

american whitewater

January
February
1 9 9 5



BAFFIN ISLAND ADVENTURE

Page 28



Oh My God Oswegatchie!

Page 42



perception®



your boat.
pirouette s
your river.
pirouette
your natural
dancer pro
tendency.
corsica s
touch the water.
corsica matrix
perception.
corsica

Three Seasons
Team Perception
wins the Grand Slam of the
World Whitewater Races

For more, contact Perception, 111 Kayaker Way, Easley, SC 29642 803/859-7518.

Photo Christopher Smith

american whitewater

Journal of the American Whitewater Affiliation

C O N T E N T S

Volume XXXV, No. 1

Features

- 28.....Baffin Island Adventure
by John Weld
- 42.....Oh My God...Oswegatchie!
by Chris Koll
- 52.....1994 Las Siete Tazas Race
by Tim Brown
- 54.....New England Nuggets, One Car Wonders
by Nathan Lewis
- 59.....Rescue of an Aging Boater
by Bruce Farrenkopf

Departments

- 5.....Letters
- 4.....Forum Different strokes *by Bob Gedekoh*
- 50.....Briefs •First Cheat River Festival
•Cherry Creek Downriver Race
- 14.....Conservation
•Inside the beltway
•Hydro Update
- 40.....Safety:
•Are you ready for emergencies?
by Wayne A. Sundmacher, Sr.
- 16.....Access •Access De-railed
•Access Update
•Inside AWA's Access Program, part II
- 50.....Humor
•Help on the Way for Elderly Boaters
by Hank Klausman
•The Amu Darya Incident
by Jonathon Katz

.....
Front Cover: Phil DeRiemer challenges a Clyde River rapid. Photo by Hayden Glatte
Inset: Phil DeRiemer, Andy Bridge and John Weld (left to right) at a lunch stop on an ice flow. Photo by Hayden Glatte

Back Cover: A couple of angels, Halloween weekend, on the Lower Yough



Printed on Recycled Paper

Different Strokes

Last January first I resolved to record each day I spent paddling on my 1994 calendar. I'm not sure why; perhaps I wanted a concrete measure of my whitewater addiction. That I managed to keep this up for an entire year is rather surprising. I'm usually not that compulsive.

But I'm glad I did. Now, leafing back through the pages, I am reminded of the many wonderful days I spent kayaking... in West Virginia and Maryland and Colorado and Idaho. Each river I paddled had its own character, its own look and feel. That diversity is important to me; exploring new rivers, or old rivers at new levels, keeps the sport fresh.

Paddling with lots of different people serves the same purpose. And when I look back on 1994, I can honestly say that my companions were even more diverse than the rivers we shared.

I paddled with an interesting cast of characters in 1994.

George, the quintessential liberal college professor. Charlie, the conservative real estate mogul. Scott, Chuck and Richie... dedicated, but pragmatic, schoolteachers. Barry, the idealistic roofing contractor, and his wife, Kitty, who owns a large health food store. (The sixties are not dead!)

Dave, who tends bar in Aspen and lives for whitewater (snow in winter, rivers in summer). Brian, a committed environmentalist and a manager for the Bureau of Land Management in Grand Junction. Matt, an architecture student from California; and Bruce, a chemist from New Jersey.



The medical profession was heavily represented. Cathy, who lives beside the Big Sandy, is a R.N. in Morgantown. Molly does her nursing in D.C. Wade is a physical therapist. Howard Number I and Howard Number II are medical students at Pitt. (Good friends, but as different as day from night.)

Dave is a dentist in Vermont. Ed is a family practitioner in Davis, West Virginia (Blackwater Country).

There were lots of doctors... an anesthesiologist, an orthopedic surgeon, a pediatrician, a psychiatrist, a cancer specialist and a heart surgeon.

But there were lots of lawyers too. Mac hunts down doctors engaging in Medicaid fraud (Don't look at me!!!). Pope writes environmental laws for Congress. Dave represents WVU in civil cases.

Sometimes the lawyers and the doctors were on the same river at the same time!!! Talk about turbulent waters!

Naturally a lot of my boating companions work as raft guides, whitewater instructors and video boaters.... Dave and Coleen and Karen and Roger and Mike and Donnie...

But practically every walk of life was represented. Mike is an electrician. Bill is a coal miner. Bob owns a mountain bike shop. Jerry is an engineer. Tom is a bank vice president. Gary is in the landscaping business. Slick runs a motel.

There was a lot of spiritual diversity as well. John is a divinity student at Yale. Tom is a Methodist. Jan is a Catholic, Neil is Jewish. Some of my boating companions are self proclaimed atheists and agnostics; others are just plain heathens!

My boating companions spanned the philosophical spectrum on practically every imaginable issue. Gary and Bill are avid hunters; Dave and Jack believe in gun control; Barb is an animal rights activist. John raises beef; Barry and Kitty are vegetarian.

Linda is pro life. George is pro choice. Charlie thinks GATT is great; Bill thinks it stinks.

Republicans and Democrats; orientals, blacks and whites; men and women; liberals and conservatives; radicals and conformists, cops and ex-cons. You might wonder how all these people manage to coexist on the same waterways.

But as different as they are, they do have two things in common. First, they all love to paddle and, as a consequence, they care about preserving our rivers. And second, they all read American Whitewater.

EDITORIAL DISCLAIMER

The opinions expressed in the features and editorials of *American Whitewater* are those of the individual authors. They do not necessarily represent those of the Directors of the American Whitewater Affiliation or the editor of this publication.

On occasion *American Whitewater* publishes official organizational policy statements drafted and approved by the Board of Directors. These policy statements will be clearly identified.

STAFF

Editor: Bob Gedekoh, Box 228, R.D.#4, Elizabeth, Pa. 15037

Emeritus Editor: Chris Koll

Graphic design: John K. Victor, 396 Church St., Chillicothe, OH 45601

Production Assistant: Teresa Augustin

Advertising Director: Phyllis Horowitz, Box 85, Phoenicia, New York 12464 (914) 688-5569

Safety: Charlie Walbridge

Conservation: Rich Bowers, 8630 Fenton Street, Suite 910, Silver Spring, MD 20910 Phone (301) 589-9453 Fax (301) 589-6121

Missing Copies and Address Changes: Contact Phyllis Horowitz

American Whitewater is printed by SPENCER WALKER PRESS, INC., Newark OH. All rights reserved.

LETTERS.....

Bemoans Fecal Soup

Dear Bob,

In regard to K.M.'s letter in September-October issue, I would like to see more information on what paddlers can do to protect themselves from the health hazards of paddling polluted streams. Polluted waters are everywhere, especially during the flood conditions when many of us paddle. I hear of the danger of *E.Coli*, *Giardia*, Hepatitis, and Dysentery and I have become ill myself on more than one occasion after paddling high water.

What can we do? Are there immunizations we should have, shots we should get, or other preventive measures we can take?

Water born pathogens are potentially dangerous and paddlers need to know about any protective measures they can take.

Refraining from paddling flooded streams is not an option, even if we are sometimes paddling in fecal soup.

Live to **squirt/squirt** to live,

Michael Peters
Alabaster, Alabama

Editor's Reply:

I hate paddling in fecal soup as much as you. Unfortunately I don't have any easy answers to your questions about the health risks involved.

Giardiasis is caused by a single celled parasite... a protozoan. Unfortunately this parasite, Giardia, often colonizes other mammals... who provide a reservoir for human infection. The most common culprits are beavers, but they are not alone. As a consequence it is quite possible to get giardiasis, a most unpleasant intestinal disease, from a wilderness stream that looks clean and is free of human waste.

There is no vaccine for giardia; all you can do is take metronidazole, a powerful antibiotic, after you get sick. Fortunately giardia has a fairly long incubation period, so if you contract it on an expedition, it probably won't hit you till you are home.

There are several different forms of hepatitis, all caused by viruses. A vaccine is available for hepatitis B; but B is usually transmitted directly through blood and secretions, not through water. There is currently no vaccine marketed in the U.S.

They understand that every article that I publish may not may not suit their particular tastes, but they acknowledge that there are a lot of other boaters out there with different ideas.

I think that the diversity of those who contribute to this magazine, and of those who read it, is its biggest strength. Sure, I could "balance" and censor our material. Use my word processor like a blender to pulverize the articles into a bland, inoffensive pablum. But that wouldn't be much fun, and I don't think it would be a service to all of you.

I want to run articles that will inspire, amaze, challenge and amuse; even if that means tramping on a few toes once in a while.

I think American Whitewater should be a sounding board for different opinions- some mainstream... and some from the edge. A forum where all kinds of paddlers with all kinds of philosophies can say what they think. Trust me, I certainly don't agree with all the opinions expressed in this magazine, but I still get a charge out of reading them.

So, if you disagree with something that I print, tell me about it. That's what the Letters to the Editor section is for... to facilitate lively dialogue. And remember, if you've got something original to say, I'm always looking for interesting feature articles. This is your magazine; written by AWA members for AWA members.

Just remember that there are a lot of whitewater boaters out there who aren't exactly like you. Getting to know what they're about is part of the fun of whitewater boating... and, I hope, part of the fun or reading American Whitewater.

I know I can't please all of you... all of the time. But I'm trying hard to please all of you... at least most of the time.

Bob Gedekoh

Golden Minders
Black Magic
CUSTOM SYNTHETIC PADDLES
1692 Second St. Pike
Richboro, PA 18954
215-598-3669

FREE! WHITEWATER EQUIPMENT CATALOG
CASCADE OUTFITTERS
A Tradition of Quality Gear & Equipment
PO Box 209 • Springfield OR 97477
503 (747-2272)
Toll-Free Order Line 1-800-223-7238

LETTERS

for hepatitis A, which can easily be acquired from swimming in water contaminated with human waste, particularly in the Third World. One may be available soon. For now a gamma globulin shot offers some limited, temporary protection against A. But there are risks to this as well; I wouldn't get one unless I was headed out of the country to a high risk area.

E Coli and other bacterial and viral pathogens acquired from water contaminated with human waste can cause traveler's diarrhea or dysentery. Some physicians advocate taking antibiotics like sulfa drugs to prevent infection when traveling in high risk areas like Mexico. But other doctors feel it is wiser to treat the diarrhea ~~if~~ when it occurs, using Imodium or Lomotil; coupled with an antibiotic ~~if~~ necessary.

On the bright side, experts tell us that the HIV virus, which causes AIDS, can not be acquired from paddling in polluted water.

All things considered, it's not a bad idea to wear noseplugs, keep your mouth shut and avoid rolling and mystery moves when you are paddling particularly nasty water. And, of course, to support organizations like the AWA and American Rivers, who persistently prod our political leaders to clean up our polluted waterways.

Stitches All of the Way Home

Gentlemen,

Please find enclosed my membership renewal, along with a small contribution to

the Whitewater Defense Project. This past year was my first in the AWA, even though I have been paddling for over ten years.

I would like to complement Bob Gedekoh on the consistently high quality of the *American Whitewater* magazine. I always find more interesting stories in one issue of this magazine than in a year's worth of any of the commercially produced full color rags. The quality of the writing and the humor is really exceptional for a non-profit organization.

The recent Gauley Festival issue was really incredible. The "Big Wahoo" stories reminded me of a trip down the Nolichucky at 5.5 feet in February a few years ago that I vowed never to repeat. David Parker's Shakespearean epic of a trip on this same river had me in stitches all of the way home from the Gauley Fest.

Thanks for a great organization and great magazine,

Mike Miller
Spartanburg, South Carolina

Downgrading or Rectifying??

Dear Editor,

I read Charlie Walbridge's opinion in the Gauley Festival issue entitled "Let's Stop Downgrading Rivers".

I agree with many of Walbridge's points, but I must take exception to his opening statement criticizing people for rating rivers relative to their limits and "downgrading" rivers previously rated higher.

I agree that consistency is important when rating rivers. A rating system uniformly followed will lead to a short-hand way of conveying difficulty and danger.

Quite frankly, as I travel widely, I find the rest of the world to be fairly consistent, EXCEPT for the Eastern and Southeastern guidebooks.

SURPRISE!!! These are among the first written guidebooks, many over 20 years old. Many were written from the seat of a **shoekel** Grumman aluminum canoe. Decked boats were rare and fragile fiberglass. Rocker was still what granny sat on. Today's shorter, more responsive, more rockered, open and decked designs were not even dreamed of.

One person told me that rating back then went something like this. "Nantahala Falls is obviously a class III. Tablesaw on the Ocoee is harder than that so, HEY!!, It's a class IV."

"WOW!! Upper Gauley. Look at **Pillow Rock!** This looks a lot harder than Tablesaw. It's got to be a class V."

And who can forget the guidebook phrase... "Not suitable for open boats"?

Most of the rating inconsistencies revolve around class IV and V ratings. What to do?? EASY! LET'S GO BACK AND READ THE DEFINITIONS that Charlie referred to in his article.

This is taken verbatim from the Safety Code of the AWA, adopted in 1959 and revised in 1989. Highlights are mine.

Class IV: Advanced. Intense, powerful, but PREDICTABLE rapids requiring precise boat handling in turbulent water. Depending upon the character of the river, it may feature large, unavoidable waves and holes or constricted passages demanding fast moves under pressure. A fast, reliable eddy turn may be needed to initiate maneuvers, scout rapids, or rest. Rapids may require "must" moves above dangerous hazards. Scouting is necessary the first time down. RISK OF INJURY to swimmers is MODERATE TO HIGH, and water conditions may make self-rescue difficult. Group assistance for rescue is often es-

NANTAHALA OUTDOOR CENTER



WHITEWATER
CATALOG
800-367-3521
FAX 704-488-8039

PADDLING GEAR (& MORE!) FROM THE EXPERTS

13077 HWY 19 WEST • BRYSON CITY, NC 28713

sential but requires practiced skills. A strong Eskimo roll is highly recommended.

Class V. Expert. EXTREMELY long, obstructed, or VERY violent rapids which expose a paddler to ABOVE AVERAGE ENDANGERMENT. Drops may contain large, UNAVOIDABLE waves and holes or steep congested chutes with COMPLEX, demanding routes. Rapids may continue for LONG distances between pools demanding a high level of fitness. What eddies exist may be small, turbulent, or difficult to reach. At the high end of the scale, several of these factors may be combined. SWIMS ARE DANGEROUS, and rescues difficult even for experts. A very reliable Eskimo roll, proper equipment, extensive experience, and practiced rescue skills are essential for survival.

Just reading that definition of Class V puts my adrenal glands on red alert.

I think that the original authors and raters just plain got many of the rapids and rivers WRONG when they rated them. Downrating is not taking place today, rectifying is.

My favorite example is Pillow Rock on the Upper Gauley. I believe that Pillow fits the definition of class IV perfectly. It is intense and powerful, but it is also predictable. A route down the middle just to left of two marker rocks allows the boater a chance to miss most of the pillow. But even when boaters hit the pillow, most come off it just fine. Swimming through or below this SHORT rapid has proven to be without serious consequences for most of those who have experienced it.

I do encourage any "virgins" with me to scout the first time. Most do and then many never scout it again. As a fingerprint technician might say, "It looks like a perfect 7 point match."

Why did the original authors rate it class V? Answer: PERCEPTION. No, not the whitewater equipment com-

pany, but the concept of knowledge. It LOOKED big and bad. It LOOKED huge. It LOOKED like a swimmer would have a problem. It LOOKED like the Room of Loom was dangerous.

They didn't know if the pillowed rock was undercut. It LOOKED like above average endangerment. It LOOKED uncontrollable. NEWSFLASH!! Pillow is nowhere near as bad as it looks. Time and THOUSANDS of boaters have proven that.

My next example also comes from the Upper Gauley. It is Iron Ring. The book makes it sound like dropping bad acid while reading a Stephen King novel. Something that should never be done!! Class VI!!!

And yet, I believe THAT AT FALL FLOWS OF 2800 CFS, this rapid is actually easier AND LESS DANGEROUS than three other drops upstream (Insignificant, Pillow Rock, and the second pitch in Lost Paddle). I know of many people who agree with me. Class V+?

Hardly. The danger here AT THIS LEVEL is mostly perceived. The difficulty of missing "danger" here is less than missing the pillow at Pillow Rock. Iron Ring is a SHORT rapid. It is predictable. There is a good margin for error along the most popular route. Scouting once to find your horizon line markers is a good idea. After that most people run it in rhythm.

I will admit that at a different flow (1500 cfs or less), I have a different opinion about Iron Ring. The lower flows change it to a completely different rapid, with a hazard much more "in play", mandating a different and more tricky approach.

Charlie, I can't find one rapid on the Upper Gauley or Upper Yough that meet enough points in the class V definition to merit a class V rating. The closest thing to a class V on the Gauley, in my opinion, is Insignificant. It is long, it is moderately violent, eddies are small, and many

people run it "straight through". But it is not EXTREMELY long. It does NOT expose the paddler to ABOVE AVERAGE endangerment (many swims out of the top hole have proven this), there is a straightforward and simple route through and past and around the largest holes. I call it a class IV+.

What about Lost Paddle? It's really four rapids, not one. And no one part of it deserves a class V rating.

For many reasons, I think the original authors got many of the ratings of eastern class V wrong.

They didn't know what we know. They didn't know the routes that have been developed. They didn't have modern equipment. Skills of paddlers have improved. What was difficult, small, and turbulent eddy to them has become a straightforward stop to us.

They may have rated the rapids out of ego. "Now that I have run the Upper Gauley, I am a class V boater."

They may have rated the rapids for a different flow than the flows we enjoy now. They may have been protective of their favorite runs and "upgraded" them to keep out the crowds.

They may have rated them after their first time down. And here, I am in full agreement with you. I have been blessed with the opportunity to introduce hundreds of boaters to runs like the Upper Yough and Upper Gauley and Section IV and

the Watauga. My experience also shows that these runs for a "virgin" feel about a 1/2 class harder than just the definition would suggest.

There are many reasons for this. One of the reasons is that many of them have READ THE GUIDEBOOK the night before. Imagine the emotional and mental pressure on a boater who has read the definition of a class V rapid putting on the Upper Gauley, "knowing" that several class V and VI rapids lie between them and the take-out.

Yes, we need to do something to get consistency. I suggest we go back to the definitions and realistically rate the rapids according to how many key elements are present in that rapid at the most often encountered flows. Let's start to use a IV-, IV, and IV+ system to differentiate between class IV's. I call rapids low fours, mid fours, and high fours. I think three sub classes of low, mid, and high would be enough for the class III, IV, and V groups.

I'd love to help in making the changes. My ego is not at stake here. If some of runs are regraded, it won't hurt my feelings. Consistency is important. I don't want to climb on some obscure class IV western run and find that my eastern class V skills just aren't up to it.

Joe Greiner
AWA Director
Raleigh, N.C.

