

PADDLER

www.ricka.org

Newsletter of the Rhode Island Canoe/Kayak Association Vol. XXXI No. 11 November, 2008

November Club Meeting: Monday, Nov. 17, 7 p.m.
Jim Cole, Bill Luther & Chuck Horbert
NFCT: "The best vacation in 62 years"

Bill writes, "I don't know about the rest of the group, but if I finish this NFCT by the time I'm 70 I will feel that I've accomplished something. I'm doing it in small portions in 4-6 day chunks. It is a beautiful wilderness journey that you have to savor one bite at a time. It's not something that we own or discovered. It's always going to be there.

As far as I'm concerned the through-paddlers are just churning out miles and belong to the nutty bunch. We're doing it as a team so that we have something to talk about when we get older."

Read Chuck's great story about the trip (starting at right), then come to the meeting to learn more.

Photo by Chuck Horbert



Jim, Bill and Chuck (and possibly others) will present a slide show with an overview of the Northern Forest Canoe Trail, and talk about the sections already completed by the group.

You'll see pictures from the most recent trip, and find out how they handled rain, black flies, unmarked trails and damaged gear—and still had one of their very best trips ever.

They can also answer questions about their other trips, and about the gear and skills you need if you think you might like to plan a similar trip.

This meeting will be held at the Jewish Community Center in Providence. Directions are on page nine.

The Best and the Worst of Wilderness Canoeing in Maine

by Chuck Horbert

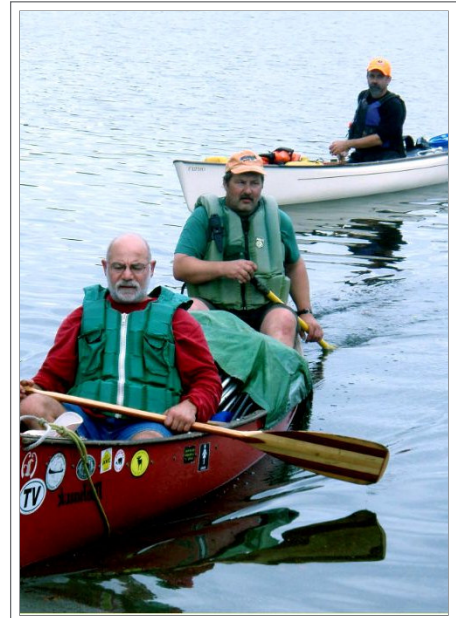
Here is an account of a fine canoe trip through the north woods of New England by six intrepid canoeists along the North Forest Canoe Trail, from Errol, NH to Rangeley, ME. God Rest our Weary Souls.

The Crew and Equipment: Chuck, OC-1 (Hemlock Canoe Works SRT); Tommy, OC-1 (Swift Osprey); Mike and Al, OC-2 (Mad River Explorer 17); Jim and Bill, OC-2 (Rockwood Outfitters Prospector 16).

The Androscoggin (let the rains begin): We all spent our travel time to Errol enjoying the fine weather. Most of us

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Photo by Jim Cole



From the President

This is the last issue of the Paddler for 2008. While some of you will continue to paddle through the winter I expect most of you are thinking about stowing your paddling gear until next season. This is a good time to take a look back at what was accomplished in 2008.

Your club had a very busy year with well over 100 paddles scheduled in the white water, flat water, and sea kayaking areas. A number of training sessions were provided to club members by the paddling groups, including rolling clinics, flat water and sea kayaking skill sessions, and a white water training weekend. The club also supported a leadership training session. It is most important to recognize that all of this could not have been accomplished without the generous efforts of a large number of volunteers. Club volunteers plan and coordinate the on-the-water paddles; plan and execute the training sessions; and work behind the scenes running the various bulletin boards and list servers that provide so much information to our members.

In addition 11 issues of the Paddler were produced and 11 monthly meetings- with a speaker- were organized. We had a Spring Fling and auction, but this year the club did not hold either a white water or flat water race for the first time in many years.

I as well want to recognize the efforts of the RICKA Board. The board includes the paddling chairs that organize the weekly paddles, work with the paddle coordinators, and organize the paddling calendars. Board members maintain, update, and improve the RICKA website; take care of the annual memberships; account for the money that flows in and out of the club's treasury; edit, produce, and distribute the Paddler; deal with safety concerns; and plan and find the speakers for the monthly meetings. Board members meet monthly to discuss matters of importance to the club and to the sport. The monthly meeting

activities go from the mundane stuffing of the Paddler into envelopes and putting on the labels to the ongoing review and rewrite of the RICKA Constitution and By-Laws.

