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NOT ALL OUR BRIGHT IDEAS “TOOK”

Flashback to Pioneering Sup Days · Photography by Rob Zaleski

Most of our sport’s original river pioneers came over from the whitewater kayaking world. Colorado’s Charlies McCarthur was one of the first. Charlie remembers that those heady, early days were full of new ideas—some were brilliant, others... not so much:

CHARLIE ‘C-MAC’ McCARTHUR: “The Eskimo Roll is a must-have technique for kayakers, but as it would turn out, it would never become much a part of sup. I quickly abandoned trying to use it in the river because—while the roll part was very easy—stomach-crunching back up to an upright stance in the middle of a raging river was difficult...but we had some good laughs watching friends trying to perfect the roll in rapids, only to find out it’s way easier to just jump back on your board!” -Charlie

MIKE HARVEY: “C-Mac was clearly an innovator in bringing standup boards to our river culture. This sequence shows how some of the early, radical experiments have kind of ended and we have settled into more established techniques and gear. Early on, a lot of us tried footstraps only to learn they are a great way to tear your ACL.” -Mike, co-founder, Badfish Sup

Ed Note: Did you know? Charlie McCarthur is the son of the actor James McCarthur who played ‘Danno’ in the original Hawaii Five-O TV series.



Summer, 2009: Charlie “messing around with footstraps.”



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Photo: Kelsey Thompson

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A DECADE OF DESIGN



SINCE 2008



STANDUP

JOURNAL

Summer 2018

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About Our Cover: "My father, Matt Schweitzer, took this photo during a trip in Cabo San Lucas, Baja, Mexico. I remember this day well. We woke up early in hunt for waves and drove for hours, checking a number of spots. Finally, we just wanted to get into the water, so we paddled out, despite it not being epic. Just getting in the water after a long drive in the summer heat of Cabo was great. It took a few hours to drive back to The Cape Hotel where we were staying, where we were surprised to see this ripable left peeling right in front of the hotel! We couldn't get out of the car fast enough, and had the best session of the trip 'til past sunset." -Zane Kekoa Schweitzer

SCOTT CRAMER Ken Hoeve
running the Colorado.

STANDUP JOURNAL

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Celebrating our 11th Year as the
World's First Standup Mag!

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How can a mag about such a young sport be in its 26th volume? It's
because we published *Wind Tracks* for 15 years, a grassroots wind-
surf mag. We are proud of that past, so *Standup Journal* picked up
where *Wind Tracks* left off: at volume 16.

"I'll admit, my first reaction to the cover of the latest issue ['Winter 2017-18'] didn't stoke me. The paddler has no board and he's in a whitewater nightmare! But once I got past the cover, I dove into S. West's column and the Grand Canyon and Brian Talma features: great stories and epic photos...including the cover. The surf is pumping and so is da Journal!"

**-Aloha, Tom 'Wart' Craig,
Standup Journal kitchen
cabinet member, Cayucos, CA**



TC, many thanks for your "on second thought, the cover ain't so bad" observation. I, like you, got sucked into that shot as a cover only after I'd read Kim Fuller's and Scotty Stoughton's "Two Buddies Take On the Grand Canyon" stories, and after going "through the rinse cycle" with Dubock to edit photographer Zach Mahone's 400 incredible semi-finalist Colorado river quest photos—of which we ended up running 29 of the very best of 'em.

Full respect for the river sup crew! I'll take 2-3 ocean waves on the head WAY before I wanna get dragged down a boiling, 1,000-yard long rapid like Scotty and Javi did in that Grand Canyon story... THAT is scary shit!

...many thanks – ALWAYS! – to you and our global readership for keeping us on our toes. Our crew and I are always learning. It would be easier if we were JUST a surf mag or just a river-running sup mag, wouldn't it? But Standup Journal covers all 6 points of the sup compass, so we have 25 times more layers of the sup stew to bring you and all of our readers each issue...Lucky us!

-Clay Feeter, Standup Journal publisher

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Fanatic

Long May You Run

By the year 2000, Dave Kalama and Laird Hamilton had already changed the world—but they didn't know it yet. Little did they realize that standing up on a tandem surfboard and propelling themselves with an oversized canoe paddle would start a worldwide revolution. They weren't the first to stand up and paddle on a surfboard (or a primitive plank). There were many before them, dating back hundreds, if not thousands, of years.

But this time it was somehow different. It seemed more accessible. They made it look so easy. People soon realized that they could do this anywhere they could find a body of water. A peanut-butter-in-the-chocolate moment for sure. Standup paddling was a waterborne miracle and a movement at the same time—the earthly equivalent of walking on water. Four years later, sup was about to explode. The fuse was lit at the 2004 Buffalo Big Board Classic, held at Makaha every year.

Beachboy-style surfing, as it was called back then, was officially showcased for the first time for the whole world to see. The timing was right. Standup paddling's popularity would snowball tenfold once it hit the mainstream media. In a few years, you couldn't pick up a People magazine without seeing some celebrity blissfully poised on a standup board. In the words of an original standup board shaping guru, Dave Parmenter, "It simply got away from us." Like a runaway train, the sport of kings morphed almost overnight into the sport of dings.

My hat's off to you Laird Hamilton and Dave Kalama. I owe you both big time. In 2007, I literally stumbled into standup paddling at the perfect time. Rehabbing from a second hip replacement, I limped onto the new sup bandwagon with Laird

behind the wheel, copiloted by the Maui crew of Dave Kalama and Loch Eggers. I haven't looked back since.

My amigo and wave-bro Kirby, a lifelong surfer and now standup paddler, keeps a surf journal. It's a written record of waves that he's caught on a standup board. In the past year alone, Kirby surfed 1,200 waves. That's 120 go-outs with an average of 10 waves per session. Using Kirby as a baseline, I can extrapolate with utmost certainty that my average is at least 1,000 waves per year. That breaks down to 100 sessions, surfing at least 10 waves per go-out (a low estimate, but one that

I will use for the sake of the story). Last year was my tenth year in the surf on a standup board. That's 10,000 waves and still counting. I want to personally thank Laird and Dave for this amazing gift. Beer's on me...or thousands of 'em if you're thirsty.

