



SOUTHERN MAINE SEA KAYAKING NETWORK

February 2003

Apostle Island Adventure

(Mary Lou Lowrie)



Mary Lou Lowrie and Chuck Possin before things went south

In late September 2003, I drove for 20 hours from Massachusetts to Madison, Wisconsin with two new (used) Necky kayaks, recently procured from Ken Fink in Damariscotta. A Looksha II and Looksha III, both skincoat boats, absolutely gorgeous. Two explorers, looking for our next adventure! Chuck is new to the sport, but an accomplished and strong canoeist, as well as a phenomenal elite athlete. He was eager to learn to paddle his new craft, as we set out for our experience of a lifetime.

Driving north for about 7 hours, we arrived at the lovely little town of Bayfield, Wisconsin, where we stayed at a delightful B&B, the Rittenhouse Inn. We had the master suite in this gorgeous old mansion overlooking Lake Superior. Complete with fireplace. Enjoying our accommodations so much, we decided to have the cheese and bread and champagne that we brought along on the sofa in front of the cozy fire, instead of venturing out for dinner.

After an early breakfast, we wandered through the quaint little town, and the first person we ran into was an outfitter in the area, full of good information for us! Checking in with the National Park Service, we made reservations on three different, of the many diverse islands, for the three nights we were to be out there. Our plan was to make a loop, returning to Little Sand Bay, where the outfitter, Adventures in Perspective Outdoor Center, offered to shuttle our vehicle. As it turns out, he is a colleague of Ken Fink!

The first day was to be a 12-mile excursion to Oak Island. After getting all things stowed away and organized, we left later than anticipated. Paddling was quite nice until we encountered a late afternoon wind on one of our crossings. White caps were chopping up everything. We then realized that the island we thought was Oyak happened not to be, with yet an even longer crossing plus about 3-4 more miles of shoreline paddling to get to our remote campsite. Sun was setting fast, we were getting cold, and the water was getting very rough. We decided to head into Hermit Island, taking the first available landing site on a rocky (small rocks) narrow shore, not knowing what was around the point, which was roiling, to put it mildly. We did know that Hermit is an uninhabited island with no campsites. With frozen fingers, we managed to clear an area just large enough for our tent (only inches from water line.... yet, luckily, no tide to contend with!). We built a platform of driftwood to store the kayaks upon, made a nice kitchen, fixed a warming dinner, and then snuggled in for the night just before the rains came. Wind howled, rain poured, then skies cleared for the full moon, and it was chilly. So nice to be safely tucked into a good tent! Morning proved to be even rougher at "sea", so we leisurely ate breakfast, and feeling the chill, snuggled back into the sleeping bags, finally emerging at 3:30 in the afternoon... laughing hysterically at ourselves.... two extremely active people hanging out in a tent snoozing off and on all day!

Chuck led us on one of his "famous" late afternoon forays.... a bushwhack trip to explore the island's interior and other side. It was worth the trip for sure! One of the most remarkable memories of that little trip were the numbers and varieties of colorful mushrooms that we encountered! We ended up at a great "lookout".... wonderful red rock formations, with one being a "floating island" that we climbed and viewed our little world from. We miraculously made it back to "home" just at sunset (he is amazing at pathfinding). Another yummy dinner... homemade chili. Another night of wind and spitting rain off and on. Another cold morning back into the sleeping bag after breakfast, catching up on sleep and resigning ourselves to staying put on this island... Lake Superior was wild! Another late afternoon foray to a different shore, this time a wonderful sandy beach with all kinds of interesting rocks. Chuck is first-class at finding the best heart-shaped rocks for me and my collection of stone hearts! Returning, we overshot home and had to search in the dark to find our steep cliff to climb down.... but we made it, and then enjoyed making a curry from fresh veggies and brown rice and mangoes.... yum!

Even made apples and oranges stewed in ginger brandy for dessert.... double yum!