If you have yet to put some time in supporting club activities please consider doing so in the coming year. We have several vacancies on the board. Maybe you have a favorite paddling site that you could coordinate a trip to or perhaps you have a special paddling skill or talent that could be added to a training session or spoken about at a monthly meeting. Contact anyone on the board to begin the process.

Wishing you all a happy holiday season and looking forward to getting back on the water in 2009.

2009 Rolling Clinics Announced

RICKA volunteers will be holding two, two-week rolling clinics at the Barrington YMCA, 70 West St on four Saturday nights from 6pm to 8pm.

Session #1 January 10 & 17 6pm - 8pm; session #2 January 31 & February 7 6pm - 8pm

The cost is \$55 per person for each two-week session. Practice time without instruction will be \$10 per week or \$15 for any two-week period. Pre-registration is *required*, with a maximum of 10 students per night. Instructors will provide small 8-10 foot boats. Please bring bathing suit, PFD, towels, wet suits or other cool water attire and eye or ear protection if desired. The club does not have a refund policy in case of bad weather immediately before or during these events.

The Barrington YMCA is located at 70 West Street in Barrington. In the center of town turn onto Maple Avenue at the light (can only go in one direction), turn left onto West Street and follow to end.

Registration form is on page five

EXECUTIVE BOARD

Next meeting: **TUESDAY, Dec 30 @ 7pm** (note change)

The PADDLER is published monthly except December by the Rhode Island Canoe Association, Inc. It is mailed from Providence on the Thursday 1 1/2 weeks preceeding the third Monday. It is not available by subscription, but is included in the cost of membership in the Association.

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Best and Worst

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left from RI, and we met Tommy up in Errol with plenty of time to do the shuttle. After checking in with the ranger for camping on Umbagog, we dropped off our gear at the put in just above the dam in Errol on the Androscoggin River. There, Mike & Bill & I waited while the others shuttled two of the vehicles over to Rangeley. And waited, and waited, watching the clouds grow thicker and “staying hydrated”. A couple hours or so later, and the crew arrived, and we started to get underway. That is exactly when the rain started. Fortunately it stayed light, and did not dampen our spirits as we paddled 3.5 miles up-river to Lake Umbagog.

Umbagog Lake (Hello Hurricane Kyle): This great lake greeted us with both a bald eagle and a temporary end to the rainfall. The rain held off while we set up camp and cooked dinner, and even for a little while after we got a fire going, but then it came back in earnest. A hurricane was coming up the coast, due to hit Maine the next day, and was pushing moisture well inland despite our best efforts to convince ourselves the forecast called for starry skies and fair winds. An hour after it started, Jim discovered that he had left his tent door wide open, and was greeted with a wet sleeping bag and the need to move the tent under a tarp. This would be the first of a string of unfortunate events for Jim. The tarp soon was providing cover for a population of other canoeists chased away from the fire by the rain. It was an early bedtime.

It rained all night and into the next morning, and we enjoyed our powerbars and freeze-dried Styrofoam eggs in our rainjackets, looking fruitlessly around for the sun to show up. The far shore was shrouded in fog and low clouds. Loons moaned in the mist. We quickly broke camp and started our first long day of travel, headed across the lake to the Rapid River

Rapid River (the long walk): The Rapid River is...full of rapids, and there is no way to even pole up it. So one has to

portage up along side of it to reach Middle Dam, which forms Upper and Lower Richardson Lakes. After some exploration, we discovered the beginning of the portage trail right at the foot of the last rapid. Further scouting confirmed previous reports that the first quarter mile or so of this 3+ mile portage is not remotely cartable. So we started walking back and forth, hoofing our gear and boats up the narrow path, in the continuous rain. Sweat and rain...the water has nowhere to go, and even the best of rain gear became soaked through. Yuck. At the end of this path we set up our boats on the portage carts for the rest of the 3-mile hike.

The rest of the portage is along a seasonally-used logging or access road that leads to Lower Richardson Lake. The Rapid River can be heard, but seldom is seen, to the side. This road IS cartable, provided one is careful with the load and always watches where the

wheels go, to avoid rocks and ruts that may shift the load. But do not underestimate it. Jim and Bill, unfortunately, were not careful enough, resulting in a rather dramatic catastrophic failure of one wheel