"STANDUP PADDLING IS A WATERBORNE MIRACLE AND A MOVEMENT AT THE SAME TIME"





THE MIRACLE

Standup paddling is one of the easiest watersports to learn. There are three components: a board, a paddle, and water. Step one: stand up. Step two: paddle. It's also one of the hardest easiest things I've ever done.

THE MOVEMENT

Ten years ago, along with thousands of others, I bought my first standup board and paddle. For two days straight, I wobbled around on flat water like a frightened horse on a frozen lake. The next step was to go to a spot where I learned to surf as an 11-year-old bucktoothed grommet. The surf in this neck of the woods breaks easy...easy like Sunday morning. The local crew there consists of a mishmash of old cars, groms, moms, and kooks. If it were a ski run, it would be named Little Chipmunk or Big Meadow—a perfect venue for learning to standup paddle in the surf.

Hoisting my new 12-foot standup board on my head, I walk across the sand and into the unknown. Paddling out fully erect and proud as a peacock, I feel like a shiny nickel amongst a handful of pennies. Almost a lifetime has passed and it's day one all over again. Same as it ever was.

Three small waves and I'm still high and dry. If it wasn't for an old shoulder injury, I'd be patting myself on the back. After wave number three, I'm trapped inside on a multi-wave set. The south swell is starting to kick up a notch, and the tide is rising fast.

Sup school is in session, and I'm learning rule number one the hard way...

Rule #1: No duck diving in sup surfing

The only way to get back out is to go up and over each row of whitewater. I'd never really given this much thought until now. Paddling over the first wave, I fall off my board. With each new surge, turbulent whitewater drags me backward. I'm very close to being swept into the rocks next to the cliff. I've got the no-mans-land blues with only big rocks in sight. It's moments

like these when weird shit happens, and this time is no exception. A fuzzy memory floats into my brain like a leaf blown from a tree. Forty years ago, I was in this exact same spot and in the exact

same predicament: south swell, high tide, rocks. It's all coming back to me. The only difference is that back then I was 11 years old and just learning to surf after my dad had dropped me off there for the day.

But before any nasty rock bashing or mayhem begins, the waves let up. Same result as a lifetime ago. I find myself back on the beach with a little of my shine worn off, once again. Without even knowing it, I've learned rule number two...

Rule #2: Sup in surf is easy...until it's not

Thank you Laird and Dave for my 10,000-wave bonus in life. Here's to you and 10,000 more. Long may you run. -S. West

"IT IS ONE OF THE HARDEST EASIEST THINGS I'VE EVER DONE"
-S. WEST ON WHY SUP IS SO GREAT

Ed Note: Gracias, Esteban, for conjuring memories of our early days. In fact, to give everybody an idea of just how yet-to-be discovered sup was, I remember back to when we started Standup Journal in 2007: I began my photo search for images to fill the magazine by Googling every variation of "standup paddling," "SUP," "beachboy paddling," etc., and was only able to come up with EIGHT photos. -Clay



"N. W."

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Sup Skating BROOKLYN

Standup Paddling's Land-based Extension

I walked into the office with blood smeared across my knees and a smile stamped across my face. I had spent my lunch break Hamming the streets of Greenpoint, Brooklyn, riding past apartments, coffee shops, parks and graffiti-colored walls. Carving and gliding across a river of black, I coasted down the streets with nowhere particular to go. I just wanted to ride. And even though I ended up wiping out in the middle of the street, I had enough adrenaline to mask the scrapes and bruises. Proud of my newly earned battle scars, I looked down at my bloody knees and could only feel an even greater pull toward the land-based extension of standup paddling.



BY **DOMINIQUE 'NICO' KLIMEK**
PHOTOGRAPHY BY **PAUL SMITH**

Harrison Helms goes for an afternoon paddle through the parking lot at Seaside, Encinitas, CA. (Inset) Nico with the fish in Ocean City, NJ. Photo by Michael Kehoe.



When I moved to Brooklyn I knew that getting to the water or mountains on weekdays was not going to be possible. As a boarder, I also knew that I'd need something to feed my hunger.

I stumbled across the Ham-board website and knew right away that I needed to get one. They look like surfboards, and in the videos I watched over and over again, the riders even looked like they were surfing.

After speaking with one of the founders about which board would be the best fit for me, I anxiously waited for it to arrive. When it did, I was in awe. My first board was the Fish. Coming in at 4'5," it's only a foot shorter than I am and about twice my width. I went out on the streets to test my new ride, and I was shocked by what I felt. The board allows me to carve and ride like I am surfing or snowboarding.

This was the feeling I had been chasing. It's the hair down, sun-stained, sand-in-our-scalp approach to life that frees and empowers us.

"Much more than just cruising down the street—it's riding to the rhythm of a culture"
-Dominique

It's so much more than just cruising down the street—it's riding to the rhythm of a culture that's all about waking up well-rested and hungry for the sunrise so you can paddle out while everyone else is asleep. It's a culture that has choices. Waves? We're going surfing. Flat? We can sup with the sunrise. And now, even when water isn't available, the mornings can still be ours on the streets.

Out for the perfect wind-down workout after a full day, Yusuke Imamura cruising the boardwalk, Newport Beach, CA. (Inset) Fueling up with fish tacos at Rockaway Beach Surf Club. Photo by Kate Rubin.



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*“In Rockaway, street-skating merges
with the surf and urban cultures up
and down the boardwalk”*

Jachin Hamborg throws down
a hang 10 street manual.

Pau Hana



(Above) Cruising tandem style down the Rockaway Beach boardwalk. Photo by Alex Lamontagne. (Below) While waiting for the ferry to leave Victoria, British Columbia, Paul Smith, Jr. breaks out his Hamboard and paddle for a paved surf session.

