

Canoe News

A photograph of three kayakers on a body of water at sunset. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a bright, shimmering reflection on the water's surface. The kayakers are silhouetted against the bright light, and their paddles are raised in the air. The sky is filled with soft, golden clouds.

Early Season Training

Land Paddling

Massive Murray Marathon

2019 Aluminum Nationals

Spring 2019 Vol. 52 No. 1



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Executive Committee

President: Rebecca Davis
6417 23 Mile Rd, Homer, MI 49245
517-227-4794 canoe_run_ski@hotmail.com

Vice President: Phoebe Reese
254 East Street, Oneonta, NY 13820
607-435-9921 pufreese@gmail.com

Secretary: Barbara Bradley
101 E Rib Mt Drive, Wausau, WI 54401
715-581-0861 bcb Bradley3@gmail.com

Treasurer: John Edwards
1929 Arrowhead Dr. NE, St. Petersburg,
FL 33703-1903
727-459-6366 canoechamp@aol.com

Canoe News

Editor: Steven Horney/**Asst. Ed.** Julie Horney
15806 Timberwillow Dr, Huntertown, IN 46748
260-452-6447 soarer_270@yahoo.com

Advertising: Scott Stenberg
3232 Jugg St , Moravia, NY 13118
315-406-4692 owascolake@gmail.com

Printing and Distribution: Steve Rosenau
105 Waterford Dr., Mt Holly, NC 28120
704-483-4130 sar4130@gmail.com

From the Editor:

Spring has sprung, and it's time to get back on the (now liquid) water. We have a couple of articles about getting in some early/pre training that may help boost your performance this year. We also have a major article on paddling "down under" - the ultimate counter to winter! It's a long article, but great for a good read on a chilly post-workout evening. An article on a Free-Style training course discusses an option for picking up canoe handling tips. And finally we some info on the upcoming Aluminum Nationals to round out your Spring Edition of Canoe News. I hope you enjoy!

Keep paddling strong!

Steve

*"Summer Fun" Front Cover Photo: Steve Dresselhaus,
Reconciliar A.C.,
Baja California Sur, Mexico*

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United States Canoe Association
Supporting a Five Star Program:
Camping, Camaraderie, Cruising, Conservation,
and Competition

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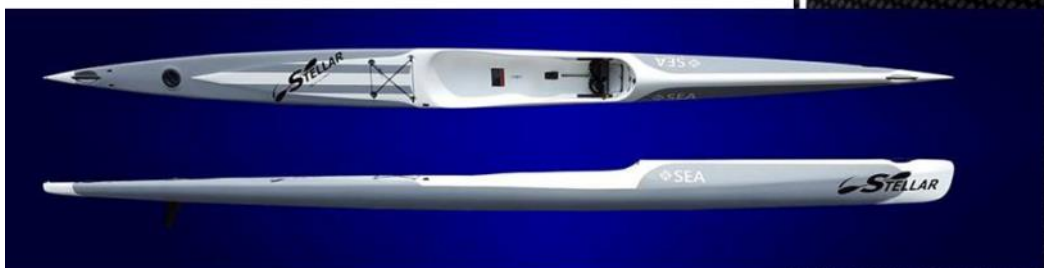
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VIEW FROM THE BOW

USCA PRESIDENT REBECCA DAVIS

Welcome to a new year of the *Canoe News*! As I enter my second term as USCA President, I am excited about the changes our delegates have made for the coming year. Unlike past meetings where people have left yelling and screaming, our organization is really starting to come together and work as a team. This means that we made some changes this year with collaboration, which hopefully will be beneficial to all members.

If you haven't yet, check out the updated website; our address is the same at www.uscanoe.com, but our look is different. Hopefully this will be easier to use and I am confident that we will be updated more frequently with the easier to use web site in place. Please feel free to let me know anything you would like to see included or any pages that need updating. Our website is a resource for paddlers and we want to make it the best place to find relevant paddlesport information.

First, we made all youth/junior sprints 250 meters. The sprints should run more efficiently and it will be a shorter day for all involved. The Para

Sprint course will remain 500 meters, as was requested by Jan Whitaker and the athletes.

Second, the schedule was changed so the women's kayak classes don't all run on the same day, allowing couples to share boats and race on multiple days. Check the competition rules on the USCA website to see how this layout will be implemented.

Finally, this year racers will have a much abbreviated sign up process. You will automatically be entered into your age category base on your age on race day. All entrants that start together will be competing for an overall championship, as well as their age group championship. For the classes that are split starts, competitors will be able to waive their age group awards if they wish to compete for the overall class— this will need to be designated during the sign up process. These changes should make the races more like other events that you compete in: running races, ski races, triathlons, etc., and it will reduce the number of “cherry-pickers” looking for the easiest age group to earn an award.



A few other changes were also made in the competition rules, so make sure to check them out prior to the 2019 Nationals. The aim is to make the whole organization more user friendly and to do so we need feedback from the members. I look forward to seeing many faces at the semi-annual meeting in Warren, Pennsylvania! I want to hear how these changes have impacted your Nationals experience, as well as any new ideas you have for streamlining our organization.

See you on the water!

Rebecca Davis

USCA President

canoe_run_ski@hotmail.com



Charles River Watershed Association's 37th Annual Run of the Charles

BOSTON'S PREMIER PADDLING RACE

Sunday, April 28, 2019 • Boston, MA

RUN OF THE CHARLES RACE UPDATE

In an effort to produce a more sustainable event with a lower carbon footprint, we are making a few changes this year, including new race courses! There will be a 14-mile relay (with fewer portages) and 12-, 6- and 3-mile races. We have also developed a RiverFest at the finish line, which will include river games, live music, family canoe races and much more! Please visit the website below for more information.

www.crwa.org/run-of-the-charles

[#runofthecharles](#) [#riverfest](#)



EARLY SEASON TRAINING

REBECCA DAVIS

Each year, I have a handful of questions on early season training leading up to a big event: the General Clinton, AuSable River Canoe Marathon, Yukon Quest, and Texas Water Safari. All require a good base of paddling in order to finish feeling good, but many paddlers want to do more than just finish- they want to be competitive or improve on a previous finish. Generally speaking, in order to race well in an early season ultra, I like to have one hour of canoe training per mile of race (70 miles for the General Clinton), or 100 hours of canoe training for anything over 100 miles. I measure my hours from January 1st, but some measure from the first day of training for the new season, be it November 1st or March 1st. For those 100 hours, I do a combination of the following:

Time Trials

Prior to the start of racing, time trials are the hardest workouts of the week, with both hard effort and distance components. A typical time trial course should involve both upstream and downstream paddling, and have fairly consistent times at different water levels if possible, so you can “race” yourself. A typical

time trial segment for me is 40-50 minutes, with a 20-30 minute warm up before and the same cool down after. During the time trial, you want to try to emulate a “race pace” for the entire course, not going out hard and dying. If you are time trialing with other boats, do a staggered start with teams going every 30 seconds or so, that way everyone can really focus on their own pacing, instead of starting hard and trying to ride the other teams. You may get a chance to ride in the time trial, and definitely take advantage of it, but try to consistently push when paddling alone. Time trials are only done on weeks where there are no races, as they usually require more recovery time than the other types of training.

Intervals

Interval training will either be the best day of training for the week, or the most difficult. For early season intervals, plan the total “work time” to be 25-30 minutes. A typical set of spring intervals will be a ladder of work, 1 minute, 2 minutes, 3 minutes, 4 minutes, 5 minutes, 4 minutes, 3 minutes, and 2 minutes, 1 minute for a total of 25 minutes work with either 1 or 2 minutes rest be-

tween each piece. The longer pieces are good for practicing dropping into race pace after a start, and the shorter pieces are good for all out efforts. Even shorter efforts are incorporated into the intervals in the weeks with races, and the longer intervals are dropped to just fine-tune your top speed. Again, make sure to have a good warm up of 20-30 minutes and the same for the cool down. For a warm up, you should start to sweat a little bit, then you know that you are ready to go. If you notice a lot of tightness in the forearms during the first few intervals, your warm up was not long enough; if you notice a lot of tightness after completing your workout, your cooldown was not long enough. Interval training should happen 1-2 days a week; speed needs to be used in order to be maintained.

Skills Training

Skill training days are probably those days that you “just go out for a paddle.” These days aren’t particularly intense and may not be that long, but each day on the water should serve some purpose towards your race season (yes, sometimes that purpose is just to have fun!). For example, I might do a short C1

paddle on a technical upstream section, to practice my boat handling. This won't be fast or hard, but I still benefit from reading the river and setting up my corners. Another day may be a portage practice where the paddling is easy, but the focus turns to put-ins and take-outs, or running with the boat flat. Other times, it is focusing on matching my partner perfectly or riding wake without having to use same side paddling. Sometimes it might be as simple as doing a "round robin" day, where you switch partners or ends of the boat and practice riding in the pack. Prior to early races, it might be paddling somewhere with similar types of water: suck water, shallows, big waves, "drops," etc. These days aren't about intensity, they are just about learning the technical aspects of the sport. "Skills paddles" should happen at least once each week.

Long, Slow, Distance

Long, slow, distance training is usually the favorite of marathon paddlers. These workouts are important, but they shouldn't be the only thing that you focus on for a big race, so they are at the bottom of my list. Long paddles can range from 2-6 hours with paddles over 4 hours occurring less frequently. Two or three 4-6 hour paddles should be sufficient leading into the General Clinton for most experienced paddlers, maybe one or two additional or even longer runs for the newer racers. These workouts don't need to be hard, but keeping a steady pace is important. Efficiency and mechanics are a big part of long distance racing, so stroke work can happen on these longer paddles. Partners should use these training runs to work out any kinks, find glide, and optimally trim the boat in

different conditions. It is also a good time to assess your fueling, comfort, and clothing choices in preparation for race day.

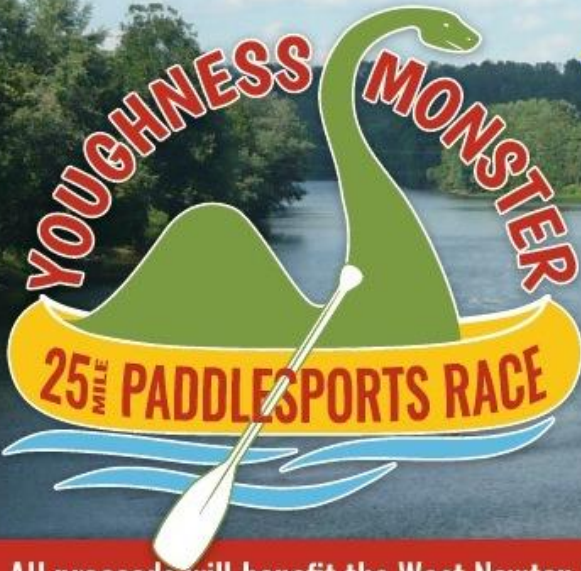
The typical training week for me will go something like this:

- Monday— Rest day
- Tuesday— Skills or Time Trial
- Wednesday— Intervals
- Thursday— Skills
- Friday— Short/Easy or rest
- Saturday— Longer, Slow, Distance, or Race
- Sunday— Long, Slow, Distance, or Race.



