the shoulder.



Picture 7 illustrates an even worse position that has your upper limb straight and your hand and your elbow above shoulder.

This position easily occurs when a paddler is capsizing and his head is almost at water level and they try to brace up, but forget to keep a bend in that elbow. When I find myself too far over I will let myself capsize and roll up instead of trying to brace up.

Reaching back with a straight arm is



one of the major causes of shoulder strains (see picture 8). In addition, not rotating your torso when reaching back adds to the strain potential. This occurs during sweep strokes (at the beginning of a reverse sweep or the end of a forward sweep stroke) or using a paddle rudder. Keep a bend in the elbow and use torso rotation when reaching back. You not only get more power, but you reduce the chance of strains. The key is rotating your torso. A good rule to adopt is, “turn your body so you can look at your paddle when the blade goes behind you.”

The same principles apply to extended paddle positions, but are even more important because the increased lever factor of the extended paddle position puts more force on your body if skills are performed incorrectly.



When showing the high brace in the extended paddle position (see picture 9), my hands and elbows are in the same position as the high brace shown earlier. The only difference is where I am holding the paddle.

When you use a straight arm as seen in picture 10, the forces transfer directly to the shoulder. A bend in the elbow absorbs some of that force and it also puts the arm in a more secure position making it more difficult to slip out of place. In fact, when the

elbow is lower than the shoulder the forces push the ball into the socket.



Two of the dislocations I witnessed were from paddlers pushing off of the bottom with their paddle after a capsize. When you first begin to push off of the bottom you still have a bend in the elbow (see picture 11). However, when your body gets higher



out of the water your upper limb begins to straighten out. Soon you will find yourself not quite up, but your arm will be fully extended. Then the kayak starts moving sideways and you find yourself fully extended with your hands and elbow above the plane of the shoulder while you are trying to keep yourself up.



In picture 12 I am not quite up and my arm is completely straight. If I stay in this position my kayak will move away from the planted paddle. As the boat moves away from the paddle, my body will begin to get lower as my kayak begins to roll back down. If I get low enough, I can dislocate my shoulder if I keep pressure on the paddle. If you wish to prevent an injury, I strongly recommend you don’t push off of the bottom to right yourself.

For those wondering about shoulder injuries while doing a low brace, you can

relax. When you do a low brace and your hands are below your elbow, as seen here in picture 13, your shoulder is in a stronger position because of the rotation that oc-



curs when the elbow is up and the hands are down. Remember we said you are at risk if your hand and elbow are even with or above shoulder level. In this low brace position the elbow is just at shoulder level, but the hands are straight down, which causes the arm bone (humerus) to rotate. This rotation causes the ball to be held firmly in place due to tendons and muscles. I have not yet heard of a low brace dislocation in paddling.

To reinforce the concept with a positive image, look at picture 14 and remember

to keep your elbow pointing down below shoulder level when your hand is above the elbow.

As in all proper stroke techniques, keeping your hands and elbows in front of your body is essential in preventing shoulder injuries. If you need to reach back rotate your torso so your hands and elbows are in



the frontal plane. This is also an important point when trying to roll. Some rolling injuries can occur when you let your paddle get behind you instead of keeping it in the frontal plane. Another injury I observed occurred to a student with a chronic shoulder problem. They tried the between-the-boats entry. When they had both forearms up on

the kayaks and their feet were in the cockpit they dislocated their shoulder when they pushed down on their forearms in order to slide their body into the cockpit. This technique puts your hands and elbows at shoulder level. I would avoid this technique if you have shoulder problems.

I feel like I have earned the right to hammer this point home. When your hand is higher than your elbow, your elbow needs to be lower than your shoulder. Don't get lazy. Remember to use proper form when performing your skills, which can translate to many years of injury free paddling.

Wayne Horodowich is the founder of the University of Sea Kayaking, has been teaching sea kayaking since 1980, and is the producer of the "In Depth" sea kayaking instructional videos. Visit: www.useakayak.org for more articles.


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Sea Kayaking Sanibel and Captiva Islands

Paradise Saved

Story by Tamsin Venn

Shell capital of the world, Sanibel is a narrow barrier beach on Florida's Gulf Coast. Oriented east west, it is a catcher's mitt for a huge variety of shells – more than 400 species – that wash up from the Caribbean, and draws visitors from around the world.

It is easy to get caught up in the hunt, especially the search for the rare *Junonia*, an olive shaped, brown-spotted shell (people who find one get their photo in the paper.)

Equally compelling are the great kayak outings here. For starters, the J.N. "Ding" Darling National Wildlife Refuge, has a marked paddling trail through mangrove swamps that harbor more than 300 species of wildlife.

Canoe and Kayak Magazine calls Sanibel and its sister island Captiva, which veers to the north, one of the ten best places to kayak in the country. The northeast mangrove-decked shores face quiet Pine Island Sound, home to all those critters. The south side fronts the flat and seemingly infinite

Gulf of Mexico with a 17-mile swath of white sand beach, whose waters stay fairly quiet compared to the pounding the Atlantic coast takes. Low-rise hotels and condos, required by zoning to be no taller than the palm trees, line the shore with discreet paths leading to the beach.

We escaped New England at the end of November with a temperature of 45 degrees and arrived in Fort Myers by direct flight from Boston on Air Tran (about 3 1/2 hours) into a sunny 80-degree day. Off came the winter coats and out came the white knobby knees.

Sanibel and Captiva are connected to the mainland by a three-mile-long causeway (one-way only toll \$6). Once there, it's easy to figure out directions as Sanibel is 12 miles long and three miles across. The diminutive Captiva is four miles long and 1/2 mile wide. They have only three main roads.

We arrived without kayaks. Airline baggage surcharges nixed the idea of bring-

ing folding kayaks. So we would depend on local outfitters to show us around.

The island has three kayak outfitters. Greg LeBlanc and Barb Renneke run Captiva Kayak & Wildside Adventures. They deserve a medal for single handedly launching throngs of vacationing families into the quiet bay off Captiva. They have been doing this for 15 years and are cheerful and competent and are dedicated to putting people into boats that fit them.

"We are generally at work on Captiva 7 days a week. We are a small business and never know what the next day will bring. Feel free to call us at work so we can discuss in more detail our plans. Looking forward to hearing from you." So Barb wrote before I left.

Barb has a fine arts degree and had a clay jewelry company before starting Captiva Kayak. Greg worked as a naturalist at The Nature Center in Lee County. Like many, they caught the kayak bug after the first outing. Greg took a lesson one day and



Greg LeBlanc of Captiva Kayak & Wildside Adventures prepares for a sunset paddle.
Photo by David Eden.



Ding Darling's Studio.
Photo by Tamsin Venn..

forked over several weeks' paycheck for a kayak the next, seeing the endless possibilities in kayaking.

Their charming shop is located on the bay end of Andy Rosse Lane at McCarthy's Marina in Captiva and looks more like a carnival than a kayak shop: the trailer, the beach, a long row of kayaks, trees festooned with twinkling lights, umbrella, beach chairs, fan, buoys, and a colorful chalk board with that day's trips. The bayside location gives direct access to the wildlife of Pine Island Sound. Barb likes to refer to their outfit as a boutique where they customize boats and trips for clients, a small but quality operation.

We joined them for a full moon cruise to benefit the Sanibel-Captiva Conservation Foundation, a fundraiser they do "because it keeps Captiva the way it is," says Greg, just one of the host of fiercely protective residents of Captiva's and Sanibel's low key nature. He deeply appreciates those residents who fought the high rises decades earlier and the environmental protection, something his former home of Louisiana has ceded to the big oil companies, he notes.