A Way of Life

Sup skating charges your day and stokes your internal fire. It opens up exploration of unfamiliar streets and allows you to embrace new contours and angles. On summer weekends, I always head out to Rockaway to spend my time surfing and soaking up the sun on the beach. When the water is crowded, I'll sup out past the congestion, finding peace of mind as I push across the ocean's surface.

In Rockaway, the surf and urban cultures merge. The main street, set just a couple blocks back from the water, has walls painted with colorful murals and construction barricades sprinkled between buildings. The train drags itself along elevated tracks, marking the horizon. Suited up surfers with boards under their arms weave their way between deli's, cafes and small

surf shops as they make their way to the beach

I used to make my way to Rockaway with just a surfboard, but since acquiring my Hamboard I now spend lots of time on the boardwalk, cruising up and down beside the sand. The massive size of my board in comparison to standard skateboards and longboards, along with my Street Sweeper Sup Skate Paddle, always makes heads turn and eyes bulge out of their sockets.

"What is that?"

"Is that a surfboard?"

Hamboards are still fairly new to the board world. Their buttery turns and surf-board shape evoke a lot of curiosity from boarders and non-boarders alike. I always find myself meeting people and chatting with strangers when I'm out Hamming. They want to know what I'm riding, and they are usually in awe of the trucks and massive wheels. The Street Sweeper gets passed around as sup'ers examine its handle and admire its flex. So, we chat about the board, about Rockaway and anything else that surfaces. The lax nature and ease of conversation never ceases to inspire me.

Kenalu





TONY FREITAS Sup shredder Mo Freitas's little brother Marvin has a few land moves of his own!

And as the day winds down, I know I'll run into some familiar faces from the boardwalk and waves at my favorite bar in the area, Rockaway Beach Surf Club. It is a feeding ground for taco-loving, margarita-drinking beach goers. There is always a migration that takes place around lunchtime and happy hour as the hungry and thirsty drag themselves off the beach to the local watering hole. Here, anything goes: wetsuit, bathing suit, tee-shirt—whatever. Sand is still clinging to the ankles and feet of most while sun burnt noses seek refuge under the umbrellas. The music here is usually a perfect balance of hip-hop, R&B, and reggae. The smell of tropical sunscreen hangs in the humidity. Tired hands cling to tall, cold glasses as boarders chat and laugh in this NYC oasis.

When September sneaks in, I can feel the heartache coming—like

an inevitable breakup that's just waiting to happen. I'll have to say goodbye to the long, warm days in the water and clutch to memories that will come by way of photos and stories when friends and I will reminisce. But as difficult as it is to say goodbye, the pain has been a bit less sharp since I started sup skating.

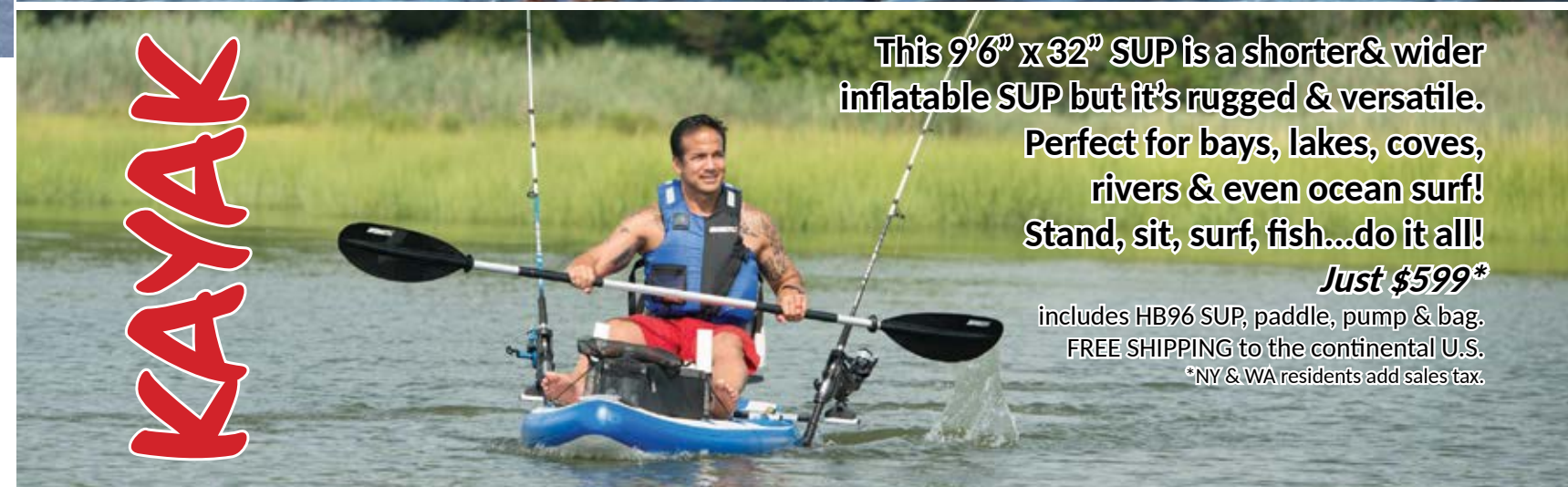
When the air turns crisp and the leaves become tie-dyed with colors of red and gold, I street skate through the avenues, taking in the smell of fireplaces ablaze and listening to the crackling of leaves that I roll over in the street. The music may change, but the rhythm continues on. Bikinis and sunscreen are replaced with beanies and Vans, and our burnt noses turn into rosy cheeks. But we don't stop the carving and cross-stepping as we glide through the changing seasons, dancing under street lights and moving to the curves of our own roads. By

taking suping to the streets, I can hold onto the sup feeling into the colder months.