Tuesdays and Thursdays I usually do a short run, and one day a week I try to do a thirty minute weight training session where I focus on form and lifting, not a high intensity style of training, since I am getting that in the canoe. Once the big races for the season start, I closely monitor and adjust my rest days, sometimes only paddling two days during the week, and racing two days on the weekend.

Rebecca Davis at the Tahquamenon Wilderness Canoe Race (September 2018). Photo by Crystal Richter.



SATURDAY | **10AM**
MAY 4, 2019 | **START**

On the Youghiogeny River
Connellsville to West Newton, PA

All proceeds will benefit the West Newton Fire Department for operating and equipment expenses

The race is on a very scenic section of the Youghiogeny River that is class 1 & 2. There are several race classes for kayaks and canoes. Awards will be given to the top 3 in each class and the top 3 fastest time in overall singles.

FRIDAY, MAY 3: Registration and Packet Pickup. 4pm-7pm at Connellsville Boat Ramp. Music and food. Spaghetti dinner for \$8. Great time to socialize and get more info on the race.

SATURDAY, MAY 4: Race Day! Start at Connellsville Launch ramp, finish at West Newton VFD and Bloom Brew. Then join us for an After Race Party with awards, music, food, great beer and socializing.

\$40 EARLY REGISTRATION FEE



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THE MASSIVE MURRAY MARATHON

SUSAN WILLIAMS

- The Massive Murray Marathon: from Yarrowonga to Swan Hill, in the states of New South Wales and Victoria, Australia.
- On the Murray River; 5 days, 404 kilometers; November 19-23, 2018.

From heat to hail, snakes to spirits, wind to whirlpools, hold on to your hats, this one is definitely a wild ride!

The Murray Marathon is 5 days and 404 kilometers across the Australian bush. It is, for the most part remote, arid, flat, and brown country. There isn't, they say, much rain here, so when you see something green you're either near a river or in an area with irrigation. Cattle and sheep are on either side of the road, with the occasional suicidal group of kangaroos or emus darting in front of the car to test your driving reaction times (much like our deer do back home). Tony and I would be driving along and I would be fascinated by the roos and emus, much to the chagrin of Tony. He told me to stop staring at them and start paying attention because he didn't want any to hit his car! Only after we narrowly

avoided a kangaroo (which must have left a few hairs and probably some kangaroo snot on my side door) did I realize they really are as big and dangerous as deer.

Tony and I traveled to Yarrowonga the day before the race to check in and see the opening ceremonies, as well as to attend the mandatory pre-race meeting. You know those meetings: where they say wear your PFDs, help anyone you see in trouble, blah blah blah, with everyone half listening like the safety instructions on an airline. Everyone knows this stuff and you never need it, right?! Yea, always the famous last words.

We pulled up on a beach to camp at the finish line of day one. It's not a campground like we have with assigned spaces, it's a sandy beach beside the Murray River dotted with trees and grass. You park where you feel like parking, put \$5 per person into an envelope and drop it into a slot at the toilet block (bath house). By staying here we would have to drive to the start at 5:30 in the morning but at the end we would be right at our camp for the night. It gets really dark in the Australian bush and the toilet block was too far away for my lazy self to walk



to in the middle of the night, so I stepped outside the camper to answer nature's call while a group of nearby kangaroos looked up and watched, still chewing their grass. Weirdest voyeurs ever.

Kookaburra birds were screeching all around us in the morning. I absolutely love the sound of them. Tony said that the settlers, when they first heard them, thought they were going to be slaughtered by aboriginals or wild animals. Hearing the kookaburras in a whole new light, I can see exactly why settlers would think that. While Kookaburras aren't very big (less than a pound and not even 18" head to tail), they're super loud, sounding

almost like an evil laugh. In the darkness before dawn, where you can't see the source of that noise, it's easy to understand why one might think something was going to kill you.

Out in the bush you use what you bring with you, including your own water supplies. I'd forgotten to allot a supply of water to brush my teeth. Now I could have used some of the water set aside for my coffee, but let's get real. So I did the next best thing: I brushed my teeth with my coffee. Let's just say it was a whole new minty experience; having tried it, I would only recommend it to people I don't like.

A Marathon start has either 3 or 4 waves (I forget the number), but I specifically asked the race organizers to put Tony and me into the first wave to go out every morning. Tony by himself could go in any wave and still finish on time, but I'm not as fast or as good as he is so I wanted the most time each day to enjoy the journey without worrying about cut-off times. On the first day, 71 boats

started in the first wave. That number increased each day as slower boats in waves behind us were moved up by the organizers to give them more time too.

Day 1

With 71 boats on the line in wave 1 on day 1, I was a bit apprehensive of the start. Crashing, swimming, or just generally dealing with waves and wakes is not my idea of fun at the start of a 5 day race and a 93 kilometer day. To my surprise it was quite a civilized start: no one blasted off the line like an idiot and no one crashed into us because they lacked boat control. All in all it was a nice calm start. Ah yes—that should have been my clue.

When races in Australia start civilized they just don't end up staying that way...

When we got to Cobram, Tony pointed out where Bill Dunn's ashes were sunk in the river. I recognized it from the photos. Bill Dunn was a legend of the Murray Marathon. Peggy and I met him last year and he sang to us; it felt weird that he wasn't

there this year. I can only imagine how it felt to Raaahd and Tony in this spot, having been best friends with Bill for over 30 years.

The birds were loud in the trees. The cockatoos are big and white

with yellow on their heads and they fill the trees. They're critically endangered due to illegal trapping and poaching for the caged bird trade but you wouldn't know it in this part of the Australian bush. They're so loud that sometimes you can't hear anything else. They're also destructive. They look pretty, but they'll chew you, your gear, and your boat up if given half a chance. One of them, a few weeks prior, chewed up my sandal a bit. I didn't really mind because who else in the U.S. can wear sandals that they can say have been chewed by Australian cockatoos?

The funniest moment of the day was when one of the guys in a later wave came past us singing the "Love Shack" song but he changed all the words to "Love Boat". It was super creative and made me laugh for miles.

We were following young Jack and Tyler, both in C-1s, when Tyler stopped. He looked tired. He and Jack had been going at it full speed for a while, trying to beat each other. Jack disappeared into a "short cut" creek (which I don't think was an authorized way, nor a real short cut for that matter since he came in way later than us after that) and Tyler hopped on our wake. He stayed on our wake for about 35 kilometers. At one point he sprinted ahead for a feed and then pulled out from the embankment right back on our tail. Tyler is 17 or 18 years old I think. Mighty impressive drafting skills for anyone to stay on us for



that long, but especially at his age and in a C-1. We welcomed the company and I'm pretty sure Tyler did too. He thanked us several times for the ride.

As is usual for the Murray Marathon, we had wind and we had heat. The wind was annoying and in our faces most of the day. I was wishing for a day of no wind just once on the Murray. It wasn't going to be today.

The heat was a little more than we expected, and unfortunately it caused Tony's liquid food mix to become not so good. And, really unfortunately, it was only after he swallowed a big gulp of it that he realized it had turned. While he ran up on shore at a sand bar to return the food to the earth from whence it came, I held onto the boat and took a swim in the river to cool down. I didn't mind the break at all, as long as Tony was ok, which he was after a few minutes. We weren't out to set any records in this race, the whole goal was just to finish and have a good time.

One of the nicest things about the Murray Marathon is how people help each other and greet each other. All day long when later waves of paddlers passed us they always had a nice greeting or a good word. I imagine it didn't look too good with me holding onto a boat in the river with my bow man missing in the bush, so lots of people slowed as they went by to make sure we were ok. "Answering nature's call" is the

polite and standard answer one gives to indicate all is well in these situations in Australia.

Despite my displeasure at the constant wind in my face, 93 kilometers was finished soon enough and day 1 was in the books.

Day 2

Our 71 boats increased to 78 on Day 2's start line. We got away reasonably cleanly and within a kilometer we were drafting the Tongway's K-2. Lots of people were drafting the Tongway's K-2. Like more than a dozen boats. It was so much fun! Every time the train passed someone, it seemed like they too hopped on the draft. I don't know how many ended up in the line, because boats came and went, but it was loads of fun to be a part of it. We were the first boat on the tail of the Tongway's and often had 3 or 4 on our side wake plus the dozen behind in a line. We stayed that way for a solid hour, until we dropped back for a much needed nutrition and hydration stop.

The wind remained in our face while the cockatoos remained loud on day 2, high up in the trees above us. Brown cows came down to the river to drink on some of the turns. They didn't seem to even notice 192 boats going by.

The heat was heavy again on day 2, and Tony said when we got to the forest it might be cooler and the water would be deeper on the turns. The forest? I must have

lived in the city too long, it all looked like forest to me. For two days we were going through nothing but forest. Green trees, gum trees with the occasional evergreen, with green bushes on either side of the high, carved, brown banks. Gum trees are Eucalyptus trees, and there are a lot of kinds of gum trees — like 900 species that make up 75% of all the trees in Australia. They're as much a part of the landscape as the sweeping plains and the far away horizons. Along the Murray River they're the giant, gnarled trees with green tops and variegated brown trunks, whose sun bleached roots sprawl down the washed out brown embankments toward the cloudy water. There wasn't anything but forest for the entire 140 kilometers we'd paddled in two days. Turns out Tony meant the actual named Barmah National Park forest which, as far as this city person could tell, looked exactly like the unnamed forest we'd been in for the past 2 days.

We stopped for a quick swim on a sand bar to cool down from the heat, and the wind felt good when it hit my wet clothes. Soon enough we were half way through with our day and it was time to find our crew for a pit stop.

We rounded a corner to see Checkpoint B, the half way marker, and lots of pit crews on the banks looking for their paddlers. Our pit crew was remarkably easy to spot everywhere we went, thanks to the bright yellow shirts

they all wore. When I had the shirts made, I asked for a very bright color but I didn't specify what bright color. The yellow turned out to be an amazingly excellent choice; it was a great contrast to the green trees and the brown banks. Our crew was up on a high bank.

