

# Puget Sound News Splash

Keeping you in touch with kayak doings around the Sound, courtesy of the Tacoma Mountaineers

January 2010

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Welcome to the first edition of the *Puget Sound News Splash*, brought to you by the Tacoma Mountaineers Sea Kayak Committee. We hope it will keep you current—and in contact—with the local kayaking scene. If you glance at our fine publication, you just might find yourself made (in)famous in the news!

We are always looking for stories, classifieds, and news about all things kayak. We can't pay you much, meaning at all, but feel free to forward stories, ideas, messages, and battered and abused kayak gear, to Alex Otto, *News Splash* editor, at [tacomakayaker@yahoo.com](mailto:tacomakayaker@yahoo.com). Thanks!

## Study with best, through the Tacoma Mountaineers

Just about any serious kayaker in the world, or at least in the United States, has heard of Nigel Foster, George Gronseth at the Kayak Academy, and Leone Somme and Shawna Franklin at Body Boat Blade.

In fact, people fly from all over the country to study with them. But as a Tacoma Mountaineer sea kayaker, you don't have to travel too far at all.

We are proud to offer the following classes this winter. Interested? Contact Christine Burris, TMSK president, at 253-858-1119

	2/6/10	<a href="#">Incident Management with Nigel Foster</a>	Sea Kayak	Christine Burris	Signup with Leader
	2/13/10 - 2/14/10	<a href="#">Surf Clinic Pacific Beach w/ Kayak Academy</a> Sea Kayak III+	Sea Kayak	Christine Burris	Signup with Leader
	3/6/10	<a href="#">Body Boat Blade Incident Management</a> See Leader Notes - Sea Kayak IV+	Sea Kayak	Christine Burris	Signup with Leader

We've already filled up a Greenland paddle carving class with Don Beale at the end of the month. So hurry if these other classes look helpful. Incident management—how to handle bad situations—is one of the most important skills a kayaker can have.

Our pool sessions start 7 p.m. Jan 13 at Peninsula High School, for the bargain price of \$10 per session, \$5 for short boats. Dubsid is offering private lessons. Call Christine for more info.

## Save the Date!

January 15th

Nigel Foster

at

The Tacoma Mountaineer Clubhouse

Come learn about the pristine beauty, epic challenges, and life-threatening dangers in the wild waters of the Labrador coast, from one of the world's leading kayak adventurers.

Admission is free

Doors open at 7:00PM

Tacoma Clubhouse  
2302 North 30th Street  
Tacoma WA 98403

## TRIP REPORT: Gig Harbor, Jan 1

Of course, when we set out, we each need to know about weather, tides, currents, charts, group dynamics, etc. But it's reassuring when Mountaineer Rhonda Schwab, one of our teachers, is leading. She knows what she's doing, and has a way of making even the simplest paddles fun.

On this trip we had a lot of experienced kayakers, including Rhonda and Chris, Dan and Monica from Kitsap, Susan Wilson, Tom Carroll and myself. We were supposed to have Gary Peniston and Ruth but they overslept. (Yeah sleeping, right.) We also had two white-water guys, Tom and Rick, and David Stafursky, looking ready for a *Sea Kayaker* photo shoot, though it was his first time in a yak.

Just for fun, Rhonda and Chris ordered up some wind. Thanks buddy; 20 knot gusts were a bit much for the newer paddlers. But Rhonda had a back-up plan—good leaders always do—and led us instead through a maze of barnacle encrusted pilings along the west shore of Gig Harbor, the commercial side. Just for kicks, she had us go through them backwards. Tom Carroll was perfect at executing these maneuvers, highly motivated to protect his beautiful new Valley Aquanaut.

Rhonda directed several of us to teach a skill to the group. I covered sculling draws, Wilson showed how to climb onto a dock (better her than me!), and Monica offered a fabulous forward stroke back to the take-out. The entire group met at the Tides afterwards for good chow. ~Christine Burris

## TRIP REPORT: Through the Narrows and back, Dec. 26

So, nine of us set off from Owen Beach, heading to Titlow, cutting into the fog like Captain Ahab in search of our own white whale, whom we call Bob Burnett. The ride around Point Defiance at slack was fairly uneventful, the sun occasionally peering through the fog and sparkling across the water.

As we headed past Salmon Beach, we began to see the Narrows twin bridges piercing through the fog, and then, easily viewed from a half mile away, a dozen or so ferocious sea lions splashing in the waves.



**I'm gonna git ya, sucka!**

These were California boys, the Frankensteins of their species, with huge bodies and Neanderthal like foreheads, and fangs, I tell you, fangs! They were obviously settling some kind of dispute about fishing rights or females, and we were destined to paddle right past them. Bob wanted to hop right in there and duke it out for mating rights, but luckily we restrained him.

As we came closer, one large male reared his head a dozen or so feet from our boats and splashed his tail with a great, defiant "ploosh." Mike Delmonte commented that these were nothing like the little silver speckled ones he had seen in Gig Harbor. As Pete Babler, Bob, and Ed Hand cavalierly paddled closer, I tried to encourage the group through the center of the channel away from the wild things.

