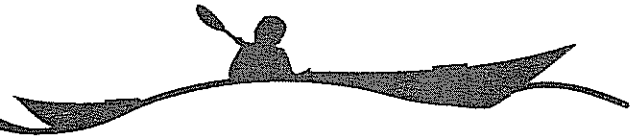


CONN YAK



CONNECTICUT SEA KAYAKERS

August 1998

ALASKA

- Wayne Smith

I have wanted to visit Alaska ever since I can remember. Once I decided to actually do it, the question arose as to just what I would do when I got there. This was a question that I kept asking myself until I started sea kayaking, and then the answer was perfectly clear what I wanted to do there. Now came the hard part.

This was obviously not a trip to be taken lightly. One has to locate good advice and equipment. And in an area so foreign to someone accustomed to kayaking and camping in New England, this usually also means hiring a guide. I spent about 7 months reading brochures, talking with outfitters, and searching the internet for information and opinions of people who had already been there. There was also the question of just where in Alaska to go. Considering the size of the state, it was not an easy choice. There is a popular saying there that if you cut Alaska in half, Texas would be the third largest state (Which Alaskans obviously say to annoy and humble Texans), so there were a wide range of possibilities. That question required some serious thought.

The decision I made was that I wanted to go to Prince William Sound, and that I would be taking a guided trip through an outfitter located in Anchorage. Initially, I would be going alone, and filling out a group of total strangers. Not a problem for me, as I have often traveled alone, and done things like this. It would just be another part of the adventure. In the process of gathering information, I had casually mentioned to any number of friends what I was planning to do. Several of them expressed interest in joining me. This I thought was a great opportunity to ensure a compatible group, and also to have paddlers of similar or better skill level to my own to join me. So, I asked if any of them were serious about it, and got several yesses. My final travelling companions were my friends Alison Smith, and Mike Martin. We would be departing on June 13, 1998, paddling and camping until the 18th, and returning home on the 21st.

Saturday - The day we left to go to Anchorage was almost surreal. All the

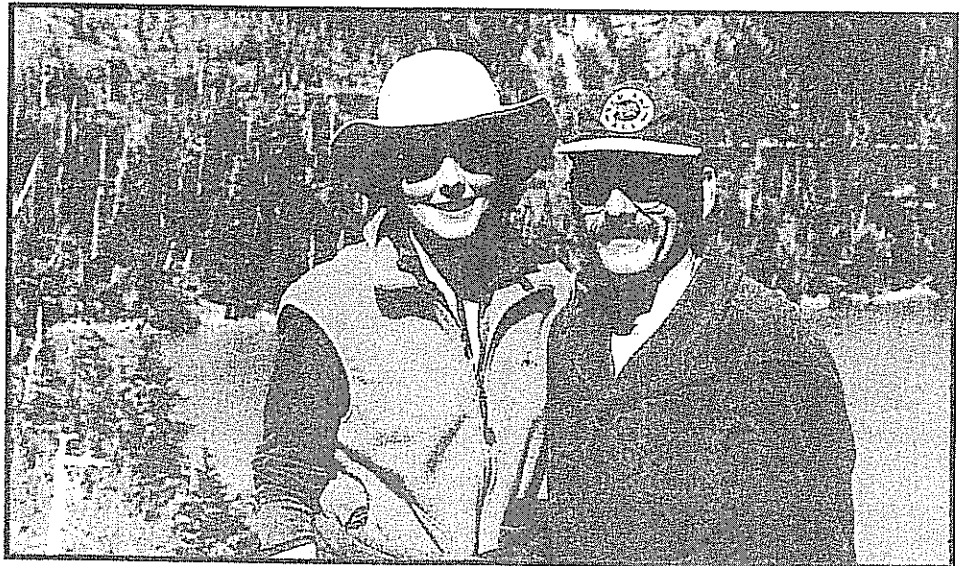
months of planning, arrangements, and anticipation were about to come to life for a brief period. Exciting and a little scary all at once, because of the leaps of faith one must take in relying on total strangers' expertise, the weather, and any number of other variables that exist on such a trip. And with all that going through my mind, I tried to temper my enthusiasm just a bit, so that anything that did go wrong wouldn't seem like a catastrophe.