By the fourth day, wind had ceased, but rain was falling in torrents, straight down, on dead-calm waters. Packing up, we headed out to begin an epic journey home. On one very long crossing, to reach the mainland, we encountered a rather large tanker heading straight for us at the bow, with a barge being pushed by a tug coming on the stern. "Holy cow" were my thoughts.... how the hell were we going to survive those criss-crossing wakes right out in the middle of the Sea of Superior? We did, however, pulling into Raspberry Bay for a rest and pit-stop along a quiet, deserted beach. We jogged along the horseshoe beach to warm ourselves. All was quiet. This was Monday afternoon, so nary a boat to be seen, other than the tanker-types way out there. Pushing off again, we managed to negotiate some new and heavy winds around a point, then were assaulted by a wicked rogue storm that blew in out of nowhere. Swells at least 6-feet high, with curling wave tops, mixed with incredibly turbulent chop were relentless. It was nearly impossible to stay together. I was leading. Chuck's rudder had not been working since day one. He was doing twice the work that I was, just to stay headed into the waves, or to manage to stay afloat in a following sea condition (keep in mind that our boats were not only fully loaded with gear, but had many additional pounds of stone hearts and other unique treasures). Out of necessity, because of the horrendous backwash from pounding waves on the cliff-shoreline, we found ourselves pushing further and further out into the sea and storm. I would minimally turn my head to see my friend still upright within my peripheral vision. He was about 1/4 mile away from me, and we were about 3/4 mile offshore. Once, upon looking, he wasn't there anymore. I forced myself, scared to death, to turn in the boil, taking a huge sigh of relief to finally locate him, although capsized, hanging on for dear life, to his kayak. He was not able to react fast enough in the roiling, turbulent, foaming, chopping, curling swells, giving in to going over when hit across the beam. Looksha II's and III's are very long, very narrow and very tippy ("responsive", as Ken Fink calls it)!

I knew that an assisted rescue would be highly questionable to handle in those needles of boats without me capsizing as well. After circling about 6 times, I made the decision to raft, me holding on to his boat, and Chuck holding on to his boat, and me using my right arm to steer with the paddle as best I could. The only choice I could see that seemed reasonable, was to allow the waves to wash us into whatever part of shore that it would.... and it was all cliffs, with one cave visible.

Good karma, I suppose, allowed us to drift (that's too mild a word) into a place where the red cliff met the water at a slight angle, and a cave to the right of it. Waves were thundering like I've never experienced before. I've never heard the kind of thudding sound as these waves rolling in and out of sandstone caves. We both got pretty bashed and bruised by our boats pummeling and pushing us over into the cave. A brand-new \$400 graphite Epic paddle snapped

in half. My favorite water bottle managed to get away (amazing some of the things you miss!). The tow-line on my boat unsnapped at one point. It was sheer panic for some undetermined moments of time.

After spending most of an hour in the freezing waters (air temp was only in the 40's), Chuck was extremely hypothermic, shivering uncontrollably. I quickly managed to drag the boats up onto some boulders, flip them over, wedge them into the cave, tie them together. I was able to get him into the cave, he being fairly delirious. Luckily, I found that the one accessible hatch to be the one containing a sleeping bag, as well as the thermos of hot water and some energy bars. I wrapped him up, fed him and gave him hot water, then snuggled in beside him, putting my fleece jacket over his head. His shivering was still out of control. I kept telling him that "shivering is good".... knowing that it keeps the body warmer. Miraculously, I stayed warm and relatively calm throughout. After about an hour of huddling in the cave, with waves crashing and splashing on us, fearing the worst, he seemed to be calming down. I then asked him to tell me when my birthday was (this is not really information that he would have known automatically, but I knew that if he thought about it a little, that he would be able to figure out the date.... and he DID!). At that point, with a correct answer, I knew that he was better. It was he who then suggested that we had to "walk out" of there, as this would warm us a bit, and there was really no way we'd get any help before perishing in the cave. If the storm worsened, we'd drown in there, if we didn't die of hypothermia in the meantime. So, off we go, in complete paddling gear (including spray skirt and lifejackets and booties.... to keep us warmer)! We found that we'd have to scale a 100-ft cliff for starters. Other options were far more dangerous. We did it! Holding on to trees that were barely rooted in the cliff, finding hand-holds in the rock, positive thinking, all brought us to the top.