In her five-minute intro, Barb explained in amazingly succinct detail the forward stroke, body and feet snug to give you purchase. She got everyone packed into kayaks in record time. By packed I mean providing us practically with a spa experience of adjustable seats, padding, and extra pillow for lumbar support. I have never felt so cozy in a kayak in my life! She even provided foam from recycled pfd's to put under our heels so our crocs wouldn't squeak and a net to pick up floating plastic bags.

Barb has an index box full of names of repeat customers so when the extended family comes down to visit the grandparents, she knows what boats to put them in and the exact fit for the foot pedals, so the boats are ready when the family arrives.

We set out from McCarthy's Marina

around 5 p.m. in a setting sun and followed the edge of the mangrove trees draped in herons and egrets in Pine Island Sound. While we're used to eight-foot tides in New England, the height here averages a foot and half. One of your biggest concerns is not getting swept out to sea, but getting stuck on infinite sand flats at low tide.

The floating studio on our left belonged to cartoonist Ding Darling and then painter Robert Rauschenberg, who died in 2008 but left the studio to his multi-million-dollar foundation based in Captiva. His newer, cubist studio sits on shore.

We caught the sunset over the palm trees and paddled around Chadwick's Bayou. Here a major opera was in full throttle. A mature American bald eagle screeched as it chased a four-year-old juvenile out of its territory. Two pods of dolphins snuffed as they surfaced and dove, one a mother with her baby. A half dozen osprey screeched and munched on fish from their perches. Mullet fish leapt out of the water. A shark methodically patrolled the bay on a grid pattern looking for dinner. The chattering kingfishers flitted back and forth. The great blue heron's guttural croak took up the bass.

One thing you have to understand about kayaking in Captiva - it is a trip through tropical wildlife menagerie on a zoo-like scale.

"We never know what we see. Sometimes we see what we saw, sometimes things just aren't happening. It just depends on the tide, the temperatures, and the season," said Greg.

The full moon rose over Pine Key as we paddled back. We carried flashlights to alert oncoming motorboats, but none appeared to run us over.

This corner of the world is part of bigger plans, of course. Our itinerary followed part of the Great Calusa Blueway, a 190-mile marked canoe and kayak trail that meanders through the coastal waters and inland tributaries of Lee County, Fla., the area around Fort Myers. It runs from the Imperial River in Bonita Springs to Port Charlotte Harbor to the north, taking advantage of many waterside parks, camping areas, and even hotels and restaurants along the way. Every October The Great Calusa

Blueway Festival holds trips, lessons, fishing contests, parties, discount lodging, and more, to celebrate the Gulf Coast glory for small boats such as kayaks.

Greg, like many, is aghast at what new kayakers don't know and how they get into trouble with low tide, thunderstorms, and strong currents. He worries that a trail while a great idea has some drawbacks such as leading people across inlets and also camping and public access that doesn't always fit logically into trail distances.

Brian Houston operates Adventure Sea Kayak out of the 'Tween Waters Inn Marina in Captiva with a different approach.

He pinpoints his start as a kayak guide to the time his wife told him that he should stop boring his family with his stories and share them with the greater public. So he started his kayak business at 'Tween Waters Inn in 1989. "What more can you ask for?" he asks.

Across the street from this popular inn is the beach where author Anne Morrow Lindbergh, wife of famous aviator Charles Lindbergh, found inspiration for her book *A Gift From the Sea*.

Houston himself is a gift from the sea. He started the popular Captiva Classic race, a surf-ski race on par with international races in Australia, Hawaii, South Africa, and Dubai (which has the world's most generous surf ski race prizes). On hiatus, the Captiva may be revived next year during the Calusa Blueway Festival.

Houston is also known as the person more advanced sea kayakers can go to when vacationing with family. Here they can hop onto the latest Epic surf ski and zoom around Pine Island Sound on kayaks so sleek and fast, you don't even notice you're pushing water around. Houston is a sales manager for Epic Kayaks, the high performance kayak company founded by gold medal Olympic paddler Greg Barton. Houston can't say enough good things about his boss and the attention to detail Barton brings to his kayaks.

A corner office Mad Men would kill for consists of the picnic table under a palm tree, computer, cell phone, with a view of the marina and a warning sign for manatees. As if on cue, after we launched our kayaks,



Brian Houston in a mangrove tunnel on Buck's Key. Photo by Tamsin Venn.

we saw a manatee. Houston is his own secretary and answers the phone, "Have an Epic Day." His son, Captain John Houston, runs a fishing charter and is backup, available by cell phone. "Hey, old man," he calls in.

The long 18-foot new Epic 18x Houston put me in glided over the flats like an egret suspended in air. The special rudder system works with a flick of the toes. The length adds speed and tracking. As soon as we got on the water, Houston morphed from boat physics professor to alert nature guide. He grew up in a Florida that once depended on its natural resources more than real estate development. His comfort zone in the great Florida outdoors shines through.

Low tide was at 9:44 a.m., then at 12:44 a.m., which is slightly out of kilter with the six-hour tide cycles most New Englanders are used to. Houston indicated it was a slow moving tide, and that the tides on Captiva are affected by the Gulf Stream, the water flow in inlets and outlets, the Florida Straits, the different currents and eddies, winds and weather patterns. In a northeast wind for instance the wind will override the tides.

Houston steered us away from the maze of sand flats in the Sound and east into Buck Key once occupied by Calusa Indians and Cuban fishing camps.



Brian shows off a huge fighting conch. Photo by Tamsin Venn.

First though he rummaged in the sand and picked up a fighting conch, Florida's state shell. He warned us that if a mullet should happen to jump into our kayak, let him get it out. OK! All too soon after an array of herons, egret, ibis, and pelicans... and a few paddling tips from this American Canoe Assn.-trained instructor, we glided back to the beach, and said goodbye to those fabulous kayaks and Houston.

While Houston specializes in high performance boaters, Tarpon Bay Explorers caters to the public that flocks to Sanibel to visit the J.N. "Ding" Darling Wildlife Refuge. The concessionaire offers kayak nature tours and rentals in Tarpon Bay. The place was jammed, many here to view wildlife



*A tour with the Tarpon Bay Explorers rafts up to listen to the naturalist/guide.
Photo by Tamsin Venn.*

in one of the top birding hot spots in the country. Roseate spoonbill, reddish egret, snowy egret, and a variety of other heron and egret species are found throughout the mangroves.

The refuge is a major part of Sanibel. It takes up more than half the island at about 6,800 acres consisting of wetlands and

an executive order creating the Sanibel National Wildlife Refuge in 1945. Officials renamed the refuge in 1967 in Darling's honor. (Darling was a good friend of Walt Disney, another Florida visionary.)

An extremely low tide that morning nixed all kayaking, so the afternoon kayak nature tour was full. Three entire extended



Photo by David Eden.

mangrove forests.

A conservation-minded political cartoonist from Iowa, Ding Darling helped block the sale of a large parcel of land to developers on Sanibel Island. At Darling's urging, President Harry S. Truman signed

families stretching from California to New Jersey were out on a jaunt. Grandpa declined, said he preferred para sailing. All ages, we paddled the Commodore Creek Water Trail, well marked by numbers (even an Exit sign), led by a fearless tour guide

who dipped her bucket into the shallow water periodically to show us various specimens.

Mid afternoon, the creek swept by an onslaught of kayakers, remarkably, we were still able to see several egrets, herons, and anhingas. Overhead and far, far away flew frigate birds and vultures. The mangrove's coffee-colored roots hung down into brackish water hiding crabs and little fish. Here the herons sat with their knife bills ready to spear anything that twitched.

In Nigel Foster's book, *Guide to Sea Kayaking in Southern Florida*, he makes note of another mangrove maze on Tarpon Bay's east side, that requires navigation skills.