8 hours after departing Hartford, we landed in Anchorage, and checked into a bed and breakfast for the night. Of course, this being the week before the solstice, there really is no night as we would define it, just a couple of hours of near-twilight. Very disorienting. You almost feel guilty about wasting good daylight on your vacation until you realize that it's midnight. Needless to say, we were all a little bleary-eyed when the outfitter arrived to pick us up at 5:30 AM.

Sunday - Willie Willenbrink, co-owner of Alaska Kayak Paddlesport Outfitters picked us up, and drove us and our gear to the shop. There we met our three other fellow travelers, and our guide, Bob Rhind. We loaded up our kayaks of choice onto Willie and Bob's trucks, and tried on

pdf's and sprayskirts for fit. I had chosen a Valley Skerray Excel, Alison a Dagger Magellan, and Mike a Dagger Sitka. Our companions, Gary and Sue, a young couple from New Zealand, chose a Necky Amaruk double, and Josh, who was from Washington DC by way of Newburyport, MA had a Dagger Apostle. Bob would paddle his custom-built Necky Cadence. We then departed for the town of Portage, which provides by railroad the only land access to the town of Whittier, which would be our entry point into the sound. The drive along Turnagain Arm to Portage was simply spectacular. I commented that it made the Pacific Coast Highway from Big Sur to San Jose, California look boring in comparison. There were snowcapped mountains, glaciers, waterfalls, and bald eagles everywhere you looked. There were also two volcanoes off in the distance, one of which was steaming. A rainbow arced over the bay, and Alison said that was a good sign. The train ride itself was an adventure all its own, with amazing scenery, and several moose watching the train go by.

Upon our arrival in Whittier, we were given some basic instructions by Bob as to what we would be doing, and what to expect from him and each other. Nothing daunting so far. We unloaded the gear and boats onto the dock, and then reloaded it onto the water taxi that would take us to our base camp in Port Nellie Juan, and got under way. Port Nellie Juan is about 40 miles from Whittier, with



Alison and Wayne climbing up Small Mountain at Deepwater Bay.

absolutely no human development in between. At this realization, I knew I had found the trip I wanted all along. For the next two hours, I sat in total awe on the stern of the boat, watching nothing but mountains, glaciers, seals and sea otters go by. I also shot two rolls of film in the process.

We beached in Deepwater Bay, deep inside Port Nellie Juan, and Bob decided we would camp at the base of a small mountain next to a waterfall. It was the only area in the bay that was accessible for camping, so our privacy was guaran-

ability to an appropriate kayak. So, I didn't feel bad about saying it. I wanted the best boat I could get, as this was my dream vacation.

After an hour of paddling, we went back to camp for an orientation and instructions. Basic things like how to operate the VHF radio in an emergency (And also that almost anything other than an EPIRB is useless there unless you can see another boat due to the terrain and remoteness of the area), not to get separated from the group at any time while in the water, what plants to



Departing on the water taxi which is common in Alaska. \$5 per pasenger per mile.

ted for the next five days. In all my years of camping, I have never seen a more beautiful campsite. Everywhere you looked, the view was that of a postcard. There were bald eagles flying around the bay, and harbor seals keeping a close eye on us from about 50 yards out in the water. The sun was shining bright, and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. According to Bob, this was atypical weather for the area, and he warned us to expect foul weather as the norm for the duration of our stay. We set up camp, and then took a brief paddle around the bay to get acquainted with both our boats and the immediate surroundings. Bob later admitted that he was assessing our individual paddling skills as well, and cheerfully announced that we were a relatively advanced group, and did not require any remedial instruction before our first major excursion. He told us that many guides tend to get inexperienced people who overstate their ability for fear they may be turned down. I told him that I thought he was very wise to not believe anyone's assessment of their own abilities. I further added that I had reservations about telling Willie that I had a fair amount of experience for that very reason, but in order to get the boat I wanted, it was necessary. Willie prefers to match a client's

beware of while hiking, and not to hike alone. I had brought my signal mirror and a whistle, which I never go paddling or hiking without, which seemed to impress Bob. Personally, I'd rather be able to call for help than have some fantastic survival story to tell. He then pointed out a game trail that led to the top of the mountain behind our campsite, and said we could hike it if we wanted to. Of course we did. He said it wasn't difficult, and we wouldn't get lost, so he would stay behind, and make dinner.