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Photo by Chuck Horbert

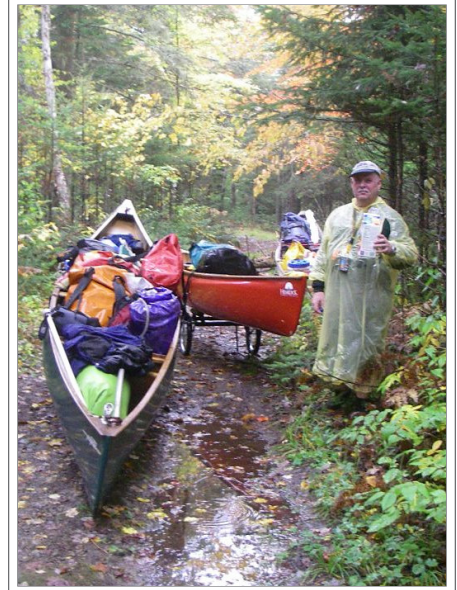


Photo by Jim Cole



The Rhode Island Canoe/Kayak Association (Rhode Island Canoe Association, Inc.), although safety conscious, cannot guarantee your personal safety in club activities. You are responsible for the adequacy of your own skills, training and equipment when engaging in or attending RICKA activities. A PFD—worn as intended by the manufacturer—is a requirement for all RICKA trips.

Best and Worst

Continued from page 3

of Jim's cart, which bent into the shape of a taco.

This of course happened with about 2 miles still left to walk. We divvied up some gear, and left the boat and cart behind, with the plan to return with another cart once we all reached the lake. That we did, and while Mike and Al and I stayed behind, the other three returned to retrieve the boat. During the wait, the rain stopped. We figured this to be about a 2-3 hour venture or more, so we were happy when Tommy returned to report that Bill and Jim had found someone back at a group of cabins we had passed earlier, and got him to help them retrieve the boat and gear with an ATV and a trailer. They soon showed up with the boat on a GMC Suburban (the ATV-trailer combo was a bit difficult to actually ride on). After loading up the boats again, and after Jim and Billy fed the black flies (yes, clouds of black flies, in late September! Global climate change at work for you!), we were on our way again!

Lower Richardson Lake (paddling to the end of the world): It had already been a long day once we started actually paddling again, and the rain started on cue as we set off from shore. Not steady, though...we could see each rain squall approach across the water as we proceeded north towards The Narrows. From a distance, The Narrows looks like the end of the world, especially when the clouds and fog and rain are centered right over it like a linebacker guarding the end zone. As we were gazing upon this, Jim piped up: "I think we have a problem here...my boat is leaking." His good luck continues! Fortunately, the leak was slow, and Tommy lent him a bailer. We continued through the narrows, and then headed towards the southeast side of Upper Richardson, eventually landing on Metallak Island to camp. This time, the rain didn't take a break to let us set up, so we all had some water in our tents by the time we were done. It was a low point for most of us...Jim had already experienced his low point with his cart, so it wasn't so bad for him.

Fortunately, our camp was near an empty cabin that, while locked, still offered the refuge of a dry screened porch. This is where we gathered after dinner to dry out, drink up, and bleed off some of the stress of the day. A bottle of Sailor Jerry was sacrificed to the cause. Al decided he would crash for the night right there. During the night, the rain stopped and a stiff north breeze began to blow.

Upper Richardson (where is the portage?): To get to Mooselookmeguntic Lake, one has to portage along a short (250 yard) trail from Upper Richardson. This trail is nowhere near the dam. Although Mike and I reviewed the map together, I did not emphasize this fact. This is how, after breaking down camp in (finally) dry weather and fighting a headwind for 2 miles, I started to stress out again when he, Al, Jim and Bill, who were way out ahead, totally passed the trail. Tommy and I had little choice but to follow. A quarter mile later, we caught up with them at a private dock, looking for a portage trail that didn't exist. None of us was about to turn around though, so we took advantage of the time of year and the lack of residents to use the dock and portage across the yards, to Mooselookmeguntic Lake. We suffered only a minor scolding from the dam keeper.

Mooselookmeguntic Lake (Look! No moose!): Despite its fearsome reputation, we found this enormous lake to be pretty easy to deal with. We had set what we thought to be an unrealistic goal to paddle all the way to Stony Batter Point at the upper end of the lake, and were pleasantly surprised that a couple hours of rain-free paddling into a light wind got us the entire way by 3:00 in the afternoon!

It was so nice to not rush our camp set up. We didn't have sun, but there was no rain or breeze or bugs to speak of. We could set up clotheslines and tents at leisure, and gather up a nice mess of unguarded firewood. There were moose tracks up and down the beach, but no moose. A flock of about 20 loons appeared off shore, barking like a pack of Yorkshire terriers. Barking mad loons..ha! We found out later that this is how loons gather to prepare for migration.

We enjoyed a fine campfire and a good amount of rowdiness. Another two bottles of Sailor disappeared. Mike, Tommy and I tried to explain that since all of the others had just completed two days of canoeing and camping with at least three Menacing Duckheads (a society of paddlers dedicated to Canoeing, Camping and Carousing), they could now all consider themselves Menacing Duckheads. Three Duckheads go out, six come back! So Bill started killing us with an impression of a Don Corleone getting all nervous about Duckheads muscling into his territories. "I don't know about these Duckheads. No rules, just right. That's not right. Something's got to be done about them." Etc. I also added to the entertainment by doing a reasonably good impression of James Brown. We burned all the wood.