But when summer does come back, I'll be the first one to kick off my shoes and open my arms. Nothing rivals the joy that comes with summer soles thick from walking in bare feet and the blisters that our paddles build up on our hands. We still feel the waves at night as we lay down, letting them carry us to sleep. Sand is held hostage in our cars and our sheets, and the sunbeams leaking through our windows are the alarm clocks of Summer. And as night falls and the stars twinkle overhead, everyone is silently wishing that time could stop. But we know that it won't, so we push onward, boards in hand, making the most of each day, embracing every earned set of blisters and bloody knees. *-Dominique*



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Return to Tomales Bay

Story and Photography by Glenn Dubock

A LICENSE TO STEAL



"Half a mile off the only road to Tomales Bay, bro John weaves through the wind-carved tree tunnel at the Point Reyes Coast Guard Station."

“This guy was a mad-man!” my brother John bellows out from behind the glowing screen of his ever-present laptop. He is doing some research on Northern California explorers so I assume he is talking about Clay Feeter, my best friend and my original guide to the less-traveled “foreign lands” that lay to the north of the great divide in the San Francisco Bay over which the Golden Gate Bridge arcs its mighty freedom span.

“Bro Trip! The early morning view, looking due east from room 22, Tomales Bay Resort.”



But no, this time it was the English explorer Sir Francis Drake who had drawn John's inquisitive gaze. We would soon seek his footsteps on the land and his wake on the waters that were both kind and cruel to him centuries before we even thought to launch our watercraft here.

"We are going to another country, but you won't need your passport," was Clay's profound revelation to me back on our first-ever windsurf adventure together in 1985. This was his slightly veiled attempt to lure me onto a road trip that would begin at Fort Point, in the deep and salt-sprayed shadows beneath the south column of the bridge.

In homage to that seminal trip and to our enduring friendship, every time I venture north of The Gate,

"HER DEEP LOVE FOR TOMALES BAY IS AS PLAIN AS THE POINT REYES SEA-SHORE MAP TATTOO ON HER CALF!"

I always pause at the old fort to get my bearings straight. Here, I throw some caution to the wind and recall the dozens of sojourns I've made in this

direction since that fateful day with Clay 32 years ago. As I jump back behind the wheel and let the San Francisco gusts shut the door for me, I always ask myself, "What's the worst that can happen?"



"The beating wings of native waterfowl may be the only other force besides your paddle to crack the glassy morning surface of Drakes Estero."

New Century/Different Boards

As John and I did the electronic, 21st century version of a compass reading, my wandering soul was flooded with visions of past, present and future adventures. The wild and ragged Point Reyes National Seashore and the deceptively serene Tomales Bay would be the focus of this trip. I had spent a fruitful week intensively exploring the area a few years ago and had realized that more time, plus the joyful companionship of my brother, would be essential to giving this area its due diligence.

“DISCARDED OYSTER SHELLS CRUNCH LIKE DRY CEREAL UNDER DAVID AND MADDIE’S FEET AS THEY SLIP THEIR BOARDS INTO THE QUIET, CALM WATERS”



“Maddie and David soaking in all the history and beauty this magical area holds.”

Keepers

When the kind folks at the Tomales Bay Resort offered to help us out with lodging and logistics, we packed our bags and boards. Located on the western shore of the bay near the quaint town of Inverness, the resort is the perfect waterfront base for adventures in every direction—including those that we'd planned as well as others that fell into our laps as we rolled with the tides.

On our first morning in residence on the bay, the guide staff from Blue Waters Kayaking assembled at their concession beach next door to the resort to welcome us and share their intimate knowledge of the area. I thought this hearty bunch of young-

sters that head up the company's 50 employees were trying to pull a fast one on me when they said we could all paddle out to the middle and jump in for a swim. This expanse of water is located well north of skinny dip latitudes, and I had packed every piece of thick neoprene wetsuit rubber I own.

Turns out that during the summer and early fall months the shallow depth and the mud floor conspire to bring the water temperature up to 65–70 degrees. That lack of depth, combined with seriously huge wintertime swells and the shifting sand bars at the northern entrance to Tomales Bay, near Dillon Beach, has killed five people

in the last two years. The mariners' watchwords around here are "stay well to the south and don't mess with the mouth" if you are planning on cruising your sup on these waters.

Dallas and Sue were the most experienced in the varying conditions that can be encountered in this area. They shared with us the need for safety and support, especially if you are going to take on the downwind thrills like they had on a recent 16-mile roller ride from one end of the bay to the other. Sue's respect and deep love for Tomales Bay is as plain as the Point Reyes Seashore Map tattoo on her calf!



"Tomales Bay Resort: at high tide you can launch and return to the deck just outside your room."

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8'3"	7'7"				7'5"	8'0"	8'8"					9'2"





On a previous trip to the area, I had stumbled upon a fun local race called the Hog Island Huff. One of the racers had a most-interesting rack rig for her race board on top of her Mini Cooper and a smile that could be seen for miles. Maddie King was thrilled to hear that John and I were coming back to further explore and report on the sup potential of the area. King and her sidekick, David Hook, are regulars on the race scene in the Bay Area, and she is an accomplished professional musician. They agreed to meet us at the resort so we could team up for some paddling, photos and music.

"Barely a word needs to be spoken when the Blue Waters staff hold their morning board meetings."