American
whitewater products
773-5582
1385 Justice Rd,
Central Point OR
Here Locally 15 years

- Boat & Raft Trailers
- Inflatable Boats
- Inflatable Rafts
- Alum Rowing Frames
- Alum Dry Boxes
- Alum Camp Kitchens

Achilles **Momentum** **Sotar**

LETTERS

Cold Water for Overheated Fish

Dear Editor,

I recently read the Conservation piece "Cold Water for Overheated Fish" in the July/August issue of American Whitewater. That article was the perfect example of why anglers and boaters don't get along. The writer showed not only a lack of interest in the anglers perspective, but a clear contempt for such interests. The opinions expressed were so disdainful it was unprofessional of you to publish it as written. You don't have to like the idea of growing trout, just don't use such phrases as: "aquatic aliens", "boiling to death", "refrigerated and alive", "well- heeled fishermen", fishery buffs*, etc.

At times you make American Whitewater read like a school newspaper. It was a fisherman long before I was a kayaker and have not fished since I got heavily into boating, but I try to keep an open mind about most river uses. Boaters should thank the angling community for spearheading the conservation movement in America and protecting our rivers and lakes long before polyethelene was ever invented. AAs long as we show contempt for other, potentially compatible, river users, we will waste valuable resources fighting among ourselves. Let's show a little less attitude and a little more openness.

Sincerely,
Richard P. Doucette
Tariffville, CT

Author's Response Mr. Doucette makes some good points. Boaters certainly should not show a lack of interest in, or contempt for, fishermen or for any other group with which we share our rivers. Attacking other user groups can seldom advance the interests of the whitewater boating community. But Mr. Doucette is confused about who is creating problems at the Upper Yough. The target of the article, "Cold Water for Overheated Fish" was not fishery well-heeled fishery buffs. Fishermen have not created, and are not now creating, problems at the Upper Yough. In fact, the President of Trout Unlimited (TU) recently notified AWA that TU shared AWA's concerns about the potential negative effects of hatchery fish on indigenous trout the Upper Yough. The target of the article was the

Maryland State Department of Natural Resources (DNR). Maryland DNR has undertaken a program to implant a non native species in the Upper Yough in an effort to convert the river's natural warm water fishery into artificial cold water trout habitat. To make this possible, DNR concocted a misguided and completely unworkable scheme under which the power company is required to release cold water from the bottom of Deep Creek Lake into the river whenever the river gets too warm for the hatchery trout. DDNR's fishery refrigeration scheme will impose a heavy burden on whitewater recreation. Water used for cooling of hatchery trout will no longer be available for scheduled and forecast whitewater releases. In hot dry periods, this could result in the loss of all usable whitewater flows. But whitewater boaters are not the only losers in this game. The natural ecology of the river, and the indigenous warm water fish, will also suffer under the DNR scheme. Scientists and river conservationists within the fishing community (like the President of Trout Unlimited) are very concerned about the mechanical manipulation of natural fish habitats and the introduction of non-native species. They point out that hatchery fish can threaten native species through competition, predation, non-indigenous parasites and disease, hybridization, and increased angling pressure on wild stocks. In this instance, as in so many others, boaters and fishermen are not at war with each other. Our goal is to get unresponsive State bureaucracies to wise up. The contempt expressly in the article "Cold Water for Overheated Fish" was directed, not towards fishermen, but towards a State bureaucracy which has badly bungled the management of one of the most important whitewater resources in North America.
Pope Barrow

Kayak Alaska

Running out of Space and Water?
We have 7 day itineraries on some of Alaska's best.
Trips for intermediate, advanced and expert.

NOVA
Alaska's Guides to Alaska's Rivers
Since 1975
For information call 907-745-5753 or Fax 907-745-5754
P.O. Box 1129 Chickaloon, AK 99674

Dave Mills Remembered

*An Open Letter to the
Paddling Community,*

When I met Dave Mills four years ago I was a boater wanna-be who was looking for a chance to meet new people, see new places and challenge myself. Dave's **smile**, unbridled enthusiasm, and genuine sincerity won me over immediately. Under his watchful eye I progressed from being terrified on Slippery Rock Creek to being terrified, but **competent**, on the Upper Yough and Upper Gauley. I would have never dreamed of running those rivers without Dave's constant encouragement.

He always had more confidence in my ability than I did. Early on, his confidence in me was a little overzealous and I experienced a couple of notorious **trashings** as a result. But he was always quick to bail me out. Along the way, he learned that I wouldn't progress rapidly, like one of the guys. He backed off and let me set the pace. My confidence and **skills steadily** grew.

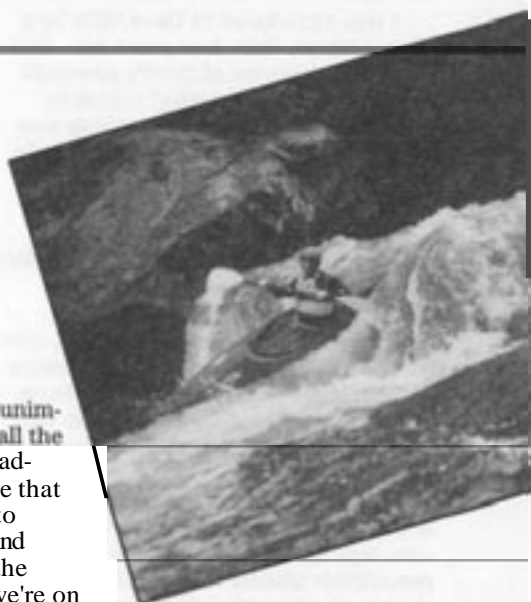
The last time I paddled with Dave was on his favorite river, the Upper Yough. It was a typical trip for both of us. My fear at the put-in, Dave calmly easing my mind and encouraging me, the big smile on his face at the bottom of Charlie's Choice and my **grin** at the bottom of Double Pencil Sharpener because I knew I'd had a great day.

When that dreaded knock came to my door two weeks later on October 8, a flood of questions cut through the shock and numbness. How could such a good paddler die in a Class **III** rapid? Why did he dare surf that wave when he was aware of the possible consequences?



Left: Dave Mills 1949-1994

Below: Dave on a favorite steep creek



us how unimportant all the trivial roadblocks are that cause us to quibble. And maybe so the next time we're on the river, we'll all be just a little more careful.

How would I **manage** living alone without him here everyday? Would I paddle again? If so, how would I **find** my way to and down the rivers without Dave?

Over the past month I've had these questions answered convincingly. The outpouring of support from the paddling community has overwhelmed me, propped me up, and made me stronger; much the way Dave did when he was alive. Boaters called me from all over the country. Many of them I hardly knew, and most of them I had considered "Dave's friends". I now know that they are my friends too.

I saw a group of studly, macho boaters in tears at his memorial service and many of them wore their hearts on their sleeves in phone calls, cards letters and poems. It was fitting and moving because being **studly** and macho was never Dave's style.

Why did such a good paddler die? Maybe so we can have a good reason to let our friends know that we love them. Maybe to remind

Why was Dave on **that wave**? Because in spite of all the times he said he didn't like to play, he loved a perfect wave. He'd probably surfed that wave a hundred times. As his good friend, Ed, said at the memorial service, "He was chasing joy." Isn't that why most of us paddle?

Can I live alone again? I'm sure I'll have no problem. Dave took just as much care in teaching me about life as he did in teaching me to paddle. I'll be reminded of him every time I opt for a bagel instead of donut, whenever my mutual funds do well, whenever I drag myself to the basement and do the "River Runners' Workout" and whenever I'm on "Dave Time" (i.e., whenever I have no idea of the time and people are waiting for me!)

Will I ever paddle again? That's the easiest question to answer, of course. I already have. Two weeks after Dave's death I paddled with a group of our friends. It was painful at **first**, but I had a smile on my face at the take-out, like on so many trips with Dave.

Will I be able to find my way to and down the rivers without Dave? Like countless other boaters, I benefited from Dave's knowledge of put-ins, take-outs, campgrounds and from his river reading skills, gauge sheets and **topo** maps. I think he'll be watching intently to see if we were paying attention to all of his teachings. I'm sure we'll do **fine**. We certainly can't get lost any more than he did!

When I think of the goals I set four years ago, I know that I've met many challenges and I've seen a lot of beautiful places. But the greatest surprise of all was stumbling upon the love of this wonderful man who opened up to me a whole new world of rivers and a whole new family of friends. Thank you all for being there and helping me through this.

As time goes by and the tears let up, I look forward to paddling with many of you. It will be hard at times and weird without Dave, but I'm sure he'll be watching us with a proud smile.

Thanks Dave!

Penny Myers
Livonia, Michigan

Missing a Friend

I was introduced to Dave Mills by a mutual friend, Erik, four years ago. Erik had forewarned me of Dave's personality. The phrase "energetic" comes to mind. "One hundred miles an hour non stop!" would have been a better description. (Actually that's how Dave usually did shuttles.)

Dave Mills had it all... a good job, which he accomplished from the comfort of his home; close proximity to many great eastern rivers; a vast knowledge of put-ins and take-outs; and, oh yes, a great girlfriend, Penny, who was also a boater.

Working at home next to his phone, Dave was easy to get a hold of. He was always a willing and available companion for weekend jaunts.

Dave was quite the boating figure; his ability to get down steep runs with his own style and finesse was just one of his remarkable attributes. But it his post-river antics that stick in my memory the most.



Right: Dave Mills energetic and enthusiastic. Above: Dave "chasing joy"

I personally remember Dave's undeniable desire for a beer, when there was only one left; and his habit of leaving his underwear in the most inappropriate places... like between the seats of my new Explorer.

The "famous" Dave Mills river tape was a cult favorite, consisting of assorted river tunes interspersed with excerpts from *Deliverance*. This tape could pump up even the most reticent boater for the biggest Wahoo.

And Dave was, by all means, a great lover of the Big Wahoo. The enthusiasm that he showed before, during and after a run were greater than anyone I've ever met.

Dave was a person that was never at a loss for words. His "tell it like it is" - in your face attitude sent many walking away, just shaking their heads in confusion.

I will not end this tribute to a great friend on a sad note by reflecting on the times and runs we will never get to share. Rather, I choose to remember and relive the great times we did have.

My deepest sympathy goes out to Penny, Dave's family and all of his friends.

Dave, there are a lot of us who will miss you greatly, but now we know that we have someone in a higher place, keeping an eye on us both on and off the water. I'll see you on the river, buddy.

Rick "Killer" Killian
President, Central
Illinois Whitewater Club

AWA Member Dies on Gauley River

David H. Mills, 45, drowned Saturday, October 8 while kayaking in Initiation Rapid on West Virginia's Gauley River. Mills, who resided in Livonia, Michigan, was the second kayaker to fall victim to entrapment at that location.

A well known AWA member, Mills had retired from his pavement restoring business to actively pursue whitewater activities. He was a familiar face on whitewater rivers throughout the Appalachians and Rockies and had also paddled in Canada, Chile, Costa Rica and New Zealand. Mill helped introduce countless new boaters to the sport of kayaking and to the rivers which he loved.

A memorial service was held on November 5 at the Ann Arbor Friends Meetinghouse in Michigan. The AWA, the West Virginia Rivers Coalition and the Southern Poverty Law Center have all received generous contributions made in Dave Mill's memory.

Dave is survived by his close friend, Penny Myers; his father, David, an attorney in the Detroit area; two brothers; two sisters and fifteen nieces and nephews.



Quality, Value
& Service You
Can Count On.

Call or write for a free
catalog of products
river-tested at our
paddling school.

(715) 882-5400

Whitewater
specialty

N3894 Hwy. 55
White Lake, WI 54491

DIRECTORS

Anita Adams

Star Route 1, Box 46
Edmond, WV 25837

Ric Alesch

14262 West Warren Place
Lakewood, CO 80228

Bill Baker

2953 Birch Street
Denver, CO 80207

Pope Barrow

136 13th Street SE
Washington, DC 20003

Lee Belknap

1308 Maryland Avenue
Glen Ellen, VA 23060

Risa Shimoda Callaway

P.O. Box 375
Denver, NC 28037

Tom Christopher

931 Union Street Rear
Leominster, MA 01453

Bob Gedekoh

Box 228, RD 4
Elizabeth, PA 15037

Susan Gentry

52 Albemarle Place #16
Asheville, NC 28801

Bob Gianville

66 Deer Run
Glenwood, NY 14069

Joe Greiner

404 Stacy Street
Raleigh, NC 27607

Bill Hildreth

78 Beechwood Street
Cohasset, MA 02025

Lars Holbek

Box 63
Coloma, CA 95613

Diana Holforan

Route 1, Box 90
Fairview Mountain Road
Reliance, TN 37369

Joe Pulliam

P.O. Box 1500
Harriman, TN 37748

Jim Scott

3715 Jocelyn Street NW
Washington, DC 20015

Pete Skinner

Box 272, Snyder Road
West Sand Lake, NY 12196

Ron Stewart

P.O. Box 1337
Chattanooga, TN 37401

Mac Thornton

228-1/2 12th Street SE
Washington, DC 20003

Barry Tuscano

RD 1, Box 32
Bolivar, PA 15923

Charlie Walbridge

230 Penlyn Pike
Penlyn, PA 19422

AWA OFFICERS

President Risa Shimoda Callaway

Vice President Rick Alesch

Secretary Charlie Walbridge

Treasurer Jim Scott

AWA STAFF

Phyllis B. Horowitz, Executive Director

P.O. Box 85

Phoenicia, NY 12464

(914) 688-5569

Rich Bowers, Conservation Program Director

Richard Hoffman, Access Program Director

8630 Fenton Street, Suite 910,

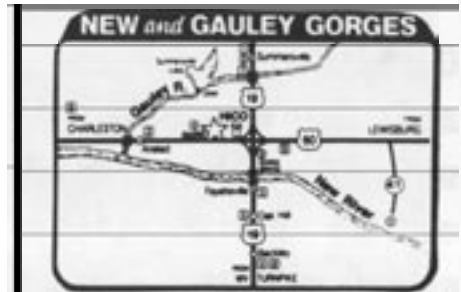
Silver Spring, MD 20910

Phone (301) 589-9453 Fax (301) 589-6121

WEST VIRGINIA'S MOST COMPLETE PADDLING SHOP

Located in the Heart of the
New & Gauley Rivers

Products from: Perception, Wilderness Systems, Silver Creek, Harmony, Patagonia, Stohlquist, Rapidstyle, Extrasport, North Face, Teva, Alps, Nike, Birkenstock, AND MORE!



WORTH AMERICAN RIVER RUNNERS, INC

On U.S. Route 60, 1/4 Mile East of U.S. 19 Intersection

1-800-950-2585

Presents



Whitewater Dancer II

This video has it all! Underwater rolls, the 89 Worlds, Rodeos, Hotwave and holesurfing, Class V wipeouts, Tunes by Work Famous Fiddle Master Papa John Creech! **HI-FI stereo 55 Min.**

How to Organize a Successful **River/Outdoor** Cleanup Entertaining and informative. Of special interest to clubs. Get involved. **CLEAN UP A RIVER.** **HI-FI stereo 18 Min.**

Highlights of the Grand Canyon '90

Get into The Grand Canyon. See the big drops and an innertube run of Lava Falls. With wild tunes. **HI-FI stereo 43 Min.**

Highlights of the Upper Yough, Gauley, Russell Fork and Big Sandy

See all these runs on one tape, with hot tunes. **HI-FI stereo 43 Min.**

How to Modify a Sabre

All you need to know to turn a Sabre into the hottest plastic playboat in the world! With action footage and outrageous tunes. **HI-FI stereo 49 Min.**

To get your **copy(s)** in VHS just send a check or money order for \$19.95 each plus \$4.00 postage and handling to:

SURF DOG PRODUCTIONS
12 Freedom Drive, Collinsville, CT 06022, 2031693-8750



The center of paddling in southern New England is Zoar Outdoor. Our ACA certified school, fully stocked Outfitter's Shop, and location on the Deerfield River put us at the heart of it!

Come visit us this season!



Looking for a new boat?
Come paddle any Dagger Perception, or Prijon boat on real whitewater before you buy it.

Call for our color brochure **1-800-532-7483**

Charlemont, Massachusetts 01339

Hydropower Updates

License Denied for New Dam on the Snake River

On November 9th, FERC denied a license proposed by B & C Energy, Inc. to build a dam directly above 35 foot Star Falls in the Twin Falls area of Idaho's Snake River. The license was rejected on the grounds that it would harm wildlife, and damage the natural scenic beauty and historic character of the river. Star Falls is the last undeveloped waterfall on this stretch of river. Opposing the dam was federal and state agencies, local landowners, and environmentalists, including Idaho Rivers United.

Quebec's "Great Whale Project" Delayed

In another victory for river conservationists, Quebec put the Great Whale hydro project on hold indefinitely. In November, Quebec's Premier Jacques Parizeau said "We don't need Great Whale." This project suffered its first loss in 1992, when the New York Power Authority canceled a contract for 1,000 megawatt of electricity. As proposed, this project would have destroyed multiple rivers and flooded 1,312 square miles of land.

Anadromous Fish Lead Boaters Down Non-Navigable Rivers?

Whitewater boaters have been successful in improving access and scheduling flows below several dams being relicensed by the FERC. Unfortunately, FERC only has jurisdiction over navigable waterways, leaving little opportunity to improve recreation by this means on many outstanding streams like the Puyallup (WA) and the Upper Youghiogeny (MD).

However, in October the 9th Circuit Court of Appeals ruled on FERC's jurisdiction of a dam on Allison Creek in Idaho County (ID). While FERC found this stream to be non-navigable, the Court found that the dam's effects on anadromous fish constitutes an effect on interstate commerce, and thus subject to FERC jurisdiction regardless of navigability.

If fish constitute interstate commerce, so might recreational boating, especially in states where navigability laws are being updated from their historic "floating timbers" definition. In fact, in this 2-1 decision, the descending judge stated that "Today it's fish, but what commerce interest will it be tomorrow? Recreation? Tourism?"

AWA says "Right On!", another tool to fix bogus and antiquated navigability laws.

Rivers under FERC jurisdiction must be on navigable waterways, cannot use federal lands or waters from a federal dam, built or modified after 1935, and affect interstate commerce.

Cispus #4

In November, AWA, along with American Rivers, Rivers Council of Washington, the Gifford Pinchot Task Force, Washington Kayak Club, and Sierra Club Cascade Chapter intervened in the Cispus #4 dam project in Washington State. The proposed project could destroy the aesthetic and recreational values of this well recognized whitewater stream by creating a three mile bypass and reducing flows from the Road 28 bridge to Cowlitz Falls.

The applicant, Barrish and Sorrenson (B&S) is appealing the Washington Dept. of Ecology's (DOE) denial of its 401 water quality certification. Basing its decisions on the recent Elkhorn Supreme Court case (see last Journal), DOE refused this certificate in order to protect the outstanding recreational aspects of this river.