The Carry Road (finally, a portage trail we can live with): We woke up to a fine, cloudy, windless day the next morning. Sometime during the nighttime reveries, someone had gotten the idea that there might be a breakfast place on the Carry Road to Rangeley, and we all bought into it. So we ate very light, packed up, and were off of Stony Batter Point by around 8:00.

It was a quick 20 minute paddle across the mile of Mooselookmeguntic to reach Haines Marina and the beginning of the road. This road is paved all the way to Rangeley Lake. Sometime the previous day, Jim administered some field repairs to the wanked wheel of his portage cart with an axe, and it actually worked! We all had to redistribute some gear to lighten his canoe's load, but that sucker made it all the way to Rangeley Lake. Also, in what was one of the highlights of the trip, we actually did come across a nice restaurant along the way and dug into a hearty breakfast of real eggs and real bacon and real coffee. Mmmmm!

Rangeley Lake (a nice ending?): When we arrived at the lake, our final leg, it was practically glass. No wind, just lightly undulating, oil-painting quality water. A couple hours of easy paddling got us to the end of this

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Best and Worst

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segment. Except for the ever-present clouds, this was pretty close to the opposite of the start of our trip days before. Low hills bedecked in bright fall colors surrounded us. A nice pleasant change of pace.

It was all done but the packing and the shuttle back to Errol. At least it would have been, but...

Route 95 (the continuation of Jim's bad luck): Around the Portsmouth Tolls on the way back to Rhode Island, Jim's van began to ping. This quickly became a knock, which soon graduated to a clatter. Bad. Sounded expensive. But we had no choice but to continue. The van got louder and louder. Somehow we got to Mikes with all the valves still intact, but by the time we got there, the engine sounded as if a gang of hyperactive monkeys with wrenches were beating a samba rhythm on his cylinders.

Jim's reaction after all of his hardships of this trip? To quote from a follow-up e-mail of his: "That was the best vacation I've had in 62 years"

Now that is the reaction of a guy I could do a few canoe trips with.

-Chuck Horbert 2008©

Coastal Maine tide change a mystery

October 30, 2008

BOOTHBAY HARBOR, Maine— Meteorologists are baffled by rapid tidal changes along the Maine coast, which damaged some boats and piers.

Witnesses say low tide turned and became high within a matter of minutes on Tuesday afternoon. The changes occurred six or seven times. The National Weather Service says reports from several locations indicated that water levels fell and rose from 4 feet to as much as 12 feet during the event.

In a public information statement, the weather service says the cause "remains a mystery and may never be known."

It said significant rapid rises and falls in tide levels were observed around 3 p.m. in Boothbay Harbor, Southport and Bristol. The statement said rapid surges can be caused by the underwater movement of land, most often due to an earthquake, or due to slumping of sediments along a steep canyon or shelf, but no earthquakes were reported in the area Tuesday.

A similar event occurred on Jan. 9, 1926, in Bass Harbor, the statement said.

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Support Environmental Education

Move over Mr. Potato Head. The new state environmental plates, sporting the image of an osprey, support environmental education.

Half of the one-time \$41.50 fee goes to Save The Bay and the Audubon Society of Rhode Island to fund environmental education programs.

To get the osprey plates, your license plate must have five digits or less. If you have a six-digit plate, you can exchange it at the registry for a one-time fee.

Email or call Kate at kschreitmueller@savebay.org or 401-272-3540, x106 with your name and mailing address to request a **License Plate Order Packet**.



ROLLING CLINIC REGISTRATION FORM

Name: _____

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Session 1:
January 10 & 17

Session 2:
Jan. 31 & Feb. 7

Mail registration form with check (\$55 payable to RICKA) to:
Bill Luther
128 Oakland Avenue
Seekonk, MA 02771

Stranded for six hours, kayaker rescued off breakwater

By John Nickerson
The (Stamford, CT) Advocate

10/30/2008

DARIEN - A 59-year-old Darien kayaker was plucked off rocks surrounding the Greens Ledge lighthouse at 11 p.m. Tuesday after being stranded on the breakwater for six hours, police said.

Holbrook Baker, who was working for a Butlers Island resident Tuesday afternoon, was acting as a "good Samaritan" by retrieving boats that broke from their moorings or slips on Five Mile River, Sgt. Jeremiah Marron said.

Baker, an avid boater, spotted a third dinghy blowing down the river at 3 p.m. and climbed into a 12-foot kayak to haul the boat, which was floating 100 feet off Butlers Island, back to shore, Marron said.