Our guide gave us useful information on the Florida osprey (which migrate only as far as Fort Myers!) and mate for life, how mangroves propagate, the saga of the one Sanibel crocodile who is not allowed to mate. She paddled a tandem kayak solo and offered to let any side of a couple not coping well into her boat.

Tarpon Bay accommodated the astounding number of people who either took tours or rented kayaks very well. Although it felt like a kayak mob scene at times, it was well worth the effort. I'd like to think that those children in tandem kayaks, slumped in their seats, and occasionally hitting each other over the head with a paddle, will remember this and grow up to be future paddlers.

We stayed at Tortuga Beach Club on Sanibel's east end in a time share we had to use before the end of the year. Surreal is the word I use to describe going from the swank beach club with pool, beach, and wifi – designed to appease our surly teenagers – to the primordial mangrove swamp. (People in Florida are used to alligators walking across their lawns.) We had paddled through the Everglades on a six-day camping trip 17 years earlier, we missed that total immersion, but reading novels by the pool has merits.

As for shells, we got totally hooked on looking for the rare *Junonia*, with no luck, but came home with enough carry on luggage full of shells to avoid extra baggage

fees. Frustrated collectors can find the Junonia in the The Bailey-Matthews Shell Museum, a surprise hit with most people.

Sanibel and Captiva are a rare combination of beach resorts and a wildlife refuge that sends birds, turtles, dolphins, and more out into the public eye. The people here live with a much more intimate interaction with wildlife than us northerners. No surprise, the best way to experience that is by kayak.

If You Go...

Kayaking Outfitters

Captiva Kayak Co. & WildSide Adventures

Greg LeBlanc and Barbara Renneke
McCarthy's Marina, Captiva Island
(239) 395-2925
ckc.wsa@gmail.com
www.captivakayaks.com

Adventure Sea Kayak

Brian Houston
Tween WSatgers Inn, Captiva Island
(239) 472-5161, ext. 3
(239) 822-3337
kayakadventures@aol.com
www.kayak-captiva.com

Tarpon Bay Explorers

Wendy Schnapp
900 Tarpon Bay Road, Sanibel Island,
(239)472-8900
www.tarponbayexplorers.com

Great Calusa Blueway

A marked 190-mile canoe and kayak trail that skirts Sanibel and Captiva. <http://calusablueway.com>

Things to Do

Bailey-Matthews Shell Museum.

A delightful display of shells from around the world with a focus on species from southwest Florida.
3075 Sanibel-Captiva Road
Sanibel Island, FL 33957
(239) 395-2233
www.shellmuseum.org

Clinic for the Rehabilitation of Wildlife C.R.O.W

The Healing Winds Visitor Education Center teaches how injured animals are admitted, diagnosed (by western or eastern methods), cared for and released. C.R.O.W. veterinarians and staff have treated more than 200 animal species with 4,000 patients each year receiving treatment at the facility.
3883 Sanibel-Captiva Road
Sanibel Island, FL 33957
(239) 472-3644.
www.crowclinic.org

Sanibel-Captiva Conservation Foundation

The Nature Center encompasses 260 of the 1,800 total acres owned and managed by the Foundation as a preserve for wildlife with 4-1/2 miles of trails, an observation tower, butterfly exhibit, and touch tank.
3333 Sanibel-Captiva Road
Sanibel Island, FL 33957
(239) 472-2329
www.sccf.org

Sanibel Historical Village and Museum

Dedicated to the pioneer families of Sanibel and Captiva, the Village includes cottages, Bailey's General Store, tea room, post Office, and the Sanibel School. Structures date from 1898 to 1928.
950 Dunlop, Sanibel, FL 33957
(239) 472-4648
www.sanibelmuseum.org .

"Ding" Darling National Wildlife Refuge

The 4.5-mile Wildlife Drive includes a hike around an ancient Calusa Shell Mound. Education Center (free) has displays on the refuge, its wildlife inhabitants, and its namesake. The refuge has three launch spots for kayaks.
1 Wildlife Dr.
Sanibel Island, FL 33957
(239)472-1100
<http://dingdarling.fws.gov>

Sanibel Lighthouse

Pont Ybel, Sanibel Island.
Built in 1884 when the entire island was a nature preserve, the lighthouse was saved from closure in 1972 by public outcry.

Where to Eat

Doc Ford's Rum Bar and Grill
Redfish Blufish The Blue Giraffe
Island Cow Lazy Flamingo

Provisions

Can be very expensive on the islands. We shopped in Fort Meyers and tried to stock up on what we'd need for the week. If you need to shop Baileys General Store is excellent but pricey.

Books

A Nature Guide to Sanibel and Captiva Islands by Charles Sobczak (Indigo Press, Sanibel, Fla.)

Guide to Sea Kayaking in Southern Florida by Nigel Foster (The Globe Pequot Press, Old Saybrook, Ct.)

Gift from the Sea by Ann Morrow Lindbergh (Pantheon Books, New York)

How To Get There

By car from Southwest Florida International Airport in Fort Myers.

General

www.Sanibel-captiva.org
www.seashells.com



Sanibel Light.
Photo by David Eden.

New Products



The Scout

www.windpaddle.com

The Scout is the latest addition to WindPaddle's line up of sails. It is an entry level sail to be used in low to medium winds. Solo kayakers will appreciate its ease of use, lightweight, and forgiving manner, says the Oregon-based company. The Scout is built with the casual or recreational paddler in mind. The sail has a soft batten that holds sail shape, yet is pliable enough to almost coil/fold itself. It will pull you quickly downwind yet is easy enough for kids 8-80 to handle, the company says. Target boat: Solo recreation boat to Touring kayak, Sit on top, 8-15 feet. Target wind range: 4 to 13 knots. Off-wind sailing envelope: approx. 150 degrees. Tech details: Deployed diameter - 42"; Coiled/folded diameter - 15"; Sail area - 9.62 sq. ft.; Weight - 12 oz. Suggested retail: \$139.95



HandiKart MPG501

www.maloneautotracks.com

Malone of Maine has developed a new type of kayak kart for those of us aging boomers wishing to get the kayak from the car to the put-in with minimal back damage. Features include a stainless steel fully padded frame

and double load straps. The patented Camba hemi-spherical wheel system with inclined axles provides access to nearly any type of terrain. The wheels are easily released with a sliding latch and the frame folds up into a compact shape for easy storage. Suggested retail: \$129.95.



Eliza Carbon Fiber

www.neckykayaks.com

Named after an island in Washington state's San Juan Islands, Necky's Eliza kayak geared for women is now available in a carbon layup. The Eliza is an incredibly lightweight kayak that is built for distance, performance, and speed, says Necky. Retractable skeg, Necky touring seat with backband, and composite thigh braces. Length: 15'3" width: 21 inches, weight 41 pounds. Suggested retail: \$3,249.



Pentax Optio W90

www.pentaximaging.com

New from Pentax is the Optio W90 rugged compact waterproof camera. It has a tougher body than its predecessor, the W80. It is designed to be dustproof, waterproof up to 6 meters, coldproof down to -10°C (14°F), and shock-resistant for drops of up to 1.2 meters. A digital microscope mode claims to deliver magnified images of tiny objects aided by three LED lights in front of the lens barrel. The camera features 12MP sensor, 28-140mm equivalent lens, 2.7" LCD, and includes HD video recording and pet detection that apparently "makes it simple and effortless to capture the delightful faces of active pets" (also works for people). It has a carabiner strap to clip it onto your PFD. Suggested retail: \$279.



