



West Michigan Coastal Kayaker

PRESIDENT'S PADDLE

By Steve Adsmond

Greetings and Happy New Year!

This wonderful mild winter keeps me motivated for paddling opportunities this year. We are going to have lots of fun!!! One thing that is new this year is a Winter Outing hosted by Bob and Kathy Burmania. They have outlined it in the newsletter and it will happen with or without snow.

Our Symposium Planning committee is meeting in January and has a simply outstanding guest instructor for 2011 in Marsha Henson who owns Sea Kayak Georgia. The committee, led by Symposium Chair Lynn Dominguez, now chooses the guest instructor for the 2012 Symposium and plans the event at Camp Pentalouan to outdo the previous Symposium. Twenty three years of amazing kayak instruction continue with the unparalleled youth program that fills the future with kayakers by introducing paddling to kids ages 7-13.

Last year our nieces came to Symposium and had the very best time while learning to kayak. I applaud the past leadership of this club who invested the club's resources in a fleet of great youth kayaks, both Greenland and Euro paddles, as well as high quality PFDs so kids can experience kayaking with great equipment. The youth program at Symposium is one of the best gifts you could give a young person that they will remember and treasure their whole life.

I want to thank retired WMCKA Treasurer Frits Kwant for his leadership and financial expertise to keep our club financially sound, as well as his volunteer hours over the years. Frits served on the Symposium Planning Committee, and as our club's American Canoe Association representative. Frits and Clarice have just added twin grandchildren to their family and will spend time with them in Ohio this year.

Paddle on the Pond event at Newaygo State Park will have a Cast Iron Dinner as the Saturday evening feast to feed the hungry paddlers who attend. Look for the Adventure

to Lime Island in the St. Mary's River as a new club outing in July, also in this issue. See you on the water!

TEN THOUSAND ISLANDS - PLUS

By Art Plewka

Mention Florida, let alone "Everglades" or "The Keys" and all kinds of images come to mind. One of the realizations on this trip was the fact that what you picture, or hope for; planning while the snow swirls outside, might not always match reality; might not even be really warm sometimes! Expectations of Marco Island quickly fade when you're sitting bumper to bumper in this very built-up, affluent city. On the other hand, Everglades City is anything but that.



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Ten Thousand Islands, cont'd from p. 1

With our base at Collier-Seminole State Park, we were in a perfect spot for kayaking. The Blackwater River paddle starts within the park and is one of six routes comprising the Ten Thousand Islands portion of the Paradise Coast Blueway. To avoid sign pollution and reduce costs these routes are marked by GPS waypoints only. I got a waterproof copy of the trail guide along with other handouts and interesting local history at the Everglades National Park Gulf Coast Visitors Center in Everglades City.

Our first outing, a paddle around Sandfly Island, was a perfect day trip. There were Osprey galore and even some navigational challenges - all the little islands look alike - since we'd done this paddle before getting the guidebook. The island, with a beach landing and hiking trail is a good stop. It's also a fine example of the shell-mound work of the Calusa Indians; a people who adapted well to the area, being one of the few cultures to advance without any agriculture. Although much of the route is within view or earshot of powerboats, there's still plenty to enjoy. The dolphins didn't seem to mind as they hunted along the mangrove shorelines snapping up the plentiful Mullet.

Wanting to get a glimpse of the "outside", I took a solo paddle to Picnic Key, a favorite spot, via Indian Key Pass. This gives you a chance to see the last small islands before the Gulf of Mexico opens to the horizon. It also whets your appetite for what could be; camping on islands or chickees and taking an extended trip that could end 100 miles away at Flamingo City.

Our Turner River paddle in the Big Cypress National Preserve was unplanned and definitely the most exciting event of the trip. This 729,000 acre swamp, the first national preserve, is truly wild. Within its boundaries are found 700 year old Great Bald Cypress draped with Spanish moss and displaying orchids. The elusive Florida Panther leaves his paw prints in the wet marl.

As we headed down US-41, skirting the preserve, I suddenly spotted an alligator next to the roadside drainage ditch; then another and another. There were 'gators sunning themselves at every available clearing. By the time we reached the very convenient launch ramp, it's safe to say Sue was truly "energized."

We weren't five minutes into our paddle when we spotted our first 'gator on shore. Outfitters later told us it was a fantastic day for sightings; maybe something to do with the break in the cold weather. Traversing the entire route, you'll end up in Chokoloskee Bay some five hours later. You'll begin in freshwater swamp, pass through saw grass prairie and saltwater mangrove forests with some tunnels so narrow you have to pull yourself through, hand over hand.