AWA looks to support this denial by providing expert whitewater testimony regarding the river. If this stands, B&S will need to reapply for a new license application. FERC refused an earlier license application, and, in light of DOE's objections, this is unlikely.

Pit River Intervention

In early December, AWA and the Shasta Paddlers filed to intervene in the Pit 1 relicensing on Northern California's Pit River. The Pit offers five separate runs ranging from class III to class V, as well as two additional and excellent runs on its tributary, the McCloud river. Boating interests are requesting a whitewater flow study for this river, increased flows for whitewater boating, and establishment of mitigation and decommissioning funds.

AWA and Shasta Paddlers are also asking FERC to address how these numerous projects will effect the overall river for whitewater boating. All seven projects are scheduled to be relicensed between now and 2011.

Mokelumne River Intervention

PG&E's Mokelumne River Hydroelectric Project operating license expired in 1975, and it has operated on annual licenses since then. This project consists of 7 storage reservoirs, another 12 diversion reservoirs, 4 powerhouses, and a 20 mile long Tiger Creek conduit.

In December, AWA applied to FERC for late intervention after last year's participation in a whitewater flow test, and subsequent comments on this study. The Mokelumne affected by this project contains the class II Electra Run, class III Ponderosa Run, class IV Tiger Creek Run, the class V Devils Nose Run, and an eight mile class III-V run within Devils Nose. AWA is seeking changes in flows on the Electra Run, additional flows on other runs, improved access and improved flow information.

Wrapped in with this project is another proposed project, Amador County's Devils Nose project which is proposed for hydroelectric production and for public water supply and irrigation. Adding to the confusion is still a third project on the lower Mokelumne, operated by the East Bay Municipal Utilities District (EBMUD).

AWA already holds intervenor status on Devils Nose, but not on EBMUD. This lower project hurts whitewater boating

by shortening the **Electra** Run though access restrictions, and puts the Middle Bar Run completely off limits.

Recently, Mother Nature weighed in by blowing out the Tiger Creek tunnel and releasing water back into the historic river channel.

For more *information on AWA's Hydro Program, please call (301) 589-9453.*

Conservation Updates

AWA's Mac **Thornton** Wins Perception's "Conservationist of the Year Award" for 1994.

Mac Thornton, AWA Director, past Vice President, and die-hard boating addict has been confirmed as the winner of Perception's prestigious award. Mac is the third AWA board member to win this award in its thirteen year history. Past Recipients include: Ric Careless (BC); Scootch **Pankonin** (DC); Wendy Wilson (ID); Pete Skinner (AWA-NY); Mark **Dubois** (CA); Pope Barrow (AWA-DC); Frank Fly (TN); Nick **Albans** (ME); Dr. Gerald **Meral** (CA); and Steve Taylor (AWA-MD).

By day Mac appears a mild-mannered DC bureaucrat (a lawyer for the Department of Health and Human **Services**). But in his every free moment, Mac **transforms** into a true river fanatic -organizing phone banks for **fundraising**, setting meetings, shredding poor river management plans, or traveling to all parts of the globe to surf and be surfed on his first love - whitewater rivers.

Mac's friends are constantly reminded of his numerous effort. to stop dams in West Virginia, in Maryland, or even on the Bio-Rio in South America. Those of us who boat with Mac can never escape from this, as we are constantly following Mac's "NO DAMS" license plates all around the Mid-Atlantic area.

Besides his work with the AWA, Mac is also the founder of numerous river conservation organizations:

-In 1987 Mac gathered together a group to fight a small dam proposal on the Savage

River in Maryland, and began the "Savage River Defense Fund" (SRDF). Within 18 months the SRDF was able to eliminate the project and guaranteed that the Savage would remain wild, and a world class whitewater stream.

-In 1990 Mac organized the West Virginia Rivers Coalition (WVRC), and has served as Chairman of the Board since that time. In just four years, WVRC has become the most politically effective conservation group within the state, and sets the standard for similar groups in other states.

-In 1992, Mac created the Potomac Conservancy to work with private landowners along the shoreline to establish easements and protect the river corridor from unplanned and thoughtless development.

On December 3, 1994 AWA's Pope **Barrow** presented Perception's award, and a check for \$1000 to Mac at the dedication of **Minnie's** Island in the Potomac River. Minnie's Island is the first private land donation to be presented to the Potomac Conservancy, a local land trust dedicated to preserve the wild and rugged character of the Potomac Gorge. Mac split the monetary award between the Potomac Conservancy and WVRC.



AWA's Pope Barrow presents Mac Thornton with 1994 Perception Inc. River "Conservationist of the Year Award"

PLUNGE!



Identification of Critical Access Land

The American Whitewater Affiliation needs your help! Getting access to rivers across private lands has traditionally been an informal, spoken arrangement with landowners. Unfortunately, many trends point to the fact that these agreements may break down in the future. As rivers become more popular and as liability concerns continue to mushroom, landowners will be less willing to have the public walk across their land to get to the river.

The AWA would like to help you protect access to your local streams. Our plan is to get directly involved with land transactions and **management**—with the aim of protecting land for recreational access. Call it the River Access Land Trust.

The potential for this program is enormous. Becoming involved with land deals will help **turn** these tenuous, informal agreements between boaters and landowners into permanent **solutions**. We can also be proactive, guaranteeing access before it becomes a problem. Of-

ten, trying to secure access after there has been a problem is like beating your head into a brick wall. Total gridlock.

The key to the success of this program will be to identify parcels for potential acquisition all over the country. **Please feed us any information that you have about access to the significant whitewater runs in your area.**

We are targeting lands that are privately owned (including railroads and hydro dams). Particularly critical are access sites to rivers that are becoming more popular, more developed (i.e. recent house construction), more abused (i.e. people leaving trash), and property that will change hands in the near future.

Do you know who owns this critical access property? Can you get their phone numbers and addresses to the AWA? What is their attitude toward boaters? Have there been any conflicts in the past? Where do boaters currently park? Probably the best way to **find** out this information is to network with landowners and other boaters on the river.

Some of the land at critical access sites could be owned by people who boat or are sympathetic to the need for public access.

Because of your intimate knowledge of the rivers in your area, you probably already know this information. If you can provide the AWA with these details, we can assist you in securing permanent access at these sites. The AWA conservation office is becoming more experienced with land transactions and will be able to help you construct creative deals such as buying access easements or having landowners donate property for tax deductions. Another possible solution is to get options on key properties in order to buy time to raise funds. Or, we can convince state and federal agencies to acquire the property for us.

Essentially, our goal is to help protect both the rights of private property holders and those of downstream recreation. The interests of landowners and boaters are comparable: we both want to minimize conflict and we both want to prevent the destruction of property and trespassing. In addition, you can discuss with landowners about local boater efforts in organizing river clean-ups to pick up **trash** along their land and the river corridor.

So far, the AWA has done detective work on land that provides access to the Big Sandy (WV), the Connecticut (VT), the Montreal (WI), Gore Canyon of the Colorado (CO), the Numbers of the Arkansas (CO), the Gauley (WV), the N. Fork of the Smith (CA), streams in the Wild and Scenic Obed-Emory system (TN), the White Salmon (WA), and the Contoocook (NH).

Recently, our efforts paid off big dividends on California's N. Fork of the Smith and New York's Black River. On the Smith, AWA met with the local groups and the local Forest Service to assess the situation. We then took the problem to former Congressman Hamburg (D-CA) to push for money to get appropriated. The result: a neighboring Forest Service district helped to structure a land swap by including land in the adjacent district. In New York, AWA was able to change the city of Watertown's access policy for the Black River, opening access to some surfing waves that were previously fenced off by barbed wire; Watertown has recently established a riverfront park at this site. We hope that these recent successes can serve as a model for future access situations.

Again, please send the AWA as much information as you can so that we can start to look more closely into these properties. **Thanks for your help!**

WHITEWATER INSTRUCTION VIDEOS

The Kayaker's Edge

This fast paced instructional video unlocks the secrets behind basic and advanced stroke techniques, smooth surfing and sidesurfing, rolling and bracing. 58 minutes.

"The best general instruction video on the market" - Outside

Solo Playboating!

Inspiring instructional video packet with information for open canoeists. 43 minutes.

"Entertaining...super job of presenting technical points. Nicely paced...fun to watch." -Charlie Walbridge, Wildwater Designs

Take the Wild Ride!

A highly entertaining, yet instructional, look at the world's best freestyle kayakers. Their aerial stunts are incredible to watch.

C-1 Challenge
Citizen Racer Workshop
insprational, highly instructional.
only \$19.95 each.

Available from your favorite whitewater store or send \$29.95 each + \$4 shipping to: Kent Ford, Whitewater Instruction Videos, 160 Hideaway Road, Durango, CO 81301 (303)259-1361

Access Updates

These notes are designed to give an overview of access issues and AWA's efforts from around the country. Please call or write AWA's conservation office if you have information about access to rivers of interest to our readers:

AWA Conservation Office

8630 Fenton Street, Suite 910

Silver Spring, MD 20910

(301) 589-9453

1. California: Kings River, Truckee River

California, a state blessed with an abundance of whitewater rivers, is also cursed with a profusion of access problems. AWA became aware of the latest scourge of access restrictions through our network of members and field reps in the sunshine state.

On two rivers, local governing bodies are preventing boating in the name of public safety. On the Kings River near Fresno, a county ordinance prohibits boating several hundred feet upstream and downstream of an irrigation structure called the Alta Weir. This stretch of the Kings (Pine Flat Dam to Route 180) is a 12 mile Class I-II section that is excellent for beginners. Boaters are attracted to the Alta Weir because—get this—a 216 foot wide **surfing** wave forms below the weir at most water levels! Three boaters were arrested earlier this fall for surfing this outrageous wave.

The county ordinance was enacted in 1975 in order to prevent future drownings (three drownings occurred at the weir in the 1970's). Approximately 10 years ago, however, the structure was altered to eliminate the dangerous hydraulic immediately below the weir.

In a parallel situation on the Truckee River, 14 boaters were cited for breaking a 1983 Placer County ordinance that prohibits boating at flows over 1205 cfs. The Truckee offers 14 miles of Class II from Tahoe City at Lake Tahoe to the town of Truckee, Nevada.

While AWA agrees with the spirit of these ordinances—the protection of public health—an outright prohibition of

boating on these stretches unfairly limits boaters who have the competence to navigate them safely. Considering the fact that these stretches of water are only Class II at best, an outright ban on boating seems extreme.

As stated in our access policy, "Signs, warnings, and other educational efforts are more effective than river access closures in reducing the exposure of inexperienced individuals to whitewater for which they are unqualified....Police-style restrictions normally require more manpower than is usually available, and inexperienced government employees are seldom able to distinguish between people who are capable of handling whitewater and those who are not. Agency attempts to restrict all access to challenging whitewater penalizes experienced paddlers without significantly improving safety for the general public."

In addition, these ordinances may be invalid because they deny "the constitutional right of the public to use of and access to a navigable stream" (The People Ex Rel. Younger v. County of El Dorado). This decision asserts that "[h]owever laudable its purpose, the exercise of police power may not extend to total prohibition of activity not otherwise unlawful" and that "[c]ourts are especially sensitive to infringements upon constitutional rights under the guise of police power."

2. Washington: White Salmon River

This Wild and Scenic River is unique in that almost all of the land is privately owned. The management plan for the river was completed 3 years ago. Since that time, property values have tripled and developers are swarming around the area like angry bees. Unfortunately, the US Forest Service did not buy any conservation easements when land values were low, and now have limited funds for the acquisition of property that is essential to the integrity of the Wild and Scenic nature of the White Salmon. To make matters worse, developers are buying up critical properties, threatening developing the property, and forcing the Forest Service to either buy the property at top dollar or to condemn it.

The Forest Service has identified a parcel of land in the watershed as a top priority for acquisition through the 1995 Land and Water Conservation Fund (LWCF). Because of the steep basal

cliffs, this site is the only feasible place for public access to the river. Buying this property is critical in order protect one of the "outstandingly remarkable" resources for which this river was designated Wild and Scenic in the first place: whitewater boating!

The landowner recognizes the importance of his property to the public and would like to sell it to the USFS. However, because of the inevitable delays in a government bureaucracy, the landowner is becoming more anxious to sell this property. **ALL** signs indicate that this year will be the last chance for the USFS to acquire this land!

The AWA is spearheading a lobbying effort to ensure that this parcel remains a top priority as it filters through the USFS bureaucracy to the President and then to Congress. We hope to follow the model of our successful efforts on California's North Fork of the Smith. If money does not get appropriated for the White Salmon, AWA will need to form a coalition that will buy the property with the goal of turning it over to the USFS in the future.

3. South Carolina: Saluda River

The Saluda River flows right through the heart of Columbia, South Carolina and is a popular beginning canoe **run**. This stretch has one class III-IV rapid which beginners portage around, but which offers excellent play for **intermediate**-advanced boaters. Recently, the portage trail on river right was closed to make room for a future botanical gardens at the site (the land is owned by the adjacent zoo).

The AWA is working with local groups to ensure that a reasonable portage trail is established, promoting the Saluda as a valuable recreational resource to the community. Other cities in the South are having enormous success in revitalizing waterfront areas: Chattanooga (Tennessee River), Asheville (French Broad River), Atlanta (Chattahoochee River) and New Orleans (Mississippi River), to name a few.

4. New Hampshire: Contoocook River

The AWA is researching how to secure permanent access at both the put-in and take-out for this popular 5 mile

ACCESS

Class III-IV stretch. The landowner has frequently threatened to close these access points. Our goal is to structure an agreement that is suitable for both whitewater paddlers and the local landowner. Please call AWA if you have any suggestions.

5. Vermont: Connecticut River, Hartland Rapids

AWA has talked with New England Power Co. about the future of public access to this set of rapids that features a world class surfing wave. New England Power recognizes the value of this resource to the public and does an excellent job of maintaining the property for public access. However, AWA is ready to establish a permanent access site through either an easement or agreement with the company.



Durango-Silvertonline, Animas River, CO.
Photo by Rich Bowers

Access De-Railed

by Rich Bowers

It seems that each month there is some new threat, a new regulation, or another group looking to keep boaters off rivers. While helpful for writing Journal articles, it presents a BIG problem for white-water recreation. Recently, there has been an increasing number of incidents and closures along railroad right of ways. Gore Canyon (CO) is one example where the railroad and local large landowners have eliminated traditional access to the river.

Unfortunately, Gore is not an isolated case: the threat of access closures continually comes up along the Arkansas (CO); CSX railroad has successfully closed the Knoxville and Weaverton take outs along the Shenandoah (MD - CSX has also recently posted another section along the tracks at Sandy Hook); and in Virginia, CSX and private hydro operations restrict access to much of the James River (almost 40 miles in the vicinity of Lynchburg).

While the old days of being shot at

FREE CAMPING CATALOG

CAMPING, CLIMBING, BACKPACKING, HIKING, BIKING, OUTDOOR CLOTHING

WRITE OR PHONE FOR OUR FREE DISCOUNT CATALOG

Eureka, Jonsport, Sierra Designs, Slumberjack, Cannondale, Peak 1, Chouinard, Lifa, Optimus, Lowe,

Woolrich, Columbia, Camp Trails, MSR, The North Face, Gregory, Kety

PHONE 201-445-5000

CAMPOR

P.O. BOX 999-788
PRINCETON, N.J. 07853

Fly south this fall.

Paddle Costa Rica Whitewater '95

Costa Rica is a kayakers' paradise with Class I to VI whitewater. Paddling time is spent with a small, select group of paddlers on a variety of whitewater rivers—from exciting classic big water runs to creeks winding through an exotic tropical forest setting.

Comfortable, relaxing hotel accommodations and quality meals add to an unforgettable Costa Rican paddling vacation.

Our guides are experienced international paddlers and some of the best

whitewater kayak instructors in the field. Intermediate, advanced and expert trips are scheduled for October, November and December of 1995. Experience the warmth and *pura vida* of Costa Rica in Endless River Adventures style!

Let us introduce you to a lifetime's worth of paddling opportunities with us. **Contact us for a free color booklet about our 1995 Costa Rica adventures** and our North Carolina based instruction program. Don't get left out in the cold!

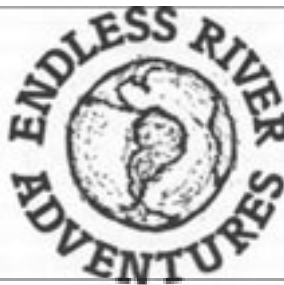
Warmth

Mile-high Ender Spots

Tropical Paradise

Waterfalls • Small Groups

Class I to VI Whitewater...



PO Box 246, Bryson City, NC 28713 • Phone/Fax 704/488-6199
Worldwide E-Mail, CompuServe 71604.1240

by locals may be abating, boaters were arrested this year for trespass violations along Gore Canyon and the James near Natural Bridge Station. Worse yet, AWA's detective work uncovered a plot by the railroads to seek

Federal legislation to close a large number of railroad crossings due to safety concerns. Targeted would be mostly infrequently used, rural back-road crossings—exactly the type that boaters cross repeatedly on the way to the river (especially on favorite canyon hair and steep creek runs). Concerned that with one stroke of the pen, boaters could face serious access restrictions across the country, AWA staff started to look for ways of heading off this growing and potentially horrendous access problem.

In early December, AWA journeyed to Atlanta to attend a "Trespass Prevention Workshop" sponsored by the Federal Railroad Association (FRA) and attended by a mix of safety experts, lawyers and railroad police.

Given the heavy police attitude at this workshop, we were not too excited to realize that we were the only "national organization of trespassers" in attendance. It is accurate to note that this group had little sense of humor regarding trespass violators — one track of the workshop was on HOW TO WIPE OUT TRESPASSERS (legally, not with a train)! However, attending this workshop proved worthwhile. AWA was able to make contacts with railroad personnel, to educate the railroad industry somewhat about boater concerns, and to learn a lot. Here are some of the things we learned: (1) the railroad has a real problem, (2) they are not targeting boaters specifically, and (3) they are totally unaware of how their actions may affect others.

The Problem

In 1993, 523 people were killed and another 509 seriously injured while trespassing on property. It should be noted that when railroads talk of serious injury, they mean SERIOUS injury. You rarely just break a leg when a train hits you. Over 2100 trespassers have been killed since 1990 and 1994 is projected to be the highest single yet ever. If you add those killed from accidents at highway rail crossings, this number jumps to more than 1500 people killed each year.

Unlike some access restrictions, this is a real concern and a serious problem. For boaters to work on this issue they must, understand the problem and work to keep boaters off the fatality and injury list. Here's some information that might

help: Railroads are definitely private property Definition of a trespasser (what you can be busted for). "Persons who are on that part of railroad property used in railroad operations and whose presence is prohibited, forbidden, or unlawful." For boaters walking along the tracks or trestles (remember the old tunnel and bridge take out on the Upper Gauley?) this means you. A freight train with 150 cars traveling at 60 mph (they usually travel faster) requires 1.5 miles or more to complete an emergency stop. This is a long-long way! Even if you are an alert, agile and sober boater dude (or dudette), remember the engineer doesn't know this, he's in the cab having a heart attack. He knows he can't stop, swerve or anything but blow the horn. He also knows that if you don't move — he will kill you. As impossible as it seems, people often do not hear trains, a very real possibility when you have a helmet on or are portaging along the track with your boat over your head (what an embarrassing way to die).