Our crew was up so high that I assumed they were going to throw our hydration and nutrition bottles into the river in front of us and we would pick them up out of the water as we went by. Nope. Frank Frank, who shall now be forever known as Flying Frank Frank, leapt from the tall bank into swirly brown river water well over his head, popped up directly beside our boat, and flawlessly dropped everything we needed precisely in our laps, all the while smiling the whole time. I've never seen anything like it. It was the most epic pit stop ever. I still don't know how Flying Frank Frank got out of the water and back up the high banks after we went by.

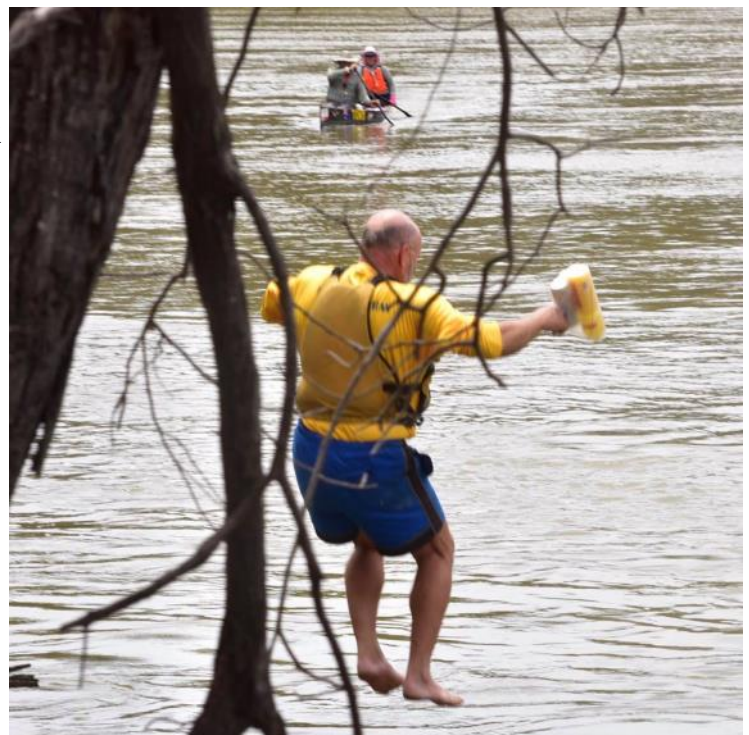
Soon after, the skies (in the Australian bush that doesn't get much rain) turned black. Thunder and lightning broke from the clouds as if Thor and Zeus decided to have a war to see who could come the closest to hitting us. Thunder cracked above our heads and lightning flashed all around. Suddenly the rains poured down, bouncing off the deck of the boat making it sound like a drum. The river was stunningly gorgeous with the big water drops splash-

ing upwards as they hit. I thought: *my kingdom for a camera!* But I don't even know how you'd capture such an image? It was misty, with light fog in the air all around, and the mist swirled and twirled like ghostly spirits dancing across the water. The high brown banks turned a dark chocolate color with the rain and the bright green leaves on the trees turned dark green, almost a green-navy color, and swayed with the wind. The bleached tree roots reflected white with each lightning strike, looking like eerie skeletal hands reaching down for the river. Big raindrops came down, creating circles on the water that echoed out along the surface until the rain came down so hard that there was nothing but the sound of drums and rolling thunder. Cracking bright white light flashed down to the ground through the trees everywhere, and water bounced back up inches above where it hit the water surface. It was at once the most surreal, beautiful, and frightening sight one could hope to see while on the water.

The storm passed quickly and with the end of the storm came the re-

newed heat, this time with humidity. We took another quick swim to cool off. With about 31 kilometers still to go on day 2, it was a welcome relief. What needed more relief though was Tony's backside. He had padding on his seat but it wasn't quite enough. Comfort is a priority on long races, what's slightly uncomfortable at 2 hours is medieval torture at 6. We came around a corner and there were the bright yellow shirts again.

We had not expected to see our crew until Checkpoint C, but it was wonderful to see them up on the banks cheering for us. They were on the opposite side of the river from where we wanted to be, so when we crossed the river and headed straight toward them they knew immediately that we needed something. Tony yelled



"Flying Frank Frank" leaps in the water to deliver needed supplies to Tony & Susan!

“Red seat pad, left side, in the back!” Flying Frank Frank made a dash for the Jeep, found the seat pad right where Tony said it was, and was back with it in a flash. Now the interesting part: getting it under Tony’s butt while we’re sitting in deep water next to a high bank. No problem for two pros. Tony stood up in the bow, Flying Frank Frank dropped the pad on the seat, Tony sat back down, and off we went, with Tony uttering an audible sigh of relief.

Once more the racers in later waves started passing us and the greetings began. I always enjoyed that part of the race. It’s only a sentence or two with each boat. “How ya going mate?” or “You look like you’re going well,” or something similar. But it boosts morale and it’s so good to see everyone go by. The funniest one was when I asked a passing boat, “How are you feeling today?” and the man flatly replied, “Undecided.”

In Barmah National Forest there are wild horses. They come to the river to drink. Many people saw them but I was not so lucky. I kept looking for them and the koalas in the trees. I think everyone saw koalas and horses but me. I also didn’t see Tony’s GPS. He had attached it to his shoe so he could see it. We wanted to take another quick swim in the heat so we pulled over to what looked like a sand bar. It wasn’t. It was mud, and the kind of mud where you sink to your ankles really quickly. Well, Tony’s GPS went

into the mud and, sadly, it wasn’t attached as well as we thought it was so it was lost in the mud. We got on our hands and knees and started feeling around for it. We couldn’t see it because the Murray is brown and murky to start with as now it was stirred up because we’d beached the boat and walked in the mud. **So we**

had no choice but to get on our knees and feel for it. We

spent about 10 minutes trying to re-trace our steps but just couldn’t find it. Meanwhile we kept saying, “Answering nature’s call” to all the passing boats asking if we were ok.

2/3 of the way through the day is Checkpoint C, where Tony picked up a can of Coca-Cola for a planned last minute sugar rush when we were about 10 kilometers from the finish. Checkpoint C was about 30 Kilometers or thereabouts from the finish, and it was just past this checkpoint where I reached my low point every day. Because I don’t do math, I round things off. So with 30 kilometers to go, we had about 3 more hours to the finish (a little more maybe), and that always gave me a bit of a low in morale and energy. That’s when I’d focus on the wrong things, like the odd blister I’d developed and how much it hurt.

Right about that time Karlie came by. We played tag with Ashley and Karlie all day on Day 1.

Sometimes they would be ahead, sometimes we would be ahead. It depended on who stopped when for a pit stop or a nutrition or hydration break. Ashley couldn’t paddle on Day 2 so Karlie had gotten on an OC-2 with another lady and, while I was contemplating whether my blister would feel better or worse when it eventually broke, there they were coming by us. Not ever being one to pass up a free ride, Tony started drawing our canoe toward the OC-2. I took the hint and followed suit and we were on their wake. Much like Tyler the day before, we didn’t give up the draft. We stayed with them for a good 20 kilometers. It was good practice, good fun, and I forgot all about my blister.

With the boost from Karlie and her OC-2 partner, soon our 94 kilometer day was done. Tony said my steering had improved from the day before. It’s not easy steering with his 7 millimeter tolerance for where he thinks we should be on the river, so I was certainly happy to hear he thought I was doing better at following his instructions. At dinner that night I made a comment about Tony’s 7 millimeter tolerance, which caused not just Tony, but the whole group, to laugh. Apparently I’m not the first one of his canoe partners to notice his stringent steering requirements.

When we got out of the boat at the finish line, I thought it was a bit odd that several people kept asking me if I needed anything

out of the car. I thought, surely I don't look that bad that I need first aid or other such things from the car. The fourth time someone asked me if I needed anything from the car, I finally looked up. Someone (or "someones") had pranked us. All over the windows there were hearts and arrows and "Love Boat," "Baby on Board" and "Almost Married." I was dying laughing! Tony did not think this was funny in the least bit, but I couldn't stop laughing. I took photos before I appeased Tony by washing it off. I still laugh when I think about it.

The end of Day 2 meant we slept in Echuca at Tony's house, with indoor sit-down flush toilets where I didn't have to lift up the seats to check for venomous spiders before sitting, as is required for toilet blocks in the bush. I couldn't wait to have a hot shower instead of swimming in the river and calling it a bath. And, best of all, Tony has a massage chair at home.

Day 3

The beginning of Day 3 brought more roos and emus to avoid on the dirt and bitumen roads but, more interestingly, it brought half a dozen people who had seen our pranked car to the boat ramp asking me if I really had a "baby on board." It is times like those that I wish I had a wit quick enough to think of a good answer. And to make things worse, Steve Dawson had passed us the prior day while Tony and I were on our hands

and knees looking for the GPS. When he next saw them, Steve told our crew, and consequently anyone else within earshot, not to expect to see us any time soon because we had pulled over to, well I forget the phrase he used but let's just say that at the time, Tony and I didn't realize that two people on their hands and knees looking for a GPS in the mud might look like two people doing something completely and entirely different to people passing by on the river.

Day 3 had the most difficult start. Tony said we had to sprint and we had to be first into the turn or it would be disaster. As soon as I saw it I remembered from last year that the start was narrow and quite a few boats went sideways in front of Peggy and me. Tony would have none of that and told me several times in a tone of voice that clearly indicated it was not an option, that we would be sprinting. I am not a sprinter. Nonetheless I gave it my best shot and as I heard Raaahd screaming from shore that we better be first, we made it, first around the turn, right into the wakes of the two rescue safety power boats. We managed to avoid the carnage of our start only to be tossed about in powerboat wakes! Tony was sternly and loudly shouting down the river "Get moving! You're too close!" to the power boats. I can't help



Tony's pranked Jeep.

but wonder who on shore heard him and thought he was talking to me that way.

Soon we were drafting the Tongway's again, with another dozen or more boats. We headed into "The Narrows," which to me was like going into "The Forest" since the whole Murray River is narrow to me. It sure was pretty with extra high banks and switchback corners. There aren't any straight sections on Day 3.

Around one corner there were brown and white cows high up on the banks. They were mooing as all the boats went by. At first I thought it was Tony mooing at them but it was not. The cows mooed at every boat.