We climbed the path until it came out of the woods about 100 yards above the beginning, and went up the rock face of the mountain (Actually, in Alaskan terms it was little more than a speed bump, but would be a mountain here in CT). The view of the bay just got more spectacular as we climbed. We neared the top, and found a welcome sight — a big pool of meltwater that had been warmed by the sun. Bathing opportunities! I love wilderness camping, but I hate going to bed dirty. We all agreed not to sully up the water with our biodegradable soap, but rather, we would use it as a source of bathing water for the next few days that we would use away from the pool. When

we got to the summit, we all fell totally silent. The view from there was simply beyond anything I had imagined. We stood over a curving glacial canyon about 800 feet below us, and on the other side, there were two jagged, snow covered rock peaks about 4000-5000 feet high, and at least 5 miles away, with the opposite canyon wall running about 2000 feet high. There were two lakes in the canyon, and a sizeable river of meltwater running down the middle that led to our campsite. The opposite wall was littered with waterfalls from the melting snowpack that ran along the ridge. To our left was a stone promontory that extended out over the canyon. We climbed out onto the promontory, and took a better look around, and lots of pictures, and then hiked back along the edge of the canyon, and back around to our campsite for dinner (Fresh salmon steaks and pasta) and sleep.

Monday - I got up at 6:00 AM, and walked around. Another cloudless, bright day. Mike and Alison's boats were gone from the tree we had tied them to. I correctly assumed that they had gone for an early morning paddle before breakfast. Mike is one of those people who can simply not sit still. He has to be paddling, hiking, or whatever as long as he's awake. Myself, I can't function before my morning coffee, and prefer to take it easy until the coffee sinks in. Alison falls somewhere in between Mike and I, which makes her an ideal travelling companion. They returned just in time for breakfast and the much awaited coffee, of which I had about 4 cups. We then went over the plan for the day, and got our gear together.

We paddled out of deepwater bay, south to Derrickson Bay. The trip into Derrickson Bay is about 4 miles, and littered with icebergs that have fallen off the Nellie Juan glacier, which sits at the bay's terminus, behind a large moraine. One of the icebergs rolled as if on cue when Bob was warning us of their tendency to do so. We kidded him that he planted the iceberg the night before. Our timing was a little off, as the tide was running out through a small breach in the moraine at a good clip. We were forced to portage across the moraine, and about 100 yards up the river that the shallow part of the bay near the glacier becomes at low tide. At this point, it was possible to paddle against the current, but not easy. Bob gave us all some pointers on paddling in these conditions, and we set out one by one. I went first, as I had said I didn't think I'd have any problems, and could help anyone who needed it. I tested the ability of my boat to handle a swift current by ferrying across it several times, and was impressed by it's agility. I picked the best route up, and went for it, with the double and Mike right behind me, and Alison, Bob and Josh about 100 feet behind them.

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ALASKA

- continued from page 2.

As we went up toward the terminus of the bay, I learned two very important things. The first being that most people's sense of distance is totally shot in Alaska because of the enormous contrasts of the terrain, and the second being that glaciers generate some fierce winds on warm, sunny days. We got to the entrance to the terminus of the bay, and were hit face-on with a 25 knot wind, and 2-3 foot chop. Gary and Sue were right next to me at this point, and Alison, Josh and Bob looked to be about an eighth of a mile behind, and coming up to us. So, we continued into the wind towards the glacier.

This is when I learned the third important thing: If you're not aware of the first two important things, and you're a strong paddler, you've already broken Bob's rule number 1 — Don't get separated from the group.