Trespass Targets

Statistically, boaters are not being killed by trains. The problem of boater trespass, at least for participants in this workshop, is unknown. Dying in large numbers are drunks, hobos (yes they still exist) and kids under 18 years of age. Urban areas, due to denser population, contribute a lot to the above statistics, as do wide open areas where trains can really move.

Effects

While railroads are not targeting boaters, their efforts to eliminate trespassing may put many recreational rivers off limits entirely. Given the significance of the problem, and the inability of the railroads to work with all the different people trespassing (no manpower and, frankly, no grasp of either who trespasses or why they do it), railroads have decided that their overall goal is to stop all trespassing. Can they do this? Yep. They have even gotten the attention of the Department of Transportation which

ALASKA!



Wilderness Kayak Expeditions
Fly-Ins and Day Trips
Rentals, Instruction
Raft Supported Trips

907-349-4588

3732 Encore Circle
Anchorage, AK 99507

Canoe Alaska

Specializing in canoe instruction and guided canoe trips on Interior Alaska River

Box 81750, Fairbanks, AK 99708
(907) 479-5183

1-800-328-8460

WHITewater, FLOAT TRIPS & FISHING IN WILDERNESS AREAS STATEWIDE

KEYSTONE
RAFT & KAYAK
ADVENTURES, INC.
P.O. Box 1486A
Valdez, Alaska 99686

Paddle With Alaska's Best

just this past June, initiated a national plan to "not make trespassing safer, but to eliminate a dangerous and illegal activity."

Next Step

As with other access issues, AWA will be working to make sure boaters are not locked out of rivers. To accomplish this we will work in several areas. Most importantly we will work to keep boaters from being arrested or becoming a railroad "incident". One way will be to continue to inform boaters of dangers and enforcement laws.

The big problem of road closures, we believe, is not a concern at this point. Road closures will affect a large percentage of the population, and the general public is as unaware of the trespass problem as boaters have been. The outcry would be quick and furious, and politicians are not eager to take on this level of opposition.

While the AWA does not believe that boaters have a right to trespass on private property, we do believe that railroads (which could potentially eliminate access to large areas of recreational rivers) have a responsibility to seek alternative solutions. We will work with boaters and railroads to find solutions to these problems.

While there are no absolute or quick answers, several options were brought up at this meeting. At popular boating crossings, it may be possible to have railroads install pedestrian crossings; at other sites we may be able to build underpasses, still other problem areas may be addressed by purchasing land or easement right of ways. Finally, we may be able to work with railroads on improving the legal protection provided by state recreation statutes.

I believe that the AWA's experience in **working** with utilities, outdoor interests, and state and federal agencies will allow us to present to railroads a **broad-based** team of interests who would benefit from better access laws. As our list of people **working** together on access grows, we move even closer to having the muscle to make a difference.

In all cases we will look to improve our understanding of the railroad's concerns, and to keep the education process moving on all sides. As usual, AWA staff (**both** of us) can't make much progress on our own. We are **asking** boaters to keep our office up to date on arrests, threats, but hopefully no deaths.

We have also gotten names and phone numbers of FRA regional directors. If you have a problem, give us a call and we can get you hooked up with the rep in your area. If there are other ideas out there, we would like to hear them.



Inside AWA's Access Program

Part 2: Liability

Liability. It's a dirty word to boaters, anathema to our sport. It's also not an easy issue to tackle. With liability, we've reached beyond a mere sore or bruise. We're at the level of a mammoth societal epidemic, a bubonic plague of thought and action.

The roots of our problems with liability lie in the failure of individuals in American society to take responsibility for their actions. This is ironic in a country that prides itself on rugged individualism and the opportunity to pull oneself up by the bootstraps.

For the AWA to take on issues of liability is a little like a ballet dancer trying to wrestle a NFL **linebacker**. Truly solving the problem of liability involves changing the litigious nature of American society, fighting thousands of rabid claims lawyers, and **undertaking** a massive re-education campaign to instill personal responsibility in our culture.

Given the colossal size of our opponent, AWA has two guiding principles: (1) use guerrilla tactics, and (2) find bigger friends. Using guerrilla tactics implies acting intelligently with swift and

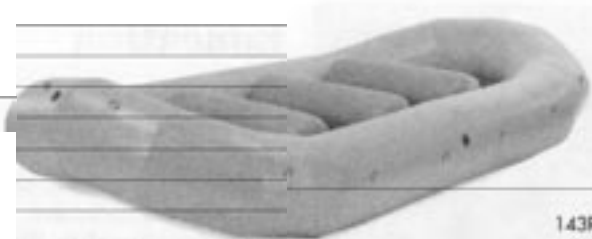
sure movements. We will need to choose our battles wisely, acting only when there is a high probability for success. Finding bigger friends means **working** in coalitions of groups including large landowners (railroads —see "Access Derailed" article in **this** issue, mining, timber, hydro), other recreation groups (hunting, fishing, climbing), and state and federal agencies. Bringing these groups together would create a task force with significant clout, resources and incentive to succeed in improving liability laws.

The goliath issue of liability is a concern to **AWA's** Safety, Hydro and Access programs. It also affects every aspect of our sport, from getting on and off the water, to leading trips, to actually manufacturing the equipment we use. Here is an overview of some of these problems:

Landowners and Liability

Getting access to your favorite stream often requires **parking** on and walking across private property. As **out-**

TECHNOLOGY+DESIGN+CRAFTSMANSHIP=AIRE



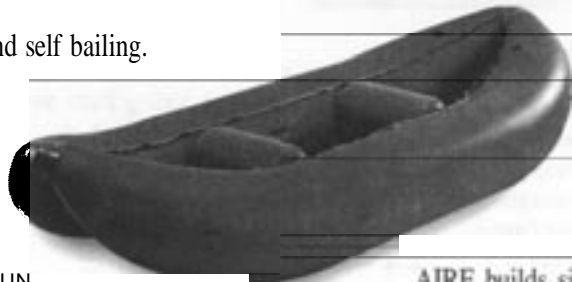
143R

AIRE uses

the latest technology and innovative design to build high

performance craft that are durable, compact,

and self bailing.



PUN.

AIRE builds six

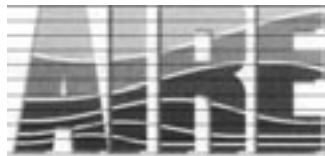
models of catarafts, nine rafts, three inflatable kayaks and

two sea kayaks in a variety of colors. AIRE leads the way

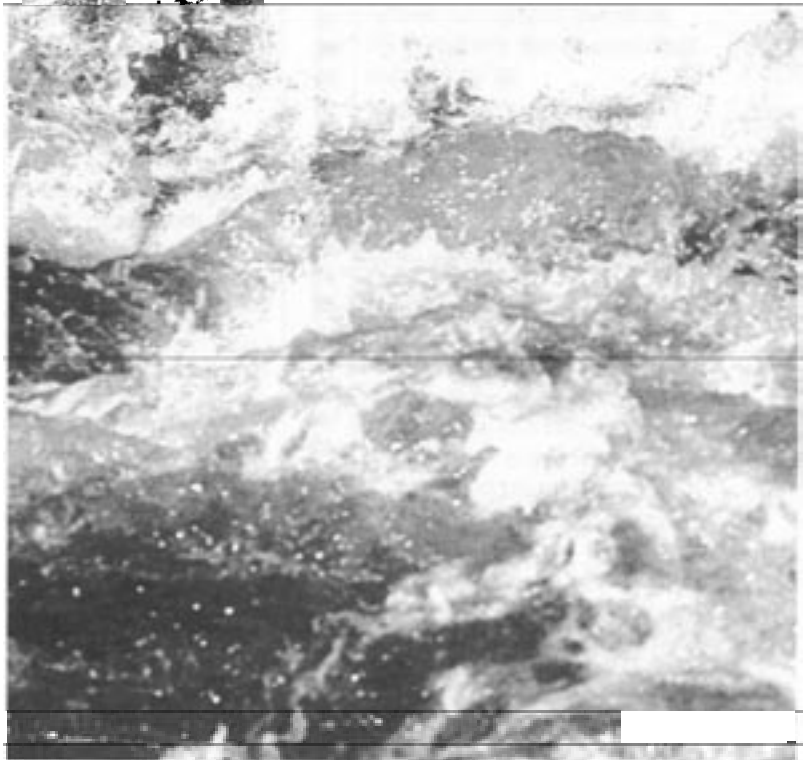
in the industry and so should you.



LYNOK



**P.O. BOX 3412, DEPT. AO, BOISE, ID 83703
(208) 344-7506 FAX (800) 701-AIRE**



ACCESS

door recreation becomes increasingly popular, so does the probability that people may injure themselves on private property. Landowners, concerned about the high cost and liability, are gradually making their land less available for public use. In some cases, they are actively busting trespassers. Large, wealthy landowners with deep pockets, such as railroads and hydro companies, are most concerned about being sued.

Case Study: At the traditional access point to Colorado's Gore Canyon, a large landowner—determined to drive away pesky boaters who access the river near his ranch—has been detaining vehicles on a dead end county road, then calling Southern Pa-

Alta Weir, Kings river, CA. Can't surf this.



cific railroad and the local police to make the arrests. Southern Pacific's concern centers around the need for boaters to cross the tracks at an unimproved crossing to get to the river. The railroad has been especially concerned about liability after a deaf angler (ironically, a former railroad employee) was struck dead while crossing walking along side of the tracks several years earlier. His family sued the railroad and was awarded several million dollars. The case may still be in appeal.

Trip Leader Liability

Liability also has a pernicious effect on trip leading and club equipment ownership. Typically, club trips were lead down the river by a "trip leader." Donning the title of trip leader, however, can make one responsible for the welfare of everyone else on the trip. In several courts around the country, trip leaders have been held liable for accidents or deaths of a participant on the trip.

Case Study: A participant of a kayaking trip of a college club down the lower West River in Vermont (Class II-III) died after being swept into a strainer. The participant was being lead by an experienced and wellqualified pair of kayakers. The family claimed that there was negligence on the part of the trip leaders and the college and sued the college, the deep pockets. Rather than paying costly litigation fees, the case was settled out of court for an undisclosed amount.

Safety Education

Educating public officials about the sport of whitewater is critical in order to prevent random access closures under the guise of public safety. We need to educate government officials about whitewater's outstanding safety track record and that boaters are a cadre of athletes, not a bunch of thrillseekers who fling themselves off of waterfalls like lemmings.

Case Study: Examples abound — officials have restricted or closed access to Ohiopyle Falls on the Yough (PA), Niagara Gorge (N.Y.), Valley Falls on the Tygart (WV), and in an extreme example, all the rivers in a county of Colorado during peak run-off

Product Liability

In the past few years, the number of companies manufacturing boating gear has grown exponentially. Big or small, all are concerned about the possibility of being sued by individuals who claim some sort of product failure after an accident. If this becomes a reality, boaters will likely have a reduced selection of boats and gear in the future.

Case Study: Several years ago, the family of the victim of a climbing accident sued the climbing equipment company that was founded by Yvon Chouinard, a long time friend and supporter of outdoor interests and the AWA. The company was held liable for equipment failure from a harness, despite the fact that the harness was improperly used. Chouinard was forced to sell his company.

The Plan of Attack

Can the AWA really hope to solve liability problems, changing the attitudes of an entire nation? With help from our members and clubs, we

What's Up?

Water level readings from selected North American river level gauges are "up" on *Waterline!*

Water levels at your favorite boating spots, and more you haven't explored yet, may be "up" too! Find out for sure where the best conditions are by calling *Waterline* while you're planning your next river adventure,

Readings are updated continually 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

Call toll-free, any time of day, for information, sample readings and river gauge lists. We'll mail you details or if you have a fax number handy, we'll fax you everything you need to call our *Waterline* gauge phone right now for today's river levels

WATERLINE
1-800-945-3376

Complete your whitewater library with an AWA publication



AWA Nationwide Whitewater Inventory

Edited by Pope Barrow, \$15 book/\$7 disk (\$2.90 postage)

- *Revised listing of every whitewater river nationwide
- *River maps for all **U.S.** rivers
- *Includes mileage, access points, ratings

The Rivers of Chile

By Lars Holbek, \$5 (\$1 postage)

- A guide to more than 20 Chilean rivers

Rivers at Risk—The Concerned Citizens Guide to Hydropower

By John D. Escheverria, Pope Barrow and Richard Roos-Collins; cloth \$29.95/paper \$17.95 (\$2.90 postage)

- *A study of whitewater's most serious threat

AWA Safety Codes

1-99 \$.25; 100-199 \$.20; over 200 \$.15

- The original criteria of boating safety

Send payment to AWA, PO Box 85, Phoenicia, NY 12464

It's not how good you paddle... it's how good you look!



item	size	total
AWA T-shirts available in M,L,XL unless noted (postage \$2.90 up to 2 shirts):		
AWA Logo: \$10 SS; \$12.50 LS (SS in M & L only)		
The Wilder the Better: \$10 SS; \$12.50 LS		
Bold Look: Closeout LS Medium only \$8		
Super Heavy, Super Sized T-shirts (M,L,XL)..		
New Logo, SS only, Grape or Forest \$15		
AWA River Caps: \$10 (postage \$1)		
AWA License Plate Frames: \$5 (postage \$1)		
AWA Embroidered Patches: \$2		
AWA Waterproof Decals: \$.50		
Rodeo World Championship Posters \$6 (postage \$1)		
	POSTAGE	

Mail to AWA, P.O. Box 85, Phoenicia, NY 12464

Inside the Beltway

by Ed E. Lyne

An eight-lane interstate highway (known as the "beltway") encircles the nation's capitol like a monstrous snake, separating the noxious inferno of politics from the rest of the nation. The populace peers in with an attitude of bewildered dismay. Meanwhile, politicians, bureaucrats, T.V. newscasters, lobbyists, lawyers, thieves, reporters, muggers, government contractors, drug addicts, and spies form a cacophonous Tower of Babel. At the center, gripping his Contract with America like the Sword of Genghis Khan, Newt Gingrich, newly enthroned Speaker of the House, announces a grandiose strategy to transform the planet. Undeterred by this horrific scene, alert whitewater boaters, trapped deep inside the beltway, carefully filter the pandemonium to report on anything and everything affecting whitewater rivers.

A hurricane swept through the Capitol on November 11, 1994. The violent winds swept away 40 years of Democratic control in the House and gave the Republicans a majority in the Senate as well.

The debris is everywhere. Careers of politicians are in ruins. The liberal agenda of the Clinton administration is shredded. Democrats are panicked.

Meanwhile, a warm and cuddly individual named after a lizard, Newt Gingrich ("Newtie" to his family), is riding high. Almost daily he wakes new announcements of radical changes to come.

No more welfare! Orphanages in every neighborhood! No more taxes! Government will be free! Or maybe even gone! Constitutional amendments by the dozens. No more schoolwork; prayers all day! More jails in every neighborhood! No more parole. One strike and you're in prison for ever! An assault rifle for every family!

The glamorous promises are nothing if not visionary.

Pundits say that the new leadership envisions a brutal Darwinian future. Something like the world in the film, Road Warrior. (Is Newt the real Mel Gibson?)

A Road Warrior world may be an exaggeration. But, some things are VERY clear. If you are a homosexual, a minority, an illegal alien, a government pensioner, a woman, a member of the counter culture elite, an atheist, a prisoner, a gun control advocate, or a 14-

CONSERVATION

year old single mother of five, things are **looking** pretty bleak these days. Politically, at least.

But environmentalists and environmental laws were mostly missing from the list of evils slated for execution.

Why? No one is certain.

One theory is that Newt Gingrich reined in the **anti-environmentalist** sentiment of his cronies. The Washington Post reported that Gingrich got his political start as an environmentalist. His first organized support group was the **Sierra Club!**

Another theory is based on pollsters. Public opinion polls continue to show that three out of 4 Americans consider themselves environmentalists. 80% want a better quality of life: clean water, clean air,

national parks and other places to enjoy the outdoors. They want the government **off** their backs. They want the mess in Washington cleaned up. They want tax breaks **for** themselves and orphanages for other people. But they still want to breathe clean air, drink safe water and visit clean national parks. The whole thing is a little schizoid.

So what does this mean for rivers? Will the political storm just blow by? Will river conservationists survive the much more conservative 104th Congress?

Or is there a hidden **agenda** to turn back the progress made in river conservation over the past 20 years?

Only Newt and his side-kicks know the answer to these questions.

On the worry list: the fact that the people in Congress who have been champions of river conservation in the past are either gone or in a much reduced position of authority. And a whole new group is in charge of the agenda.

Don Young, a Congressman from Alaska, has replaced George Miller as chairman of the Natural Resources Committee in the House of Representatives. Don Young led the fight in years past against outdoors legislation. He had a 1994 League of Conservation Voting (LCV) score of 0%, the lowest of any Member of Congress. George Miller was a well-known friend of river conservation legislation and park protection with a 92% LCV score.

Young's committee controls public lands, parks, wild and scenic rivers, and outdoor recreation issues. The committee gained power when the jurisdiction of the Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee (endangered species, wildlife refuges, national environmental policy) was transferred in. The Merchant Marine Committee was vaporized.

At the subcommittee level in the Natural Resources Committee, Jim Hansen from Utah replaced Bruce Vento from Minnesota as chairman of the subcommittee with control over wild and scenic rivers and national parks. Like Young, Hansen is not a noted advocate of natural resource protection.

In the Senate, Alaska will also be in the driver's seat. Either Frank Murkowski (R-

Alaska) or Malcom Wallop is **taking** over from Senator J. Bennett Johnston @-La) at the helm of the Committee on Energy and Natural Resources. Wallop has a 0% LCV score. Since Johnston had only a 23% rating himself, that change will not be dramatic. Idaho's Larry Craig has inherited the Public **Lands** Subcommittee from Dale Bumpers @-Ark.)

Few in the new Republican leadership consider themselves advocates of river conservation. One reason they may seem so cool to the rivers agenda is that no one ever tried to lobby them. Since they had no political power before the November elections, it was considered a waste of time.

On the positive side, environmentalists were never crazy about the Clinton White House. They did not get heavily involved in the Congressional elections. Since environmental issues were not front and center, the damage (if any) may not be as radical as the total destruction planned for old-time big government New Deal social and economic programs.

The biggest thing to fear could be the so called "property rights" agenda.