Thankfully, the big boys weren't that interested in us, and we eventually headed into Titlow Beach and then Steamers restaurant for a hot meal and a chance to listen to Pete's tale of surfing Shi Shi on 10 foot waves with a boat load of alcohol and a 19 pound pot roast. (Wha??? -ed.)

After finishing lunch, we headed back out just before max ebb. The change of tide seemed to have scattered the beasts of the morning. Heading close into Salmon Beach to take advantage of the current compression, we whisked along at nearly 6 knots.

On our return around the Point, we were treated to a spectacular view of Mount Rainier; the fog had cleared. As usual, Bob delighted the beachcombers at the take-out with an assortment of rolls and yet more failed attempts to stand in his boat. ~Christine Burris

## For Sale.....

**Nigel Foster Legend** 17'10" sea kayak, 21-1/8" beam, hard chine, white over white, bilge pump, spray skirt. Needs new hatch covers. Fast, very quick edge-to-edge, maneuverable, sporty. \$1600. Thomas Carroll 253-691-5084

**Nigel Foster Legend** Same dimensions as above. Yellow over white, all new hatch covers, no compass, custom seat back/pad for rolling, custom spray skirt with very small waist. (We all know how trim you are, Gary.-ed.) \$1500. Gary Peniston 253-851-8348 or [ghpghp@earthlink.net](mailto:ghpghp@earthlink.net)

**Skin-on-frame Aleut-style baidarka** 16'7", 21-1/2" beam, built in Corey Freedman's class for a 200 pound guy. Tan, float bags fore/aft. Stable. Cargo room for overnights. \$450. Gary Peniston, contact as above. (Geez Peniston, what are you going to paddle?-ed.)

## The last word.....*take care of that first-aid kit*

The other day on the beach after a paddle, we played a little football with my old first-aid dry bag. It was a great football, but I began to wonder when, if ever, it had been a great first-aid kit. When, that is, did I last use it?

The answer was slow in coming, but clear: never. No, wait! In 2003, a barnacle had filleted my friend George's finger like a sushi chef going at a tuna. He needed a band-aid. Okay, so that was once, a long time ago. I then wondered just how old is this kit? Whoops, the last century!! Better have a look inside.



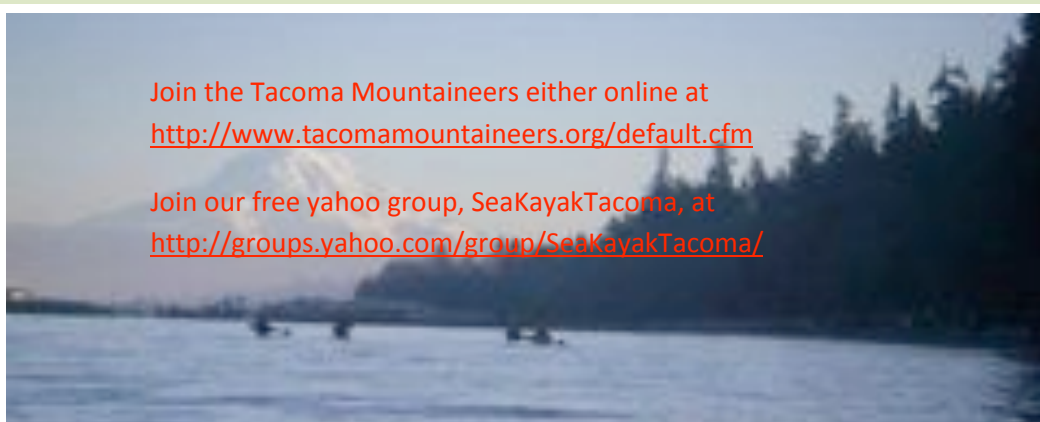
**Hey--you might need this stuff some day**

So I opened the dry bag, took out the five individually packed Ziploc bags that I had stuffed the various bits into for extra water protection, and spilled it all onto the dining room table. My kit needed a little first-aid of its own. The alcohol swabs had leaked and soaked the little first aid manual to unreadability, gluing the pages together, and, of course, messing up other gear, including those band-aids.

Out tumbled some squashed packages of sterile gauze, yellowed with age. Mind you, I have not found an expiration date on any sterile dressings in the store (having looked recently), but I suspect that the yellow color might be an indicator that after ten years, gauze might be in less-than optimal shape, let alone sterile.

I hardly dare to tell you that I could have sold all the outdated medication in my kit at a druggie antiques shop! In short, the only useful thing left in my first-aid bag was the triangular bandage, the elastic bandage (neither of which need to be sterile), the scissors (which had only slight rust on them), and the stainless steel forceps. The defibrillation unit was completely shot. (joking!-ed.)

Oh, Reader, take note of my woe and inspect your own kit. Don't get caught in a bad situation with sub-par first-aid gear! ~ *Anonymous* (you wanted to be anonymous, right, Jurgen?-ed.)



Join the Tacoma Mountaineers either online at  
<http://www.tacomamountaineers.org/default.cfm>

Join our free yahoo group, SeaKayakTacoma, at  
<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/SeaKayakTacoma/>