Beko Nose Gear

www.mountaingear.com

Do you find it hard to see when sun screen gets smeared on your sunglasses? Use a sun nose guard instead. The Beko's Nose Gear is a malleable stainless steel frame encased in a foam laminated micro-suede lining that protects even the most prominent proboscis from frostbite, sun, and windburn. Attach Nose Gear to your sunglasses or goggles by its Velcro strap. The lining is breathable in hot weather and insulating when temps dip low, available in five sizes. Suggested retail: \$6.95.



BPA Ditch-kit Paddle Float

www.northwater.com

North Water, maker of kayaking rescue and survival gear, will be introducing this variation of its Ditch-kit this year. In the event you need to swim to safety, the kit makes it possible to take two of the most important items with you; extra floatation and your survival kit.

This Paddle Float will hold 2 large mouth 1L containers to carry items such as fire starting kit, water treatment, and flares. Based on the Grab-and-Go approach this system mounts on the rear deck as a paddle float. Bottles and ditch-kit contents not included.

Size: 4 3/4" X 8" X 16"
Suggested retail: TBD



Messing About on Muscongus, Maine

Story and Photos by Reinhard Zollitsch

I know I said I would stay away from tide-ridden saltwater shores, and especially tide rips, come 2010; and I did, deciding instead to circumnavigate our biggest lake in New England, and sixth largest lake in the US, Lake Champlain. With the 400-year hype of 2009 over (Samuel de Champlain canoed and named this lake in 1609), I felt it was a sensible compromise for the “old salt.”

Don't get me wrong, it was a wonderful 276-mile round trip (see my write-up in the October issues of *Atlantic Coastal Kayaker* and *Messing About in Boats* and on my website), but there was something distinctly missing: the air, the smells, the open vistas and curved horizon, the challenge of irregular waves, swells from distant storms,

and the ever-changing water level: no tides, no rips, no salt spray or spindrift, no wild dancing, no bells, gongs or whistles, and not enough gulls, terns, and other seabirds. I missed it all already, on my first trip away from all that stuff.

Lines from John Masefield's poem *Sea-Fever* kept going through my mind, till I finally succumbed and decided to do something about it. Yes, “I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky, And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,” or in my case, my trusty old Verlen Kruger Sea Wind solo sea canoe, my carbon bent-shaft paddle, my Ritchie compass and my beloved NOAA charts. I felt the distinct need to do some serious messing about

The author in his loaded Sea Wind at the rainy finale of his explorations of Muscongus Bay.





The author's camp on Griffent Island looking over the Davis Strait.



The granite cross erected in 1905 on Allen Island, commemorating the 300th anniversary of George Waymouth's landing here.

on salt water, and why not revisit some of my favorite haunts on Muscongus Bay in Maine? "Messing about on Muscongus, Maine" sounded good. It even had some very literary alliteration to make up for my humble Eureka abode, canned dinner menu by Bush, Hormel, Dinty Moore and Chef Boyardee, and my coffee and cereal with fat-free powdered milk.

Since Nancy kindly offered to drive me to the put-in, I chose Thomaston harbor, the closest Muscongus port to Orono, Maine, only two hours from home. This way I did not have to worry about leaving my car unattended for six days at some public ramp, where overnight parking is also mostly forbidden or ill-advised. Looking at the chart,

my six-day trip fell into place very quickly. The first day I would paddle the ten miles down the St. George River into the bay and pick a MITA (Maine Island Trail Association, see appendix) island to camp on for the night. Having been a MITA member for 17 years, I thought I would check out every Muscongus MITA spot in the process and report back to Headquarters.

Along the Eastern Edge

For the first night out I had picked tiny Griffin Island at Davis Strait, just a tad north of Benner and Allen Island. My first day's paddle would delineate the eastern edge of Muscongus Bay. I was very familiar with this area, especially Davis Strait, because of earlier family sailing trips in our little 22' Venture swing-keeler on the way from Port Clyde to Pemaquid Point.

The St. George River (also known as The Georges, or St. Georges River) is really a very wide and even longer tidal arm, which must have looked like the Northwest Passage to all the early explorers, obsessed to find that fabled passage to the riches of the Orient. Champlain came looking for it up the Penobscot River in Maine (1604) as well as the St. Lawrence River in Canada, all the way up to the Lachine Rapids in Montreal, the China Rapids (1602), as did Jacques Cartier before him (1535). Captain George Waymouth (in most modern popular literature spelled with an "e" - Wey-

mouth) checked out the St. George River in May/June 1605, but was mostly looking for possibilities for a British settlement in the New World.

I passed very picturesque inlets like Maple Juice Cove, made famous by paintings by Andrew Wyeth, saw a most delightful tidal short-cut behind Gay Island and a handful of very ledgy looking islands between Caldwell, McGee, and Thompson Island. Griffin Island and Ledge were a treeless delight. There even was a small flow-through shell beach, which made landing real easy, especially from the south at about mid tide. I saw several eagles on the way out here, lots of eiders and loons, as I watched sailors and lobster boats and also a few pleasure craft pass through this narrow passage.

The Traverse

All afternoon and especially the next morning I was longingly looking over to Monhegan Island, only ten miles south of my rock-pile perch on Griffin Ledge, but tackling an eight-mile open ocean passage (from the southern tip of Allen Island) and the same distance back did not seem prudent in late August, and all alone, and I opted for a big traverse of Muscongus Bay instead. At the anchorage between Benner and Allen Island, also known as Georges or Pentecost Harbor, I tried to recall what I had read about the early explorer Waymouth, who anchored his boat the Archangell here during May and June of 1605, even celebrating mass on Pentecost Sunday on the very spot where you now find a large granite cross. (On it the name Waymouth, with an "a" was clearly visible from my boat perch.)

A very proper cruising yacht, a sizable yawl, was anchored on the same spot Waymouth must have chosen 400-plus years ago. The crew was having breakfast in the cockpit. "What a great day in a very special place," I quietly voiced in their direction. I did not get (or need) much more than a nod and a smile, and I was out of sight towards Old Hump Ledge, Franklin Light, and Harbor Island, which I had wanted to sail into for a very long time, but never did. This time I would paddle into the natural harbor over the ledgy south entrance and out the top.

The three boats anchored there looked just as safe and cozy as I had always imagined. From there I would continue my traverse past Wreck, Ross, and Haddock towards New Harbor and Pemaquid Point. But since I was in such a mellow, non-people mood, I decided to skip those two tourist places and instead check out two tiny MITA islands in that area, Bar Island at the southern tip of Louds Island, and Little Marsh, south of Marsh Island. And since Bar was taken by two young paddlers, I opted for Little Marsh, a bold, almost white ledge with two and a half spruce trees on top, offering just enough shade for my little tent.

Landing and launching the next day, though, over ledges covered with seaweed, was a bit more challenging than on the lovely Griffin Island shell beach. But the view straight out to sea over low, treeless Eastern Egg Rock with its small puffin colony, across to Pemaquid in the SW and Monhegan on the SE horizon, was spectacular.

Up the Western Edge

Early the next morning I crossed Muscongus Sound to follow its western shore to Round Pond, where I had sailed into many times with my family, almost always in the fog. Today was different – sunny and clear, which made everybody very friendly. The tide was also with me, and sitting in a hand-powered boat in quite sheltered water I did not have to worry about the wind, as I did in the past while sailing, tacking against the tide through the very tight, ledge-studded Hockomock Channel. I even went behind Oar Island to finally see the wooden five-masted schooner *Cora Cressey*, beached there on the mud flats. She was built in Bath, Maine (1902) for the coal trade, being able to haul 2193 tons, but she ended up in Boston as a floating nightclub (1938), and when that failed, she was towed to its present location and served as a lobster pound, till her sides rotted out. I could not bring myself to take a picture of the old schooner hulk. It looked so abandoned, so sad, so dilapidated, so disrespectfully disposed of, slowly rotting into the mud. They should have poured gasoline on it years ago and had a glorious bonfire instead, as the Vikings did with their boats, or they should



A landing on Havener Ledge.

have scuttled it far out at sea; in either case, giving it a proper burial, sending its spirits free.