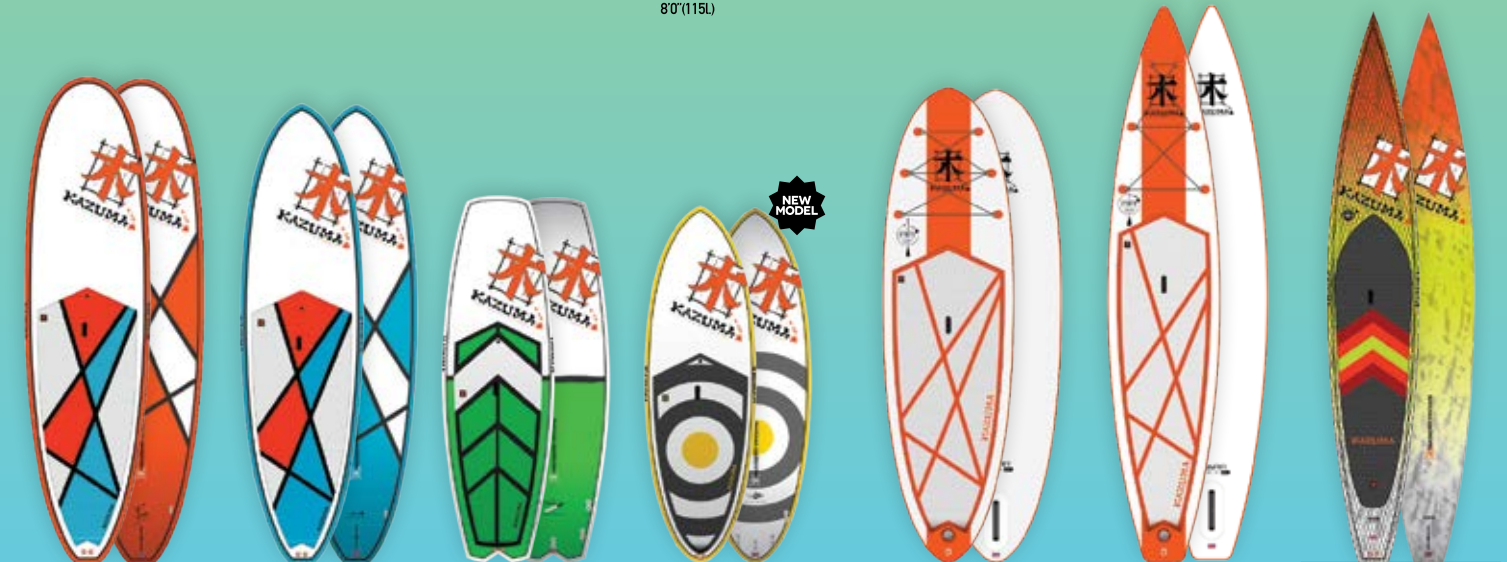


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Drakes Estero was our first stop, and we found it to be a sheltered ravine of placid saltwater bliss that winds its way miles inland from the ravages of the same harsh Pacific Ocean waters that had once slapped some sense into the head of the globetrotting privateer, Sir Francis. After two trips around the world in a floating wooden crate that would fit in my yard, Drake was in need of some spare parts, so he left his boat here and took off with part of his crew on a southward journey to gather such things.

Centuries later, we witness this place in a state that is pretty much the same as when Sir Francis had come upon it. The recent removal of an oyster bed operation has left behind a discarded shell beach that crunches like dry cereal under David and Maddie's feet as they slip their boards into the quiet, calm waters. They synchronize their paddle strokes with the movements of the abundant water life around them: curious seals bob up for a cursory look but quickly get back to more nourishing pursuits.

"Pier Review: beyond those hills and a thousand scattered thoughts away lies the metropolis of San Francisco. Out here on the bay, it's just you and the singularity of one blissful moment after another." (Inset) "You can often count on paddler Kurt Feeter to show up for a cooling off visit when his local Sacramento Delta summertime temps head up into the low 100s."



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photos: Gorge-Us Photography



Around mid-morning we climb up to a flat-top mesa that affords us a panoramic view that would no doubt sing to the very spirit of a wandering soul like Drake himself.

Maddie tunes up her guitar to match the acoustics of this natural amphitheater and proceeds to give us a private concert that fills the air with her pitch-perfect voice as she sings the poetic songs of her life. Drake can have the rest of the world...right now, we have all the riches one could ever want right here in this magical spot.

“Solid evidence of a rough encounter at the local bar: for good reason, Tomales area mariners give great respect to the northern mouth of the bay.” (Inset) “Ms King fills the crisp salt air of Drakes Estero with the sweet sounds of her Songs in the Key of Maddie.”



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"The Hog Island Huff is a race where bragging rights and oysters on the half shell at the finish line are far more important than gaudy metal trophies."



Tahoe Nalu

A few days later, John and I were lost in a dream-glide paddle, hugging the shoreline just north of a pristine wisp of sand named Hearts Desire Beach, about five miles from Inverness. We were carrying on a lively conversation of absolutely no words—that kind of connection you have when you know somebody so well that you don't have to talk because you already know what the other person is thinking. I break the silence by asking why Sir Francis Drake was called a privateer instead of a pirate. John explains that Drake was given a license to plunder other ships as long as a portion of the proceeds was given to the king and queen.

I think to myself, "Well that sounds like a license to steal!" And he doesn't even have to say it, because I already know what John is thinking: "Yes, just like a photographer 'working' on assignment for a magazine story about Tomales Bay."

-Dubock



"Maddie is amazing. Proof positive that a girl from Indiana can end up in the San Francisco Bay Area teaching music at Berkeley, playing in a band with Joan Baez...and on the water she's winning her age group at just about every weekend sup race around! Tomales Bay: the spirit of olden days explorers combined with the silent gaze of Tule Elk conspires to create a tranquility that never really leaves you."





“Blue Plate Special: in the heat of the day, Hog Island becomes a shimmering mirage. You and your friends only need to decide where to paddle and which visual feast is being offered up on this narrow bay—truly, there is no place like no other place like this in California.”

KIDS

the new face of sup



ERIK AEDER Maui's Lou Bouvet is 12 years old, the same age as the sport of modern standup paddling. They grew up together, and the future is bright

You've been reading about her adventures for years in the pages of *Standup Journal*, but who is Lou Bouvet? Like many Maui kids, Lou was exposed to the ocean at an early age. But in her case, the sup paddling experience actually began *before* she was even born. At Lou's home on Maui's north shore, a photo from August 2005 hangs on the fridge: Carine Bouvet, eight months radiantly pregnant with Lou, sits on the family's first sup board, an 11-foot-long Bic prototype. In her mother's belly, Lou was only a month away from a grand adventure that shows no sign of slowing down for the 12-year-old paddler. So, yes: Lou Bouvet is as old as the boom era of standup paddling.