We began bushwacking through seemingly endless woods, until coming across a faint path which turned into a more pronounced path, which soon disappeared. I spied a light, cleared-looking area to our left, and we headed there, to find a nicely worn footpath that eventually led us out to the Point Detour Indian Reservation campground. We knocked on the chief's cabin door, to be warmly welcomed and given hot coffee and prime seats by a woodstove. One of the Chief's buddies offered me a ride to Sand Point, where our vehicle had been shuttled. Within the half hour, I was back, heater blasting, and we were off to Sand Point again, to look up the National Park Service Ranger, who was extremely concerned and helpful. As it was nearing dark, and he could see our desperate condition, he was adamant about us finding a warm place to stay the night, with a warm meal, good sleep. He would then help us first thing in the morning with the rescue boat. Listening to the weather report, and it sounded as if the worst of it was behind.... not improving much during the night, but not worsening either.

We then returned to Bayfield, where the Rittenhouse Inn gave us our original room back, for a discounted price (they felt very sorry for these two very soggy, disheveled

explorers). So, we luxuriated in a delightfully hot shower, went out to a great restaurant, then snuggled back in with a roaring fire for the night. (What a contrast!!!!). We were happy and horrified, all at the same time. I honestly believe we have the most incredible good karma. The guy who drove me to our vehicle, had asked where it was that the weather had changed. I told him, just at Raspberry Bay. He exclaimed that this bay was very sacred to the tribe.... so much so that even other Native Americans from different tribes were not welcome there. So, my take is that the sacred place was issuing us a "warning", but that good energy was being sent to us regardless.

The following morning, Wednesday, we were recovered enough for 5-mile hilly run through the ravine in Bayfield, before another delicious gourmet breakfast at the Inn. We returned to Sand Point to meet with Ranger Eric, who was then very happy to help us. We located our babies, still snugly tucked into the cave, albeit with battle wounds, but safe and intact. It was quite cold, but waters had calmed considerably. Chuck was prepared to jump ship and swim to shore to push the boats out to the rescue boat, but water was so deep right up to the boulders, that he was able to jump from boat to boulder, scale the cliff on one side, then scale down the other side for the kayak rescue. The mission went like clockwork.

This has been an exhausting tale to tell, and one not to repeat! We both treasure the experience, have learned alot from it, although we get shivers each time we consider what could have happened. Another kayaking couple, not so fortunate, drowned in Lake Michigan, due to that very same storm system, that very same day.

We vow a return visit to Bayfield to redeem ourselves in the waters of Lake Superior, and to find the islands that we missed....next time, in summer!

2002 SMSKN Kayak Safety Seminar

On August 23rd, SMSKN held its First Annual Kayak Safety Seminar at the Casco Bay YMCA in Freeport. Three modules were presented: navigation, communication and rescues. Each module was repeated three times so everyone could rotate through all three. Approximately 125 people attended and everyone seemed to feel that it was not only informative but very entertaining as well. I have to say that it was a very big success for SMSKN.

Last June two kayakers died in Maine in unrelated accidents. Both of the victims were new to the sport and had very little safety training. At our June SMSKN Board meeting we arrived at two conclusions: first, new kayakers have to know what dangers threaten them before they can know what skills they need to acquire; and second, SMSKN should not only promote kayaking safety to its members, it should make an effort to inform new kayakers what risks they are taking when they paddle and what skills they need

to learn to deal with the risks. The SMSKN Kayak Safety Seminar was our response to those conclusions.

What made the Safety Seminar a success were the people who volunteered their time and resources to make it happen. These people are all very busy, especially during the summer, but when asked to help us out, the response was universally, "tell me what I can do and when do you need me."