The Contract With America promises to compensate businesses when Federal laws diminish the value of their real estate by 10% or more. The Endangered Species Act, the wetlands protection laws, and the Clean Water Act (and other antipollution legislation) could be paralyzed if this is enacted. It would require the government to pay polluters — with Federal tax dollars — whenever it imposes a ban on pollution which reduces the value of anyone's real estate..

The Federal Treasury is unlikely to be awash in new

NORTHEAST BOATERS

Call for Fish Creek levels.

We are Central NY's **ONLY** fully stocked whitewater store.



Perception
New Wave
Dagger
Prijon
Wave Sports
Mad River

Mountain Surf
Sidewinder
Kokatat
Extrasport
NRS
Thrillseeker

**Telemark and Backcountry ski specialist
Climbing equipment and instruction. Ask about
our indoor climbing wall.**

NORTHERN OUTFITTERS

INC.

(315) 768-1568

587 Main St., New York Mills, N.Y. 13417

taxes, and paying off polluters could never happen. But without the payoff, the pollution could not be stopped.

River groups in New England, the Pacific Northwest, and West Virginia have already felt the white hot rage of the property rights movement. Even before the November '94 elections, the Farm Bureau and Wise Use folks announced their intention to bring wild and scenic river campaigns to a screeching halt.

There is a big job ahead for river advocates: finding new friends among the Member of Congress and Senators taking up residence in the Capitol. Most new Congress people were elected on an

agenda (prayer in school, more prisons, no welfare, lower taxes, etc.) having nothing to do with river conservation. If they stay focused on blowing all those big government programs to oblivion, river programs may be missed. At least they are not specifically targeted.

There are very few Federal river programs anyway. The main one, the Federal Wild and Scenic Rivers Act was practically defunct even before the election. And **nothing** new had come along to replace it.

Secondly, river protection just does not usually generate the hostility that welfare fraud and parole for serial killers do in the public mind.

The bad news is that the election was something like a drive by shooting. The gang wearing conservative colors drove by (well-armed) and gunned down the gang wearing liberal colors. Unfortunately, most environmental groups had been hanging out for a long time with the liberal gang. Some were sitting on the porch when the drive by happened. They may have caught a few bullets.

AWA and other river conservation groups, on the other hand, were out back when the drive by went down... working in the back yard... trying to buy riverside lands, trying

to stop FERC from messing up, trying to get State river groups started. This was probably not a bad place to be... given the political carnage in the street out front.

"THEY'RE A BLAST!"

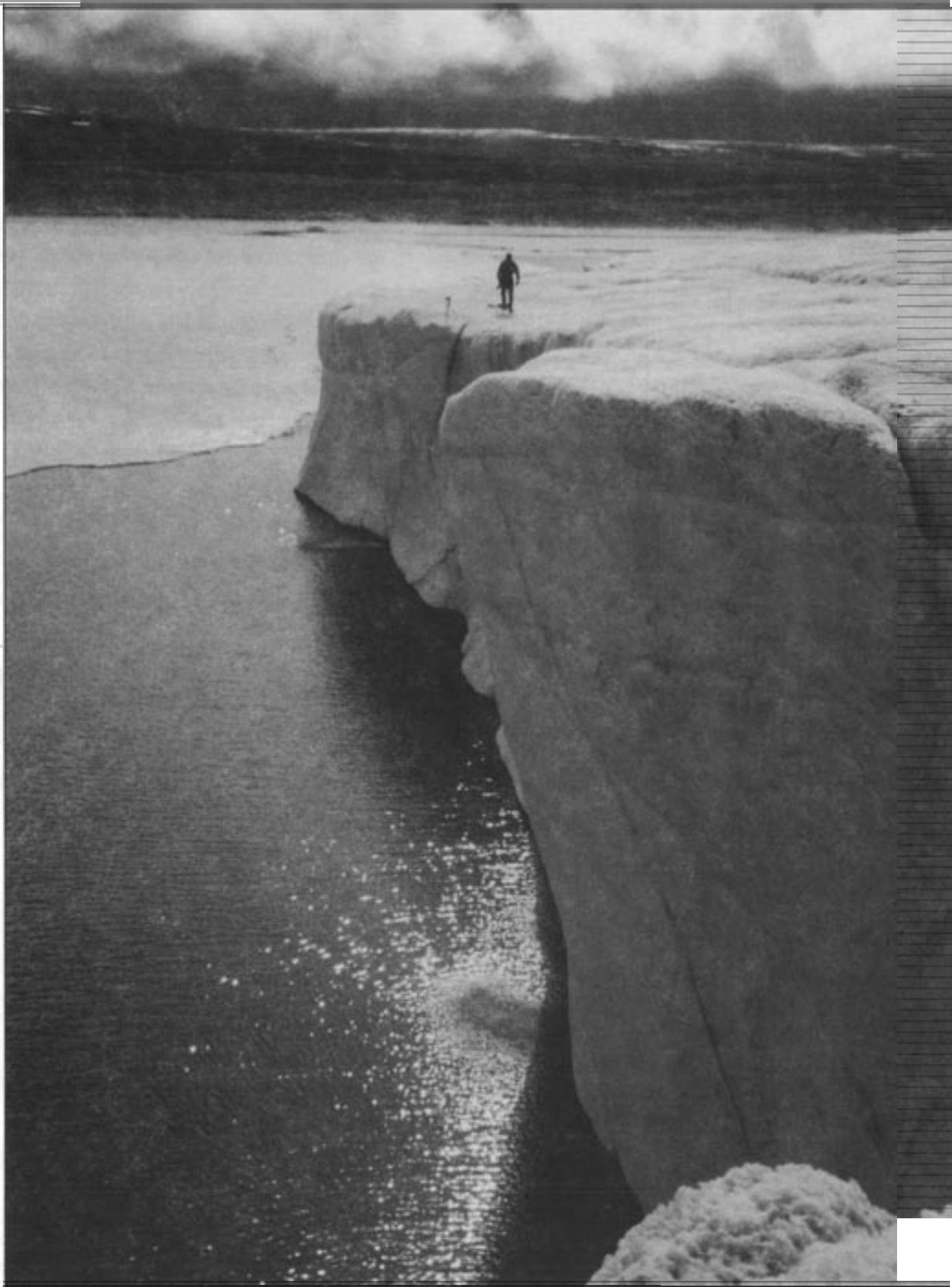
— Paddler Magazine



LIVEDAK TECHNOLOGIES 2227 DRAKE AVE. SW. #4 HUNTSVILLE, AL 35005



- We have it all; equipment for paddlers from beginner to expert!
 - Experienced Paddling Staff!
 - Full Instruction Program!
 - Fantastic Selection!
 - Great Prices!
- Give us a call... **BACK COUNTRY SKI AND SPORTS**
 3710 South Main Street
 Blacksburg, Va 24060
 (703) 5526400 10-8 M-F, 10-5 Sat



BAFFIN ISLAND

A d v e n t u r e

Whitewater Thrills in the High Arctic by John Weld

Left: Phil DeRiemer on the Barnes Ice Cap...the source of Baffin's rivers. Photo by Hayden Glatte

Right: A hell of a way to start an expedition! Author John Weld surveys the aftermath of a three point landing. Photo by Hayden Glatte

Our team of four whitewater kayakers is jammed into a twin prop Otter and we are dead center over **Baffin** Island in the Canadian Arctic. It's July 16th but there is only snow and ice to break the monotony of the endless expanse of rock below.

The pilot is not doing what we expected. Instead of landing the plane along the banks of an unnamed river to drop off our cache of food, the pilot just swung within 500 feet of the ground, then, under the canopy of miserably thick fog, lifted back up and headed northward. Now as the unnamed river disappears **behind** us, I am thinking about the \$13,000 dollars and two years of planning it took to get to this god-forsaken place. And I'm concerned that things are not going exactly as planned.

I thought we had made it perfectly clear to the pilot: drop the cache off first, so we would know where it is, then take us to the put-in.

I sit up in my cramped seat and yell to **Phil** Deriemer, our team photographer, over the noisy twin engines. "Phil! lean up and ask the pilot what the hell is going on."

Phil obliges and the pilot and co-pilot yell something back. Despite the fact they are only a few feet in front of me, it's too noisy for me to hear them. Evidently it's too loud for Phil, too.

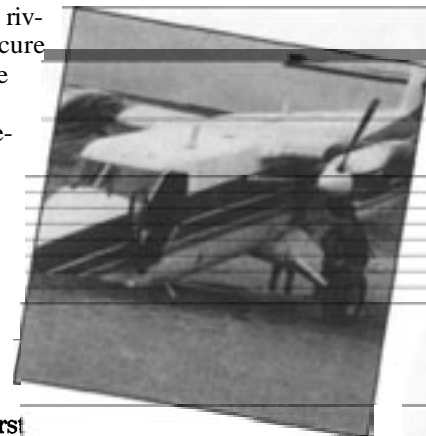
"I couldn't understand what the pilot said," Phil responded. "Something about bad weather. I think this means we're going to the put-in." The trip is just starting and already **things** are getting screwed up.

As it turned out, things were just about to get even more complicated.

Our team is undertaking the Trans **Baffin** Whitewater Challenge (TBWC), a 300 mile whitewater kayak odyssey-out where Jesus lost his shoes in the high Arctic wasteland of **B**affin Island. The trip, as outlined on **topo** maps, involves the **formi-**dable task of paddling up and over the width of a mass of Arctic rock about the size of California, Oregon and Washington combined using whitewater kayaks.

The rivers we will kayak pour off a gigantic slab of ice called the Barnes Ice Cap in the center of the island, then cascade through barren Arctic rock and **tun-**dra to oceans that are filed with permanent pack ice. The names on the **topo** imply a dark and cold place: Generator Lake, Remote Peninsula, Resolute Bay. Two of the rivers we will paddle hold the names of obscure and long-lost Arctic explorers; one of the rivers has not yet been named.

The boater crammed into the seat behind me in the Otter is Andy Bridge. Bridge is a modest individual with an amazing string of accomplishments: 7 years on the U.S. Canoe and Kayak team, eight time national champion in **C-1** downriver, and owner of Valley **Mill** Boats. Bridge's lifetime fascination with the Arctic and years of experience on multiday whitewater trips brewed together to produce the **first** draft of the TBWC trip two years ago.



BAFFIN ISLAND Adventure

Right: Author John Weld takes a close look at the first big waterfall on Baffin's Clyde River. Photo by Hayden Glatte

Below: A camp on Itpit on Baffin Island. Photo by Hayden Glatte



Bridge then set out to recruit a team of experienced whitewater boaters who would be up to the challenge. After a few shuffles the team roster was finalized to include Phil **DeRiemer**, professional photographer and instructor at the Otter Bar Kayak School in Oregon; **Hayden Glatte**, an instructor at **Sundance** Kayak School in California; and myself, an instructor at Riversport School of Paddling in Pennsylvania.

With the team set, details of the trip's itinerary were hashed out. The final plan was as follows:

First, charter a plane to land our team in the center of Baffin Island at the base of the Barnes Ice Cap—the frigid source of the Macdonald River. From there, run 80 miles downriver to salt water in Ikpik Bay on the west coast of the island.

Then paddle 30 miles along the coast to a mouth of an unnamed river. At that point we would paddle the unnamed river upstream a hundred miles, back to the base of the Ice Cap (elevation 1500 feet). We would carry our boats five miles around the end of the Ice Cap, over the island's divide, and into Generator Lake. Generator Lake feeds the Clyde River, which provides a 60 mile screamer of a descent into the 5000 ft. fjords of the east coast of Baffin.

When our kayaks hit salt water, we would be finished with the 300 mile, 22 day paddling odyssey. A local Inuit guide would meet and take us via motor boat out to the end of the 70 mile Inlet to the town of Clyde River.

At Clyde River we would crack open a cold one and wait for the scheduled air service to take us back to civilization.

One of the almost comical aspects of planning this trip was that Andy and I, who came from the east and worked and paddled together for years, had never even met

BAFFIN ISLAND Adventure

Phil and **Hayden**, who came from out west. Phil was recruited for his expert kayak skills and photographic abilities. And **Hayden** was, well, **Hayden** was just at the right place at the right time.

By the time we had really committed ourselves by climbing into the charter plane and leaving Baffi's largest city of Iqaluit (with 3,500 residents, it's Baffi's answer to a metropolis) Andy and I realized that Phil and **Hayden** were perfect companions. As all of our mutual friends had assured us before the trip, Phil and **Hayden** had the even and pleasant temperaments necessary for long expeditions. They both had been on countless **multi-day kayaking** trips, and, in the relatively close knit circle of expeditionary whitewater **kayaking**, you only get invited along on the next trip if you weren't a pain in the ass on the last one.

And as we began to know each other through faxes and conference calls and later as we talked over dinner in Ottawa, we all realized that we shared the confidence in our abilities to go through with the whole thing. But at the same time we had the modesty to know that simple mistakes in the Arctic environment could escalate to catastrophes.

It was simple! We all agreed the trip could work, except nothing could go wrong.

Until the pilot decided to forgo dropping off our essential cache of food the flight was uneventful; with the four of us staring out the tiny windows at the hypnotically bleak Arctic landscape while the pilot negotiated the progressively worse weather. But as the Otter approached the put-in, things started to get interesting.

For one thing, the Barnes Ice Cap was coming into view. Not a glacier, but rather an anachronism from the ice age, the Ice Cap is a thousand foot thick and 90 mile long dome of ice that slopes gently down to the tundra moon-scape. The source of all three of the rivers we were to paddle was melt from the Barnes Ice Cap.

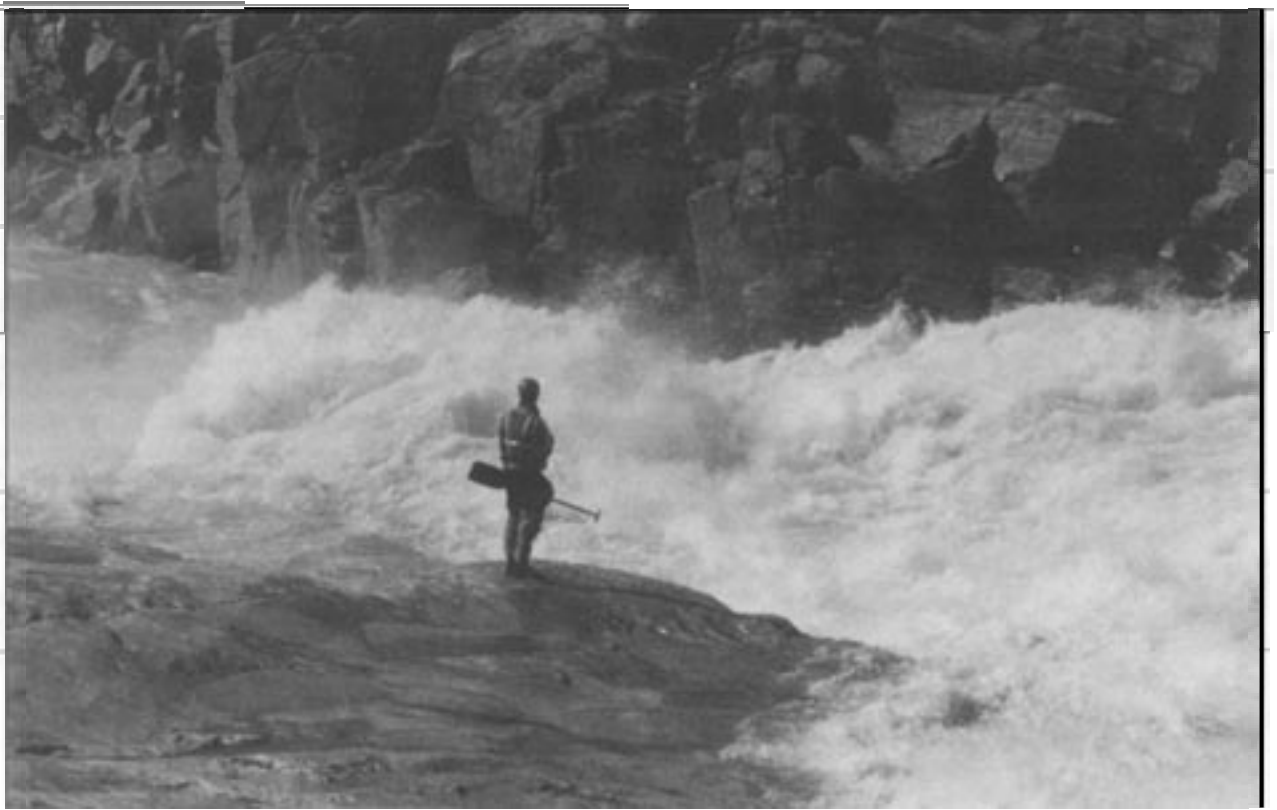
One of the unexpected facts about the Arctic is that it's a desert. What little precipitation there is during the summer takes the form of a constant, **clinging**, cold mist-that does nothing more than just moisten the ground and make charter flights difficult. The Ice Cap is actually shrinking at an alarming rate; scientists predict that it will be the size of a daiquiri in about 2000 years.

Streams tumble off the Ice Cap down extremely steep, perfectly



Below: Andy scouting a typical drop on an unnamed Baffin Island river. Photo by Hayden Glatte

Above: The trans Baffin Wilderness Challenge... John, Phil and Andy slogging up a sieve. Photo by Hayden Glatte





Above: Phil DeRiemer challenges a Clyde River rapid. Photo by Hayden Glatte

Below: Andy Bridge and John Weld ice watching on Itpit Bay. Photo by Hayden Glatte



formed, waterslides. They collect in larger lakes that **surround** all sides of the Ice Cap; these drain into silty, glacier blue rivers that flow toward the sea on all sides of the island.

At the western base of the Ice Cap lies Blanchfield Lake, the source of the Macdonald River, the first on our itinerary. We had spent two years planning this trip and tied up an unheard of sum of sponsorship money and gear. And the whole trip was riding on whether we could float a kayak down the rivers we had chosen.

We had done exhaustive research on the hydrology of the island during summer, but what we had learned was that, in the Arctic, nothing is for certain. After two weeks of research in the Library of Congress and several conversations with residents of **Baffin**, we could only surmise that sometimes rivers ran on Baffin Island during some small part of the short summer. Sometimes they didn't.

What we did conclusively learn was that the Arctic Exploration "literature" is so ripe with disasters that recurring motifs of human misery start to appear. There's the "explorer who starves and eats his own boots" the "explorer who gets scurvy and his teeth rot out of his head", the "explorer who doesn't count on the early winter and freezes" and the "explorer who can't believe the ice is as bad as everyone says and sails his ship right into the frozen casket of the permanent pack ice". And then **there was** one of our trip's favorite, "the explorer who starves, and after eating his boots, devours his fellow explorers".

As the plane approaches the Macdonald I can't help but think how similar our trip is to those ill-fated Arctic explorations. Questions that had bothered me from the very beginning are pounding in my head. Maybe we would find a raging torrent pouring off the Ice Cap, or maybe this year the Macdonald would remain a gravel bed. Maybe **Ikpik** Bay and every lake on our route would be wide open; maybe they would be frozen solid.