Since we didn't have a car to spot, our plan was for an out and back. Going upstream would be no problem since whatever current exists is more from tides than gravity. Seeing so many alligators onshore, but beyond the recommended 15-20 feet safe distance, I began to wonder about our narrowing route into the mangroves. I reasoned, based on nothing, that there wouldn't be 'gators in the tunnel because there's very little sun and no shore to haul out on. It was about this time that two paddlers emerged from the tunnel just ahead of us.



"We just about hit a huge alligator!", the dad exclaimed, as teenaged son beamed broadly. Being forewarned, we soon came upon him, not that we could've missed seeing him, in the middle of the six-foot wide pass. He was easily 12 feet long; distance from nostrils to eyes about equals length. As we sat there staring at each other, he seemed to be smiling for a picture. When he slowly sank below us, we decided we'd reached the "... and back," point of our paddle. We were later told, "If you fell on top of him, he might bite you by reflex. You're not on his menu."

Evening found us back at the Camillia Street Grill, in Everglades City; with its own herb garden and right next to the fish house on the water. What better place to raise a toast to those who fought to preserve these wonders.

NURSERY VISIT

By Art Plewka

Knockemdown, Hurricane, Tarpon Belly, Little Swash; all names of alluring Florida Keys in the "skinny water" paddling zone that's an amazing nursery. What grows up in these waters and soars overhead will bring you back time and time again.



The portal to this wonderland is the launch site at the end of Blimp Road at about mile-marker 22. The general area is easy to spot because Fat Albert is usually floating lazily far above. He's a TARS; Tethered Aerospace Radar System aircraft, typically 13,000 feet above, and twice the size of the Goodyear blimp. Fat Al's doing low level radar surveillance for drug traffickers and transmits American TV signals into Cuba.

Feeling secure under Al's watchful eye, we quickly launched at the convenient ramp and set off. On our paddle we saw a variety of sharks, rays, and birds, beautiful mangrove shrouded beaches and miles of crystal clear water. As usual, we also saw scores of creatures that were beyond our understanding. However, each year we manage to fill in some of the blanks.

The frigate birds were known to us but seeing them soaring overhead for the first time was unforgettable. With a wing span of over seven feet and a jet black body they stand out majestically against that deep blue sky. However, for all their impressive attributes, they're not much at finding food. Their preferred dinner plan involves harassing other birds until they upchuck their catch. Although their nesting grounds are in the Dry Tortugas, there are many roosting in this area of the keys. We were able to get close enough to spot some males with their brilliant red pouches inflated and apparently driving the ladies crazy.



On the falling tide, in the Swashes, we were fortunate enough to observe several horseshoe crabs. Surprisingly, they're not a crab at all but are distant relatives of the spider. They look as they did 200 million years ago, and oddly enough are only found in America and Asia today. Their legs/jaws work together so they must always be moving when they eat. When one kept approaching my foot, one of my paddling "buddies" figured that it must be able to detect what smells like something that's died.

Quite a variety of sponges inhabit the nursery as well. Orange, yellow, green, purple; they add more color to the day. They were not correctly classified as animals until 1880. The loggerheads, which resemble truck tires laying on the bottom, can host thousands of tiny creatures, creating a virtual tide pool of life. In some cases their millions of cavities house worms and tiny mollusks. Newborn shrimp enter these cavities and are trapped as they grow too big to exit. Their entire life is spent wandering the dark canals. Their young may be swept to freedom with the water that's excreted. Unfortunately, many then find a loggerhead of their own and repeat the cycle.

Probably, the strangest creature of this paddle was the sea cucumber. Until one of our group held one up, I had no idea what it was and would probably have paddled the entire day without spotting one. This amazing animal, known as the "living vacuum cleaner," is cousin to the sea urchin. It feeds on mud night and day, by sticking its "fingers" in its mouth and licking them clean. It can be poisonous but it's sought by gourmets. Most amazingly, it defends itself by spewing out its internal organs, then growing them back, if it's lucky, when the coast is clear.

If you want to add another dimension to the fun, you can always don mask and snorkel. Or, maybe kayak to a near-shore patch reef and check out its grown up residents.

BEYOND THE SURFACE

By Art Plewka

Bahia Honda translates into "deep bay" and this factor makes this pass unique in the Florida Keys. To begin with it's the only bridge section with a superstructure that was added for extra strength. In fact, during a hurricane in 1910 one of the main pilings shifted.