When he got out to the boat, Baker was unable to fight his way back to Butlers Island, and rough seas and heavy winds blew the kayak toward Long Island.

Baker steered toward the lighthouse, which is 1.2 miles south of Butler Island. At 4 p.m. Baker landed on the lighthouse breakwater of boulders and nestled the boat over a gap in the rocks. He took shelter from the wind and rain underneath.

Not realizing Baker had not returned, Baker's employer did not call police until 8 p.m.

With help from Norwalk and Stamford police marine units, Darien marine police began searching in 40-mph winds, rain and 5-foot seas, Marron said.

Shortly before 11 p.m., Darien police saw Baker's kayak wedged between the rocks. They called to him on the boat's speaker.

Norwalk marine police used their rigid-hull inflatable vessel to rescue Baker at 11 p.m..

"He ended up battening down the hatches for the long run," Marron said.

Baker was wearing a life jacket but did not have a cell phone, Marron said.

He was transported to an awaiting ambulance in Ziegler's Cove, but Baker declined medical treatment, Marron said.

US Coast Guard Auxiliary: Don't play Russian Roulette with your life

Tue 10/21/08

LOS ANGELES - This past weekend the Coast Guard and other rescuers searched the waters about 100 feet from a breakwater in southern California for a man who fell overboard from a small boat. The man was not wearing a life jacket. Unfortunately stories like this are not that uncommon, boaters and their passengers unexpectedly find themselves in the water all too often. Some survive and unfortunately some do not. This man did not survive. Not wearing a life jacket while boating, including, canoeing, kayaking and stand-up paddle-boarding, is like playing "Russian Roulette." The chances of a non-swimmer surviving a fall overboard if not wearing a lifejacket are remote if not rescued quickly. Coast Guard personnel, including the Auxiliary are required to wear life jackets at all times while underway on vessels under 65 feet in length. Not to wear a lifejacket whether you are a swimmer or not is to take an unnecessary risk - you never know when you might end up in the water.

Maine man shot in hand on hunting trip

By Kevin Miller, Bangor Daily News

Waterville resident Keith Inman was wounded in the hand Saturday when a gun discharged while he and his hunting buddy were unloading a canoe on the Sebasticook River.

Inman apparently grasped the loaded gun by the barrel, and it discharged when the lower portion of the gun struck the side of the canoe, according to Deborah Turcotte, spokeswoman for the Maine Department of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife.

"The wardens say never travel with a loaded gun, whether it be in your car, on your person or in your boat," Turcotte said. "Wait to load it when you are ready" to hunt.

Turcotte said Saturday's incident was the fourth hunting-related injury in Maine during the past month.

SPECIAL SAVINGS FOR RICKA MEMBERS

The Kayak Centre:

Glass boats 7% off normal retail; plastic boats 12% off normal retail; accessories with boat purchase 15% off, 10% off all other times for RICKA members.

- Brown and Phillips Streets, Wickford
- 1-888-SEA-KAYAK
- www.kayakcentre.com

Canoe Passage Outfitters:

Glass and Kevlar boats, 10% off retail; polyethylene boats 15% off retail; accessories, trips and instructions, 10% off regular prices.

- 120 Ingell Street, Taunton, MA 02780 (800) 689-7884
- 277 Water Street, Warren, RI (401)245-9025
- www.canoepassage.com

Ocean State Adventures:

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- www.kayakri.com

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- 489 Old County Rd, Westport, MA
- (508) 636-0300
- www.ospreyseakayak.com

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- 267 Thames St., Bristol
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- www.northwindsports.com

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- 4019 Quaker Lane, North Kingstown
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WaveLength Magazine

Offers a \$10 introductory "Club Sub" for new subscribers (the regular price is \$15). Send a check with your name and mailing address along with a note saying you're a RICKA member to: WaveLength Magazine, 2735 North Rd., Gabriola, BC, Canada, V0R 1X7. www.WaveLengthMagazine.com

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Panama river run almost the death of me

By Scott Willoughby, *The Denver Post*

11/03/2008

BOQUETE, Panama — Box or bag, I wondered. In a stream of consciousness flash, I was certain my lifeless body would return home in one or the other.

My second day in Panama doubled as Dia de los Muertos, the Day of the Dead, celebrated by many Latin cultures around Halloween in remembrance of those who have left this world. I had no prior knowledge of that macabre irony when I first visited John Miller of Boquete Outdoor Adventures to sample Central America's emerging dream destination for whitewater kayaking five years ago. But on the eve of my return, the haunting memory lives on as we lumber toward the headwaters of the Rio Chiriqui along the Continental Divide near its southern terminus in Panama in John's Toyota Land Cruiser.