Born with a Paddle in Her Hands

LOU BOUVET



FRANCK BERTHOUT Lou is at home off Maui's North Shore. "I ran over the photographer a couple times! Sorry Francky!" -Lou

(Inset) Lou's dad, Manu notes, "Lou and Shadé both grew up traveling the world. Being there for each other through challenging situations on the road has helped built up a strong, mutual support between sisters." Yet, sisters will be sisters. As Lou adds: "Right after this shot was taken Shadé tried to strangle me for no reason."

“Lou has been following her watermom’s footsteps since a very early age, but nowadays she is the one leading on the way. (Inset) Our doctor in Hawaiian was quite in shock when Lou flashed a shaka during the ultrasound!” -Manu



Lou Bouvet has grown up fast! In fact, she’s very much an old soul—probably the result of an adventurous childhood with her globetrotting parents who have taken her to the most remote places in the world for extended periods of time.

Nonetheless, that exotic childhood nearly came to an end before it even started. When Lou was conceived, Carine and Manu had been traveling the world for five or six months out of the year, producing travel stories about off-the-beaten-path destinations like the Sultanate of Oman, the Chagos Islands, Zanzibar, India and Sri Lanka. At no all-inclusive windsurfing centers to lodge, they were either camping on the beach or hiring local boats on which to live. Many of the French couple’s friends expected them to slow down with their Bohemian lifestyle once a newborn entered the picture. “I guess people expected us to stay home and watch the Discovery Channel instead,” laughs Carine.

“Instead of going for a family walk, Lou and the Bouvets are more often out ‘walking’ on their sup boards”

But there was still way too much adventure in Lou’s parents to not give it a try and see if they could learn to change a diaper in a tent, on a plane, or on a boat. “Finally, we acknowledged that a diaper does not need to be changed that often,” jokes Lou’s father, Manu. Today, 11 years later, Lou has learned how to change her younger sister Shadé’s diaper on the road, too.

PIERRE BOURAS “During this trip I was so sick I did not eat for an entire week! There was no doctor and no way to get off the island.” -Lou

tba

Lou Bouvet has attended school in France, the Marshall Islands, Chile, the Caribbean, and Tahiti while her parents have been busy producing images and watersports travel features. Lou has been witnessing the world first-hand, and she even has a key role in family adventures that are aimed at raising awareness for environmental challenges via sup boards.

Since that day in 2005 when Lou shared a sup ride in her mom's belly, sup has been the keystone of the family's adventure. The sport of standup paddling came along right on time for them to pursue a family quest for waves and to share their love for the ocean and their desire to protect it. There is no better way to enjoy the sea together than on sup boards. Instead of going for a family walk, the Bouvet ohana is more often seen on their sup boards, "walking" on water. That is how Lou got her first contact with sup: on Manu's back, comfortably nestled into an Ergobaby backpack. Soon she was old enough to sit on the board with Manu and Carine, and then eventually she was out paddling on her own.



BOURAS "No cell phones. No distractions. Long sup cruises are ideal opportunities for precious mom and daughter catching up moments. Lou and I have been lucky to have had hundreds of these over the years."
-Carine

BERTHOUT (Inset) Shadé and Manu share a wave with Lou on their island's south shore, where ideal, easy wave conditions make it perfect for ohana party waves. Lou says, "My family is always dropping in on me, but—in this case—for once it is not my mom, lol!"

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“Lou has a key role in family adventures that are aimed at raising awareness for environmental challenges via their sup boards”

Sustainable Life is the Goal

Growing up, Lou enjoyed the oceans of the world—surfing, stand-up paddling, or windsurfing—and she started caring for it by spontaneously doing her own beach clean ups. Mom Carine observes that “Lou belongs to that generation of kids that is processing the fragility of our oceans at a very young age because she is exposed to it on a daily basis.”

The relationship that Lou has built with her favorite environment is as much about what she can give as what she can take. She grew up helping her parents do ocean preservation workshops in schools all over the world. Today, Lou is a youth ambassador for the Race for Water Foundation, which works on water protection (raceforwater.com), and for Raw Elements USA, an eco-friendly, reef-safe, biodegradable sunscreen. (She asked her parents to contact the brand on her behalf after hearing that most sunscreens damage reefs and can hurt sea life.) Along the way, Lou has also become sponsored by Bic Sup, Bic Sport, NP, Maui Fin Co., Pakaloha Bikinis, and Honey Girl Organics.

“Beware of What You Wish”

Carine and Manu have always wanted their daughter to be comfortable in the ocean while caring for it, and they’ve hoped that she would get into one of the board sports that they love. And what they’ve wished for has come true—and then some! All they hear now is, “Please take me surfing right after school,” or “When is our next travel adventure?” And of course, “Don’t use that much water; it’s precious.”



BOURAS (Top) The Bouvet family is dedicated to off-the-beaten path destinations. Pictured: the middle of a two-day crossing in the Kiribati islands. “I still have nightmares about this crossing! Thanks for the great ‘holiday,’ Dad ;)” -Lou (Above) Carine, Shadé and Lou way up in the Andes along the Bolivian frontier with Chile. They had to chip the ice away from the edge of the lake in order for Carine to get out to paddle. “Note to Mom: paddles are not the best way to break the ice!” -Lou (Below) When Manu and Carine take the family for sup sojourns, they always enroll the girls in the local schools. Here, Lou is attending class in Chile during the family’s 7-month house exchange.



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It's funny to think that sup came to the world at the same time as Lou did. They have both grown up quickly, but they are still fragile at the same time. They have a bright future ahead of them that will depend on our ability to protect the environment on which that they both depend.

"It's funny to think that sup came to the world at the same time Lou did. They have both grown up quickly, but they are still fragile at the same time."

There is no future for sup with a dying ocean, and there is no happy water world for Lou without a sustainable future. But the good news is that Lou and her fellow pre-teen friends are going to be in charge soon—and they are way better at it than their parents. The last time we spoke with Lou, she shared a couple tips for families with young paddlers:

SuJ: How long have you been standup paddling?