After that I pushed on with the remaining tide all the way up to Waldoboro, 16 miles up the Sound. Many an old coastal schooner, including the sister ship to *Cora Cressey*, the *Paul Palmer*, was built here in Waldoboro (in the same year of 1902), which I understand was mostly settled by Germans. I looked all around for the old shipyards – nothing, no boat shed, ramp, ways, forgotten logs or planks, absolutely nothing but two stone piers, one modern floating dock with one lobster boat tied to it, and one rowboat in the marsh grass in front of an old factory building which still seemed to be producing something, because the lights were still on.

The tide then ran out fast, leaving extensive grass-covered tidal mudflats on both shores. My chart indicated only a very thin channel at low water. Five miles below Waldoboro, I pulled out at the narrows of Havener Ledge. A small beach at the south side made landing easy, but lugging my camping gear up on top of that huge granite outcropping took some huffing and puffing. The view from the top of the ledge, though, was worth it, and the tiny one-tent camping spot right on its shoulder was very protect-

ed. A family with four kids had a friendly picnic on the beach. Answering all the questions the young kids had and showing them how all my gear worked, from my paddle, to compass, radar reflector, wiggle stick, tent, Crazy Creek chair and stove, was fun, being an “old teach.” I like curious people and always reward them.

More MITA Sites in the Bay

The next day was designed to criss-cross the center of Muscongus Bay, ending up on Thief Island. I checked out the sites on Hungry, Strawberry, and Crow Island, where I met an older solo canoeist in a short, shallow, flat-bottomed OLD TOWN camp-style canoe, which he propelled with a set of well-worn wooden kayak paddles. He seemed to be having a great time and claimed to have paddled all over the place. I was impressed, but was glad I was sitting in my covered Kuger sea canoe instead of that nutshell. Then I enjoyed a most charming passage behind Wolsgrover and Wharton Island, but when I stuck my bow back out into the Medomak River, it got windy. Whitecaps were forming in a hurry, and I danced my way from Hog to Louds, using Indian as the last jump-off point to Thief Island. The tide was such that I had to land on hard rock – ouch! and had to weight my tent



Thomas Island lighthouse.

down from the inside before I could raise it. But soon all was fine again in that little, protected, sumac grove campsite. Coffee and hot cocoa and eventually my culinary friend Dinty Moore lifted my spirits. I think it was beef stew, or maybe chicken stew; but then, they all taste alike in saltwater surroundings, especially when you “wash” your dishes in that brine – but mind you, I am not complaining here, just stating the way it is.

Friendship and the Southern Islands

The strong southeasterly of yesterday had changed to a strong northeasterly, as I crossed over from Thief to Black and from there right into the wind up into Friendship Harbor. I had to go there, for sure, if only to find a few old-fashioned Friendship sloops. My first sailing experience along the Maine coast was with a family friend sailing his home-built Friendship sloop, the *Nancy* (same as my wife Nancy). We sailed her from Portland to Boothbay, Friendship and Camden many times; so I was on the look-out for her or any other beautiful classic gaff-rigged fishing sloop. And finally I saw one: the mighty *Gladiator*; one of the finest and fastest Friendship sloops around these days.

Later that afternoon I saw her sail to Harbor Island and back under full sail. By

then the wind had picked up even more, and the skipper had to luff jib and main to stay upright. I guessed he was sailing short-handed and didn't have enough crew to reef both sails. Had I been aboard as a boatswain and had at least one other sailor to help me, I would have suggested tying in two reefs. (As a matter of fact, he should have reefed while still on his mooring, if he had listened to the NOAA weather report!)

After swinging around Garrison and Morse Island, I flew SW before the wind and was chased by breaking waves back to Black Island, where I had to land on the rocks again, between two huge erratics on the NE side, where you see those lovely lilac bushes up on shore. The camp site was flat, grassy and very sheltered, but at low tide, like tomorrow morning, when I had planned to leave, the rocks looked impenetrable with a heavy boat and gear, like real ankle twisters, which you cannot afford going solo. So I decided to break camp and carry my boat and all my gear along shore to the NE tip of the island, where there was a level seawall to camp on and a gently sloping beach to get to the water on. Better do it now than early in the morning, when it may also rain. I noted in the MITA site booklet for the lilac site, not to camp here if you plan on leaving around low tide.

The weather report for the next few days did not sound very promising: strong north-easterlies with heavy rain starting about 10:00 a.m. It was time to get off the bay. I was suddenly done. I had sniffed enough salt air, even tasted some salt water on my lips, danced enough to feel good and excited, but never out of control. It was a perfect six-day loop through the island world of Muscongus. All I had to do now was power my way 14.5 miles up the St. George River with the tide, but against the wind, back up to Thomaston, where I was to meet Nancy at High Noon, as usual.

And yes, at 12:00 noon I rounded the last corner, and there was my car and Nancy in her Gore-Tex suit and inside-out umbrella to protect her camera. What a girl! Thanks! It rained in buckets, but all my gear was in dry bags, so who cares. Nancy had even brought dry clothes for me. I briefly looked up at the other Waymouth cross on

shore, nodded respectfully, and then we were off.

Summary

84 mostly leisurely miles in six days (14 miles/day on average in 4.1 hrs/day), a much gentler pace than my usual 25 miles/day, when I am on a real trip to somewhere. On all MITA sites I was always alone. I saw only three other boaters in six days. Even in late August, the ocean is still not overcrowded, because it does take an effort to get out, always, and some skill, strength, but especially prudence to know when to persevere or when to quietly quit and pull out.

Yes, I needed that salt air, and I feel much better going into fall and our long winter-hibernation period up here in Maine. I already know I'll certainly be “down to the seas again” next year.

You too, keep paddling, be safe and enjoy.

Reinhard

reinhard@maine.edu

www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com

Sea Fever by John Masefield

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,

And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,

And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,

And the grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide

Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;

And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,

And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,

To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;

And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover

And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.



Boston Harbor: An Urban Kayak Adventure

Down the River and Through the Locks to Boston Harbor We Go!

Story and Photos by David Manzo and Jerry Wylie

After circumnavigating Manhattan in the fall of 2009, our group of six chose Boston for our second urban kayaking experience. Unlike our roundtrip Big Apple excursion (ACK March 2010), Boston was a one-way venture beginning in Christian Herter Park on the Charles River and ending on Carson Beach in South Boston, a distance of 16 miles.

Put-ins, with parking, in urban areas can be challenging. Fortunately, Boston is a kayak-friendly city. Our group met at 9 AM on Sunday, June 20, 2010, on the banks of the Charles River in Allston-Brighton, slightly upriver from the Eliot Bridge. Herter Park on Soldiers Field Road has free parking (without time limits on weekends).

The Charles River Canoe and Kayak Company, which has five kayak rental loca-

tions in greater Boston, graciously allowed us to store our kayaks overnight at their Herter Park site and to launch from their dock, free of charge.

Due to multiple dams, the currents in the Charles River Basin are negligible. Instead, kayakers' concerns are limited to crew races and winds which average 12 mph annually. We were lucky to encounter no winds and only a short delay for a sculling race in progress; the course marshal allowed us to pass if we hugged the shoreline.

Immediately after our launch we traveled under Eliot Bridge, which joins Cambridge and Boston. This three-arched, brick-clad bridge was named after Charles W. Eliot, the president of Harvard from 1869 to 1909. In the fall, the bridge serves as prime viewing for the Head of the Charles Regat-

A maze of columns under an old harbor pier. Photo by Steve North.

ta. For our group, it served as the beginning point for the six-mile portion of our trip on the river.