Day 3 requires concentration because of the whirlpools. They make La Gabelle in Shawinigan look a bit tame. The Murray whirlpools have a height change and many of them go entirely across the river. And, worse, they spin in the opposite direction of the ones we see in the northern hemisphere. Yep, the water in the

sinks, showers, toilets, and the Murray River whirlpools goes the opposite direction of ours. That made it interesting on quite a number of corners when I'd forget that important little tidbit of information.

Once again the wind howled. Those high banks just funneled the wind at us. The good part was that with no straight sections, the wind wasn't in our face the whole time. The bad part was that with no straight sections, the wind was also hitting from the rear or quartering from the front frequently which makes it harder to keep the boat going in a straight line. Once again I wished for just one day on the Murray without the stupid winds.

Every day right near the half way point, Raaahd and Nicole would pass us. You could count on Raaahd to have a smart remark ready, but today he was nice and said we had a good start. That was great to hear. Since Raaahd passed us, I knew Checkpoint B and a half way pit stop had to be soon.

As we came in, Flying Frank Frank was ready for us. However we weren't ready for the other pit crews and spectators in the water. They were trying to be helpful but I think they didn't understand racing canoes. Frank was yelling, "No, No! Don't stop them!" And I was yelling, "Don't touch the boat! Don't touch the boat!" but it didn't work, 3 people grabbed our canoe trying to stop us and nearly

flipped us in the process. Only when they realized the canoe was tilted severely up did they finally let go and we avoided a swim.

The nice thing is that all the pit crews try to help each other. North American racing canoes still aren't all that common in Australia so most people simply don't know not to touch them at pit stops. And many of the teams for the Murray Marathon are relay teams so the boats do stop and the paddlers change out. I think having a racing canoe come in for a pit and not stop while your crew quickly drops what you need on your lap is a fairly new thing for most of the people to see. The coolest part is that when it happens, all the people on the shores cheer really loudly for you. It's energizing and boosted my morale every time.

Paddlers were starting to get a kick out of the matching shirts I made for Tony and me. Lots of people commented on them every day, and I think even looked forward to seeing them each day. Today's shirts were rainbow striped metallic and had a bright shimmery shine to them. I regretted them only briefly when the sun hit Tony's back part way through the day. Our crew said we were really easy to see.

The wind was up again today and after the Hawkesbury and the first two days of the Murray, I



was really beginning to dislike the Australian wind. It's the kind of parched, arid, strong wind that makes you wonder just how much snot can dry inside your nostrils before you wouldn't be able to breathe. Yes, these are the things one contemplates when half way through the 3rd day of a 5-day race.

Today was another day for quick swims along the river to cool off, with the customary "just answering nature's call" reply to everyone going by. The reality is that most racers "answer nature's call" while in the boat. It's a water sport and we have bailers in the boat to remove most of what goes in there. The swim isn't to answer a call, it's to cool down and wash off. Ashley and Karlie went by.

Day 3 is Tony's home paddling territory and ends in his town of Echuca. Ten kilometers from home we start seeing houseboats lining the shores of the Murray. Echuca is a tourist town 2 1/2 hours north of Melbourne. While Melbourne is on the coast and might sound like a place you don't need to leave in order to relax on the water, remember that Melbourne faces Antarctica and

the coastal waters are not only filled with man-eating sharks and deadly jellyfish, but they're also damn cold. So people escape the city and come to Echuca, one of Australia's holiday towns. Houseboats are one kind of rental unit you can live in during your vacation here. Rarely do we see one move, I think most people just rent them, sit on them, drink all day, and then drunkenly yell our names as we go by. Sadly none of them offered us beer or whatever they were barbecuing on their decks; some of them smelled really good.

At 5 kilometers from the finish there is a boat ramp. It's the one closest to Tony's house. If we were ambitious we could portage the boat to his house from there, it's only about a mile walk from the ramp to his front door. I don't know that I'll ever be that ambitious.

The 3-kilometer mark brings the dreaded green buoy, the turn around marker for the Wednesday night local Echuca Moama Canoe Club races that I swear I'm going to hit each time I swing around it when Tony tells me to turn. This time, being that I didn't have to go around it in current, I welcomed it, knowing we were close to the finish.

Shortly after the green buoy, a jet ski with a flashing police light on it came upstream at us. I was focused on the bright lights. I'd never seen a police jet ski before. I said to Tony, "I wonder what

he's doing?" Tony, much like Peggy last year, likely thought I was crazy. Having focused solely on the tiny jet ski, I managed to entirely miss the 3-story lurching paddle steamer coming up the river right behind it. That is what the jet ski was doing, letting us know a big paddle steamer was coming around the corner. So for the second year in a row, I had to power up and sprint to the other side of the river to avoid being run over by a ship that I didn't see that was larger than the size of an average person's house.

Two more paddle steamers followed the first, one putting off a large wake as it went by in a narrow area, and the other turning to go down river directly in front of us. I asked, "What do you want me to do?" Tony said, "Get in front of it, you don't want to be on that wake behind it do you?" So just a kilometer from the finish, another quick sprint was in order to get ahead of the paddle steamer so we didn't have to battle waves to the end.

The Echuca wharf was a welcome sight. The wharf cam is there where at home every Tuesday night at 2am, I watch the Wednesday night races. They're always fun and often the racers will wave at the camera,

knowing I'm up in the middle of the night to see them go by.

Ashley and Karlie had just pulled in to the finish before us, and when I got out of the canoe I went for another swim, Ashley yelled loudly, "Oh come on Susan, you just peed half an hour ago!"

The finish line of Day 3 is my favorite. There is an Aboriginal Smoke Ceremony on the boat ramp. Racers line up as we get out of our boats to go through the smoke of lemon gum tree wood. The Aboriginal official conducting the ceremony explained to me that it is meant to welcome us to the river, welcome us to the country, and to connect us with the people. It wards off bad spirits, acknowledges ancestors, and pays respect to land and water. I love it. I took a deep breath as the smoke hit my face.

Day 4

Day 4 started by raining mud. Yes, raining mud. I'd never seen such a thing before but Tony



Aboriginal Smoke Ceremony.



Driving rain was a force to be reckoned with in this "dry" land!

explained that because Australia is so flat, when the clouds pass over the red center, they can pick up dust from the many big dust storms that occur. And then, when it rains in the east, it rains mud. Everything was covered in mud when we came outside to drive to the start line, cars, boats, sidewalks, all brown and covered with mud. I should have realized right then it would be a bizarre and unusual day.

We wore rain jackets from the start. It was supposed to rain (in the bush where it "doesn't rain") all day. Our start was lumpy because we got in the mix of waves and wakes but it was ok and we jumped on the wake of a different K-2 today, the Tongway's having escaped us in the initial fray.

The river currents and whirlpools were weird again, and every now and again Tony would say, "What are you doing over here?" when I

boats in a line behind us also drafting, when suddenly we were sideways across the river. It happened so fast that Tony had to rudder from the bow to get us straight again. He doesn't like to lose a draft, so his "What are you doing over here" was a bit more annoyed than usual, but we recovered nicely and with a couple sprint strokes we were back on our draft. We stayed our usual hour until we dropped off to take a nutrition and hydration break.

Right about then it started to rain mud again. I watched the deck slowly turn brown with mud and then the mud rain changed to clear rain and washed the mud off the deck. The wind started to howl. I, and many others, had been complaining about the wind for the first 3 days of the Marathon. We hadn't seen anything yet, not even close.

would exceed his 7 millimeter tolerance for where he thought we should be on the river. My usual reply was "I don't know" because generally I had no idea why I ended up where I was. Today there was an extra weird one. We were coming around a corner minding our own business and drafting the K-2, with lots of

The Murray is twisty, and it snakes back on itself many times over the course of the race, sometimes making nearly a full circle. This meant that the wind came from every direction possible. We came to one of the many U turns and looked ahead to see big whitecaps and rain blowing sideways in front of us. "That doesn't look good at all," I said. "You'll be alright," came the response. Uh huh. Last time I heard that I had two big welts on my thigh from some kind of Australian mildly venomous spider!

Around the corner and into the whitecaps and driving rain we went. The mist was blowing by us in long puffs like angry ghostly spirits. The rain pelted us, coming sideways, stinging my hands as it hit, the whitecaps raging as the wind screamed.

We made our way from bank to bank, always searching for the side of the river with less wind and less whitecaps. We knew we were adding kilometers to an already long day but there was no choice, either we found calmer water or we would get nowhere in the wind.

At one point we had to pull over for a quick rest and to take some nutrition and hydration. We couldn't stop in the wind or we would just be blown backwards. The only place we could find among the high mud banks was a corner filled with reeds. I'm not a fan of Australian reeds. Last time we hit some of them I ended up

with spider bites. But this time it was any port in a storm and I just hoped it was too windy for the spiders to be out today.

At one point Mad Mick and Krazzy Kelly came by ahead of Raaahd and Nicole. That was odd but Nicole later said she had trouble steering in the wind. Mad Mick and Krazzy Kelly ended up finishing first that day.

The mist in the rare quiet sections was gorgeous, but it caused my glasses to fog up occasionally. The wind was relentless. It just never stopped and got stronger and stronger as the hours passed. It also got cold. I was glad I wore several shirts and a rain coat. Even though I was soaking wet, because even the best paddling raincoats can take only so much, I was still warm. That could also have been due to the fact that we could never slack off or else we'd just go backwards in the wind.

The first hail storm came about 2/3s of the way through the day. It was small hail and mixed with a bit of snow and ice. The wind and freezing rain-hail-snow-ice stuck to the deck, causing me to complain bitterly that if I wanted to paddle in ice I could have stayed home.

Karlie and Ashley passed us 3 times. They had less wind resistance than we did, being in an Australian TC canoe with much less freeboard than ours. When the wind was behind us, we went faster and passed them. When the wind was on our beam or quar-

tering and I was getting blown all across the river, they passed us.

Tony and I stopped for a quick rest. When Tony got out of the boat he scared a bunch of kangaroos hiding from the weather and wind in the brush. They all hopped away quickly.

The waves became stupid big on some sections of the river. We kept crossing back and forth, always looking for any spot that would keep us in flatter water and out of the miserable high winds. A lot of crews would pass us while singing, many relay teams kept their morale up by singing. The best were the girls who came by and, when they saw us, sang *Yankee Doodle*. It not only improved their morale but mine too.

My morale was at an all time low. The winds were horrible and I didn't care for the whitecaps and waves either. And just about the time when I would have been very happy to burn half the boat for warmth and use the other half for shelter, the hail started again.