The muddy road is as remote as they get, but it carries us to whitewater Shangri-La.

The Frijoles run is named for the bean-cleaning session John shared with pro paddler Andrew Holcombe the night before that brake-free first descent of this section a year earlier. In the optimistic mental game of Class V kayaking, clean beans (frijoles) hopefully translate to clean lines on the creek, so the duo named the first long, continuous rapid "String Bean," following suit up to the last waterfall at "Frijole Finale."

Maybe it's fatigue, maybe nerves, a new boat or my first Class V creek run since shoulder surgery. Whatever the case, I'm not paddling my best. I'm hesitant but now committed. The drive-in could only be superceded by the hike out — steep, muddy, jungle, remote, brutal. From here on, the rocky river is the only realistic option.

I'm upside down in my kayak more often than normal today, although never in a critical spot, rolling easily. Still, it gets in my head. "Think less, paddle more," I tell myself, and it seems to work.

Between flips, the scenery is stellar. It's California-style steep creeking, with round, polished granite and cool slot drops separating clearwater horizons.

The water level is on the high side of good, but increasing with every rain-fed tributary we pass. We quicken our pace due to flash flood potential.

Rounding a blind bend, I find John parked unexpectedly in an eddy. I attempt the move, late, momentarily surfing the seam of current and searching over my shoulder for a clean route before I wash downstream. I spin the boat and point it toward the left side of a boulder when I hear John call out, "Go right!" I abandon my plan and follow his advice toward a cascading ledge-drop ending in a deep pool. It looks friendly enough, so I follow the flow and set my paddle blade for a stroke.

But when I hit the lower ledge, my bow rises suddenly and all momentum is lost. I stall and stick to the sharp rocks, water flowing over my head.

The world turns white, but the brim of my helmet provides a small air pocket around my nose and mouth. I'm broached, but breathing, and try to push my back off the upper ledge to catch the river's power and move forward. Before I can, the window closes and the air disappears.

John is right there, I think. Maybe he can grab the boat and help coax it out. Instead, the boat begins to slip farther backward into the fissure, and I'm fully pinned now, back against the wall, feet above my head in a jackknife position. There is nothing left to breathe, and I can feel the boat's stern wedging deeper into the crevice. The water pressure is incredible. I try reaching my hand up, then the paddle, but can't feel the surface. It has been more than 30 seconds now, and I'm doubting help will come. This is how people die on rivers.

The air in my lungs begins to expire. I'm feeling weak, going gray. The dying part will suck, but it could be worse. This is painless, I think, fading away. Then I think of my mother. She's going to be mad when the box arrives.

It's dreamlike, but the reality of finality sparks the survival instinct. I can feel the edge of the ledge below my right elbow. Maybe a cave, maybe a coffin. There's not enough space for me and the kayak, but I can't get out. I force myself deeper into the

cave, limbo my shoulder and head beneath the ledge, and manage to slide the kayak off my waist as my trapped legs go limp. I claw my way to the bottom of the river, praying there is a hole big enough for my body to squirm through to the other side. I realize this could be my tomb. Dead or alive, I may never come out.

I've been underwater more than a minute now, and there is no time for second-guessing. I swim to the bottom of the river and force my way through the gap. I can see light again, the surface, and my life vest carries me back to air just before I black out completely.

With no strength to swim, the river pushes me over two more drops. I watch helplessly as my paddle washes downstream. John is in the river now too, swimming for me, then the boat I'd pushed out of the entrapment as I wash into a pool behind a boulder. Papito, another local paddler, helps me to the safety of the bank.

After a time, I hike back up to look at the death trap. It's almost invisible but for the slightest swirl in the aerated whitewater that drains through the sieve of rock. No one knew it was there. Another in our group had stopped three feet upstream and never saw it.

Shaken, I run two more small drops with the spare breakdown paddle, then carry my boat out to the lone trail just above the biggest drop, Frijole Finale.

Papito hikes out with me as the others paddle down to the waiting Nite Train.

Before long, I'm wishing I had paddled the remainder of the river and pause to rest from the weight of my boat and circumstance. The rain begins. Pouring. I look at my watch and it strangely reads 99:59.59. I ponder, one second more?

"You were gone for a long time," Papito says quietly.

"I know," I say. "I thought I died."

"But you didn't," he reassures.

"Nope. One more day."

"*Muchas dias mas*," he smiles, many more days.

Si. Viva Panama!

Classifieds

You must be a RICKA member to have an ad posted. For more classifieds, go to www.ricka.org. If an item sells or if you change your mind about selling it, please notify the Webmaster as soon as possible. Thank you.