The terminus of Derrickson Bay appears to be a little less than a mile across, and turns to the right to face the glacier. It's actually much more than a mile across, more like two and a half. I headed straight for the center of the bay, into the wind, with Mike about 20 feet astern of me, and the double I thought right behind him. I got to the center of the bay, and got a view of the glacier. Wow. No other words to describe what I was thinking. I stopped, and turned to suggest that we head for the opposite shore, where we would be in less wind, and saw Mike and Alison coming from about a quarter of a mile back, the double at least a mile behind them, and Bob and Josh were dots on the water. All three important things sank in immediately. Bob was blowing his whistle and waving us back. I knew what was up. Bob was slightly peeved that Mike and Alison and I left two less experienced people behind in adverse conditions, and that we had all broken from the group. There was no excuse, and we knew it. Bob handled himself much better than I expected for that situation, and approached it with humor, and a quick "Let's not do that again". Speech over, let's go see the glacier, and have some fun. I knew right then we had a good guide.

We paddled to within a half mile of the glacier, and another wave of awestruck silence came. We spent an hour or more

taking pictures of each other in front of the glacier, and from various angles along the face, and waiting for it to calve, which it never did. The face of the glacier was 300 feet high, and about a half mile across. As are all glaciers, the ice was bright blue and fringed with white. Glacier ice reflects only the blue end of the spectrum, which gives them a hue that stands out from the surrounding area. There were several loud cracks from the glacier, and a cold wind blowing off of it out into the bay. With the sun out, it was blindingly bright all around.

We crossed the bay to a good spot to watch, and eat lunch at the same time, and got out of our boats. Upon getting back in the water, we crossed the bay back to the moraine, and found that we waited

appeared completely once we turned out of Derrickson Bay. Along the way, Bob and I filled our water bottles with chunks of glacier ice. You never run out of drinking water that way, and it is about as pure as you can get. Besides, who is going to turn down the opportunity to tell their friends that they lived on glacier water for a week?

Tuesday - Clouds. What is this? Bob checked his electronic barometer, and said if it did rain, it wouldn't rain hard. We had planned a hike, but all agreed that we'd be drier and warmer in the kayaks. So, we all donned paddling jackets or dry-tops, and headed out for an all-day paddle that was not on the original itinerary, but we were assured that it should be.

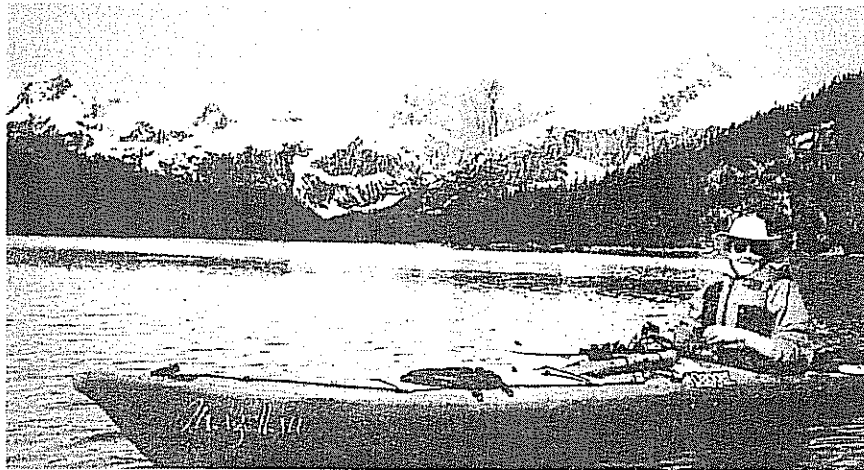
This time, we headed north to King's Bay.

The entrance is about 5 miles from Deepwater Bay, and the low clouds shrouding the mountains that come right up to the water all around gave the area the look that it might snow at any moment, especially since the mountains were all snow capped. It reminded me of winter paddling, except that it was relatively warm out.

This paddle was worth the whole trip. We went about 2 miles into King's Bay, which is lined on both sides with 5000 foot mountains, and at least three glaciers. We paddled

up to a waterfall that came off a ledge about 50 feet above, and did the obligatory photos of all of us sitting in front of it. Then, we noticed a glacier directly across the bay. The idea immediately came out that paddling over to it might be fun. Bob suggested we might not want to. Time to remember important thing number one again: we all thought it was about a mile and a half away. It was almost 4 miles according to the chart. We were already a good distance from camp, and it was about 2:00 PM. I then asked how far to the end of the bay, and was shocked to hear that it was 15 miles! It looked somewhere just over 5 miles away. From that point on, I didn't try to judge distances. Just not possible. Rely solely on the chart for distance.