Ken Fink, the owner of Poseidon Kayak Imports in Walpole, Maine, is a retired professor of oceanography and has been promoting the sport of sea kayaking for decades. He speaks at kayaking symposia around the country and has appeared on television as one of the most knowledgeable people in the country on sea kayaking.

Ken attended every one of the half-dozen or so planning meetings where we worked out what form the seminar would take, and he presented the module on navigation at the seminar. He crammed a lot into those three one hour classes, but the main point he made was that you have to consider the threats that the weather, waves and topography can present in order to select the safest route to your destination. Ken taught his module without any co-speakers or assistants. One thing we learned at this seminar is that standing up and presenting three one-hour classes in a row is a grueling ordeal even for someone as fit as Ken.

Tom Bergh and his wife June, are the owners of Maine Island Kayak Company on Peaks Island. Tom designs and teaches classes ranging from classes for beginners to British Canoe Union Five Star classes for trip leaders taking people offshore in exposed and open sea conditions. He is also an expedition leader who has paddled everywhere from Europe to the Antarctic. Tom had to take the ferry in from Peaks Island to attend the planning meetings. His experience developing kayaking training courses was instrumental in developing the form the seminar took.

Jeff Cooper and Cathy Piffath are the owners of H2Outfitters on Orr's Island. Jeff and Cathy are both instructors with twenty years of experience who recognize that classes get the information across better if the students are having fun. Jeff was ill during the planning period for the seminar, so he and Cathy were not able to attend most of the planning meetings. However, when it looked like plans for the seminar might have to be abandoned because we could not get event insurance, Jeff and Cathy put the program on H2Outfitters' insurance policy and even paid for it. Jeff also came up with the idea of giving an in-the-water class reinforcing the concepts presented at the seminar and using the proceeds from the class to pay SMSKN's expenses in putting on the seminar. H2Outfitters also provided the insurance for the in-the-water class.

Tom, Cathy and Jeff teamed up to do the rescue module in the pool. Tom and Cathy demonstrated the rescues while Jeff did the commentary from the deck. Like the navigation session, doing three sessions in a row was tough on the presenters, but in this case Tom and Cathy were assisted by Whitney Smith, Ward and Pierre from H2Outfitters.

Matthew Bampton is an associate professor of geology at the University of Southern Maine who is in the middle of his third decade as a sea kayaker. Matthew was in charge of the communication module. He talked about situations where communication skills provide the defense against threats to the paddler. The topics he covered were signaling devices, VHF radios, weather radios, and communicating within the paddling group. There is no doubt that Matthew knows his stuff when talking about communications, or any other aspect of kayaking, but what makes his presentations so good is the funny and outrageous way he delivers them.

Todd Lonergan, a U. S. Coast Guard Chief Telecommunications Specialist, assisted Matthew with the communication module. Todd is the guy on the other end of the radio when everything else has failed and you are calling the Coast Guard for assistance. Todd was able to tell people what they need to do to help the Coast Guard locate them and get the right resources to them.

Al Johnson is the First District Coast Guard Director of Recreational Boating Safety. He drove up from Boston for every planning meeting and provided us with his experience promoting safety throughout New England. Al provided support and encouragement and the perspective of the men and women who are the kayaker's final resource when things go bad.

Berry Manter is a long-time member of SMSKN, has served on the SMSKN Board of Directors and, most significantly in this case, a graphic artist. Berry did the brochure for the seminar including the drawing that is the logo for the event. We distributed 2,000 brochures through businesses from Rockland to Biddeford.



Lee Bumsted, past president and current club secretary also served on the seminar board and helped to organize the event.

The Casco Bay YMCA provided the facility, including classrooms and the pool and did not charge us a cent. I want to thank Scott Krause, Ludmila Tutunaru, Terry Swan, Barbara Hines and all the other people at the YMCA who made the First Annual SMSKN Kayak Safety Seminar possible.