This hail was big. The hail balls were the size of my thumbnails. The first one to hit Tony smacked him in the hand and he said "Ow" really loud. I

laughed, because he doesn't usually say ow for anything, but my laugh was short lived as the hail pounded down, and to add insult to injury, not only did it hurt just falling from the sky, but it also hurt when it bounced off the deck in front of me and then hit me in the face.

And that did it. I was tired, I was fed up with the miserable day and the wind that just would not stop, and I hated everyone and every thing. I was so tired that I started to laugh. Then I laughed so hard that I snorted. Because what else are you going to do in the middle of the Australian bush on a river where it "doesn't ever rain," in a hailstorm, in ridiculously high winds, when you're exhausted and can no longer stand the sound of the wind and the whitecaps?! You know what else you do? You start screaming. This was me going down the river, the whole river heard me, "I AM SO GLAD I CAME EARLY TO ACCLIMATE TO THIS HEAT!" and "I'M SO HAPPY I TRAVELED ELEVEN THOUSAND MILES TO



GET PELTED BY HAIL!” and, when you could see the wind blowing the current backwards up the river, I screamed, “I NEVER PADDLED 62 KILOMETERS UPSTREAM IN A 63 KILOMETER DOWNSTREAM RACE BEFORE!” Tony’s shoulders were shaking he was laughing so hard and so was everyone around us.

At one point I could see a severe wind gust coming across the water, the trees were bent so far that I was afraid one would break and crash down on us. I was barely managing to hold the boat straight as it was so I knew I was going to get blown off the charts with this gust and my only hope was to keep the boat upright when it hit. We stayed upright but we got blown right into the trees and the embankment. This time Tony’s sense of humor took over and he said, “Well, we might as well eat something while we’re here!”

We started out again when the gust stopped, but the wind was still raging high and blowing me everywhere. Tony always says, “What are you doing over here” when he doesn’t like where I am on the river. This time when he asked, I replied loudly,

“What I’m doing over here is seriously regretting my life choices today.” Through the wind I

heard a “Me too” from a boat beside us. A little while later when he asked again, “What are you doing over here?” I yelled back, “What I’m doing over her is realizing that my dad was correct and I probably should have gotten right with the Lord before we started today.” This also made Tony and everyone else nearby bust up laughing.

About 4 kilometers from the finish we saw a K-2 roll over in the middle of the river up ahead of us in the whitecaps. There were several people needing rescues that day and now it was our turn to help. With two of us in the canoe we were the best ones to help because the solo boats likely wouldn’t have been able to pull a K-2 to shore. The K-2 people had a hold on their boat, but it was filled with water and they couldn’t swim it to shore in the wind, it just wasn’t budging, it was stuck in the whitecaps. Tony yelled for them to grab ahold of the stern. They did and we gave it all we had. Our speed was hovering around one and a half miles per hour and it took a long time, but we got the two paddlers and the K-2 to shore where they were safe to empty it and get back in.

The severe winds and whitecaps continued right to the finish line, there had been no break for most of the day. At the finish we learned that the race organizer couldn’t end the race when it got to be especially hazardous because when it rains in the desert bush, the roads, what few roads

even exist in the wilderness, become impassible with rapid flooding and deep mud. Just getting out of the finish area was an experience in Tony’s jeep. Getting paddlers off the river once past the final checkpoint was essentially impossible.

How bad was the wind? All reports indicated the sustained winds were 25-40 knots (28-46 mph) with gusts up to 60 knots, 60 knots is 68 miles per hour or 111 kilometers per hour. Those numbers are not typos. People have asked which was worse, the Hawkesbury or the Murray. I thought the Hawkesbury was bad, and it was, but Day 4 of the Murray was bad for much longer. Flying Frank Frank said that in the 10 years he’d done the Murray these were the worst conditions ever. Tony has completed 38 Murray Marathons. Tony said that in 38 years he’d never seen anything worse on the Murray than these conditions.

And the worst of all, because we had to wear rain jackets all day, no one could see our cool matching shirts. For the record they were bright leopard camo.

On the way to our campsite the winds still raged but the rain stopped. Because it is so flat, we could see the dark rains in the distance on one side of us and the sun, white clouds, and blue skies on the other. We saw not one but two wedge tailed eagles fly over us. I considered this to be a very good sign. The wedge tailed eagle



Unique landscape along the Murray.

is the largest bird of prey in Australia and is important to the Aboriginal culture as their creator and spiritual leader. Merv traveled to see Peggy and me last year to give us a blessing of Bunjil the Wedge Tailed Eagle for protection on the river.

We had winds all night. Ridiculously high winds that never stopped. I felt bad for Flying Frank Frank and Valmai, sleeping in a tent on what Valmai called “the bed of nails” in the wind. It was cold all night too.

Day 5

We saved our best shirts for the last day, a shiny color change, from lavender to blue, in a fish scale pattern. Every time we moved the shirts changed color and they were shiny bright in the sun.

We had a clean start but I wasn't up to drafting on the final day. I was just too tired from the day before. The winds were just as bad and the mood of the boats alternated from happy to be on the last day to somber knowing

we had relentless winds again all day.

I was in a lot of pain from trying to control the boat the day before. I didn't sleep well because my shoulders just wouldn't get comfortable even with another

dose of ibuprofen, and the howling wind all night disturbed me with thoughts of another insane day. We had lots of turns and lots of whirlpools to contend with. The banks were less high so we had occasional breaks from the wind because it didn't funnel quite so badly as it did through the high banks of the day before. I ate some more ibuprofen like it was candy and hoped for the best.

Once again we played tag with Karlie and Ashley. They got ahead of us initially but we rounded a corner and saw them on shore. Ashley was in the boat. Karlie then suddenly got in the boat faster than anyone I've ever seen get into a boat ever before. I've never seen any thing like it, her speed was amazing. Just then we got close enough to hear her. “Snaaaaaake Snnnaaaaaake Red Bellied Black Snake ... Snaaaaaake.” And off they went in a flash. The Red Bellied Black Snake is on the list of Australia's 10 most venomous. It took us miles and miles to

catch them again, after their adrenaline wore off and they slowed down. I said, “That'll teach you to pee in the boat like the rest of us,” and Karlie replied that she couldn't because she had secured her lunch under her seat, but she also indicated she wouldn't be doing that again.

Tony and I stopped to stretch on what we thought was a sandy corner. It wasn't and we both stepped out of the canoe into knee deep suck mud. We needed the stretch and a break from the wind so we just stayed there for a minute, carefully keeping our feet moving so as not to sink in further and lose our shoes in the mud.

Being Friday meant it was Thursday back home and American Thanksgiving. Many boats wished me happy Thanksgiving as they went by. I thought that was very nice. I commented that I could be home having turkey, stuffing, mashed potatoes, and wine but instead voluntarily chose to drink Perpetuem and pay money to paddle in the wind and cold. Despite my complaints, I really was thankful to be there.

The wind didn't stop, and it sometimes hid the whirlpools when the wind ruffles stirred up the water. Every now and again Tony would say, “That one got ya didn't it?!” I couldn't tell if he was amused or annoyed. A K-2 came by and we drafted it for a while. We drafted right through

the whirlpools, with the wind, testing my steering and, hopefully, improving my skills. Earlier in the week we'd drafted some interesting boats. We drafted a tandem SUP for quite a while and we drafted a dragonboat. The dragonboat was funny. I don't think they liked us drafting so they kept sprinting in an attempt to lose us. They had no idea that their sprints just caused a bigger and nicer wave for us to surf back there. The more they sprinted the easier our draft was, until they exhausted themselves, called for a rest, and came to a complete stop in the middle of the river.

Sheep were coming down the steep embankments to drink. I thought they were goats at first. The white sheep had recently been sheered and they were coming down one of the steepest and highest banks of the day. The white contrasting against the brown banks and bright green trees and bush was very pretty. Only when we got close did I realize they were sheep and not goats, and that some of the sheep had black heads.

We caught Karlie and Ash again and drafted them for quite a while. I kept noticing all week that there was no trash in the water. Ash and Karlie would stop in the middle of the river to have their lunch or a snack break, as did so many other teams, and everyone carefully kept their trash in the boats. There were

almost 200 boats in this race for 5 days and 404 kilometers and not one piece of trash. Bravo to the Australians for their respect of the water. I sorely wish I could say the same thing after our disgraceful General Clinton and AuSable races.

The wind never ceased. For a long time I could only paddle on the left. I could hut Tony back and forth but I couldn't paddle on the right or the wind would swing us around. The ibuprofen had helped but it didn't take all of the pain away and my shoulders were on fire from the one sided paddling for miles at a time. Just when my morale dropped to an all time low, Peter and Anna Phillips came along in their K-2 and stopped to paddle with us. They were considerably faster but Peter said he wanted to slow down and paddle the last kilometers with us and come in together. What a morale boost and a joy that was, to have Peter and Anna paddle next to us.

There are two challenges just before the final finish line, within a kilometer from the end. The first is the paddle steamers creating big waves and wakes as they come by and the second is the final big whirlpool across the whole river just above the finish line. Both can send

exhausted teams in for an involuntary swim. I didn't like either one, and we wobbled a bit in the paddle steamer waves, but we went through ok, crossing the finish line right beside Peter and Anna. What a fantastic way to end the Murray Marathon.

Our real time on the course was 40:38:22 and our real finish place was 43rd out of the 85 boats that entered the full distance race. Only 65 of the 85 actually finished. It was a tough year. Also, all races in Australia are handicapped according to age, gender, and type of boat. Because Tony and I are old, our handicapped time was adjusted to 30:54:53 giving us an official 23rd place finish in the Murray Marathon.