Karl Haglund's exquisite book, *Inventing the Charles River*, speaks of the river as "a great mirror held to Boston's most favoring profile." It was not always so, as every Red Sox fan knows from the Standells' song "Dirty Water:"

*Down by the River...
Down by the banks of the River Charles
That's where you'll find me
Along with lovers, muggers, and thieves.
I love that dirty water
'Oh oh, Boston, you're my home*

In 1955, Harper's Magazine described the Charles River as "foul and noisome,



The ornate boat houses on the Charles River are an architectural delight.

polluted by offal and industrious wastes, scummy with oil, unlikely to be mistaken for water.”

Today the Charles River is often called Boston’s Central Park. Its waterside parks and picturesque walkways are filled with people enjoying nature (including the occasional four-foot alligator, as we learned later!)

From the Eliot Bridge, we preceded three-quarters of a mile downstream to the Anderson Memorial Bridge, which stands on the site of the Great Bridge, which was built across the Charles River in 1662. The Anderson Bridge serves as the gateway to Harvard University with its colorful cupolas to our port and its business school to our starboard.



The tranquil Charles River Esplanade Park is full of picturesque footbridges and lily pad-covered ponds

We traveled under the John W. Weeks pedestrian bridge, replete with four obelisks and seals of the cities of Boston and Cambridge. Four bridges later we reached the Harvard Bridge and were introduced to the story of “Mr. Smoot.”

This structure, also known as the MIT or Mass Ave. Bridge, is the longest over the Charles River. It is also the only one measured in “Smoots.” In 1958, a group of MIT fraternity brothers measured the bridge by the length of Oliver Smoot’s 5 foot, 7-inch body. The length of the bridge? 364.4 smoots long, “plus one ear.”

Immediately after the Harvard Bridge, we headed to the Boston side of the river into four secluded lagoons that began the Charles River Esplanade Park. Created out of tidal marshes and mudflats in the 19th century, the Esplanade gives kayakers and pedestrians an intimate and tranquil experience along this section of the river. We slowed our pace to savor the gracefully arched foot-bridges and lily pad-covered ponds filled with ducks and curious turtles.

From our kayaks, we could clearly see the nearby 60-story John Hancock Building and easily imagine the July 4th fireworks and Boston Pop’s performance from the Hatch Memorial Shell.

Within a quarter of a mile, we reached the Longfellow, the river’s most magnificent bridge. Known to locals as the “Salt

and Pepper Shaker Bridge” due to the shape of its central towers, the Longfellow carries more than 125,000 people across the Charles River by car and subway each day. We took our time exploring the bridge’s ornate design, best viewed from the river.

Now we were at the end of the flat-water section of our trip. We “quacked” to the tourists on their amphibious Duck Boat Tours (it’s a local tradition), moved through the narrow waterway near the Boston Museum of Science and marveled at the new Zakim Bunker Hill Memorial Bridge, 270 feet overhead.

With a bit of trepidation we moved toward the Charles River Locks. We sounded our air horn, two long blasts, two short, and hoped that the lock operators would not laugh at kayakers wanting to enter their 200-foot bays. Soon a large cabin cruiser exited, the light turned green, and the six of us entered. The gates in front and in back of us were closed. The water level changed about 7.5 feet and we exited. Good-bye Charles River. Hello, Boston Harbor!

Immediately, winds, waves and boat traffic increased. Using our radios, we shared information about nearby motor craft and for the next 3.5 miles and enjoyed our sea-level views of the Old North Church, the Custom House Tower, Long and Rowes Wharfs, the Fish Pier and Downtown Boston. One member of our group spotted a four-masted tall ship docked in the distance, and soon we were by its side, waving to the friendly Spanish crew of the *Juan Sebastian Elcano*.

At the terminus of Fid Kennedy Avenue in South Boston, we found an unusual U-shaped pier. It proved to be a source for exploration as three members of our group traveled through its mussel-encrusted pilings for a third of a mile. It was like paddling through an ancient forest, the darkness eerily lit from a cold green light reflected underwater.

We had paddled ten miles; our stomachs were growling and other body parts were complaining.

One of Boston’s famous hot dog stands is Sullivan’s on Castle Island, the gateway to Harbor Islands National Recreation Area.

The lure of a Sully's hot dog got the best of our group. So we landed on a small gravel beach (available at low tide) at the north end of Castle Island, immediately in front of the monument to clipper ship master builder, Donald McKay.

Castle Island, originally offshore, is now attached to Boston by a causeway. It is home to Fort Independence, founded in 1634, America's oldest fully maintained fort. Local legend has it that an incident at the fort was inspiration for Edgar Allan Poe's macabre short story, *The Cask of Amontillado*.

Refreshed and rehydrated, we left Castle Island for the final six miles of our journey. Paddling south for 1.5 miles, we passed the west side of Spectacle Island on our way to Thompson Island.

Spectacle Island offers hiking, swimming, toilet facilities, drinking water and a visitor center with exhibits on its evolution and history (including gambling and other illicit activities). It sports panoramic views of the harbor and the city from the tallest hill on the harbor islands.

The distance along the south side of Thompson Island is 1.3 miles. Thompson ends at a small breach between Thompson Island and Squantum, a peninsula at the northernmost section of Quincy, Mass. At low tide, a brief portage would have been necessary. Except for two families who had arrived by powerboat to enjoy the beach, there was little evidence of civilization, and we could imagine we were in a remote part of the Maine coast.

Once a trading post between the Puritans and the Neponset Indians, and later the site of the Boston Asylum for Indigent Boys; today Thompson Island is managed by Outward Bound. Its salt marshes and low rolling hills are open to visitors by prior arrangement.

Once we were through the Thompson Island breach, dark clouds suddenly appeared. Checking weather radar (on a handheld device, showing a screen lit up like a Christmas tree!) it looked ominous, but we estimated it would just miss us. Watching over our shoulders, we hugged the western shoreline of Thompson, ready to come



The spectacularly ornate Longfellow Bridge is best viewed from the river.

ashore, should the weather change.

And change, it did! Winds at 25 mph, with higher gusts and strong rains soon appeared. Making no headway, we retreated hastily, using our paddles as sails, to Thompson Island and waited out the storm.

The old saying, "it's an ill wind that doesn't blow some good," was very fitting since Thompson Island provided both safety and a rocky beach filled with interesting artifacts – broken crockery, marbles, sea glass, and other assorted gifts from the ocean.

The sun soon reappeared and we set our sights for the John F. Kennedy Presidential Library on Columbia Point, one-mile distant. The black and white, nine-story library, designed by I.M. Pei, was a helpful and welcome beacon. From the library it was a short one-mile paddle to our take-out location at the sandy Carson Beach (free parking, too!) in South Boston, where we arrived just minutes before the skies opened up with a thunderstorm of Biblical proportions.

Our paddle around America's Cradle of Liberty had been a remarkably diverse trip through a range of landscapes and soundscapes: from the tranquility and charm of the upper Charles River, overlooked by Harvard and punctuated by the calls of coxswains giving instructions to their sculling teams, to the novelty of passing through locks and feeling the hum of traffic coming to and from the city, to the wide open hustle-and-bustle of the busy Boston Harbor filled with the sights and sounds of boat traffic and jets departing Logan airport, and finally



Under the bow of the Juan Sebastian Elcanor. Photo by Steve North.

to the quiet, wind-swept islands of the Harbor Islands National Recreation Area. It had been a rich feast, offering something for every taste.

We welcome you to come enjoy its history and waters!

Info:

National Geographic Adventure named Boston as one of its top ten urban kayaking cities. (<http://ngadventure.typepad.com/blog/top-ten-urban-kayaking-cities-.html>)

Kayakers interested in further exploration of the Boston Harbor should consider Lisa Gollin Evans' book, *Sea Kayaking, Coastal Massachusetts*.