I mentioned earlier that all of SMSKN's expenses for this event were recovered from the fees paid for an in-the-water class at East End Beach held two weeks after the Safety Seminar. Jeff Cooper, Cathy Piffith and Ken Fink provided the instruction assisted by a dozen SMSKN volunteers. This was also a very successful program.

I think we as a club can be very proud that we are helping to promote safety in our sport. The safety seminar and the in-the-water class are both powerful tools, but they only occur once a year. There are some things we can do year round. We should always think about our own safety and prepare for all eventualities. We should also encourage those people we meet while paddling, or talk to about kayaking, to learn more about the threats they are likely to encounter while paddling and to obtain the skills to paddle safely.

The SMSKN Holiday Party

Mike and Nancy Marino hosted the SMSKN Holiday Party this year at their home in Cape Elizabeth overlooking the Portland Main Shipping Channel and Casco Bay. What a spectacular view. Around 30 or 40 people showed up bringing great food and holiday cheer.

A pre-party paddle was planned, but was canceled because of high winds. It was too bad to miss the paddle, but looking out over the windswept bay made it feel that much snuggier to sit by Mike and Nancy's fire.

We want to thank Mike and Nancy for having us in their home. It was a wonderful way to begin the holiday season.

New SMSKN Newsletter Editor

There is some unpleasant news to report. SMSKN President Bob Arledge determined that the current SMSKN Newsletter Editor has been doing a completely unsatisfactory job and has decided to discharge him based on incompetence. Arledge said "as an example, this newsletter was supposed to come out in November." The Newsletter Editor, Bob Arledge declined comment.

Fortunately there is also some pleasant news to report. Mike Cherek has accepted the position of editor and will begin his job with the next newsletter. If you have any stories, announcements or pictures you would like to submit for inclusion in the SMSKN newsletter, you can contact Mike at his email address of mcherek1@maine.rr.com. The next time you see Mike thank him for bailing the club out.

Southern Maine Sea Kayaking Network
www.smskn.org

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Secretary: Lee Bumsted

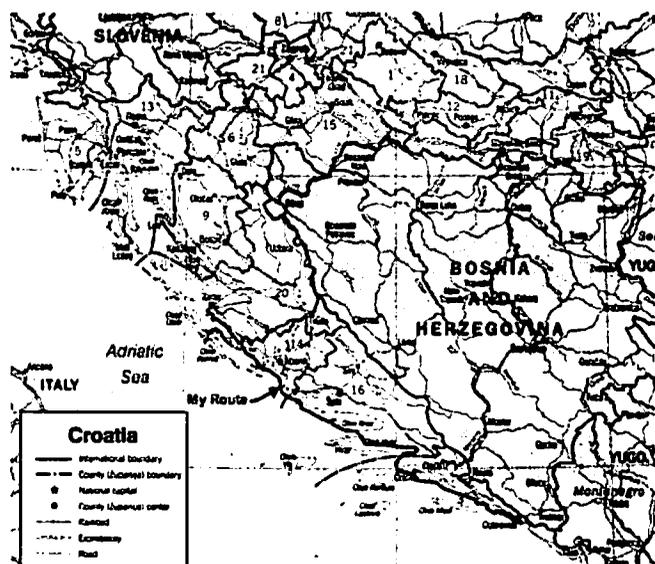
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Padding the Dalmatian Coast

(Bob Arledge)

One day a year or so ago a friend and I were talking about paddling in Europe. We decided to look into paddling the canals in rural France. One reservation I had was that we might get into a popular tourist area and find ourselves in a situation where we could not find either a place to camp or a room. To avoid this, I decided to look for a place a little more out of the way, and it occurred to me that one of the ex-Soviet block countries might be just the thing. So I took an atlas and started studying the coast. It did not take ten minutes to focus on the coast of Croatia.



I spent about a month researching Croatia on the Internet. Most of what I found made it sound like a perfect place to paddle. The water is warm and clear, the climate is mild and prices are cheap. A lot of wine is produced along the coast. The pictures looked enchanting.