We paddled around the eastern end of the bay, taking in the enormous scale of it all. I've honestly never seen anything like it. It looked like an Ansel Adams photograph, except that we were in it. With the heavy low clouds, the air was still, and this huge bay was a mirror for as far as you could see. And other than the sounds of our paddles, it was silent. Eery silence that you never encounter on the east



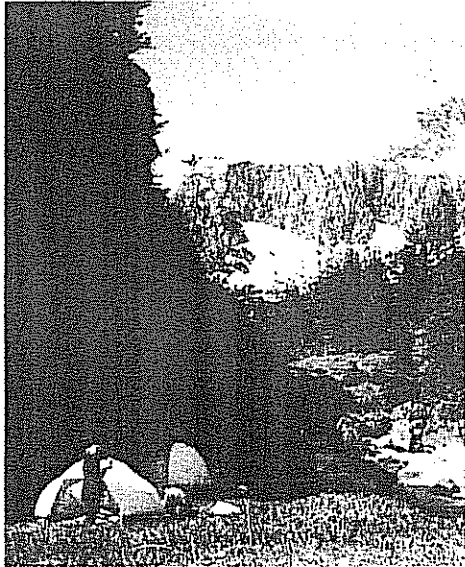
Alison paddling the entrance of Deepwater Bay

a little too long yet again. The tide was coming in now, and fast. No way to paddle out for at least an hour or more, or it would be a mile portage, which was not on anyone's agenda. So, we got out and waited until it looked doable. Once we decided to try it, Bob asked if any of us could ferry across the main current, which was still considerable, and split in two by a large boulder. I said "no problem", as did Alison. We were waiting for Mike to chime in, and he never did. We found out that he didn't particularly like the boat he was in (to put it mildly), and didn't think he could make it across the current.

Alison and I launched, ferried across in about a minute, and sat in an eddy on the far side of the moraine to wait for the others to go out into the middle of the bay, get a head of steam, and paddle for all they were worth into the current. This took about twenty minutes. We sat there discussing the merits of taking in the scenery, and listening to the instructions being given to the paddlers coming into the river.

We all re-grouped after everyone had made it into the eddy, and paddled back to camp in 3 foot following seas that dis-

coast. We all went about 3/4 of a mile out into the bay, to paddle the open water, and I realized that we had only seen two other humans since Sunday, and they were fellow kayakers who were camping in Derrickson Bay. My natural tendency to be on the lookout for larger craft was becoming annoying to me, because I didn't need it here. There was nobody else around for miles. I commented that the first time I paddled Long Island Sound or Narragansett Bay again was going to be a shock to my system, because I'd feel crowded.



Our campsite in front of Small Mountain.

Upon arriving back at camp, we all just stopped and relaxed. Alison and I were simply floating, and looking at the sky. Mike was getting out of his kayak, and Alison decided he needed a little help and....oops! A bump to the stern, and he's wet. Next up was the suggestion that she and I have a stand up in the kayaks contest. OK, I'm always up for a little craziness. As we were gaining our footing, Bob asked kiddingly if we had signed the waiver forms at the shop. My reply was a quick "Yep", and I began to make my way vertical. Well, it is harder than it looks. We both got about 3/4 of the way up, and it became swim time. Josh was having a good laugh at our expense. Bob then asked what would ever motivate someone to stand up in their kayaks in water that cold (The water was about 45 degrees). I was going to say "The devil made me do it", but settled for "I've got a good wetsuit on". Truth was that we were all getting a little giddy from the peace and quiet, and most anything could happen from here on out.