Lou: I was on a sup with my parents before I could walk. I can't remember when I first standup paddled by myself, but I now I take my little sister for a ride sometimes, if she is nice to me :) ...so that soon she will also standup on her own.

SuJ: What do you like about sup and what don't you like about it?

Lou: What I didn't like in the beginning was that it was a bit frustrating because I did not have a board or a paddle that fit my size and my strength. They were either too long or too heavy, so it felt like too much work—especially when I was going long distances with my parents during trips. But when I turned six, I got a 6'6" board that allowed me to paddle more easily, and also to catch my first waves. My dad also cut a carbon paddle down to my size, and that was so much easier.



AEDER (Above) "You can always find a wave on Maui." (Below) "Lou ate a lot of sand last January when she competed in the Legends of the Bay event—her first surf contest, and she took 3rd place in the under 14 division. Conditions were epic at Honolua Bay. This is definitely her happy place." -Manu



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"We may look normal, but we are really a crazy family!" -Lou



Please meet, by way of my photo, the future of Puerto Rico's standup paddling—a new generation of sup lovers. Their average age is from 6 to 17 years old. I do not know all of their names, but from left to right, starting in the back, is Miguel Alvarez, Lukas Rosario, Dave de Armas, Mochi Angueira, Desiree Hernandez, Bryan Alvarez, Luis Piña, Alek Ramos, Nimsay Garcia, Christian Paoli, Omelv Garcia, Mauricio Mustelier, Naylin Ramirez, Amanda Loren Rivera, Valeria Gonzalez, Isabella, Natasha Nieves, Laura Vanessa and Genesis at El Escambron Beach, San Juan, Puerto Rico. This kids group is affiliated with the PR Surfing Association, run by Xavier Lay, who worked for years to get sup included as an official part of local surfing contests.

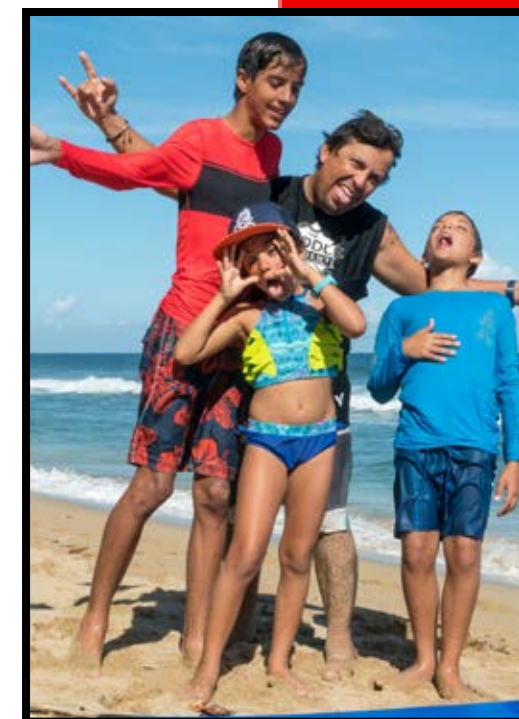


In the wake of MARIA

Meet the Youth Athletes of Puerto Rico's Sup Paddle League

STOKED FROM THE START: Hurricane Maria was a traumatic situation for my family and for our island of Puerto Rico—the worse experience I have ever lived through...and I have been in many hurricanes. But a category 5 storm is like 5 tornados hitting you at the same time. The sup scene, like the rest of the island, is now in pieces—scattered as everybody continues to get their lives back together—but steadily coming back. I know it will recover, but it will take time. Like me, many people, including young paddlers, had to leave the island and moved to the mainland. I was lucky to be offered work with my company in Jacksonville, FL.

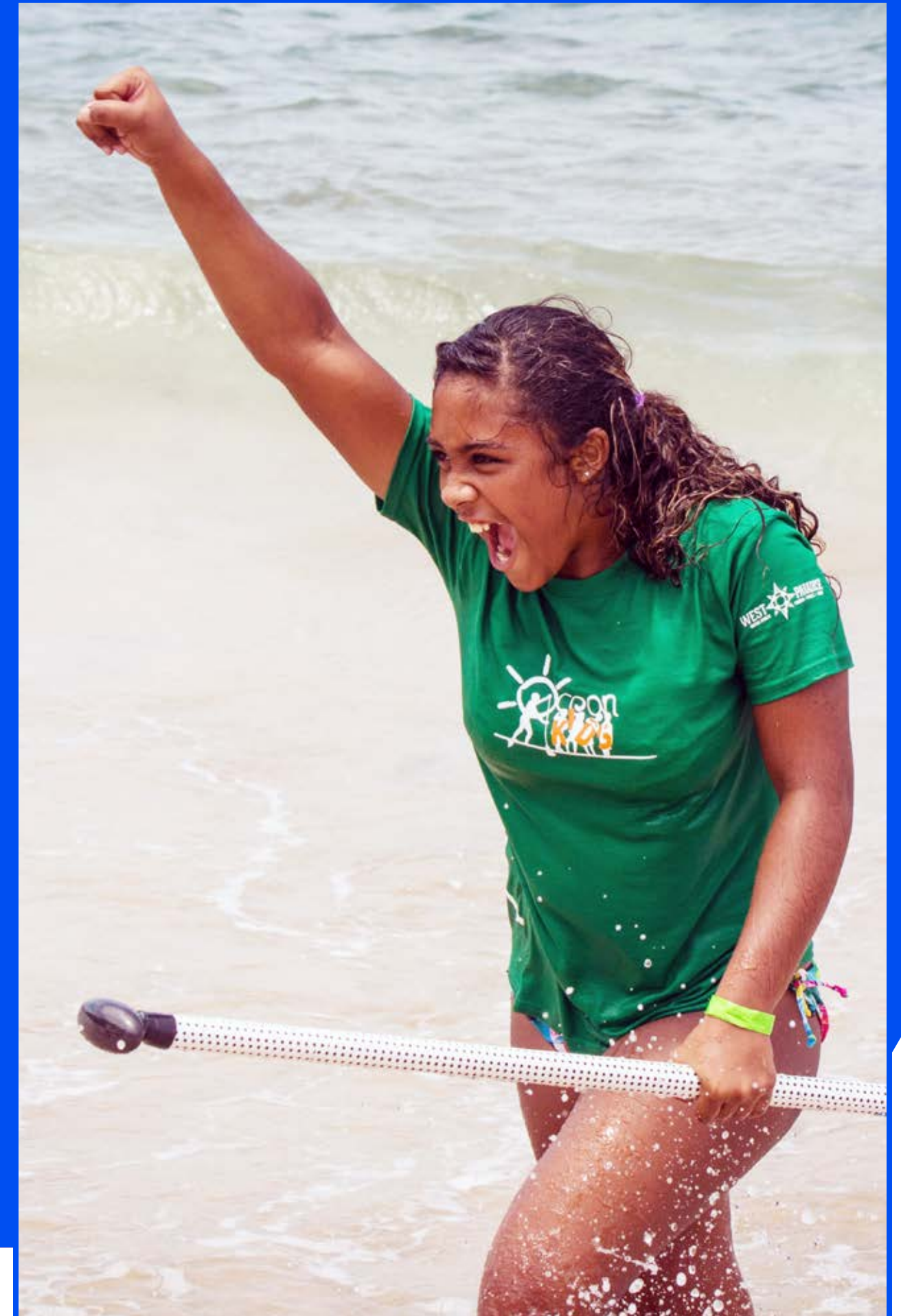
The hurricane changed our lives completely. Many of the Puerto Rican sup events were cancelled because certain beaches were lost, sponsors are in crisis or people are more focused on recovering their lives. But the kids have always been stoked about paddling. They teach us what it is all about, and as you can imagine, everybody needs a break from the ordeal, so all my hardcore friends keep pushing sup on the island, and I am also committed to keeping the sup flag raised! I return home almost every month and see the spirit of the kids who belong to Puerto Rico's Sup Paddle League. They are keeping their eyes (and ours) on a bright horizon. -Jos