One thing that did concern me was the landmine situation. Croatia was embroiled in the Balkan war from 1991 to 1995 and was left one of the most heavily mined countries in the world. The only maps I found were in the Serbo-Croatian language, but they seemed to indicate most of the mine fields were inland with a few exceptions and I figured that I would avoid those areas.

I flew into Geneva where my daughter is living and after having dinner with her I took a night train to Zagreb. I spent the afternoon and evening in Zagreb and took a night train to Zadar on the coast. The train line between Zagreb and Zadar ran through an area where the fighting had been severe. There were a lot of destroyed buildings and some blown up trains along the route and many fields that were obviously lying fallow because of landmine danger.

Tourists are supposed to register with the police within 48 hours of arriving in the country, so in Zadar I spent a lot of time trying to find the police station. When I finally found the station it turned out to be closed. I walked around back

and found a policeman. It turned out he could not register me unless I had an address, and I did not know where I would be staying, so we gave up and I went unregistered. I finally got my Feathercraft Khatsalano assembled and packed around 4:00 pm, so I did not paddle far the first day.

My plan had been to stop for meals in villages where ever I could and the second day I discovered that with a little bit of planning that this would not be a problem. I settled into a routine of getting up and off around 7:00 am and stopping somewhere mid to late morning for breakfast, and again in the late afternoon or early evening for dinner. There were usually a couple of other villages during the day where I could sit for an hour or so drinking cappuccino and watching people or reading. Since I was not fixing meals I could paddle late in the day.

On the third day of my trip I was eating my dinner in a Konoba (sort of a small inn/bar/restaurant) some of the local men had been giving me some of their wine, and the owners were giving me several glasses of the local brandy. It was not long before I decided I really did not want to paddle any more that day, so I asked one of the owners if he had a room to let, and he said sure. It was 100 Kuna, or around \$13. After becoming aware that it was pretty easy to find a room and the price was almost always 100 Kuna, I stayed in rooms more often than not. Usually one or two meals came with the room.

On the island of Korcula I pulled into a Konoba and asked the guy if he had a room. He replied "do you drink beer?" After my third beer he said his mother was making up a room for me and that some friends of his were visiting from Slovenia and that I should join them for dinner. My host, Peko, grilled assorted meats over the fire and we sat down to dinner. It turned out that Peko and the Slovenians both had their homemade wine and it turned out that as an impartial visitor it was up to me to have a glass of all the different wines and render an opinion. Apparently I did such a good job that they wanted my opinion on several glasses of Peko's homemade brandy. After about six hours of eating and drinking I toddled off to bed. The next morning I had breakfast with the family in the kitchen. The whole thing was \$13.

One evening I pulled into a small island. The wind was coming up a bit and I did not want to go any further. There was a small sailboat off the beach and a naked couple walked down to the beach to greet me and invite me to join them for dinner; they were grilling some fish they had caught over a campfire. I had a bottle of wine and so we sat around talking for a couple of hours.

Nude sunbathing is very popular in Croatia and I saw a quite a bit of it. I usually stopped for a swim and a little tanning myself three or four times a day. One afternoon I pulled into a beach that turned out to be a nudist camp. I was encouraged by all of the naked people swimming around me to do an Eskimo roll. They asked so nicely that I was upside down before I occurred to me that I did not have my Greenland paddle and had not tried rolling the Khatsalano in a couple of years. Fortunately it worked alright.

I arrived in the area of Dubrovnik a couple of days ahead of schedule, so I decided to spend a couple of days in a village out on the island of Sipan about six miles from Dubrovnik. I found a room in an inn and spend my time walking around the island, swimming, reading and relaxing.



After a couple of days, I paddled into Dubrovnik where I disassembled my boat. My daughter took the train down from Geneva and we spend a week traveling around Croatia and she showing me around Geneva. It was without a doubt a great trip.