Wednesday Another bright, cloudless day. Bob was noticeably shocked by this good weather, and asked if any of us practice black magic, or something. I assured him that it was because we had

Alison with us, who is a camping good luck charm in the weather department. She claims to only have camped three times in her life before this year, and it rained hard on two of them. We've camped together at least that many times this year before going to Alaska, and the weather has been great even when predicted to be otherwise. Bob said he'd been up since 5:00, when he had a dream that Mike was outside his tent yelling at him to get up. He looked out, and there was nobody there. So, he decided to stay up, because he was convinced that Mike really would do just that if he overslept. Bob is not by nature an early riser.

Considering we were all up early, we decided to do the hike. We paddled back to Derrickson Bay, just outside the moraine, and attempted to paddle up the river that leads to one of the lakes in the canyon behind our campsite. It was too shallow, so we decided to tie up the kayaks, and hike in. I made a pit stop in the bushes before we went on. While I was doing that, the rest of the group started telling me that there was a bear coming. Right. Just like my uncle Arnold up in Maine used to do to my brother and I when we were kids. They persisted, so I took a peek out of the bushes and saw a 300 pound black bear wandering around. I was in no condition to get away. I got back to the group without incident, and we spent the next three hours waiting for the bear to vacate our hiking area. Gary asked Bob if we could get away from the bear if we needed to. The answer was a calm and very matter of fact: "No. If he wants us, he's got us". Bears can run faster than humans, and swim faster than kayakers in a sprint. Fortunately, they don't associate humans with food in this part of Alaska, so they generally ignore humans and go about their business. Josh mentioned that he'd heard that bears prefer New Zealanders, to which Gary without hesitation replied "Doesn't everybody?". A good chuckle was had by all, and we ate lunch, and waited for our big friend to vacate the area. He never did. We decided this particular hike was not to be, so we bagged it, and went paddling in the eastern arm of Port Nellie Juan.

We paddled to some islands directly across from Deepwater Bay, and observed large schools of fish and various other wildlife in the area. Eagles were commonplace to us by then. I'd never seen one in the wild before Sunday, and by this point I almost didn't notice them. We were all on the lookout for orcas, as there is reportedly a pod that live in the vicinity. We hadn't seen a seal in a few hours, so we took that as a good sign that there may be orcas lurking. We went in and around a number of very pretty islands, walked around on one of them, and headed back to camp for an early dinner and a bath. Several of us agreed to go paddling in the

bay later in the evening. No orcas.

After a hike near camp, dinner, and a bath at the mountaintop pool, I was ready to just exist for a while. Mike, on the other hand, was already in his wetsuit again, and wondering what was taking Alison and I so long. We decided we'd just relax our last night there, and hang out with our new friends. Mike took my boat, and headed out solo with the promise to Bob he wouldn't leave the bay. I have to wonder where his energy comes from. I can go all day, and stay up late, but nothing like Mike can. He was out for about an hour and a half exploring the coastline. The rest of us took the opportunity to just casually talk, and reflect on the past four days. I hadn't mentioned it yet, but Bob is also a really good cook. We ate like pigs all week, and somehow lost weight, probably from the constant exercise and long daylight, which by now was about 22 hours per day. We never lit a campfire, because it never got dark. We stayed up late, just hanging around, and trying to decide what to do the next morning.

Thursday - I woke up at about 6:00 to Mike in reality trying to get us all moving. No mirage this time. More bright sun. Bob had no explanation for the weather. We all got together over breakfast and discussed what to do until noon, when the water taxi came back. Josh decided it was time to sleep some more. He was running in the midnight sun marathon in Anchorage Saturday, and he wanted to be well rested. Gary and Sue wanted to go for a walk, and then pack up. Alison, Mike and I went paddling in the bay. Bob took a nap, and then started breaking camp.

We came upon a harbor seal who was feeding on a school of small fish. He let us get to within ten feet, and didn't seem to care that we were there. Even the seals are laid back up there in comparison to home. We watched him for about 20 minutes, and moved on down the shore. We paddled past an eagle's nest, into a couple of coves that we had yet to explore, and past several waterfalls. We stopped at the mouth of the bay, and looked out into Port Nellie Juan with a pair of binoculars. We saw a fishing boat about 20 miles out that was heading away. Still no orcas. By this time, we didn't mind.