Betsie Bay Recluse 19 feet by 20.5 inches. Fast, fun boat, and a good roller. New hatches, decklines forward of cockpit, gel seat insert, and backband. Sprayskirt included. \$1,900.00 Contact Wayne at wsmith16@charter.net (10/15)

Hull-A-Port kayak rack, used once, new July 08, \$ 85.00 Pat 401-480-3508 (10/4)

P&H Capella RM166 Lava red poly sea kayak with a skeg, 3 bulkheads, and a day hatch. Length 16' 7", Beam 22" Weight 54 lbs. Good condition, great overall performance and a fine boat for the Bay! Cost-\$750 Contact Joe Sherlock 603-325-0046 email sherlock244@gmail.com (9/28)

2008 Emotion Mojo Angler sit on top fishing kayak with high back seat. Quiet and sleek 12'6" x 31" - 52lbs. Has paddle ledge with keepers, adjustable/removable console, drink holder, GPS mount, rod holders, and dry storage box. Used only 4 times, stored in garage. Was \$863 asking \$600 or best reasonable offer. Call Dick at 401-762-2134 or email deedickc@netscape.com (9/27)

Garage-clearing sale! 2 Kokatat GoreTex Deluxe Sea Skirt (almost new used approx 5 times) the two I have are identical to this except no pooling reinforcement colour is mango \$65 ea OBO. Yakima set of Mako Saddles and Hully Rollers (fits one Kayak). Will supply with Yakima Bow/Stern tie downs. Used for approx three years in great condition \$70 OBO, could add Yakima Subaru Forrester Might Mounts for another \$15. A pair of NSI thigh padz new in packet \$8. nicholas.fairweather@skye-tek.com (9/16)

Wilderness Systems Tempest Pro 170, (www.wildernesssystems.com) Fiberglass Yellow over white hull, little usage, stored indoors, 3 phase seat, 56

lbs, skeg, current MSRP \$3000. asking \$1850. David in Warwick 401-737-5825 (8/26)

Necky Arluk IV Sea Kayak, yellow deck /white hull, large front and rear hatches, 24" wide 16' long, with Rudder, Fiberglass, in good condition, stored inside. \$1200 obo. Must sell. Willing to include spray skirt, paddle, paddle leash. Contact: jimcole@hotmail.com (8/23)

Necky Looksha Sport Kayak; includes ExtraSport life jacket, spray skirt and Werner Comano paddle. Excellent Condition. Asking \$750. Call Bob at 401 295 1019, email: gizzycat@cox.net (8/21)

Dagger Honcho in excellent condition. Blue/gray/white. Surf/whitewater. Asking \$375. Call Al at 401-624-4251 or email alccri@hotmail.com (8/16)

Pygmy Coho wood (Mahogany) kayak. Kit boat. Excellent condition, about 9 years old. Fast, good handling sea kayak. Many extras. \$1,200 or BO. Located in Cumberland. Call Neal 401 333-4091 or nealpiggott@cox.net (8/11)

Walden Spirit, 2 person kayak, 2 years old, very nice. [Click here for photo and specs](#). \$700.00 or best offer. alice1397@msn.com (7/25)

Seda Glider, 20', kevlar, w/ skirt, very fast + extremely stable sea kayak. in very good shape, \$1600. Call 401-423-2208 or email Robert.Wright@nksd.net (7/21)

Van Dusen, 21' kevlar surf ski, excellent first ski, 23 lbs, very fast yet stable, \$800. Call 401-423-2208 or email Robert.Wright@nksd.net (7/21)

Swift Kipawa canoe, Expedition Kevlar, 16'6", 52lbs., Forest Green gelcoat, cherry (and some ash?) gunwales & seat frames, Clark cherry yoke, comfortable angled/wide/curved nylon web seats, floatation tanks, asymmetrical hull - plenty of glide, sliding bow seat. E/C except plenty of external gel coat scratches - mostly below waterline. \$975. OBO. Bruce Ballantyne 401-333-5818. Cumberland, RI. (7/16)

Night Heron stitch and glue, 18x20. High performance kayak, hard chine Greenland style. Immaculate. Hardly

used. Built in foot pump. Two water tight hatches/ bulkheads -rear is VCP rubber hatch for larger items storage. \$1,700. Jerry Borenstein 914 793 0431. aikijerry@optonline.net (7/1)

Boreal Design Pakesso 14' 6" Fiberglass - The Pakesso with rudder is both compact and lightweight. The rudder will appeal to the novice paddler, by allowing them to easily steer the kayak. A more experienced paddler will appreciate the reverse hard chine combined with a semi-arched hull. Standard equipment includes a rudder, a comfort seat, recessed hatches with quick release, thigh braces, recessed fittings and deck line. <http://www.borealdesign.com/en/kayak.php?id=1> LIGHTLY USED, STORED INDOORS \$1,500 SATISFACTION GUARANTEED! 508-868-3471 n3303j@erols.com Ron Cichowski (6/19)