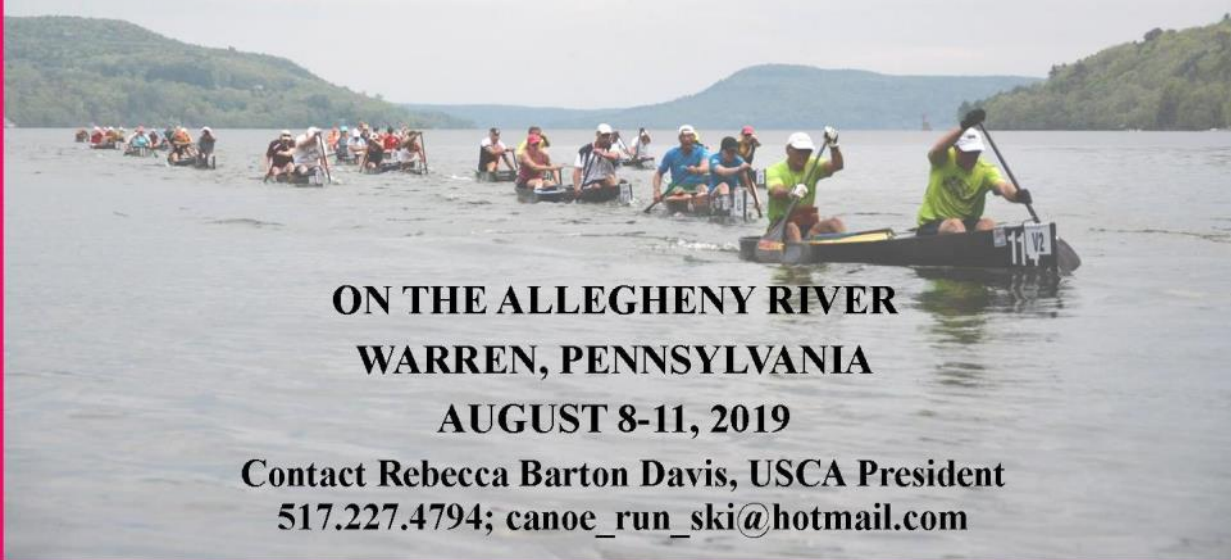
Turns out there was no prior record in the UC 2 Mixed Over 50 class ("UC" being "unlimited canoe," the only class our North American racing canoes fit into) so once again Tony and I became Australian record holders.

It was a good week.





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LAND PADDLING IS “DRY” TRAINING

STEVEN HORNEY

Stealthily, insidiously, it creeps upon you. You can sense it, you fight it, but despite your resolve you're overwhelmed. Resistance is futile; you will be assimilated! Hit that erg, or forget having a chance at next year's Nationals! Ignore the cry to forego the incessant boredom and flee to the great outdoors. You must be disciplined!!! Unless, of course, you've discovered Land Paddling!

Besides providing a great means of paddle training when water isn't conveniently available, it's also a heck of a lot of fun and only requires a skateboard (preferably a good longboard) and a land paddle. You can get in a workout at lunchtime in your workplace parking lot, in the morning or evening on the streets of your subdivision, or even hit up some community sidewalks or walking paths at a local park. Virtually any section of pavement becomes an instant paddle workout zone! Cowabunga, Dude! Surf's up! Or at least the asphalt is spread out before me...

At this point someone is no doubt wondering “*what in tar-nation is a land paddle?!?*” Basically a land paddle is a long stick with a grippy surface on one end

and a handle on the other, used to propel a person forward on a skateboard in much the same manner as an SUP is propelled on the water by someone standing with a long paddle. Some land paddlers choose to build their own land paddle, typically with a broom stick, a wooden dowel, or an aluminum pole. The grip end is frequently created with a Lacrosse ball, a section of bike tire, or a hockey puck. You can also buy grip ends from man-



Steve Young, NFL Hall of Fame, shown land paddling with a Kahuna Creations Big Stick in bamboo. Big Sticks are also available as collapsible/adjustable units in aluminum. Photo from Kahuna Creation's website.

ufacturers of land paddles. Some grip tape will make the handle end more comfortable. For the best in more refined land paddles, several manufacturers offer their take on the concept.

Commercial land paddle manufacturers include companies like

Kahuna Creations (www.kahunacreations.com), Sk8pole (Sk8pole.com), Hamboards (hamboards.com), Donkboard (www.donkboard.com), and Braap Stik (www.braapstick.com).

Kahuna, Sk8pole, Hamboards, and Donkboard all offer great land paddles which are similar in that they're relatively rigid “sticks” with variations of materials (generally bamboo, aluminum, or carbon), grip heads, and the ability to be adjusted or collapsed. Braap Stik offers the most unique take on the land paddle concept: an adjustable/collapsible aluminum tube (also available in carbon), but attached to a leaf spring on the bottom with a couple of grip surface options (rubber flat pad or rubber ball) and handle options (t-handle or ball). In appearance, this land paddle bears striking

similarity to a disabled athlete's running prosthesis. Offered in either soft, medium, or firm spring rates, the Braap Stik absorbs some of the shock of impacting the ground (very helpful for those of us with older joints) and returns it in the form of additional forward thrust during the release. Softer spring rates offer more comfort, stiffer spring rates offer greater performance. More comfort with greater speed than traditional "hard" paddles. Neat design!

When it comes to the board, almost any skateboard will give you a start, but a more focused design will greatly enhance your land paddling experience. This is especially true if you're looking to train with a more SUP paddling style. As a rule of thumb, longer and wider longboards (you'll probably want a board at least 40" long x 10" wide) with larger wheels (70mm+) is the way you'll want to go. These larger boards ride more smoothly, glide further, run over pebbles and such that will cripple a board with smaller wheels, and give the rider a lot more room for positioning one's

feet – especially if you want to paddle "SUP style," i.e. feet side-by-side. Plus the bigger boards definitely have more of the "surfy" feel that emulates a board on the water. Kahuna Creations and Hamboards have large longboards that ride smoothly, offer plenty of room, and look remarkably like an SUP on wheels! Donk offers a large drop-down board (the deck is lowered for extra stability) with greatly over-sized wheels. I haven't tried one, but it should offer some really smooth running over rough surfaces!

The technique is fairly similar to SUP and canoe paddling: basically plant the paddle in front of you, and use your core to pull through.

Like most sports, safety can be a concern. Obviously you must be capable of balancing on a skateboard/longboard before you can land paddle. And wearing a certified helmet, wrist braces, elbow pads, and knee pads is highly recommended. But if you can stand on an SUP you'll likely be able to handle a skateboard pretty quickly. Benefits are many, including improved agility and balance,



Sk8pole land paddle, shown retracted. Photo from the Donkboard web site.

Hamboards Street Sweeper land paddle. Photo from the Hamboards web site.



Braap Stik land paddle, shown collapsed and extended, with the flat foot. Photo from the Braap Stik's website.

great core workout, great paddle muscle workout, and a constant smile!

I personally “paddle” with a Kahuna Creations Shaka Surf longboard (46” long x 14” wide) and either a Kahuna Creations Big Stick bamboo land paddle or a Braap Stick land paddle; the latter is my preferred land paddle with a stiff spring and ball end. The Shaka Surf board and Braap Stik stay in my car constantly, facilitating a quick paddle workout almost anytime – sometimes at 11

pm! There’s nothing like hopping on the land paddle to pick up some solid speed, feeling the groove as you carve some awesome turns, and then getting back on it again and feeling your muscles work as you pull yourself through a workout. How effectively does this train your paddling muscles? Many top SUP paddlers use land paddling to keep fit when off the water. For me personally, I’ll find out this summer when I’m back on my SUP!

The pictures below are of me getting in a bit of early Spring “paddling practice” while the water is still cold. Not only does land paddling keep my SUP/canoe paddling muscles working, it generates a lot of heat! It’s great for winter time workouts.





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 **CALIFORNIA RIVER QUEST**

Inspired by the California 100 and many other paddle events, an intrepid team of West Coast paddlers brings you the California River Quest.

Races on May 26, 2019

- 25-mile river course
- 50-mile river course
- 100-mile river course
- Sprint races

Post-race party on May 27, 2019



ALL Paddlecraft Welcome:
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www.californiariverquest.com

2019 USCA ALUMINUM NATIONALS

The 2019 USCA Aluminum Nationals will be held in Bastrop Texas, September 14th and 15th. It will be held on a 14 mile downstream course on the Colorado River, starting under the bridge at FM 969. The finish line will be at Fisherman's Park in downtown Bastrop. Awards and lunch will be held at the pavilion near the finish line as soon as the racers are in.

Saturday will be the Men's Open (18-49), Men's Masters (50 +), Women's Open (18-49), and Women's Masters (50+). We will also have a Juniors Race; the course will be determined at a later date. Sunday will be Mixed Open (18-49) and Mixed Masters (50+). We will also have a Solo Race of any hull type with single or double blades. There will be Men's and Women's Classes, no age brackets. Awards will be 5-deep. All races will start promptly at 9:00 am except the Juniors and Youths Race which will be announced later. Those will be a shortened portion of the Nationals Course. Adult races will be \$30 for the racers first race, \$15 for any second event raced. Juniors and Youths will be \$10.

Mail in registration must be postmarked by September 6th. You may download the registration form and also **register online** at www.tckra.org. **Day of race registration** will be available Saturday and Sunday, 7:30 – 8:00 am, at the race start; cash or checks only on Race Day. All racers must check in the morning of your race and sign the waiver. Mandatory race meeting will be held at 8:45 on both days. The races will start promptly at 9:00 am on Saturday and Sunday.

Current USCA membership is required to race in the US-CA Aluminum Nationals Races (but not the Solo Race). To join the USCA electronically, go to www.uscanoe.com, click the JOIN USCA button and choose how you want to join. Deadline to receive online or mailed applications is September 3. You may also join the day of race. (Cash or check only). Membership is \$20 for individual, \$25 for family.

Bastrop is located 23 miles from Austin - Bergstrom International Airport. There are numerous **hotels** in Bastrop. Most hotels are 6-11 miles from the start and 2-3 miles from the finish.

Places to stay:

Hampton Inn and Suites 512-321-0900

Best Western 512-321-0900

Days Inn 512-321-1157

Holiday Inn Express 512-321-1900

Super 8 512-321-6000

Campgrounds in the area :

Bastrop State Park, 512-321-2101
35 sites

Buescher State Park
512-237-2241

KOA Campground
1-800-562-1620, 64 sites

If you need any additional information, please contact:

Bob Spain
512-296-5544
rws0987@yahoo.com

or

Joy Emshoff
512-626-3741
jle4321@yahoo.com

PERSISTENCE OF MUSCLE MEMORY

JESSE SOUZA



It had been quite a few years since I had the opportunity to put a canoe in the water and try to remember what to do with the paddle that propels it! A medical job and volunteer fire fighting led me to forget that there is a power face to a paddle.

The Wisconsin Canoe Symposium is the closest of the freestyle events for me at a quick 1160 miles and 17 hours away. Since I had past experience with the skills of the staff who would be instructing me, there was no hesitation in my plan to once again become familiar with the joys of being on water that is not trying to flip me in a class 3 whitewater rapid. I am not young, the clocks are somewhat melting around

me, and it was intimidating to see all the beautiful canoes with people around that know how to use them.