The 35 foot depth here is important in other ways. To kayakers it's a red flag. This pass must be treated with respect when a strong tide's running and the wind's in the wrong direction. However, if you're a fish or someone who seeks them, this is a great place to be. Smaller fish, tend to follow the incoming tide and larger predators are right behind them. The underwater web cam maintained by the REEF organization has recorded some impressive visitors. A local fisherman shared some photos with me of catch that didn't quite make it back to the boat in one piece. They had that unmistakable C-shaped signature of a satiated shark.

Things really get crazy here for a week or so, usually in May, when the little palalo worms hatch out and drift through the Bahia Honda pass. The tarpon go crazy feeding on them, actually lolling around on the surface as if they're half drunk. A six foot tarpon's a healthy meal, so the sharks also show up in force for the banquet.

Around the fish cleaning stations, you'll hear stories of 350 pound bull sharks and ten foot hammerheads .

If you're a true sportsman, you'll rig a weak leader. This allows you to jump a magnificent silver tarpon several times, at which point the fight's pretty much gone out of him. You'll jerk your rod, breaking the leader, allowing him to fight another day; under no circumstances can you keep a tarpon anyway, you actually need a special license to even lift one out of the water for a picture.

On the other hand, if you're more of a hotdog, trying to post the most outrageous video on Facebook, you'll intentionally pull a tired tarpon through the water which pretty much guarantees a shark attack. One such segment has someone feeding what's left of the fish to a

hammerhead shark by hand. It's a little bit disconcerting to see the bridge in the background where many people kayak and dive. I guess it's all about timing and common sense; probably not the best idea to practice your eskimo roll here, in the middle of May!

If it's a nearby patch reef you're looking for, one approach is what I call "eskimo bow snorkeling". This takes a partner who's willing to push you over prospective sites as you scan the bottom with mask and snorkel. This eliminates the need to get in and out of your kayak every time that "hot tip" doesn't quite pan out. Off to the state park side of the Bahia Honda pass there's an old bridge abutment that you can easily get to

with or without a kayak. Turns out it's a great snorkeling spot. You're likely to see some

bigger fish here and I had the thrill of swimming around with a school of good-sized snook. It was here that I also spotted a beautiful lion fish. A little surprised, I later reported this to the park ranger and learned that they're becoming more and more common. Lion fish, which have no natural predators here, are thought to have been introduced in 1992 when Hurricane Andrew damaged the aquarium in Key Biscayne releasing a half dozen into the bay. They can now be found from Key West to Rhode Island and are damaging the fishing and recreational diving industries. With their venomous spines, they don't have much to fear.

Fortunately, their meat is not poisonous and efforts are underway to encourage commercial fishermen to seek them out. Since they're a slow moving reef fish, they can be speared or netted quite easily. To this end, lion fish derbies are becoming popular events. A one day tournament in Key Largo wiped out almost 600 and paid out \$3,000 in prize money. All the fish, spines removed, were served up to the participants or ended up in local restaurants.

Those beautiful vistas in the Florida Keys keep us coming back, but every time I return I'm amazed at how much more there is there than meets the eye.



Lime Island State Park, July 13

By Steve Adsmond

Lime Island is Michigan's newest State Park located in the St. Mary's River right next to the shipping channel leading to the Sault Ste. Marie locks. The 980 acre island is a paddling adventure destination that includes crossing a shipping channel to the island. The idea for this trip started with a plan for a family trip with the Geisels and Adsmonds and when Karl put it on the WMCKA web update we heard from several members who are also in for the trip. Outdoor editor extraordinaire Howard Meyerson of the Grand Rapids Press has told of the features of this fun vacation spot for paddlers. You can read one article about it on the web at http://www.mlive.com/outdoors/index.ssf/2011/05/missing_the_boat_on_a_gem_stat.html

Here is what has developed thus far: A plan to meet near the town of Raber on Friday, mid-afternoon, for the 2.75 mile crossing to Lime Island. If the water is not cooperative the crossing will be delayed until Saturday morning. The return is planned for Sunday afternoon, but will be adapted to predicted weather conditions.

This is a trip where there will be an open water crossing of approximately 2.75 miles and so anyone considering this trip needs to be able to stay in their boat for an hour of paddling in a sea kayak with twin bulkheads, and sealed hatch covers. Participants may want a wet suit or dry suit for the crossings depending on the water temperature. With the exception of water, you need to be totally self sufficient, hauling all of your food, clothing, and camping gear.