Upcoming Events

February SMSKN Meeting, 7:00 pm, February 20th at the Falmouth Library. We are delighted to have two members of last summer's Gulf of Maine Expedition join us for the February meeting. Natalie Springuel and Rich MacDonald of Bar Harbor were part of a team of paddlers who kayaked the entire rim of the Gulf of Maine last summer. Their journey started on May 4 at the northeastern tip of Cape Cod and wrapped up September 28 at Cape Sable Island, Nova Scotia. In addition to paddling over 1000 miles, they met with community members along their way to raise awareness of the Gulf as a distinct bioregion. Natalie and Rich will share stories of their adventures, observations, and photographs from their journey.

The library is located on Depot Road, Falmouth, 2/10 mile west of Route 1 beyond the Shops of Falmouth Village, which includes Ricetta's and Staples. Join us for dinner at Ricetta's at 5:30.

March SMSKN Meeting, 7:00 pm, March 20th at Maine MountainWorks in Portland. Jeff Cooper of H2Outfitters on Orrs Island will be talking about *Fitting Out Your Kayak*. Jeff is a very entertaining speaker and knows of which he speaks. He has been teaching kayaking skills for twenty years. Jeff's talk is going to cover modifying you kayak to fit you and your gear, what equipment you should have on different types of trips and some strategies for deciding where to store different pieces of gear for safety and convenience. You are encouraged to bring two things to the meeting: 1. Any questions about arranging things on your boat and 2. A folding chair.

Maine MountainWorks [www.gearmeup.com] is located at 311 Marginal Way, just north of the I-295 Franklin Street exit. Those of you that are so inclined are invited to gather at the Great Lost Bear Restaurant [www.greatlostbear.com] at 5:30 pm for dinner. The Great Lost Bear is located at 540 Forest Avenue, about 6/10 of a mile west of the I-295 Forest Avenue exit.

Rolling Class Taught by H2Outfitters at the Riverside Pool, Portland, March 23rd from 9:00 am to 1:00 pm. H2Outfitters [www.h2outfitters.com] is teaching this class for those of you who don't like swimming if they should find themselves in a "kayak inverted" position or who are too lazy to do that paddle-float thing. H2Outfitters is doing this class for us for \$75 per person instead of the regular \$95 price. Contact H2Outfitters at 207-833-5257 to sign up, or call Bob Arledge at 207-415-1567 for more information.

The SMSKN Trip Planning Meeting, 7:00 pm, April 17th at the Falmouth Library. Probably the most important meeting of the year, this is when we put together our calendar of paddles for the year. We break down into small groups and put our heads together to think of places where we want to paddle this year. At the end of the evening we hope to have our calendar filled for most of the spring, summer and fall. Bring along your charts, guide books, and ideas. This is not only a productive evening, but also an opportunity to talk with other SMSKN members about places to paddle.

As usual, some of us will be stopping at Ricetta's Pizza at 5:30 pm for dinner before the meeting.

May SMSKN Meeting, May 8th, 7:00 pm at the Falmouth Library. Tom Bergh of Maine Island Kayak Company on Peaks Island will be giving us all a class in *Kayak Navigation*. Tom is a kayaking teacher and expedition leader. He has paddled on expeditions in Central and South America, Europe and the Antarctic, and of significance to this evenings' undertaking, he has always managed to find his way there and back. Tom's navigation classes have always been well received and much appreciated by SMSKN members. This class is a hand's on activity, so bring your charts, tide tables and any other aids you use for navigation in your kayak.

No change here, we will be meeting at Ricetta's for dinner at 5:30 pm.

Flare Demo at the South Portland Coast Guard Station, 6:00 to 8:00 pm. The date has not been set yet, but it will be either the 3rd, 4th or 5th of June. We do this every year (last year was an exception due a security alert the day the event was scheduled) and it is an opportunity to meet the people at our local Coast Guard station and to practice firing emergency flares. The Coast Guard has usually supplied us with some practice flares and it is an opportunity for us to fire off our out of date flares. In the past we are usually taken out one of the Coast Guard boats to see first hand how invisible kayaks are on radar.

Please watch the "Event List" on www.smskn.org to find out about changes to these events and about new events.