Words & Images
by JOS RAMOS



GIRL POWER! The participation of women (including young women!) on the race course is one of the fastest growing segments of our sport. Pictured is the groms race at Crashboat Beach, Aguadilla, Puerto Rico.





Puerto Rico's youth paddlers set the place during a family day trip through the waterlily-filled lagoon of Caño Tiburones, in Arecibo. They have so much fun that they do not even consider this "practice," but by the time they are back to the cars they notice their technique is much improved—a nice result from gathering with friends and family for recreational paddling. And via sup the kids reconnect with nature and understand the need to protect these beautiful locations. My son, Alek (pictured), does 3-4 miles twice a week, while also playing soccer and other sports. He is very focused on racing, but also in sup surfing—trying new tricks. He gets straight A's at school, and he is one of the top in his class at math. His greatest sup inspirations are Chuck Patterson, Kai Lenny, Zane Schweitzer and Connor Baxter.





THE FUTURE IS NOW!

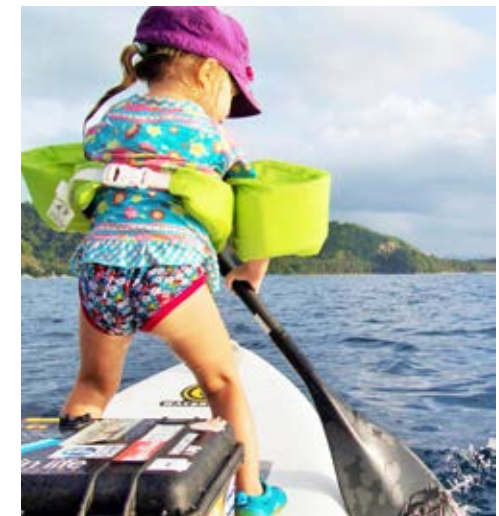
Sup Kids Gallery

DEB STIPA Miles Harvey was the youngest athlete at North America's oldest whitewater event last summer. The 13 year old tackled the Colorado Sup Championships portion of the annual FIBArk event, where Miles has won the overall Colorado river surfing title the past two years. Founded in 1949, FIBArk is the oldest whitewater event in North America.



DAYANIDHI DAS (Above, l-r) Marley Franco scampers back for more during the Hi-Tech kids' sup surfing contest, southside Maui; **KLAAS VOGET** Germany's Maxi Gertenbach; **JOS RAMOS** Dana Point is the home of major sup events, and more importantly for kids it is where The Paddle Academy sees the birth and sprouting of wings for many young sup athletes.

DAS (Below, l-r) Cash Berzolla thinking "cutback" on Maui, where Sloane Jucker shows off her girl power prowess, and Berzolla slices a bottom turn. **KYRON RATHBONE** (Far right) Seven-year-old Aussie Kai Kai Rathbone "is passionate about surfing, sup, kitesurfing, diving, skateboarding and basketball," says proud poppa/big-wave sup shredder Kyrone Rathbone!





TRAVIS STASSART (Above) Henno Hopp is a versatile 13-year-old waterman and sup innovator from Malibu, CA. DEB STIPA (Top right) Miles Harvey, Colorado. DAYANIDHI DAS (Right) Sheer determination: Ethan Mangat, Maui.





RICHARD HALLMAN Always a hit! The kid's event during Big Wind's annual Naish Gorge Challenge has parents lining the shore, glowing and cheering for the future of our sport. **KLAAS VOGET** (Above) Fourteen-year-old Maxi Gertenbach slips into Thousand Peaks, Maui. Back home in Germany, Maxi keeps his surfing skills honed by "skateboarding all day," suping, snowboarding and windsurfing, and he notes that "paddling into waves on a sup board is so much easier than with a surfboard. I also am really into sup touring around our local lakes with family and friends. It's always more fun paddling together with friends!"