Staying at the Wildwood campground during the symposium was a joy. I had a nice spot for my van and good solar collection at my campsite. Very nice, clean, hot showers made a perfect complement to the end of a good workout on the lake. A nice trail running between the campground and the lake helped keep my legs from getting stiff after working on canoe behavior skills. The campground also featured a shore spot where it is possible to paddle from the camp to the class area. Uncertain about my abilities to stay up-

right, I did not take advantage of this option during this trip, but after time spent with Bob Man, Ron Young, and Lynn Dominguez, it is a definite possibility for the next symposium I venture into.

The instructors are skilled at pinpointing needed improvements in paddle positions and posture positions, all while moving a nervous paddler safely around the lake. Although I know my clumsy paddle strokes did not warrant it, it was great to hear the paddling instructors frequently bestowing praise. I'm working on not holding my breath or biting my lip, Lynn.

Watching the demonstrations is amazing. There is so much to learn but each session brings progress due to the highly skilled and patient instructors. The Giant Schlalom was too intimidating for me this time around, but those prizes awarded will motivate me to try it in the future!

I cannot comment on the food, since I brought my own meals to save on the overall cost, but the participants were well fed and the camp did a great job of organizing the feeding of camp kids and paddlers.

Live music is a bonus! The registration encourages everyone to bring their instruments. I was the only one to bring an ukulele. I'm not a performer, but my nervousness was dissolved by the warmth of the people. Some of the participants could play any instrument with strings; some could rip a great guitar solo. I'm not that skilled, but they let me in anyway! Live music is just the best!

The Freestyle group made it easy for me to fit in and feel immediately comfortable, like slipping on a favorite pair of shoes. It was great to get those shoes wet again!



CANOE INSTRUCTOR CERTIFICATION

BOB SPAIN

USCA to Offer Canoe Instructor Certification Course

Wednesday August 7 at the 2019 USCA Nationals in Warren

Overview

This nationally recognized *USCA* certified course is designed for those *USCA* members who wish to become certified by the *USCA* to teach groups desiring education in safe canoeing skills. Groups such as clubs, park districts, scouts, *YMCA*, etc. will benefit from *USCA* Certified Instructors teaching safety in paddling. The course will cover basic concepts for recreational canoeing, teaching strokes, safety, and maneuvers needed to maintain boat control in moving water. Instruction will take place on land and on the water. An electronic version of the *USCA* Instructor Manual will provide a curriculum presenting the history of canoeing, outdoor protection, fitness/conditioning, conservation, equipment, transportation, launching/landing, boarding and stability, basic paddling strokes and much more.

This will be held in Warren, Pennsylvania on August 7. The time and location will be provided upon receipt of the Enrollment Form (see next page). The course will last all day and will include on-land and on-water instruction. For additional information on the course contact:

Bob Spain – rws0987@yahoo.com or Tave Lamperez – glamperez23@gmail.com

Materials: Participants will receive an electronic version of the *USCA Instructor's Manual*, *USCA Video*, an official Instructor's T-shirt (optional), instructor certification card, and other supplies.

Prerequisites:

At least 18 years of age, Adult CPR and First Aid Training (You must bring or have evidence of current CPR/First Aid certification to be admitted entry to the course), basic experience with canoe handling and paddling techniques (Equivalent that is taught in the *USCA* Basic canoe course). Teaching experience will be helpful but not required.

Qualifications:

Participation in the course, demonstration of knowledge and skill in canoeing, canoe safety, effective communications techniques, teaching methods and class management. Evaluation will be by means of written and practical examination to assess knowledge, skill, leadership, and teaching ability.

Deadline for enrollment in the class: The attached enrollment form must be received by June 14th. **A minimum of 6 students must be received or the class will not be held.**

USCA Instructor Certification Course Enrollment Form
Warren, Penn. (Site of 2019 USCA Nationals)

Date _____ USCA Member Number _____
Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone _____ Email _____

(This information will be used on the USCA website as part of the instructors list.)

If you want a USCA Instructors shirt, complete the following size information:

T-shirt size (circle one) Men's: S M L XL XXL

Women's: S M L XL XXL

Enclose: 1. \$100.00 (course fee) \$ _____

2. \$25.00 (shirt) \$ _____

3. Copy of current CPR and 1st Aid Course completion

4. Please apply and pay the dues for USCA membership prior to submitting the enrollment form. USCA enrollment form and information available at www.uscanoe.com

Return to: Bob Spain, 803 Arroweye Trail, Austin, TX 78733

****Make checks out to:** USCA

Deadline to receive application: 6/14/2019

If you have any questions, contact Bob Spain at 512-296-5544 or rws0987@yahoo.com
or Tave Lamperez at glamperez23@gmail.com

GO-GETTER – EARNED LIFE MEMBERSHIP PROGRAM TO BE DISCONTINUED ON DECEMBER 31, 2019

There have always been three ways a USCA member could obtain a Life Membership. **Paid** (twenty times the dues amount for governing membership); **Earned or Go-Getter** by recruiting at least fifty governing or junior members with no time limit to accumulate this number of recruits and finally be nominated for **Honorary Life**. After December 31, 2019, there will only be two ways to become a Life Member, Paid and Honorary. Why is the Go-Getter program being discontinued?

At the 2018 USCA Annual Meeting, the Delegates approved to amend one of the duties of the Membership Chair in regard to the Go-Getters. The amendment changed the requirement from ‘maintain an accurate list’ of Go-Getters to only ‘maintain a list of Go-Getters to be published in the *Canoe News* annually. However this list will be in every issue until December 31, 2019. After December 31, 2019, the Go-Getter program will cease to exist. Members who have recruited fifty (50) or more new members by 12/31/2019 will be eligible to receive an Earned Life Membership. After that date, all recruit numbers will be deleted from the membership database and the Earned Life Membership will be deleted in the Rules and Regulations as a Membership Classification. The recruit record will be saved in the archives by the Historian.

When the USCA was first organized in 1969, recruitment to USCA was encouraged and rewarded with a ‘free’ Life Membership. Originally the Membership Chair’s duty was to keep a record of the number of members recruited by any member on a file card and include a running number with the name of the person recruited to prevent duplication. These file cards were maintained in a Rolodex file box until the early 1990’s. At that time, the hard copy data was transferred to a separate database. The number of recruits by each member was recorded, but not the names of those who had been recruited by each member. If a member didn’t renew for several years, they could be recruited again, even by the same person. Each Membership Chair has done their best to make sure accurate records were kept. But, it takes a lot of time to search through years and years of records to verify if the new member is truly ‘new’. If this search is not done, the recruit number is not accurate. Due to the time involved to verify whether the member being recruited was ‘new’ or not, it was determined to phase out the Go-Getter program.

There have been a total of 26 members who obtained Earned Life Membership as Go-Getters since 1971. The last Earned Life Membership was awarded in 2014 to Gustave Lamperez who continues to recruit as a Trainer in the Instructor Certification program.

The list of Go-Getters is in the next column. The members who have recruited fifty (50) or more members have already been awarded Earned Life Membership. Those who have not reached the fifty member mark yet and would like to become a Go-Getter list and be awarded Earned Life Membership, you have a less than a year to recruit the additional members. Make copies of the Membership form and hand them out at the races or cruises. Be sure to have your name as a recruiter on the form. **Help the USCA Grow!**

Go-Getter List as of 3/21/19

Last Name	First Name	State	Recn
Cichanowski	Mike	MN	422
Mack	Jim	OH	243
Terrell	Ross	OH	163
Stevens	Gareth	WI	113
Spain	Bob	TX	103
Cichanowski	Heather	MN	95
Cichanowski	Amy	MN	94
Theiss	Joan	FL	89
Theiss	Harold	FL	87
Zellers	John	IN	84
Lamperez	Gustave	LA	78
Whitaker	Jan	NY	78
Pontius	Mary Ann	IN	74
Narramore	Bob	TX	70
Ludwig	Norm	PA	68
Hampel	Larry	WI	64
Latta	Larry	OH	64
Kruger	Dave	WI	61
Foster	Richard	NY	59
Lake	Susan	NY	59
Pontius	Terry	IN	59
Reeves	Lloyd	FL	33
Stout	Teresa	PA	31
Brunstrom*	Morgan	WA	28
Brimeyer	Earl	IA	26
Donner	David	NY	23
Liquori	Larry	NY	13
Kaiser	Ronald	PA	12
Perry	Janet	LA	12
Jeanes	Judy	PA	9
Walter	Ed	PA	9
Thiel	Paula	CT	8
Emshoff	Joy	TX	7

* Paid or Honorary Life Members

Note: Only current 2019 members may recruit new members. Membership applications must have the name of the recruiter on the form. A new member can only be recruited one time. The 2019 Membership year started on 10/1/2018 and new members may be recruited until 12/31/2019.



United States Canoe Association

Est 1968
 Competition ★ Cruising ★ Conservation ★ Camping ★ Camaraderie ★

Membership Application Form

Or Join on-line at www.uscanoe.com

Date _____

Name of Organization _____

Enter the name of organization only if you join as: (Race Sponsor, Club Affiliate, or Business Affiliate)

Last Name _____ First Name _____ M.I. _____

Address _____ Date of Birth _____ Gender M F

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Country (Non US) _____

Telephone _____ Email _____

Membership: Renewal New If new, recruited by: _____

Member Type:

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Governing (18 & Over) \$20.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> Family \$25.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> Junior \$7.50 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Club Affiliate * \$30.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> Race Sponsor \$30.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Affiliate \$30.00 |

- Please attach your Club Membership roster with this application.

Foreign (US funds only) Canada/Mexico: Add \$5.00; All others add \$10.00

For family membership – other than above member, please complete the following:

(Family includes spouse and unmarried children under 19 years of age as of January 1, residing within the same household.)

Name:	Date of Birth:	Gender	
_____	_____	M <input type="checkbox"/>	F <input type="checkbox"/>
_____	_____	M <input type="checkbox"/>	F <input type="checkbox"/>
_____	_____	M <input type="checkbox"/>	F <input type="checkbox"/>
_____	_____	M <input type="checkbox"/>	F <input type="checkbox"/>
_____	_____	M <input type="checkbox"/>	F <input type="checkbox"/>

Amount Enclosed: \$ _____ Send payment and membership form to:

Make check payable to:
USCA

Lynne McDuffie, USCA Membership Chair
 410 Cockman Rd
 Robbins, NC 27325
 Phone: (910) 948-3238
 Email: llmcduffie@gmail.com

I prefer to have Canoe News delivered digitally _____ or as a printed copy _____

USCA is a non-profit, educational, charitable and athletic organization. 501 (c) (3). Donations are accepted. USCA has a five star program of Cruising _____ Conservation _____ Camping _____ Competition _____ Camaraderie _____. Check 2 or more that most interest you.