We wouldn't end up eating our booties. But maybe we would get half-way through a brutal and disastrous trip and then shamefully set off our emergency beacon that would alert a condescending and expensive rescue helicopter crew...

While the plane circles the landing spot we press our faces against the windows to try and get a glimpse of the Macdonald. The plane banks way up on edge so the river appears in dizzying angles. But the river looks to be a

As the plane taxis on the landing strip, the front landing gear twists in the deep sand and rips off. The front of the plane nose-dives almost cockpit deep into the dirt

*Below: John Weld boofing a ledge on the Clyde River.
Photo by Hayden Glatte*

muddy trickle at the base of the Ice Cap, perhaps even too small for a kayak. I am suddenly hit with a sickening disappointment. Then, without warning, the pilot drops the plane like a rock and I assume we are about to land.

Now the weather had forced us to delay our cache placement, but really that wasn't such a big deal. We needed to know where the cache was; we figured that the pilot would drop us off and then, when the clouds lifted, fly one of us with him as he dropped the cache off. After bringing that person back to the put-in, we could be on our way.

The plane is equipped with oversized tundra tires (almost completely deflated DC-3 tires) which allow it to land just about anywhere the rockscape is flat. The pilot picked a sandy patch of exposed river bottom.

But truthfully, I am not thinking too much about landing, or about the cache for that matter. I am picturing myself dragging my kayak for days down what appears to be the more or less dry bottom of the Macdonald River.

Now comes the big snag.

As the plane taxis on the landing strip, the front landing gear twists in the deep sand and rips off. The front of the plane nose-dives almost cockpit deep into the dirt.

The reaction of the pilot to this apparent disaster is decidedly more casual than the boaters. A second after we are flung **forward** in the cramped cabin, Andy leans over my shoulder and groans "Oh No".

I have no reaction, so Andy tries again. "Oh No".

After this there is a moment of silence, then **finally** the pilot turns to the copilot and says, "Well, the plane's screwed. Go in back and see if we have any sleeping bags."

As we stumble out the tilted plane door onto the tundra we discover that the plane is stuck into the ground like a lawn dart. The front wheel and fork lie 60 feet behind us and the nose of the plane is caved in and filled with sand. Later, as we are digging the plane out with our paddles, I am thinking about our predicament.

For one thing, the High Arctic lies around us like the set to a Becket play. The ground is, at first glance, completely devoid of flora. No trees, no shrubs, no grass—just rock. Piles of rocks, hills of rocks, mountains of rocks. Like a gigantic abandoned rock quarry.

In the background hovers the Barnes Ice, a huge dome of white ice stretching off towards either horizon. We **are in one** of the most remote





Above: The Massive Barnes Ice Cap...the source of the McDonald River. Photo by Hayden Glatte

places on the planet.

The nearest road is well over 1000 miles away on mainland Canada and the nearest settlement is Clyde, 100 miles away on the other side of a 5000 ft. mountain range. The river is at a marginal water level. We could throw our cache of food **further** than the crashed plane can take it. There is total, ear ringing **si-**lence.

But then, despite the inauspicious beginning, the expedition starts to **run** smoothly. First, the wreck of the plane is not interfering with the start of the trip. **After** all, the plane is stuck only 30 feet from put-in. But we need to get our cache of food placed somewhere we can find it. The pilot radios **Iqaluit** for help; a helicopter pilot at a diamond camp on the other side of the Ice Cap just happens to have his radio on. He hears the pilot's SOS and flies over. The helicopter pilot carries our pilot and co-pilot back to civilization, and on the way and drops off our cache. He shows us the exact spot on a topo, so we do not need to accompany **him**.

Secondly, we discover that the Macdonald River actually has enough water to float a kayak. And just a few miles down from the put-in, silty tributaries from the Ice Cap quickly beef up the flow from 250 cfs to 1,000 cfs to 5,000 cfs. (In fact, by the time we hit salt water three days later, the river is a booming 17,000 cfs!)

So, with these issues resolved, we decide to spend the first night sleeping on the floor of the crippled plane.

During the next three days we paddle westward on the Macdonald River, going from its source at the Ice Cap to the river's mouth at **Ikpik** Bay. During that time we start to get a good feel for life in the Arctic.

A typical day in the life of the TBWC: Day 2

I wake at 7:00 am and crawl out of the tent that I share with Andy. Out on the tundra I experience two soon-to-be familiar sensations. Cold and wind. As I take my single set of "off-river" clothes (that I will wear every day for the next month) out of my dry bag, it's 40 ~~degrees~~ and the wind is gusting to 30 m.p.h.. The wind is a constant companion, sometimes blowing to 50 m.p.h.. Eventually this Arctic blast creates open sores on our hands and ears.

Meanwhile Andy is starting the stove to boil water for our high calorie, **fat-**soaked cereal. The conversation is more or less the same every morning.

John: "I really don't want to put on my wet paddling gear."

Andy: "This morning, I think I'm going to eat my granola bar before I have my fat-soaked cereal."

John: "My paddling gear is freezing."

Hayden: "I want to apologize to Phil (who shared the other tent with **Hayden**) for the horrible gas I had all night. Maybe if I boil my dinner a little longer tonight.."

Andy: "That's the great thing about these breakfasts. It's the variety. **Tomor-**

BAFFIN ISLAND Adventure

row, I might put my granola bar in my fat-soaked cereal."

Phil: "Apology not accepted. I think you need to see a specialist about your problem, **Hayden**, when we get back. Hey Andy, could you squat down and stir the cereal again? I want to get a picture. And try and get that Patagonia label in the frame."

On this ~~particular~~ day we plan to paddle 30 miles down river to get as close as we can to Lake **Gillian**, which stands between us and the sea. The **topo** maps suggest that we will be paddling flatwater today. We are hoping to make it to the lake to see if it is frozen.

After breakfast, packing away the gear, and switching from our off-river clothes into our full Gore-Tex dry suits, we are on the water. It is **8:30**.

At **10:00**, after paddling three miles downriver into a constant **30 m.p.h.** head wind, we stop for our first "Powerbreak". We are consuming **4000** calories a day to compensate for the hard work and cold temperatures. This requires that we eat on and off all day long. This morning's break consists of a Powerbar, some beef jerky, and a saucer-sized cracker with peanut butter smeared on it. Today's first break is short because the wind is **picking up** and the temperature is dropping into the thirties. We are back on the water in 15 minutes.

After lunch, we have a special treat as the river turns due west and the wind starts to hit us from the left side. Our fully loaded boats seem to have a mind of their own, and, as the wind picks up, sometimes I must sweep solely on the right side with **all** my strength just to keep my boat on **line**.

While we battle the wind and cold, we are also surrounded by the awesome, surreal beauty of the Arctic. There is something amazing about a terrain completely devoid of trees. As we paddle away from the cooler climate of the top of the island we start to see larger patches of tundra, featuring Arctic heather and wildflowers. But mostly we were surrounded by rock.

It's hard to do the landscape justice. Saying it was "just rock" makes the place sound like a **parking lot**.

There are **brehtaking** vistas on top of every hill and when the air is clear you can see several days' worth of cloud formations gathering in the distance. In the low lands on the west coast the Arctic dreamscape rolls out to the horizon, and on the mountainous east coast **5,000** foot sheer granite cliffs drop precipitously to the iceberg filled, turquoise-blue Arctic Ocean.

An amazing variety of wildlife scratches out a living amidst this harsh beauty. The island swarms with herds of caribou, and we see them almost every time we look up from our boats. Birds ranging from Arctic tern to ptarmigan to snow geese are ever-present. Later in the trip we see seals and walruses. And although we are fortunate not to encounter any, Polar Bears **inhabit** the Island. The polar bears were a particular concern of mine, so I brought along a **12 gauge** shotgun to deal with any rogues.

At **3:00 PM**, we came across an unexpected, horrendous class VI falls that has a class V sneak chute around the side. After one-half hour of scouting and nervous discussion, **Hayden** decides to run the sneak. His line is right on, but half way down his fully loaded boat does a fantastic back ender, and he barely rolls up out of the freezing water in time to negotiate the final part of the rapid. After watching **Hayden's** run, the rest of us chicken out and opt to **carry**.

We reach Lake Gillian at **5:30** and after determining that the lake is not frozen, we set up camp. This involves pitching our tents, changing back into our off-river clothes, and cooking dinner.

The usual conversation ensues:

John: "Since it started to get warmer this afternoon the mosquitoes are eating away at the exposed piece of skin between my shirt and pants."

Andy: "I have saved a **Powerbar** from today's food unit, and I will trade anyone for two hot cocoa packets."

Hayden: "Phil, bad news. It looks like I have Black Bean Tamale Pie for dinner tonight. I'm going to boil the heck out of it, but no promises."

Phil: "**Hey-John**, let me get a picture of your back. It's been bitten so bad, it looks like a meatball sub."

That night after dinner we go for an evening hike. Remember there is 24 hours of daylight during the Arctic summer, so our ritual after dinner hikes are not restrained

*We are
consuming
4000
calories a
day to
compensate
for the hard
work and
cold
temperatures.*

None of this was made easy by our choice of craft. Because all four members of the team had strong whitewater backgrounds, and because we came to Baffin, in part, to run big rapids in an Arctic environment, we all brought whitewater boats.

by darkness. The sun simply never sets, but rather rolls around the horizon like a giant eyeball. It's as bright at one in the morning as at noon.

During this particular hike, we climb a 300 ft. high cliff and roll boulders down onto the tundra below. After an hour of this it starts to rain. On the way back down to the tents our precious dry clothes **are** drenched.

We **are** in the tents by 10:00 PM. After writing in my journal and reading a little from the one paperback I could squeeze in my tightly packed boat, I pull my hat down over my eyes to block out the light and go to sleep.

On the fourth day we hit salt water at Ikpik Bay. Now we have to paddle 30 miles south along the coast to the mouth of the unnamed river where we will begin our upstream paddle back to the top of the island. Thankfully, **Ikpik** is only partially **filled** with ice floes. After reviewing an aerial photo in Ottawa a few days before we departed, we were very concerned that Ikpik Bay (and every body of water in and around Baffin, for that matter) might be frozen completely solid.

As it turns out we are able to paddle almost the entire 30 miles on the calm sea water by threading our way through spaces between the floes. We only have to drag the boats over the ice a few times.

This was only a small portion of the total amount of flatwater that we had to slog across during the trip. There were dozens of lakes, some of them 30 miles long, that we had to negotiate. And we spent several days paddling upstream.

None of **this** was made easy by our choice of craft. Because all four members of the team had strong whitewater backgrounds, and because we came to Baffin, in part, to run big rapids in an Arctic environment, we all brought whitewater boats. Phil and **Hayden** both paddled Responses, generously donated by Dagger. Andy and I, who build composite kayaks at Valley Mill Boats, made our own lighter, but weaker, vessels. Andy chose a **Hahn** G1, while I decided on a full-size White Bear kayak.

After the expedition we all agreed that we could have done the trip in **downriver** boats. This would have made the flatwater a lot easier, and we'd **still** have been able to negotiate class IV whitewater. But at the same time we all conceded that running the class V water was worth the extra work.

Another issue **regarding** our choice of boat was where to put 22 days worth of gear. First of all let it be said that with careful selection of gear it is possible to live out of a whitewater kayak for 13 days or more without any resupply. Not only is it possible, but as legendary paddlers like Wick Walker and Tom **McEwan** have maintained for years, this light, alpine style of whitewater **kayaking** is a fantastic method of exploring otherwise inaccessible areas.

We believed that whitewater kayaks were the most efficient method of exploring **Baffin** during the summer. During the long and constantly dark winter the Inuit have total access to every part of the island via snowmobile. But when the snow melts, their medium for travel disappears. During the summer to get inland, you can either fly, which is ridiculously expensive and far removed from actually "exploring" the ground, or you can hike. Given the terrain and the numerous frigid lake and river crossings, this would be a laborious and painfully slow process.

Moreover, both open canoes, which **are** too slow in negotiating whitewater, and rafts, which would be out of the question moving upstream, would not have worked on our trip.

But if you can negotiate a whitewater kayak down and up the island's steep rivers, aquatic superhighways of travel are available for your explorations. Many big rapids can be run without even scouting, and portages can be executed with relative ease in kayaks and G1's. **Whitewater** kayaks have an unrivaled ability to move upstream, slipping from eddy to eddy like fish.

We leave the salt water by paddling up a wide tidal river to Flint Lake, allowing us to penetrate 30 miles inland before the going gets steep. Our upstream paddle begins in earnest on day eight.

Day eight proves to be the slowest and hardest of the entire trip. Four howling Arctic wolves monitor our progress. They offer no obstacle, but they remind us where we are. On most days paddling downstream we cover 20 to 30 miles, but moving upstream on day eight we cover only six. We spend the entire day **carrying** our



Above: The jubilant team at the Clyde River Inlet. Photo by Hayden Glatte

90 lb. boats on our backs as we portage up and around a half dozen treacherous, Great-Falls-at-Flood-Stage-sized rapids. It is miserably hard work, tempered by the realization that these rapids are not named or known to civilization. We are probably the first non-Inuit people ever to see them. And they are utterly spectacular.

After this grueling day things start to ease up a little bit. The remainder of the 60 mile upstream journey is just a matter of what we affectionately call "Slow Grinding Death"... endless hours of slowly paddling upstream.

This monotony is occasionally broken by big rapids that force us to "line" our boats, that is, walk along the bank while towing them with a leash attached to the grab loops.

At times like this, after lining our boots for six hours in the bitter cold with our hands covered with open sores, we function like robots. There is little conversation, each of us is caught up in our own daydreams.

I'm not sure what is going through the other guy's heads, but I spend many hours thinking about shopping malls. Climate-controlled, muzak playing, pizza-serving shopping malls.

One day I spend three hours trying to recall the names of the characters in "Welcome Back, Kotter". In the evenings of these long days we forgo our hike and hit the sack at 7:00 PM.

By the end of the 12th day we have successfully negotiated the unnamed river from sea level back up to the Barnes Ice Cap. This a day we have all lived for, but our feelings of accomplishment in completing the upstream paddle are moderated by the fact that it is bitterly cold. Also, the last few miles of river near the base of the Ice Cap are too shallow to paddle, so we must drag our boats through frozen mud for several hours.

The next day we awaken to a fresh layer of snow (this was July 29th!). In my diary I note that, "The snow has turned the tundra, mud flats and moraine at the base of the Ice Cap into a barren wasteland, where the white and gray earth meet the white and gray sky along a jagged horizon. Howling wind. Now my hands are too cold to write."

Now we face the task of hiking our boats and equipment 5 miles overland, following the base of the Ice Cap up and over the island's divide, and onto Generator Lake.

Generator Lake feeds the Clyde River, which will carry us down to the east coast and the end of our adventure. We are getting close to **finishing**, but on this particular day, because of the cold and because we are all exhausted, we remain tent-bound.

When we started to plan the trip we knew we would be facing a variety of grueling conditions: wading through glacier melt and frozen mud, paddling in ice water and bare bones camping for 22 days. But unlike the Arctic explorers who visited Baffin a hundred years ago, we had a variety of lightweight, quick-drying and

Now all of this gear was great; it made our lightweight, "alpine" style trip possible. On the other hand, we realized that a great deal of credit must be given to the original Arctic explorers. Hard core individuals like the Voyagers did not have hi-tech gear; Powerbars or maps.

sweat-permeable garments to choose from.

The problem was that we couldn't afford any of them. We couldn't afford the plane tickets either. But we felt that the trip had countless marketable aspects. Because of our unusual destination and means of travel, the trip was exceptional.

Fortunately two outdoor clothing companies, Malden Mills (manufacturer of Polartec Fleece) and W.L. Gore and Associates (Gore-Tex), shared our enthusiasm, and expressed this by awarding grants amounting to \$13,000 in cash. On top of that, Malden Mills provided custom-made product.

Winning these two grants helped by providing the cash we needed (most of the money went to the chartered flight), without having to associate our trip with a fund-raising cause. We didn't have to cross Baffin to "Fight Colon Cancer", we got to try and cross Baffin just to see if we could do it.

The grants also placed us on the "Who's Who List" of expeditions, so gear companies were receptive to giving us product. The result: Gore-Tex dry suits from Kokatat, fleece from Mountain Surf/Polartec, sleeping bags from Marmot, etc.

Now **all** of this gear was great; it made our lightweight, "alpine" style trip possible. On the other hand, we realized that a great deal of credit must be given to the original Arctic explorers. Hard core individuals like the Voyagers did not have hi-tech gear, Powerbars or maps. They lugged casks of flour and salted pork in birch bark open canoes that weighed hundreds of pounds, exploring almost the entire Barren Grounds of Canada. And, of course, the native Inuit people have survived for centuries in conditions that are absolutely unfathomable to people from temperate areas.

On day 15 we are on the Clyde River and heading downstream for the first time in almost two weeks.

The Clyde, with about 1000 cfs, has plenty of push. Almost right away we hit good whitewater.

On the morning of day 16 we paddle up to the first in a series of class IV and V rapids. The rapid features a technical 200 foot approach to a 12 foot waterfall. Not much different then the whitewater you might find anywhere on the east coast. But running big whitewater in this remote environment is a special thrill, unmatched by hair boating in more populated areas.

First, because no one has ever run any of these rapids, there is a long nerve-rackingscout from the shore. We must consider the ever-present possibility of an **injury** that would necessitate a protracted and dangerous rescue. The **final** decision to run each rapid is the product of that miserable compulsion that only fellow hair boaters can fathom.

As I peel out of the eddy to run the falls, I try to push these dark thought from my mind. Fortunately, I negotiate the rapid without a hitch. At the bottom I shake the adrenaline burn from my hands, savoring the satisfaction of conquering a rapid that has never been run before, and probably will not be run for a long, long time to come.

As we drop down the 5000 ft. deep river gorge toward the ocean, the wind blowing straight into our faces gets stronger and stronger. The force of the wind comes to a howling, 50 m.p.h. crescendo on day 19, the day we exit Clyde river onto Clyde Inlet, our final destination. As our team paddles the last hundred yards, the wind is blowing so hard that I can't help but feel that the island is fighting us right up to the very end.

But we have made it! After two years of planning and 19 days of hard work, our team has completed the Trans Baffin Whitewater Challenge!

Our biggest concern as we pull our boats onto the bank at the mouth of the Clyde is whether or not the hard work is really over. We are still 70 miles from the settlement of Clyde, which sits at the mouth of Inlet as it opens into the Davis Straight.

We had arranged for a Inuit guide by the name of Jushua to pick us up on day 22, but neither Jushua or any one else we talked to seemed to know whether Clyde Inlet would still be open by the time we paddled down to it. If the Inlet is full of ice floes, there will be no way for anyone to get to us.