Accommodations: Lime Island has tent camping sites as well as cabins available for rent. The Adsmond and McDaniel families have opted for the 4 person cabins on the edge of the shipping channel while looking for a combination of comfort, dry gear, and the least chance for black bear interaction. You can view and reserve tent sites or cabins on the state park website at <http://www.midnrreservations.com/SearchPark.aspx?ParkID=7>

Once on this reservation website, the Straits State Park appears in the dropdown menu. Scroll up to Lime Island State Park and chose between cabins or tent sites.

For people wanting to sleep and share a group cabin, I will do my best to help coordinate that while cabins remain available. This outing is ready to adapt to the ideas of the participants and yet the only scheduled paddles will be the crossings on Friday and Sunday afternoons.

NEXT TIME

By Art Plewka

In Cross Village there's a launch ramp into Lake Michigan. It's used primarily by the Native American fishermen who set their nets for whatever's running offshore. The last time I was here I was hauling out my 15' sailboat.

That trip had been a christening of sorts. With my teenaged brother as crew, we had camp-cruised from Whitehall, north along the shoreline. Our goal was to sail under the Mackinaw Bridge. Along the way we experienced the Northern Lights, a tornado warning, surf landings amidst scattered boulders and some of the best sailing of my life. While camped just north of Lake Charlevoix we were warned about Sturgeon Bay; a small boat sailor had drowned there the previous year. When I made the decision to end the trip at Cross Village, Mark was very disappointed. As I explained, "Safety is the main thing and there's always next time."



That was 1976 and in the ensuing years, in several different boats, I traversed the connecting Great Lakes waters from Mackinaw City to Kingston Ontario and the Ten Thousand Island cruising grounds, in the St. Lawrence Seaway. However, that last link in the chain from Cross Village to Big Mack continued to elude me.

With the passage of time my respect for Sturgeon Bay hadn't diminished in the least. In fact as the size of my watercraft decreased over the years, I'd say the opposite was true. With southwest winds you've got about 180 miles of fetch sending waves crashing onto what's described as a "foul" lee shore on the charts. It's not a crossing to be taken lightly, so when the forecast predicted six days of light southeast winds, I gave my paddling partner a call. Unfortunately, family obligations made him unavailable. This would be a solo trip.

Arriving the evening before launch day, I was a bit dismayed to see 3'-4' seas from the southwest. The kite boarders loved it, but I was flashing back to 1976. My overnight at the Levering Motel was a good chance to monitor the forecasts and consider all the options. After a

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hearty breakfast at the local cafe (Look for the 8' chicken) it was time to launch in hopes of confirming the prediction of gradually improving conditions.

The launch site, much improved over the decades, afforded a bit of protection but before long I was fully exposed to wind and waves. It was an exhilarating ride with the tailwind, which showed no sign of letting up, and the prospect of waves meeting rock on the other side of the bay was more than I wanted to deal with. I took the bail out option behind Sturgeon Bay Point.

By 1:30 the wind seemed to shift and diminish a bit. The SW gusts were gone, replaced by a west wind. However, with the push of the waves, 5 mph popped up regularly on the GPS, and in one and a half hours, I was picking my way through the cut in Waugoshance Point, leading to the Straits of Mackinaw.

Entering this tranquil, two foot deep, rock-strewn maze was very gratifying. Getting out to stretch your legs and watching the waves and wind out on the bay; priceless! Once into the straits, I was in the lee of the islands and after hanging a left, realized that with much of the day left, I might have a shot at my "frosting on the cake" goal of rounding the abandoned Waugoshance Point Lighthouse.

First put into service in 1851, this "birdcage" light was the first crib mounted design on the Great Lakes. The support structure was converted to limestone blocks in 1896. However, it looked a little the worse for wear, having been used for strafing practice by pilots out of Camp Grayling.

As I reached the last of the islands, the westerly wind had filled in and with waves more on the bow I headed for the light. In the crystal clear water, you can see the shelf of rock all the way out. Dozens of cormorants took exception and flight as I rounded the company being a two orking its way to After quickly have picture, I mainland, being tailwind once again. called my ground we altered plans for Mackinaw City the



The beautiful red islands promised However, when you're three of the Great forces at work that can

The rain started around midnight. By morning the tent was being buffeted by wind gusts from the southeast. The forecast included waves 1'-3' and building. Not wanting to be stuck there, skipping breakfast, and quickly loading the kayak, I launched and beat into waves breaking over the bow. After a day of downwind paddling, I was impressed by the challenge of paddling a kayak, loaded with wet sandy gear into a head sea.