We turned around to head back, and were struck by the beauty of the bay. The water was once again a mirror, and the mountains and forest were reflecting off it in all directions. An eagle was soaring above one of the small islands between us and our campsite, and the seal was still bobbing around having breakfast. And in spite of all of this, there was that silence again. We paddled back to camp at a crawl, just soaking it all in one last time.

- Wayne Smith

SHERWOOD ISLAND

Last Saturday, I went for a long kayak trip in Long Island Sound. In fact, longer than anticipated. My goal was to paddle around Sherwood Island State Park. The air temperature was 75 degrees, the water temperature 60 degrees, and the waves were about one foot.

I put in at the boat ramp under I-95 on the Saugatuck River, paddled about one mile out to the Sound, then took a left. I paddled past Sherwood Island on the Sound, then headed up the creek at Burying Hill Beach. After a few false turns and dead-ends while wandering through the creeks, I could finally see the access road to the park that marked the halfway point. But it was not to be so easy.

About 25 feet before the road, the creek narrowed, and there was a healthy flow of water coming in from somewhere else. Paddling for all I was worth, I barely made enough headway to make it through. Once I reached the road, the current was much calmer, but now I faced a second challenge. Under the road was a concrete tunnel about 100 feet long and barely wide enough to accommodate my paddle. Plunging forward was very spooky, especially not knowing how deep the water was or what obstacles might be lurking under it. Adding to the eeriness were the barn swallows that constantly flew in and out over my head. But I emerged victorious. Phew!

Now I was in this huge lagoon. But after an hour of paddling, I couldn't find an opening back into Long Island Sound. By now it was three hours past high tide, and I could see the bottom just about everywhere I was paddling. I had this picture in my mind of being stranded in the middle of this big mud flat. Finally, I turned tail and went back the way I had come. But I'm not giving up. Next time I'll try finding the opening to the lagoon first, then I'll be home free.

Any one care to join the next expedition in search of the Sherwood Island Passage?

- Tom Dittrich

TO THE EDITOR:

I know I speak for everyone who attended the ConnYak lake party -it was an absolutely perfect day!

But it wouldn't have been without the gracious hosting of Linda Ivany and her family as well as the ConnYak board members who worked so hard to coordinate the day and supplied enough food for healthy, hungry kayaker appetites.

Many thanks and gratitude for the day and the company of all!

- Fern S. Usen

...also thanks to all those who brought along extra food to share with the others ...ConnYak.

E-MAIL DIRECTORY

ConnYak is accumulating an e-mail directory of members on the web. Since many of us communicate by e-mail, a listing of e-mail addresses would be a useful tool for all of us.

Please contact Dick Gamble at Richard.f.gamble@snet.net and give your name and e-mail address so we can put it in our data base. Include the e-mail address below your name so we get the simplified version with no extra coding that occurs in the address area. We will put out an e-mail list shortly following. Our future ConnYak (sign up) form will include an e-mail inquiry to cover this.

Richard.f.gamble@snet.net

The ACA Puzzle. Some of our members and prospective new members are still confused about ACA membership. ConnYak is an affiliate Member Club in the ACA. This means that each ConnYak member can join the ACA on their own. ConnYak no longer submits dues for members to the ACA. You must join on your own and we urge you to do so for the benefits: liability insurance and a subscription to Paddler magazine. If you sent in dues to ConnYak thinking you would automatically be a member of ACA, we credited you with 2 years ConnYak membership. You still must join the ACA yourself. Contact them at: 7432 Alban Station Boulevard, Suite b-226, Springfield, VA, 22150-2311.

EVENTS

MYSTIC MOONLIGHT

FRIDAY AUGUST 7TH - MYSTIC

Full moon cruise of Mystic Harbor beginning at 7:30 PM. Launch from River Road north of I-95 bridge on west side of Mystic Harbor.

DIRECTIONS -Go south from Exit 89 on I-95 and take the first left on Sandy Hollow Rd.. At the end of Sandy Hollow take a Left on High St. and a nearly immediate Right on Bindloss Rd.. At end of Bindloss, take a Left on River Rd.. Look for dirt pull off and launch just north of I-95 bridge.