Also see the following websites:

Charles River Watershed Association (www.crwa.org) and its Run of the Charles Race (www.crwa.org/rotc/rotc.html).

Boston Harbor Islands (www.nps.gov/ner/boha) and (www.bostonislands.com) For kayak rentals in Boston, see www.paddleboston.com.

David Manzo is president of Cotting School, teaches an urban studies course at Boston College, and is an ACA instructor.

Jerry Wylie is an ecotourism consultant, ACA instructor trainer, and owner of Connecticut Coastal Kayaking.

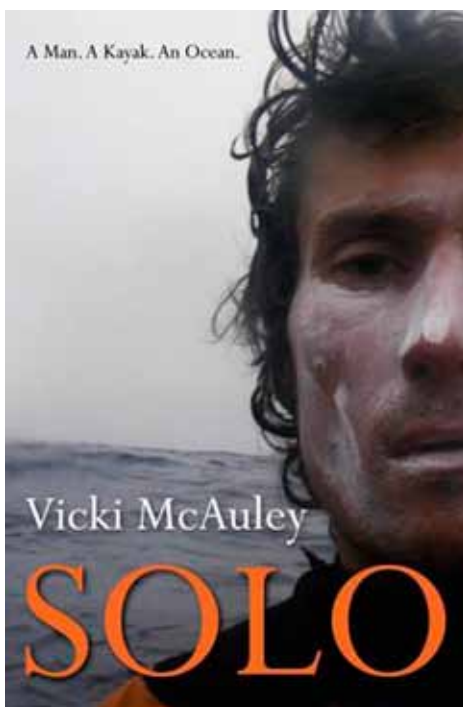
Book Review

Solo - A Man, A Kayak, An Ocean *By Vicki McAuley*

Reviewed by Sandy Robson

On Feb 11, 2007, I paddled out from Barenjoey Head, Australia. I was heading north after a day off in Sydney. I paddled and I felt so sad. I cried so much I couldn't see where I was going. I stopped and slumped forward on the deck of my kayak and just floated and thought. What a terrible loss - Andrew McAuley had made it to within a day's paddle of the New Zealand coast. He would have been able to see land. He was now missing, likely drowned. I cried a lot that day. It made me think about the risk. I thought about quitting, but then he would have wanted me to keep going. Andrew had emailed me. He had given me valuable advice and encouragement. Andrew wanted me to succeed. He thought it would be fantastic if a woman could "knock off" the Australian circumnavigation. I looked up to his achievements. I wondered why he wasn't carrying his EPIRB on his body. If only! I wished to the sea, that just maybe there could be some miracle and he was washed up on a beach and would hike back to safety in a miraculous survival tale. But deep down, I knew Andrew McAuley was with the spirits of the sea now.

In this world there are those who must have adventures in wild places because it is the essence of their soul and without it they are empty - nothing. In this world there are also those who do not understand this at all. The Andrew McAuley documentary film, *Solo*, aired in 2009 and explained some unanswered questions for me about what actually happened. There were lessons to be learned and "if onlys" too, however, I must admit to being surprised by some of the community reaction to the film. I didn't agree with the people who said, "He shouldn't have gone." It reminded me of the time I didn't talk to my sister for a month because she told me I was stupid for paddling in croc' country. Andrew wasn't stupid. He knew what he was doing. Andrew had prepared meticulously and had the assistance of the best people. I agreed with Vicki McCauley's (Andrew's



wife) last statement in the movie wholeheartedly, in my opinion, "He made it. Anyone that says otherwise can get stuffed. He made it."

I wanted to read *Solo - A Man, A Kayak, An Ocean*, by Vicki McCauley (Pan Macmillan Australia Pty Limited; 2010; ISBN: 978-1-405-04013-6) as soon as I saw it. I still had some unanswered questions. The book didn't answer any of my questions. He was out there alone in a kayak in one of the most remote places in the world. We won't ever really know what happened. I got something else out of this book. I started to appreciate what it is like for the ones who are waiting for us to return. I got more questions out of the book too - he wasn't wearing a PFD for most of the paddle. I had never realized that before. Looking back, he isn't wearing a PFD in any of the video footage, except when he departs. I questioned if I would have been wearing one. Trying to squeeze down inside the cockpit, sleeping in a PFD - yup it would have been annoying.

Vicki McAuley has written the book in three parts. Part One tells of the essence

of Andrew McAuley - the adventurer, the experiences leading up to this final expedition, and the adventure of being in a relationship with this man. It is a love story. I could totally relate to Vicki's descriptions of the intensity of the days and weeks before Andrew set out on his first attempt at the Tasman Sea. There are all of those things that end up having to be done in the last few days. This is a time when you would ideally like to be just enjoying precious remaining pre-trip time with your loved ones. Deep down, it is not what you want but you have to totally isolate yourself from everyone else and single-mindedly focus on just making everything right for the trip. It's a selfish time at the wrong time. I also related to the way Andrew's parents and siblings were feeling and reacting to his plans. Perhaps this book will make me more understanding of my own family.

Part Two tells the story of Andrew's paddle across the Tasman. Before he left, Andrew had a book deal with Pan Macmillan. He was writing pre-trip but wouldn't show Vicki what he had written. So this book really tells the true story by bringing together Andrew's pre-trip writing, Vicki's experiences as wife and support person, emails and letters sent in, also excerpts from the blog and movie. This part of the book really brought home to me how we deliberately censor ourselves and present what we want to present in on-line forums, like a blog. Our readers often think a blog is the reality, but there is always more to the story. This is why you have to read this book. Don't forget, the book is also always better than the movie!

Intermission

At this point of the book, you should have gone through about half a box of tissues. Save the rest of the box for Part Three. How is it that the dog always knows? You'll have to read the book to find out what I mean.

Part Three is the aftermath. The

adventurer set out on the journey alone. Those close to him wait. Waiting for the "OK" sent from the SPOT messenger, or the text message to say, "arrived safely." The wait can be excruciating. This story is such a tragedy. He doesn't come home. How do you deal with that? I really admire Vicki for her strength. She has somehow found her way through incredible grief to a point where she can complete the journey by writing this book on Andrew's behalf, because that is what he would have wanted.

So often, I meet a person for the first time and they find out I am a sea kayaker and they bring up Andrew McAuley and start voicing their opinions. I have to stop them before they say something that would offend his spirit. I then set them straight on what really happened. There are those in the world who dare to dream. Andrew McAuley was one of them. He inspired me.

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2011
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Logo by: Bone Valley II Jeffrey Lockyer

Atlantic Paddle Symposium

Terra Nova, Newfoundland

May 20-23 2011

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atlanticpaddlesymposium.com

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Send calendar listings to ackayak@comcast.net or ACK Calendar, P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938, or enter them online at www.atlanticcoastalkayaker.com.

NORTH ATLANTIC

SYMPOSIA AND SHOWS

March 25-27: Paddlesport 2011 Show, Somerset, N.J.