After a couple of hours, with Big Mack looming in the grey distance, it became obvious that the option of putting in at Wilderness State Park made the most sense. Once there, I learned that the ferry boats had cancelled the day's trips under the bridge due to the forecast of 40 knot winds. Apparently, the remnants of Hurricane Irene had swung around and added their energy to the local weather system.

This window of opportunity had closed, so I reluctantly called for my pick up. After a hot shower, I had plenty of time to sort out gear and think about the trip. Had the original benign forecast held I would have reached my goal but I would have missed the opportunity to experience and fully appreciate the powerful dynamics of this unique area.

As for reaching Big Mack, just nine miles away. Next time.

light, my only other masted schooner w Mackinaw Island. snapping that must headed back to the pushed by a brisk What a day! When I support that night, a pick up at next day.

sunset over the good things to come. at the convergence of Lakes there are some undo your plans in no time.

Newaygo State Park June 15-17, 2012

By Steve Adsmond

While at our last fall's WMCKA Annual Meeting dinner, Bob Burmania and I were talking while feasting on Peach Cobbler prepared in a cast iron dutch oven by an awesome cook. The cobbler inspired Bob to hatch an idea of making our Saturday night dinner at Newaygo State Park Paddle on the Pond event a Cast Iron Dinner. After a few months of pondering Bob said we could have baked chicken pieces, garlic mashed potatoes, and assorted cooked veggies. Veggies for the cast iron dinner or potluck contributions to compliment this line up are of course welcome as all WMCKA members seem to all be great cooks. And my wish is that the lady who makes the awesome Peach Cobbler would make a guest appearance with her dessert!

Hardy Dam and Hardy Pond offer lots of extensive open water paddling. There usually is a group paddle west to Hardy Dam, which is the largest earthen dam east of the Mississippi. Its tremendous size and history of construction are well worth the visit. There is a great park and beach with a swim area for a lunch break right at the dam. Those who prefer river kayaking can put in at the dam and experience a great paddle down river to the Croton Dam, which was the site for the start of the Newaygo Nationals Canoe and Kayak races this past summer.

Newaygo State Park is an awesome, not crowded, less expensive campground where each extremely roomy site is well spaced out from neighbors. This venue is excellent for launching kayaks at a landing just down the hill from the campsites. This is a great outing that I hope you will put on your summer calendar!

Camp Host is Steve Adsmond, phone 231-924-3719, Adsmond@comcast.net

Timeless Painted Rocks

By Art Plewka

As a young man, Powers of the Air, son of the Chippewa chief on Grand Island, would run the shoreline of Trout Bay. He was known for his speed and later for the songs he sang which recorded the history of his cherished home. At the end of each sprint, he'd pause and look across to what's now called the Grand Portal Point, part of Pictured Rocks National Lakeshore. When you paddle these shores, it's not just the beauty but the sense of timelessness that works its magic. You can glimpse the processes that have been recreating this wonder for over a million years. The evidence of dramatic change is all around you in the fallen ledges or collapsed caves that could've happened last week or thousands of years ago, but there's also a human history

that also surrounds and adds to the vastness of the experience.

As a newcomer to this area, I was happy to have the chance to visit here with Frits and Clarice Kwant. Frits has spent quite a bit of time paddling here, but more on that later. With our base at the Tourist Park Campground in Munising, we looked forward to a great week. Not only did we get a perfect forecast right off the bat, but our wives seemed very understanding, or maybe just pleased to be rid of us, and we were off to day paddle the Pictured Rocks!

The fairly long carry down the path and steps at Miners Castle Beach behind us, we made an early start on a beautifully calm day. One thing that I hadn't anticipated is the changing light during the day's progress. The morning sun doesn't penetrate the many caves or highlight all the mineral hues on the rock faces. Not only do you get a second chance to enjoy on the return paddle, but it's all seen in a new light. Evidence of thousands of years of Nature's destructive forces constantly amaze. Strangely enough, in our entire day of paddling we never saw or heard anything break loose, despite the miles of undercut leaning trees and piles of rock overhead. However, if you take the scenic boat tour you'll see photos that caught a major collapse. One of the locals in town enjoyed telling about the crashing roar you might hear from down the bay, in the middle of a winter day, and then complete silence. The paddle was everything I'd hoped it would be and on this day we had the luxury of water so warm that you looked forward to a dip. I wished I'd brought snorkeling gear to get an underwater view of the columns and formations inside some of the caves.