FLASHLIGHT REQUIRED. Rain cancels trip. Bring bug repellent.

For anyone interested: Pre-trip dinner at 5:30 PM at Abbot's Lobster in the Rough in Noank. Chicken dinner \$9 to lobster dinner (with shrimp, steamers, chowder, etc) \$22. or a burger. Soft drinks available or BYOB. DIRECTIONS: exit 89 and follow signs to Mystic; go left on Rt. 1 to bottom of hill; go south (right) on Rt. 215 about 2 miles to second stop sign; turn left into Noank Village and follow signs for Abbott's at the end of Pearl St. (on the harbor). Thanks, Doug M

Note: All paddlers on ConnYak trips must wear the appropriate CG approved Personal Flotation Device and wear a spray skirt. The boat and equipment must meet CG requirements, including an appropriate signaling device. All paddlers are responsible for their own safety, including dressing for immersion. Beginners must have taken a basic course and be proficient in performing a wet exit. (always carry extra dry clothes)

Trip Cancellations - In doubt due to weather? call 203-481-1881 - a message will be on answer machine.

CLASSIFIED

Feathercraft K1 Expedition Single (foldable kayak) 15' 11" x 25", sea sock, spray skirt, color teal, 1996 costs \$ 3850.00 sacrifice \$3500.00. Never in the water. 203-772-3174.

Cricket Greenland paddle - \$150 - 401-596-4482

2 Woman's Kokatat drysuits, med & small - Bib style, boots incl. New \$275. 860-693-9625

Women's feet heaters, size 5 -\$15. Women's wet suit, sm. farmer John & Jacket \$100. 203-481-1912

Current Designs Solstice ST, 17'6" x 24", Compass, New condition, 52 lbs. Glass \$1800. 401-596-4482

Necky Sea Kayak Looksha IV. 16' like new, used one season. White and Turquoise. \$1800.00 860-228-0105

Wood Strip built, Laughing Loon "Panache" 18' x 21" totally glassed. \$2600. 203-481-3221

Wanted - P & H Sirius -low volume or Romany 16' 860-278-7440

Wanted, used double Kayak Call 203-426-2414

Wilderness Systems 3yr old Sealution—Kevlar w rudder, blue/white. Includes Werner 2-piece Camano paddle, Spray Skirt, Bilge pump, Paddle float, Yakima saddles. \$1500. 860-485-9173

Please contact the Newsletter when items are sold.

CONNYAK WEBSITE

www.mindspring.com/~connyak

MORE T-SHIRTS HAVE ARRIVED

If you missed out on the first batch, a new order has arrived. Cost to members is \$6. ea. - our cost. They will be at the party and at various paddles etc.

GREENLAND STYLE KAYAKING INSTRUCTION

in conjunction with Sakonnet Boathouse, Tiverton R.I. Classes will be taught by BCU Certified Instructor Fern Usen and Greenland style artist Donald White. One day classes 8/22 and 8/23 held on-site. Class size limited for individual attention. Call Fern at (860) 529-4612 for details.

Send newsletter articles or classifieds to:
Jay Babina e-mail jbabina@snet.net
7 Jeffrey Lane, N. Branford, CT 06471
203-481-3221 Fax 203-481-1136

KAYAK SKILLS & ROLLING

Urban Eskimo Kayaking - Mike Falconeri Skills Workshops and Eskimo Rolling throughout July and Summer.

Classes and trips by appointment. call Mike at 203-284-9212.

TO JOIN CONNYAK...

ConnYak is a non profit club that is open to all paddlers interested in sea kayaking from any location. ConnYak annual membership fee is \$15. Members can join the ACA with a club discount for \$15 which entitles you to full insurance coverage on trips as well as a full subscription to PADDLER Magazine. (a \$15 subscription) Send inquiries to: Stan Kegeles P.O. Box 2006, Branford, CT 06405 e-mail Connyak@mindspring.com Website: mindspring.com/~connyak



ConnYak

CONNECTICUT SEA KAYAKERS

c/o Stan Kegeles
P.O. Box 2006
Branford, CT 06405