BAFFIN ISLAND Adventure

*There is a bit
of discussion
regarding a plan
of action in the
event that no
one comes to
get us.*

We are not sure what we will do if that happens. Paddling 70 miles of an ice choked, wind-filled gorge to the Arctic Ocean seems out of the question.

When we hit salt water 3 days before our scheduled pick-up date we go on half rations, so that we can stretch our food supply out for 10 days if necessary.

The three days we ultimately spend waiting for the boat are long and, for the most part, excruciatingly boring. We **divide** our time between sleeping, fishing for Arctic char and playing hearts with a deck of cards that I fashion from the pages of my journal. There is a bit of discussion regarding a plan of action in the event that no one comes to get us. But between the absurdity of the paddle out and the thought of having to hike up and over the 5,000 ft. glacier to the town of Clyde, mostly we prefer not to think about it at all.

Fortunately Jushua shows up right on time, blasting around the corner in a craft a little more modern than the ancient Inuit kayak- an aluminum cabin cruiser with a 3/4 inch thick hull and twin 160 hp.. motors. He has us out to the settlement of Clyde the next day and two days later we are back in the world of trees and moonlight in Ottawa.

All things considered, our expedition was enormously successful. We did exactly what we set out to do. The weather was relatively cooperative and Andy's planning was excellent. There is much to be said for the boats that we chose. Not only did the whitewater kayaks prove to be suitable for difficult Arctic whitewater, they also allowed us to move efficiently over otherwise forbidding terrain.

We finished several days ahead of time and we could have gone even faster. We started moving at a leisurely pace the last quarter of the trip, having realized that we could be sitting at the mouth of the Clyde for almost a week if we went too fast.

In answer to a question that I have answered at least thirty times: Yes, I would do it again. The Arctic, if you are properly equipped, is a fantastic place, **filled** with rivers that have never been disturbed by the splash of a paddle.

But you don't have to travel to the ends of the earth to find amazing first descents. **Kayaking** is not like mountaineering, where people fly all the way to **Pakistan** to climb the north face of the third buttress of K2 with their hands tied **behind** their backs, just to claim a first ascent.

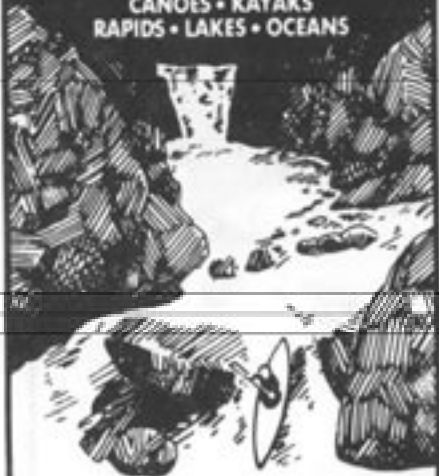
First descents in kayaking are still turning up all over the U.S.A. You do not need all of the cash and logistics that were necessary for our odyssey. Odds are there are worthwhile first descents "right in your own back yard".

But, if you do ever get a chance to fly into the interior of **Baffin** Island on a once in a lifetime paddling expedition, I have one piece of advice.

Kick the tires on the plane a few times before you take off!

SERIOUS EQUIPMENT FOR SERIOUS PADDLERS

A FULL LINE OF GEAR FOR
CANOES • KAYAKS
RAPIDS • LAKES • OCEANS

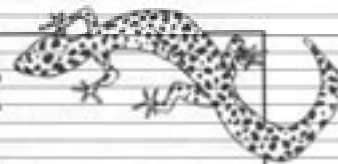


Featuring quality products from Perception, Aquaterra, Extrasport, Voyageurs, Pacific Water Sports, Blue Puma, Body Glove, Werner and more.

Write for our FREE Catalog of River Gear. Dealers: Ask about our Rescue Bags, Sprayskirts, and Pogies.

WILDWATER DESIGNS
230 PENLLYN PIKE, PENLLYN, PA 19422
215-646-5034

SALAMANDER



PADDLE BAGS

Carries 3 paddles per bag!

For breakdown, full length touring and whitewater paddles.

PADDED PADDLE BAGS • PADDLE SOCKS!
PRICES FROM \$43.50 - \$68.50



P.O. Box 2895, Seal Beach, CA 90740 • 714-846-9801

ARE YOU READY FOR EMERGENCIES?

By Wayne A. Sundmacher, Sr.

As paddlers, most of us are aware that problems can occur on the river. From the time we begin boating, we are trained to avoid strainers, watch how high we raise our elbows when bracing, and to keep our feet up and downstream when we end up **taking** a swim. A large number of paddlers even take a rescue course at some point, because they recognize that there are situations which happen on the river which require immediate attention.

A good number of paddlers will carry the tools they need to deal with the problems which can be expected. A large number will carry a 'biner or two, some will carry webbing or a couple **prusik** loops, most will carry a throw rope. You will even see the occasional first aid kit. That sounds like plenty of stuff to deal with problems. Or does it?

What have I missed? Probably the most important tool needed in just about any emergency. The knowledge to use those tools. The training to be able to effectively deal with the problem. Your knowledge of how to handle emergencies can make the difference between life and death.

Let's take a look at a couple of incidents which have occurred on the river.

In April of 1991, a young boy and his father from an Alabama canoe club were on shore, having taken a swim, when two other **members** of their group pinned a canoe on the Locust Fork River. The boy and his father offered to help the two-some, who were now trying to release their boat from a midstream rock.

It's unclear why or how the youngster ended up in the water, but as he tried to get his footing, it became wedged between two rocks. The unfortunate victim was then swiftly forced under the water. Quick thinking and his close proximity to the two people on the rock enabled him to be quickly stabilized, until a successful rescue effort could be accomplished.

Once the boy was brought to shore, a quick examination indicated his leg had

been broken by the force of the current.

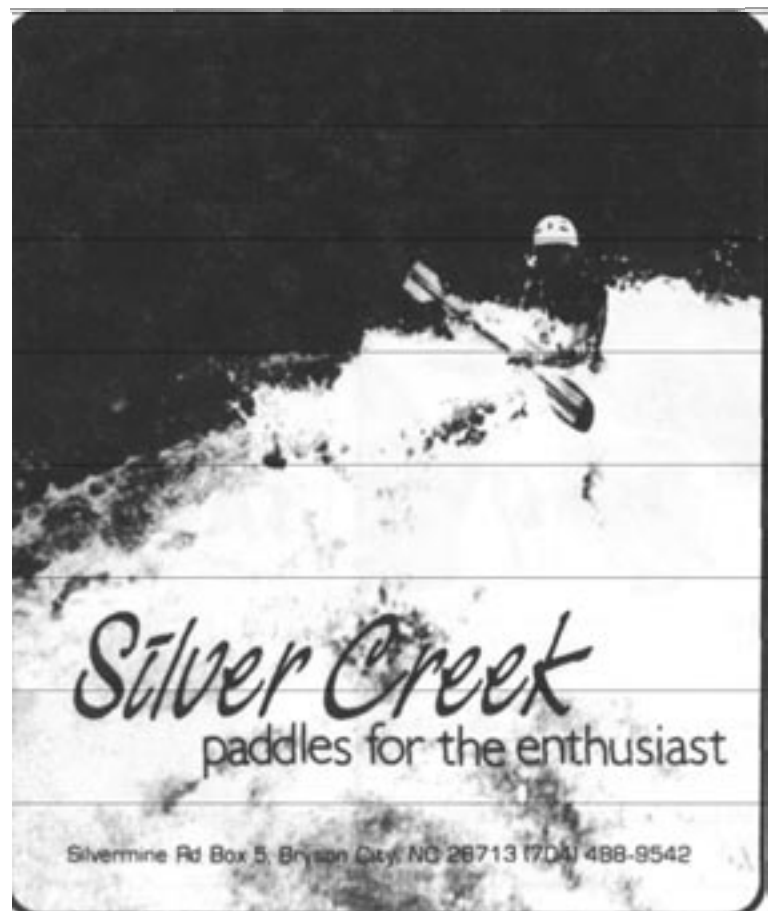
Two types of training come into play in this situation. The obvious is **swiftwater** rescue, but just as important is first aid and CPR. Once a victim has been extricated and brought to shore, he must be checked for **injuries**. Some types of life threatening injuries, especially in water related accidents, may not be as apparent as an artery spurting blood. In this case, simple first aid skills, like applying a splint, were sufficient, but often this is not the case. Knowing how to properly assess a patient's condition can be crucial.

In early August of 1990, a group of boaters from a Pennsylvania paddling club were running the Lower Yough. Entrance rapid is known for sending the

wake-up call to many a paddler who hasn't quite gotten up to speed, and soon a couple members of the group were upside down.

While members of the group assisted one swimmer, the other paddler attempted to roll. After numerous tries the boater came all the way up, only to go completely over again. Continuing downstream, the boat suddenly rose up, as though the victim were kicking out or the boat had **hit** a rock. When assistance finally arrived, the unfortunate paddler was still under the boat lying flat against the rear deck- unconscious.

After righting the boat, the unconscious victim was observed to have a blue-gray tint to the lips and face, and was not breathing. Rescuers exited their



boats and began providing basic life support, while others were sent to get help from the rangers. While a weak pulse was found, the victim was not breathing. Rescue breathing (mouth to mouth) was provided for a short time, until normal respiration returned.

Upon examination by paramedics at the scene, the victim **was** placed on oxygen, secured to a backboard, and evacuated over the Cucumber Trail to a waiting ambulance.

The **skills** needed to rescue this victim were fairly simple. Common sense and a short course in CPR provided the knowledge necessary to save this paddler's life. But what if rescue breathing hadn't been administered **immediately**? Is there time to search out someone else in the group who has these basic **skills**?

The answer to that question is simply, NO! In this particular case, the bluish tint to the skin and the weak pulse indicate that the victim was extremely close to cardiac arrest. And while CPR can be administered to patients who are in cardiac arrest, the chances for sur-

vival are much better for victims who require only rescue breathing.

So how do we know what training we need? Look at the situations you are most likely to encounter. Water related accidents usually involve certain types of injuries. Drowning, leg and ankle injuries, shoulder dislocations, and occasional cuts and bruises.

First and foremost, get CPR training. These are **skills** which no paddler should be without. Second, basic first aid training will help you stabilize other injuries like cuts, broken bones, and shoulder dislocations. While advanced **skills** are great, it's the simple **skills** which are more often needed.

Look at the things you carry. Before paddling whitewater most people realize that they need someone to show them how to use the paddle they just purchased. The same goes for rescue gear and first aid **kits**. It does little good to carry it, if you need to read the manual to use it.

Look at where you will be. Most of the rivers run when we first begin paddling are surrounded by roads with easy

access to medical assistance. A basic first aid and CPR program and some **swiftwater** rescue training will meet the needs of most situations in these locations.

But as our skills progress, we get further from advanced life support. Paddling far from civilization requires more training. Wilderness first aid programs are highly recommended. But don't forget the basics! Like mathematics, where addition and subtraction are prerequisites to multiplication and division, basic first aid and CPR training are needed here, too.

So, are you prepared? Well if you have the training, that's not where it ends. Just like any other **skill**, if you don't use it, you're sure to lose it. **Swiftwater** rescue skills take practice to know when and where to use different techniques. CPR and first aid certifications must be renewed periodically for good reason.

So unless your paddling buddies are providing plenty of practice, it's advisable to take a first aid and CPR program once a year.

D
A
R
E
T
O
B
E
D
I
F
F
E
R
E
N
TNEW!
WAVE
KAYAK PRODUCTS

• **Boats for beginners to experts.**

• **Over 100 custom built glass designs.**

• **Superior vacuum bagged foam core race boats.**

• **Custom Graphics**

Plastic Designs

☼ Cruise Control ☼ Mongoose ☼ Quantum ☼ Infinicat

Call for a Dealer nearest you or to receive a free catalog.

New Wave Kayak Products, Inc

(717) 944-6320

2535 Roundtop Road, Middletown, PA 17057

HOTTEST NEW SHORTIE!

Descender

The Rapid Solution to your shortboat dilemma. Shorter, Lighter & Quicker

CUSTOM OUTFITTED



READY-TO-PLAY

Satisfaction Guaranteed!

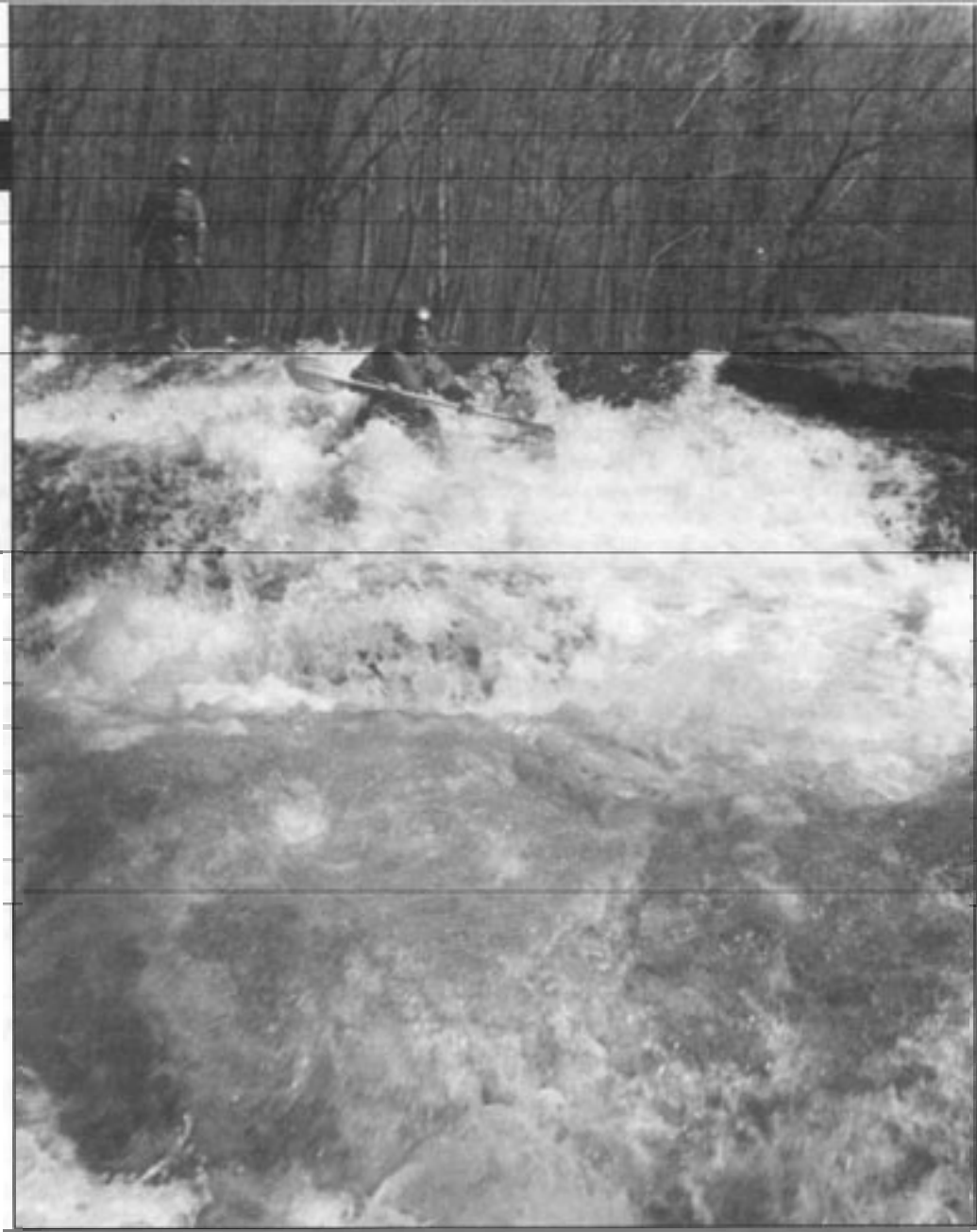
Call today or Try a Test Drive at our Nantahala Outpost

404-325-5330 Atlanta

704-488-2386 Nantahala River

Whitesell

2362-Cb Dresden Drive, NE, Atlanta, GA 30341



OH MY GOD... GEE!!! OSWEGATCHIE!!!!

A Class V Feasibility Study

by Chris Koll
Photos by Dave McDaid

OSWEGATCHIE!!!!

We could tell we were approaching the Brown's Bridge hydro plant when we saw the surge tank poking well above the tops of the trees.

A surge tank is a standard feature at the many hydro electric stations scattered across New York's Adirondack mountains. With its mushroom-shaped configuration, the tank looked like a water tower except that its construction of weathered wood planks helped it blend in with its forest surroundings.

In reality, however, the purpose of the surge tank was very different than a water tower. Hydro plants are powered by water that has been stolen from a river—usually at a dam a mile or two upstream of the facility—and fed into a thick iron pipe known as a penstock some eight feet or so in diameter.

Where the gradient of the old riverbed might have tumbled downhill in a collection of falls, slides and rapids, the penstock descends at a uniform pace building the pressure of the captured water until it is released through the turbines and back into the river.

Of course, if there is ever an emergency—you can't just turn off the water as if it was a garden hose. There's too much pressure. And that's where the surge tank comes in.

When the turbines need to be quickly stopped, the plant operators funnel the water from the penstock up into the surge tank. The tank is built to match the height of the dam so the pressure is equalized.

Now—I know this all sounds like some dry engineering treatise. And I don't want you to think it was a preoccupation with surge tanks that caused us to drive to the Browns Bridge section of the East Branch of the Oswegatchie on a beautiful Saturday morning in May.



But this particular surge tank towered some 250 feet over our heads. And since the dam where the penstock started was only a mile and a third upstream—that meant the normally dry riverbed dropped at close to 200 feet per mile.

Only today the river wasn't dry. The Niagara Mohawk Power company had opened the gates of the dam, dumping water back into the Oswegatchie for a whitewater feasibility study. We were there to paddle the river at two different water levels as a test for future whitewater recreation.

I looked up at the dizzying height of the surge tank and shuddered at the visual reminder of how steep a 200 foot per mile gradient really is.

By the time we parked in the shadow of the surge tank most of our fellow paddlers had already arrived. In the center of the gravel lot paced Todd Wadell—the youthful study coordinator for Niagara Mohawk—and I could tell he was silently counting the number of boats strapped atop roof racks of the cars.

Two months earlier my wife Caron—AWA's organizer for the study—had dragged me to a planning meeting, where she had promised Todd that she would limit the number of participants for the run to no more than 12 paddlers.

"I'd like to see the group remain

Page 42: Barry Toscano on the Oswegatchie River. Photo by Dave McDaid

Above: AWA Feasibility Study Organizer Caron Koll. Photo by Dave McDaid



Above: Manchild Steve Massaro proves rafts can too. Photo by Dave McDaid

fairly small," Todd had explained. "It's easier to keep everyone together and make sure all the safety precautions are observed. A big group tends to get a little out of control."