Old Town Nantucket 16' Yellow touring kayak w/rudder. Big cockpit (I go 245lbs) very stable boat. 2 waterproof storage compartments, Includes Werner Graphite Paddle, Spray skirt, Pump, Paddle float for reboarding, adjustable seat, deck mount day bag. Photo's available. \$925.00 Southern RI Call Dave 772-678-9113. or email riwavedanc@aol.com (6/1)

Perception Pirouette ww kayak incl. Harmony 204 cm/90/RH paddle and LC-1 spray skirt. Very good condition; always stored in the garage; \$350. Call Jim at 401 294-3257 or e-mail at tinkhamaj@netzero.net. (6/1)

NDK Greenlander Pro, white/white, garaged, very good condition, only used a couple of times in the winter. Pick up only, \$1500. contact Chris at clawlor@cpsed.net. (5/15)

Classifieds are free for RICKA members.

Send your classified ads to RICKA Webmaster Alan August: 70 Scott Street, Pawtucket, RI 02860; 401-725-3344; webmaster@ricka.org. Include your name for membership verification. Please notify the webmaster when your gear is sold so that the ad can be removed. Acceptance, duration and formatting of your ad is at the webmaster's discretion.

Kayak Angler Towed 11 Miles by Marlin

Paddler endures five-hour battle with a 300-pound marlin.

Beachburg, Canada, October 31, 2008 —

During the shooting of the latest segment of *Kayak Fishing: Game On*, a group of three kayak anglers that included Alaskan Howard McKim, Canadian Ken Whiting, and Californian Matt Moyer, paddled the East Cape of Baja, Mexico, with the goal of catching what is widely considered the greatest game fish in the world—the marlin.

The team was led by Jim Sammons, a renowned, big game kayak angler, and the first to ever land a marlin from a kayak. His experience paid off as after only a couple of hours on the water, Howard McKim's reel started screaming as he hooked up with a 300-pound blue marlin and was taken for the ride of his life.

The arm-wrenching five-hour battle saw Howard towed 11 miles into the Sea of Cortez. The relentless pulling was broken up only by moments of high anxiety as the marlin charged to the surface and exploded out of the water in a series of dynamic jumps.

Below: Howard McKim with his quarry

“When I first hooked up, I knew I had a nice fish,” explains McKim, “but I think my jaw actually hit my knees when I saw the 300-pound blue erupt from the water in front of my kayak like a missile shot from below.”

To make the situation even more interesting, fellow kayak angler Matt Moyer hooked up with his own 130-pound striped marlin a few minutes later. The double marlin hook-up was the first of its kind and required quick action by the supporting crew. “Landing a marlin safely from a kayak isn't a one-person job,” explains Jim Sammons. “We needed to land and release Matt's marlin as quickly as possible so that we could continue to support Howard.”

After four hours of fighting that covered 10 miles and included upwards of 30 jumps, the winds began to pick up and the seas started to get rough. Time was running out, which forced Howard to pressure the fish more than he wanted to with the 20-pound-test line that he was on. He fought the marlin to the surface only a boat length away from his kayak.

With the fight reaching its end, the marlin made one last run and broke the line.

“After fighting that fish for five hours in the 95-degree weather, part of me was devastated to see the line break,” said an exhausted Howard later that night, “but in the end, it was an experience of a lifetime and I have absolutely no regrets.”

Bus driver hit by flying kayak

HOOSICK, NY, October 31, 2008 —

A school bus driver narrowly escaped serious injury Thursday when her vehicle was hit head-on by an SUV — and a kayak on its roof smashed through the windshield of the bus.

The Hoosick Central School District bus driver, Holli M. Snyder, 36, of Petersburg, suffered a possible broken collar bone and facial lacerations after being hit by the small watercraft as it smashed through the windshield, police said this morning.

There were no students on the bus at the time of the 3:40 p.m. crash, troopers said.

Snyder was treated and released from the hospital, police said.

Directions to the JCC for the Nov. 20th club meeting

Directions to the Jewish Community Ctr., 401 Elmgrove Ave., Providence:

From Rt. 95 South take Exit 24 & turn left onto Branch Avenue. (From Rt. 95 North take Exit 24 & turn right onto Branch Ave.) Go past Benny's. Cross North Main Street and continue up the hill (past Kentucky Fried Chicken). At the top of the hill cross Hope St. and continue one block to the end at Morris Ave. Go left, then immediately right onto Sessions St. Go down the hill to Elmgrove Ave. The JCC will be across the street.