A kayak, canoe, and outdoor show, Garden State Exhibit Center, Somerset, N.J. Sponsored by The Jersey Paddler. Exhibits include manufacturers of kayaks, canoes, accessories, sportswear, paddling clubs, professional instruction, and expeditions. Lectures and video/slide shows of exotic trips and expeditions, plus paddling techniques. For more information, call (888) 22-KAYAK or visit www.jerseypaddler.com

April 16: Earth Day

April 28: Paddlers Film Festival

Eastland Hotel, Portland, Maine. Sponsored by the Maine Island Trail Assn. and Northern Forest Canoe Trail. MITA will also hold an auction during the festival. www.mita.org

April 30-May 1: Collinsville Canoe & Kayak Annual Spring Demo Weekend & Storewide Sale

Saturday 9-6; Sunday 10-5. Free. Major manufacturers on hand; demo equipment; classes, talks, and tips. Friendly staff on hand. Rain or shine. 41 Bridge St. (Rte. 179), Collinsville, CT; (860) 693-6977; www.ckstore.com

April 30-May 1: Paddlesports Kick-off Weekend

Old Saybrook, CT. Sponsored by North Cove Outfitters. 100's of canoes and kayaks for sale. 10-5 on Sat, 10-4 on Sun. 75 Main St., Old Saybrook. www.northcove.com.

May 20-22: Adirondack Paddlefest

Old Forge, N.Y. Sponsored by Mountainman Outdoor Supply Co. More than 1,000 canoes and kayaks on sale. Test paddle kay-

aks. Presentations and clinics. Live music, food, and fun for the whole family. www.mountainmanoutdoors.com

May 21: Contoocook River Kayak & Canoe Demo Day

Contoocook River Canoe Co., Concord, N.H. More than 200 kayaks and canoes to demo, talk to the reps. On-the-hour in-water and on-land presentations. Call (603) 753-9804 or www.contoocookcanoe.com

June 11-12: 21st Annual Atlantic Canada Sea Kayaker's Meeting

Tangier, Nova Scotia. Discover one of the best paddling destinations in eastern Canada. Clinics, slides shows, kayak swap and sale, traditional church supper. Pre and post meeting sessions: June 10 – Tidal Current Clinic on the Shubenacadie tidal river in the Bay of Fundy; June 13 – Surfing Clinic at Clam Harbour Beach. Special Guests: Jim Price, Eastern Edge Outfitters, Paddle Canada Senior IT and Chris Lockyer (BCU 5 Star). Scott Cunningham, (877) 404-2774; www.coastaladventures.com

June 24-26: Wooden Boat Show

Mystic Seaport, Mystic, Ct. Enjoy hundreds of wood-crafted boats including kayaks, test paddle, seminars, programs, special events; www.thewoodenboatshow.com

RACES

April 30: 29th Annual Run of the Charles Greater Boston.

Series of professional and amateur canoe and kayak races for ages 12 and up, with more than 1,500 participants. Races wind along the Charles River through Dedham, Needham, Newton, Wellesley, and Waltham to Herter Park, Soldiers Field Road, Allston. Take note: The six miler is portage-free. Sponsored by the Charles River Watershed Association. Race or Volunteer. Contact: (508) 698-6810 or rotc@crwa.org or registration at www.crwa.org

July 23: Blackburn Challenge

Gloucester, Mass. 23-mile race on mainly open water, circumnavigating Cape Ann. The race is open to anyone, but there is a half-way checkpoint with a time limit, and a full race pull-out limit of six hours. For race info and online registration, www.blackburnchallenge.com. Or email Donna-Lind@comcast.net or call (978) 764-9407

SOUTH ATLANTIC

SYMPOSIA AND FESTIVALS

April 15-17: 20th Annual East Coast Canoe & Kayak Festival James Island County Park, Charleston, S.C.

One of the premier kayaking events of the year. Lectures, on-water classes, and demonstrations. Four classes run at the same time. Refine your skills in a master class. Learn strokes, rescues, or rolls. Leading expoerts in the paddling world. Demos. For more information www.ccprcevents.com

April 17: Paradise Coast Paddlers Festival

Naples, Fla. www.napleskayakcompany.com or www.paradisecoastpaddlers.com

EVENTS

March 19: River Quest 2011

Downtown Beaufort Waterfront Park, 1106 Bay Street, Beaufort, SC. 10:00 a.m. Start Time. Kayak, Canoe, Canoe Outriggers, and Paddleboard races of 3.0 miles or 7.4 miles. www.active.com or www.HigherGroundBeaufort.com

June 4: Cross Florida Challenge 2011

Cross Over the Top of Florida. This Challenge is 370 miles long and includes a 40-mile portage between St. George and Fargo, Georgia. It travels up the St. Marys River, crosses over to the Suwannee, travels down the Suwannee and then turns left at the Gulf of Mexico headed for Cedar Key. The distance is roughly 370 miles and there is a time limit of 8 days. This route is also Stage 4 of the Ultimate Florida Challenge. www.watertribe.com

GREAT LAKES

SYMPOSIA AND SHOWS

March 11-13: Canoecopia

Alliant Energy Center, Madison, Wisc. One of the biggest paddlesports shows in the country. Sponsored by Rutabaga. www.canoecopia.com

July 13-17: Great Lakes Sea Kayak Symposium

Grand Marais, Mich., south shore Lake Superior. Four tracks to choose from: beginner, expedition, traditional, kids. Slide shows, develop skills, reconnect with friends, demo equipment. www.downwind-sports.com

Klassifieds

Klassified ads for personally-owned gear are free to subscribers; \$0.25 per word, per issue for all others. Photos are \$5 each. We will run your ad for two issues. Deadline for ad submission is the 10th of the month before the issue of publication.



NECKY ARLUK III

Fiberglass (composite). Beautiful touring sea kayak, completely refinished with new gel coating on the bottom and trim line. This boat has Kevlar reinforcement in bow and stern areas. This is an excellent buy for a composite boat that is solid, functional and lightweight. Front and rear compartments have new neoprene hatch covers under the hard shell covers, deck lines, bungies, and new Fastex straps and buckles. After the time and expense of restoring this boat, and to keep it pristine, I am not going to paddle it and risk compromising the finish of this wonderful boat. If you are familiar with the Arluk series, then you will already know what a great boat this is. I will deliver to buyer within 100 miles of Atlanta for no charge, providing they pay up front. Additional mileages may be negotiated. \$1350. Roger Lance, Buford, Georgia (30519), rogerlance@atex-usa.com (4)

Handmade CHESAPEAKE 17'

White with varnished deck and rubrails. Skeg (no rudder). Perfect condition. Write for photo. Greenland paddle. \$2,400. puck-purnell@mac.com (5)

NDK ROMANY

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, \$2675, Albany, NY Area, Call Charlie @ 518-234-9235 or ccummins55@gmail.com (4)

12' WOOD DUCK HYBRID

Okume mahogany hull and cedar strip deck. Full fiberglass and epoxy encapsulation = very low maintenance. Weighs < 40 Lbs. High capacity - paddler & gear up to 275 Lbs. Doug, Ultralight Small Craft, Island Heights, NJ; dga1052@verizon.net (03)

SKIN ON FRAME

Western Greenland style. 17x19 approx. wt. 48 lbs. Made of #10 duck canvas. Color dull red. 2nd owner. Used for rolling practice only. \$500.00 (Bill) (401)397-9622 (11)

THREE RUSSIAN BAIKARKAS

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's 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, call 207 255-0532 or email beegrant@gmail.com (10)

DRYBAG MATERIAL

Seattle Fabrics (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 beegrant@gmail.com (10)

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'C' cockpit, blue over white, rope skeg, compass, cockpit pump. Exc. condition.

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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 (9)

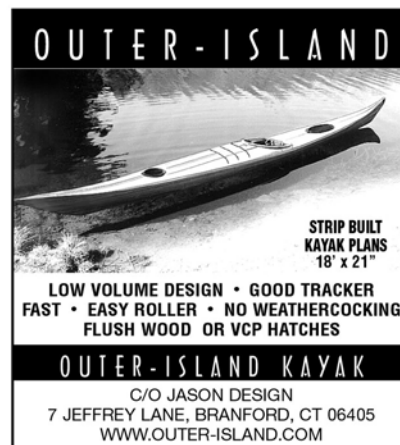
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