USCA 2019 DELEGATES

OFFICERS, BOARD OF DIRECTORS, DELEGATES, & COMMITTEE CHAIRS

USCA Officers

Executive Committee

President & Chair:

Rebecca Davis

Vice President:

Phoebe Reese

Secretary:

Barbara Bradley

Treasurer:

John Edwards

Executive Director

Vacant

Delegates

Organized State & Regional Divisions

Florida Division/USCA

Tim Dodge

13859 Valleybrooke Ln, Orlando, FL 32826

352-318-5877; timmdodge60@gmail.com

Larry Frederick

4896 E Spruce Dr, Dunnellon, FL 34424

352-270-0289; LF6978@yahoo.com

Indiana Division/USCA

Steve Horney

15806 Timber Willow Dr, Huntertown, IN 46748

260-452-6447; soarer_270@yahoo.com

New York Division/USCA

Dave Donner

4883 Harlem Rd, Amherst, NY 14226

716-839-4307; revdonner@aol.com

Robert Fisher

18 Second Street, Delhi, NY

607-746-6034; fishrai8@oneonta.edu

Roger Gocking

15 State Street, Saranac Lake, NY

518-354-8377; rgocking@roadrunner.com

Jan Whitaker

560 Shore Drive, W. Henrietta, NY

585-292-6107; janwhitaker@hotmail.com

Larry Liquori

79 Locust Drive, Kings Park, NY 11754

631-406-6918; lliquori@jacka-liquori.com

Ohio Division/USCA

William (Bill) Corrigan

5888 E. Kemper Rd, Cincinnati, OH 45241

513-530-9249; wmcarrigan@fuse.net

Larry Latta

1188 Broken Bow Ct, Westerville, OH 43081

614-882-1519; latta1013@aol.com

Penn-Jersey Division/USCA

Charlie Bruno

2124 James Way, Saylorsburg, PA 18353

610-381-3780; Brunos@ptd.net

Glen Green

312 Duff Ave, Wenonah, NJ 08090

856-468-0036; chairman@swanboat.org

Norm Ludwig

2006 West Side Road, Jersey Shore, PA 17740

(570) 865-6214; nludwig2006@comcast.net

Teresa Stout

3563 Roller Coaster Rd, Corsica PA 15829

(814) 952-1444; teresastout3354@yahoo.com

Non-Organized Regional Divisions

East South Central Division (AL, KY, MS, TN)

Fred Tuttle

2093 Alexandria Dr, Lexington, KY 40504

270-993-3999; doctuttle@hotmail.com

East North Central Division (IL, MI, WI)

Roxanne Barton

6201 23 1/2 Mile Rd, Homer, MI 49245

517-568-3702; bartonpigfarm@dmcibb.net

Derek Diget

131 S Berkley St, Kalamazoo, MI 49006

269-343-5150; usca@comp-u-port.net

Lynne Witte

58 Union St, Mt Clemens, MI 48043

586-201-5695; dogpaddler54@gmail.com

Karl Teske

213 Jessica Ct, North Aurora, IL 60542

630-264-6575; kteske213@comcast.net

Mountain Division

(AZ, CO, ID, MT, NM, NV, UT, WY)

Lynn Capen

685 Sugarloaf Mountain Rd, Boulder, CO 80302

303-444-0187; lynncapen@gmail.com

New England Division

(CT, MA, ME, NH, RI, VT)

Robert Allen

687 Montgomery Rd, Westfield, MA 01085

413-568-8832; rangerfiberglass@yahoo.com

Tricia Heed

581 West Street, Keene, NH 03431

603-209-2299; trilon777@gmail.com

Paula Thiel

487 Wylie School Road, Voluntown, CT 06384

860-564-2443; prmai@comcast.net

Pacific Division (AK, CA, HI, OR, WA)

Morgan Brunstrom

3011 Bennett Dr, Bellingham WA 98225

360-756-1312

South Atlantic Division

(DC, DE, GA, MD, NC, SC, VA, WV)

Lynne McDuffie

410 Cockman Rd, Robbins, NC 27325

910-948-3238; llmeduffie@gmail.com

William McDuffie

410 Cockman Rd, Robbins, NC 27325

910-948-3238; wlrmcduffie@gmail.com

West North Central Division

(IA, KS, MN, MO, NE, ND, SD)

Earl Brimeyer

2595 Rhomberg Ave, Dubuque, IA 52001-1445

563-583-6345; ebrimeyer@aol.com

Doug Pennington

1735 County Rd 421, Poplar Bluff, MO 63901

573-785-0431; penncanoe@hotmail.com

Richard Hill

265 Ashford Place, Iowa City, IA 55545

319-354-1936; Richardlarae.hill@gmail.com

West South Central Division (AR, LA, OK, TX)

Bob Spain

803 Arroweye Tr, Austin, TX 78733

512-296-5544; rws0987@yahoo.com

Don Walls

9 Bunker Hill Ln, Russellville, AR 72802

479-280-1319; donwalls2@netzero.com

Non-US Regional Division

Joanna Faloon

613-447-2655; scootergirl@rogers.com

Affiliated Club Delegates for 2019

Florida Competition Paddlers Association

Kathy Edwards; St. Petersburg, FL

727-522-3348; klpe86@outlook.com

Free Style Group

Paul Klonowski; Gurnee, IL

847-687-2477; pklonowski@comcast.net

Michigan Canoe Racing Association

Weston Willoughby; Homer, MI

989-745-5165; 34willou@gmail.com

New England Canoe & Kayak Racing Assn

Priscilla Reinertsen; Contoocook, NH

603-746-6491; prtsen1@comcast.net

New York Marathon Canoe Racing Assn

Scott Stenberg, Moravia, NY

315-406-4692; owascalake@gmail.com

North Carolina Canoe Racing Association

Steve Rosenau; Mt. Holly, NC

704-483-4130; sar4130@gmail.com

Pennsylvania Assn of Canoeing and Kayaking

Dale Glover; Montgomery, PA
570-547-2635; glover1093@msn.com
St Charles Canoe Club
Ben Josefik; Dwight, IL
815-674-7472; bjosefik@yahoo.com
Texas Canoe & Kayak Racing Association
Joy Emshoff; Austin, TX
512-626-3741; jle4321@yahoo.com

Standing Committees for 2019

Adaptive Paddling – Jan Whitaker
Auditing – Steve Rosenau
Barton Award (Sub-ctee, Youth Activities) -
Phoebe Reese & Teresa Stout
Bylaws Review - Lynne McDuffie
Camaraderie – Open
Camping/Cruising - Bob Allen
Competition – Norm Ludwig
Competition / Dragon Boat - Robert McNamara
Competition / Kayak – Ron Kaiser
Competition / Nationals Awards – Open
Competition / Orienteering – Stephen Miller
Competition / Outrigger Canoe – Steven Horney
Competition / Adult Sprints – John Edwards
Competition / Youth Sprints - Open
Competition / Standup Paddleboard - Lloyd Reeves
Competition / Swan Boat - Glen Green
Conservation - Chris Hewitt
Education - Lynne Witte
Historian - Joan Theiss
Instructor Certification – Bob Spain & Tave Lamperez
Insurance Oversight- Joan Theiss & Scott Stenberg
International - John Edwards
Marketing – Earl Brimeyer
Membership – Lynne McDuffie
Merchandise Sales – Larry Latta
Nationals Coordinator– Teresa Stout
Nominating – To be selected at the 2019 Semi-Annual Meeting
Publications – Steven Horney
Publicity & PR – Open
Safety – Glen Green
Technical Inspection – Bill Corrigan
USCA Bylaws/Rules/Regulations Review & Oversight – Joan Theiss
USCA/ IC F Grants – Priscilla Reinertsen
Youth Activities – Phoebe Reese & Teresa Stout
Webmaster- Larry Latta
Women's Interest – Teresa Stout

Special Appointments

USCA Marathon Coordinator to USACK Marathon Committee -Kaitlyn McElroy

Business Affiliates

American Dragon Boat Association

John Miller; Dubuque, IA
dboatmny@aol.com

Great Hollow Nature Preserve

John Foley; New Fairchild, CT
jfoley@greathollow.org

Nigel Dennis Kayaks in Florida LLC

Janice Kriwanek; Gainesville, FL
janice.a.hindson@gmail.com

Paddle Florida, Inc.

Bill Richards; Gainesville, FL
bill@paddleflorida.org

Performance Kayak Inc.

Hansel Lucas; West Newton, PA
hansel@performance-kayak.com

The Paddle Attic

Jeff Stephens; Winter Park, FL
jeff@thepaddleattic.com

Western Penn Solo Canoe Rendezvous

Bruce Kemp; Fenelton, PA
bckjal@yahoo.com

Yadkin Riverkeeper, Inc.

Katie Wilder; Winston-Salem, NC
katiew@yadkinriverkeeper.org

Club Affiliates without a Delegate

Bridges Athletic Club

Jack Brosius; Chestertown, MD
jack.rosincreek@gmail.com

Dayton Canoe Club

Thomas Shulder; Dayton , OH
tshuler1@aol.com

Elderly Paddlers Association

Michael Miller; Cincinnati, OH
mmmillermc@gmail.com

Friends of the Great Swamp

Loretta Wallace; Brewster, NY
laurwally@aol.com

Island Paddlers

David Donner; Amherst, NY
revdonner@aol.com

Middle Grand River Organization of Watersheds (MGROW)

Loretta Crum; Lansing, MI
lcrum@mgrow.org

New England Kayak Fishing

Chris Howie; Rockland, MA
seahorsech@comcast.net

River City Paddlers

Peter Rudnick; Folsom, CA
rudnipe@live.com

Texas Outrigger Canoe Club

Kristen Helm; Houston, TX
krishelm@earthlink.net

Tour du Teche, Inc.

Trey Snyder; St. Martinville, LA
treysnyder.cpa@gmail.com

Westfield River Watershed Association

Michael Young; Westfield, MA
myoung0896@gmail.com

Mark Your Calendars!

2019 Nationals

2019 USCA National Stock Aluminum Marathon Championships

Sept 21-22 in Bastrop, TX. 14 mile downstream run on the Colorado River.

2019 USCA Marathon Nationals:

August 6-11 in Warren, PA.

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**Keep USCA growing!
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Photo from the Roscommon Canoe Classic (May 2018). The first C2 is Nick Walton & Kyle Stonehouse; on the outside is Wesley Dean & Rebecca Davis; and the 3rd team is Matt Meersman & Colin Hunter. Photo by Crystal Richter.