I did give in to the urge to get out of my kayak for a different perspective at the Grand Portal. I found the perfect spot between two shelves and left it floating there while I scrambled up the rubble that lies below the collapsed arch. Actually, scrambled is probably not the right word; the sand rubbed off the boulders so easily that it was more of a cautious crab-walk. Most of the chunks had a brittle, almost fragile, feel to them.

At one of our beach breaks, we got a visit from an outfitter out of Marquette, whose group was stopped nearby. He had accumulated quite an impressive amount of information about the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Portal arch in particular; its height, the number of acres above it that had at one time been farmed, the fact that it had collapsed in 1912 When Frits explained that he had, in fact, paddled under the arch the puzzled young man paused, just a bit, and continued his discourse. I'm not sure if he thought he was seeing a reincarnation of an ancient voyageur or not, but I'll bet he went back and reviewed his sources.

Ensuing windy days found us looking at our paddling options. A launch at Sand Point and a day trip to Grand

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Island seemed a good choice. As luck would have it, our neighbors, who happened to be wreck divers, gave us a golden tip. "Check out the wreck in Murray Bay", they advised, "We've got some spare snorkeling gear that you're welcome to." They went on to give us the history of the Bermuda, a 135 foot long wooden schooner that went down there in 1870. Two crewmen perished.

It was just a bit lumpy when we paddled past the old East Channel Light. Before too long we spotted the mooring ball marking the wreck. The mid-day sun illuminated her entire length, as she sat there, right side up, in just 30 feet of water! The bow was a mere 13 feet down. For the next hour or so we had the spot all to ourselves; fortunately we were between excursion boats. I spent the time "walking" the deck, sitting on the huge steel rudder post and inspecting the beautifully preserved rudder that rested on the sand bottom. The gaping hole in the deck aft, gave access to the inside of the hull. It was an eerie experience to hold onto those crossbeams and peer below into what had been the crew's quarters on that fateful night.

Sharing the rock and water with good friends came to an end all too soon but we made one final discovery on our way out of town that was a perfect ending. I'd read that in 1820 a French trapper, a member of a party led by Lewis Cass, governor of the Michigan Territory, had carved the image of Powers of the Air in the rock near shore. The spot is to the east end of the beach at Au Train. We pulled into the small roadside park. Several hundred feet away there's a low rock outcropping. Just above eye level is the very faint outline of that proud chief's son.

WMCKA WINTER EVENT

By Kathy Burmania

On February 18, 2012, we will have a cross country/ snowshoe/hike event at PJ Hoffmaster State Park near Muskegon. This will be a snow or no snow event. No snow and we will hike. Meet at the Visitor Center at Noon, and we'll decide where we ski. At about 3:00 PM we will have a tailgate lunch of chili, hotdogs, and hot chocolate. Bring a friend!

For more information, contact Kathy Burmania at (616) 676-1592 or kburm@aol.com.



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Submissions

Articles, photos, trip reports, announcements for trips or any other materials related to kayaking are welcome for submission. Electronic media (plain text or MS-Word format) is preferred. Materials are subject to editing

Send to: wmcka.news@Yahoo.com
Submissions due by 15th of the previous month

FOR SALE

UPCOMING PADDLES

Paddles on the WMCKA Web site

Remember that the events marked with an asterisk (*) are non-WMCKA sponsored events.

Calendar

Pool Sessions at Grandville: Jan 28, Feb 11, Feb 18, Mar 3, and Mar 17

Feb 18-19: LOAPC 31st Annual Au Sable River Overnight*

Mar 3: Quiet Water Symposium at MSU*

Mar 17-18: LOAPC 6th Annual S. Br. of Pere Marquette*

Apr 13: 13th Annual Hugh Heward Challenge*

May 4-6: Spring Confluence

May 25-28: 23rd Annual WMCKA Sea Kayak Symposium

June 15-17 - Newaygo State Park Paddle on the Pond

July 13-15: Lime Island Weekend

Sept. 14-16: End-O-Summer Weekend

Oct 5-7: WMCKA Annual Meeting, Mesick

For location, cost, and equipment requirements, please see the Events Page at www.wmcka.org