So, no doubt Todd was a tad concerned when the number of boaters congregating around the parking lot on that sunny morning in May approached a total of 20.

At the time I didn't think it would be any consolation to let him know that group size was irrelevant. After all, when a river's gradient tops 200 feet per mile, control is a very relative term...

To be honest, it wasn't Caron's fault that our group size swelled past Todd's desired maximum. I take full responsibility.

The rumor of a water release into a

streambed with a gradient exceeding 200 fpm gets around very quickly. Through the month of April I'd answer the phone to find another old paddling acquaintance asking:

"So, Chris—what's this Oswegatchie release all about?"

I'd explain that the Niagara Mohawk Power Company and the AWA were conducting another whitewater feasibility study—this time on a section of the Oswegatchie above the Adirondack hamlet of Fine, NY.

Then I'd tell them that like previous tests on the Racquette and Beaver Rivers, this study involved a section of river normally dewatered for power generation. Niagara Mohawk planned to release water back into the dry riverbed and requested that the AWA produce a cross-section of paddlers who could rate the quality of whitewater and suggest the best water levels for boating.

Hopefully, I'd conclude, if the test goes well and the rapids prove interesting as the gradient seemed to indi-

cate—perhaps NiMo will alert paddlers during periods of natural flow in the spring and boaters will regain another stretch of whitewater.

"Hey, that's great," they'd say after I'd finished explaining. "Is there room for me?"

It didn't matter what kind of dirty looks Caron flashed me. I'd hear myself saying into the receiver:

"Well, I guess it would be OK if you just showed up..."

Hey...sorry, Todd...but what else was I to do? If I'd offered any other reply, I wouldn't be able to find a shuttle in these parts for the next 10 years.

As it turned out, Todd accepted the additional paddlers with good humor. In fact, after coordinating several other feasibility studies, he was probably pleased half the whitewater boaters in New York hadn't shown up.

And to be fair—it was understandable that Todd was a tad concerned about conducting the survey safely. Todd had extensively scouted, mapped and photographed the 1.3 miles of the Browns Bridge section. And he knew the run contained five drops that, to the layman, looked horribly dangerous and totally unnavigable.

Of course, since Todd was also present at the Racquette and Beaver studies—rivers that featured similarly formidable drops—he probably also had a sneaky suspicion that someone in our group would be reckless enough to attempt them all. He just wanted to be sure we would be poised to pick up the pieces.

"By their nature, boaters tend to be independent," Todd said. "You've got to make sure that people cover for each other."

Now that only made good sense.

Aside from the obvious moral issue of looking out for a fellow boater—it probably wouldn't bode well for future use of the river if we drowned a couple of paddlers during the study. And if Todd's program resulted in a couple of deaths—it might even impact negatively on his job performance review.

"Don't worry, Todd," I said. "I'll make sure everybody is conscious of what everyone else is doing."

"Good! That means you'll be—what do you call it in the AWA Safety Code—the lead paddler."

Oh, no!

OSWEGATCHIE!!!!

Maybe 10 years ago I might have qualified as a "lead paddler" — but to be honest, even then the only leading I did tended to be in harm's way.

And now-a-days most of the leading I do is toward the bar at the end of the day.

And I felt particularly uncomfortable with the appellation of "lead paddler" as I surveyed the group of boaters milling around the parking area.

It was a diverse collection of **kayakers**, decked and open canoeists and a single rafter. Half of the group were my contemporaries — long-time regulars on runs like the Bottom Moose. Ten years ago paddlers like Al and Bob Baker, **Jim Deyle** and Ed **Kiesa** and myself might have been considered a little crazy — but age and responsibility had transformed us into older and wiser paddlers.

The trouble was, the other half of our group included a number of young bucks like Vermont brothers Chuck and Willie Kern, Cory Zeigler of nearby Watertown, Mike Duggan of Lake Placid and Rok Sribar, a transplant from Slovenia. Indi-

vidually — these youngsters represented the cutting edge of northern New York boating — pioneering new runs and lines on Adirondack rivers.

The only leadership I could offer them would be the counsel of caution. And frankly — I never pictured myself being the voice of reason for any group.

Anyway, after the usual amount of confusion in changing into paddling gear and packing boats for the shuttle to the put-in, Todd finally prodded us into motion.

Not surprisingly, the Kerns and Rok tore off in the lead. The rest of us older and wiser paddlers followed at a more leisurely pace. We knew the river would still be waiting when we got there.

We reached the dam after a short drive up a gravel access road. The river erupted from a gate at the base of the concrete structure and raced downhill as a slender torrent of white visible through the verdant foliage of the trees. We quickly unloaded the boats and trotted down to the river to scout the f i t rapid.

Even at the minimal flow of 250 cfs scheduled for the day's first release, the initial rapid appeared intimidating. Immediately after emerging from the dam, the Oswegatchie poured down a series of slides, descending 25 feet over a stretch of 100 yards. Once committed, there would be no turning back — for 100 yards the river was a solid sheet of foam churned by shallow water shooting over solid rock.

At several points in the rapid, the river narrowed to less than 15 feet — creating unavoidable hydraulics. Of course, the current was moving far too fast for any of the holes to hold a boater — but the prospect of flipping in the shallow torrent appeared distinctly uninviting.

We spent 20 minutes scrambling over the riverbank before the first boat touched water. Niagara Mohawk wanted to document the event on video...Todd was concerned about setting sufficient safety...and like most boaters we procrastinated in getting the show on the road. But once Chuck and Willie Kern blasted down the middle of the drop, blowing straight through the

SEDA

Serving the paddling sports since 1969

SHOGUN - *The ultimate whitewater play boat*
RIVER RUNNER - *Top recreational kayak*
RAPID - *Proven freestyle winner*
Still made using tough cross-linked polyethylene construction

Our SEDA Sea Kayak line consists of the famous Glider, Viking, Swift, Tango and Vagabond.

Our SEDA open and decked recreational canoes are highly regarded by customers throughout the nation and Canada.

Our SEDA accessories include Coast Guard approved lifevests, top design wet suits and a comprehensive line of whitewater and flatwater gear.

Call today for our 40 page bargain-packed catalog and dealer nearest you.

SEDA PRODUCTS, 926 Coolidge Ave., National City, CA 91950
Tel: 6191336 2444

CANOE AND KAYAK FLOTATION
SAFETY AND EMERGENCY EQUIPMENT
WHITewater OUTFITTING
WATERPROOF CAMERA BAGS
BOAT CARE AND REPAIR
DRY STORAGE BAGS
KAYAK SPRAY SKIRTS

EXTRASPORT PFD'S
BODY GLOVE
GERBER KNIVES
THULE RACKS
AND MORE

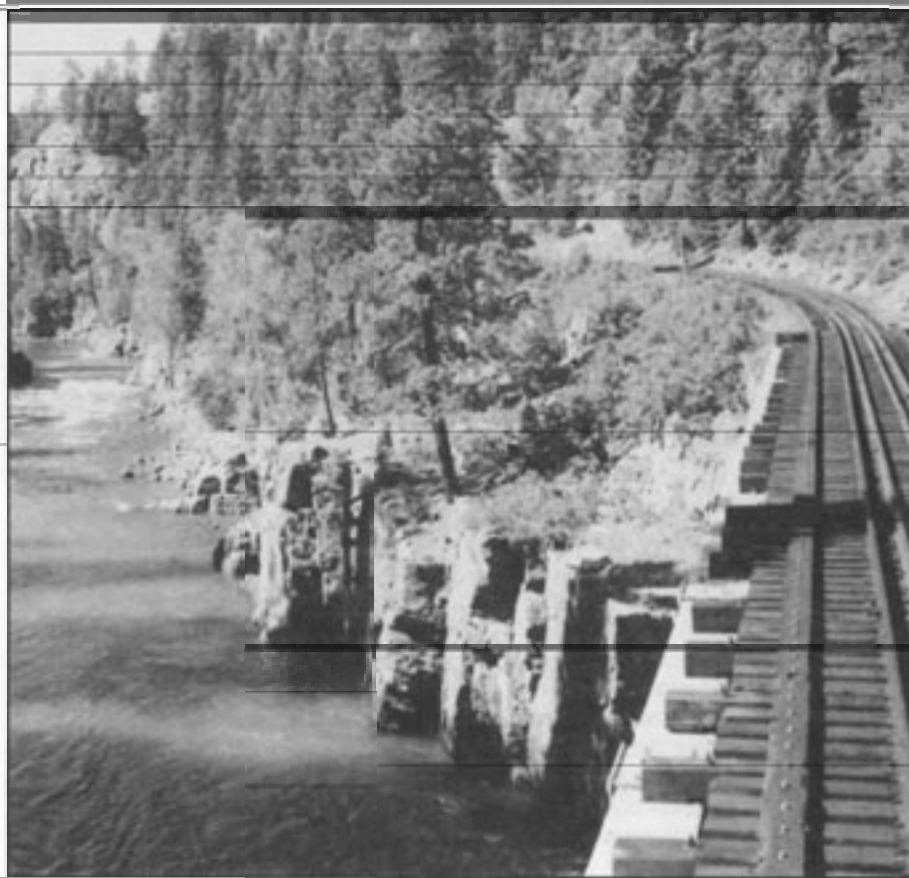
The
Innovator
In High
Performance
Canoe
and
Kayak Gear.

CALL FOR FREE COLOR CATALOG OF
OVER 400 PADDLESport PRODUCTS.

1-800-843-8985

VOYAGEUR

P.O. BOX 207AW
WAITSFIELD • VERMONT 05673



Above: Into the maw on the Oswegatchie River. Photo by Dave McDaid

Below: On the Oswegatchie River. Photo by Dave McDaid

center of the hydraulics to emerge safely at the bottom, the rest of us raced to jump into our boats.

One by one we navigated the slide with a hoot and a holler. Even Steve Massarro, a commercial guide from Dexter, New York, managed to maneuver his thirteen foot **raft** down the pitch without incident. But just as we were about to dismiss the opening drop as an exhilarating but simple introduction to the **run**, AWA director **Barry** Toscano from Bolivar, Pennsylvania flipped at one of the hydraulics and we watched as his body **was** dragged along the rocky channel for 20 feet before he was able to roll.

Barry emerged with a bloodied elbow—the first of several major cases of rock rash suffered during the day—and

we were left to ponder the sobering truth that when water falls at 200 feet per mile—the drops are seldom clean and deep.

Since the original channel of the Browns Bridge section is dry for most of the year and floods never scour the riverbanks, vegetation grew thick on both sides of the river. Below the first slide, we paddled down the fast-flowing water through a tunnel of cedar that enclosed the river.

The small and intimate river rolled over a few shallow ledges and we dawdled to play—bumping each other

off little waves and out of minor hydraulics.

But the respite was short lived. Two hundred yards ahead the river dropped away again. We jumped out of our boats to take a look.

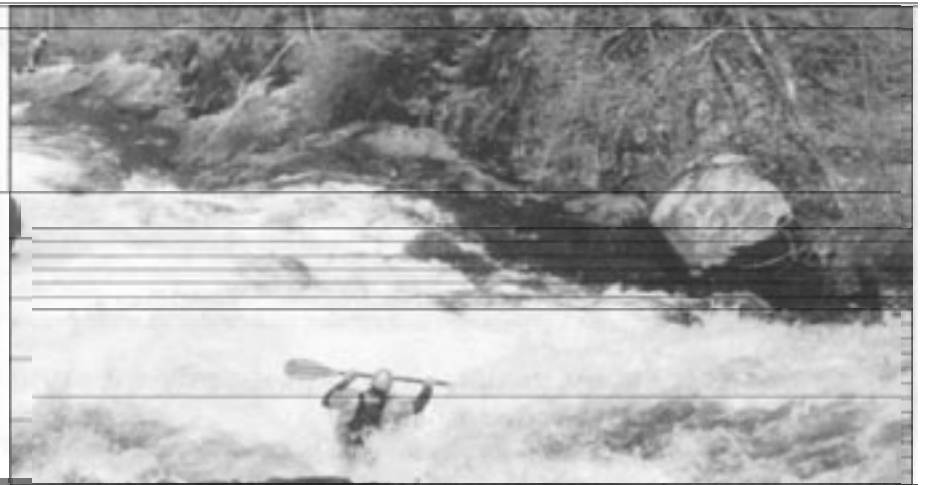
What we found was a series of drops—each posing a separate set of difficulties. The rapid commenced with a slide that appeared longer and steeper than the pitch we had just navigated. Although the slide featured shallow fast-moving water with a number of large reaction waves that threatened to **faceplant** an upset paddler into the rocky riverbed—the line looked straight forward: just a run down the middle. But at the tail end of the slide, the pitch increased dramatically, creating an abrupt drop and a subsequent hydraulic that looked particularly sticky on the left.

And to further complicate matters, following the hydraulic the river calmed for only a short pool of 30 feet before falling away again—this time in a broken cascade of 25 feet.

The cascade was divided into three channels by rocky islands. The two left channels offered barely navigable routes over wet boulders while the **right** option offered a clean **line**...if a paddler could place his boat in precisely the right place.

The drop began with a sharp five-foot slide landing on a ledge three feet wide. Half of the water boiled over the lip of the ledge flowing in a shallow sheet over a jagged escarpment of rock. **But**—if you managed to land on the ledge sideways, you could slide down a tongue of water that angled down the face of the precipice into a pool below.

We quickly ran the first two pitches and collected on the rocky islands to watch boaters attempt the final **techni-**



OSWEGATCHIE!!!!

cal drop. Chuck Kern and Rok effortlessly slid over the first pitch—boofed onto the ledge—and glided down the tongue. But it wasn't as pretty for most of the rest of us.

Al Baker scraped his knuckles raw bracing against the lip of the ledge before he fought to lean his boat back onto the tongue. Ed **Kiesa** jumped over the ledge altogether and scored the bottom of his new Pirouette as he slid over the lip and scraped down the escarpment. And although I managed to land squarely on the ledge and make the tongue—the nose of my T-Canyon somehow found a hidden rock at the base of the drop.

It's par for the course for paddlers—excited after running a big drop—to gather at the bottom and banter about key moves and near misses. But in the feasibility study, the process was exaggerated as Todd met us below to record our reactions on tape and video.

"So, what would you rate that rapid?" Todd asked after we had eddied out on the left.

The assembled boaters exchanged quick glances before somebody replied:

"Well... it was at least a class 4."

"A real hard class 4," I quickly added. But in reality, I was thinking... if that was a four on this river, I'd like to see a five or a six.

Just around the corner, I was about to get my wish.

I have to confess, even after scouting for 10 five minutes, I never saw a line that looked remotely possible.

We had eddied above the remains of an old stone mill. Beside its broken walls, the river spilled 25 feet over and around a maze of monstrous boulders.

Starting from the top, the drop began with a five foot slide into a car-sized rock that split the river into two **channels**. Most of the water went left, tumbling another 10 feet before slamming into a horrific hydraulic backed by boulder projecting from the shore. Half of the water escaping from the hole exited back to the right, where it fell an additional 10 feet over a steep slide. But the rest of the flow disappeared into a log choked sluice between the projection and the riverbank.

I could not tell where the sluice emptied. I immediately began plotting my portage and frankly—I figured even the young bucks would follow my example...

So much for my providing a semblance of reason. No sooner had I



Above: Barry Toscano testing the waters on the Oswegatchie River. Photo by Dave McDaid

reached the bottom when I looked back to see Chuck Kern in his boat approaching the initial drop.

Chuck slid over the first pitch and drove his boat between the midstream rock and the right edge of the hole. He disappeared as he crashed through the turbulence on the edge of the hydraulic, but after what seemed an eternity, he reappeared—still driving hard to the right. Once back in the center of the river, the rest of the rapid seemed anticlimactic.

Willie and Rok followed in quick succession. And then even **Ziggy** made the run. Each boater was swallowed in the foam pile as they clipped the edge of the

hole—but each emerged unscathed and more or less on line.

By the time the rest of us had portaged the drop, the Kerns and Rok were finishing their interview on tape with Todd. And to my relief, they all agreed that perhaps the rapid warranted a class 5 designation—maybe even a hard five.

What a relief! I'd hate to think I'd carried a class 4!

We ran another 10-foot slide,

bounced down a quarter mile of riffles, navigated a final five-foot drop and found ourselves at the tail race of the hydro plant. We'd only paddled a little over a mile—but it seemed as if we'd already experienced a full day of boating.

Of course, the day was officially only half done. After a quick lunch on the lawn in the shadow of the surge tank, we shuttled back up for our second run—at nearly double the water level.

It sounds ludicrous to describe a release of 450 cfs as "big water"—but with the additional flow the current gained an extra push... the waves exploded with greater force... and the holes churned with added violence.

The difference made by the additional water was dramatically demonstrated to me in the opening slide. I casually duplicated the line of my first descent only to be knocked over onto a brace by a particularly strong reaction wave.

I maintained the brace for 20 yards, dragging my wood paddle over the shallow shelf in an effort to save my nose from being ground to a nub.

And Ed **Kiesa** discovered just how much **grabby** the holes had become at the slide in the of the second rapid. After an extended surf, Ed flushed from his boat and swam to the rocky island, a few feet from the final 25 foot cascade.

But for the most part, our party found the higher water level much to its liking. Especially Rok Sribar.

With the exception of the Bottom Moose—Rok had found little New York whitewater to compare to the steep rivers of his native Slovenia or his spring haunts of Corsica. But Rok felt right at home on the Oswegatchie.

"It is very much like the rivers of Corsica," Rok explained to Todd at the bottom of a rapid. "If this river was in Europe—you would have boaters there every day!"

Of course, we only had one day to spend on the Oswegatchie. But Rok and many of the others made the most of it—carrying their boats back to the top of many of the drops for another try. And by the time we had completed the second descent, most of us were thoroughly exhausted.

Except the young bucks, of course. They wanted Todd to crank the gate open a little wider for a third run at a still higher flow.

It was definitely time to assert my leadership... I pointed out there was a ice chest of cold beer to be found in the back of Jim Deyle's van.

Cooler heads immediately prevailed. Sometimes it pays to be the voice of reason.



P.O. Box 5207
Steamboat Springs
Colorado 80407
(303) 879-4371

12th Annual National Paddling Film Festival

FEBRUARY 25, 1995

Lexington, Kentucky

All proceeds go to river
conservation

Wildwater
WILDWATER

P.O. Box 4231
Lexington, KY 40544
(606) 233-4012

Photo: Michele Witrlick/American
Adventure Productions—Winner 1994
Film Festival Slide Competition

TELLICO GAUGE NOW ON TVA 800 NUMBER

by Joe Greiner

When you call 1-800-238-2264, you will now hear 23 stream flows in cubic feet per second. The two added gauges are the Little River at **Townsend** and the Tellico at **Tellico Plains**. Here is a conversion chart for the Tellico taken from USGS conversion tables dated 7/23/86. With all the floods in past years, the stream bed at the gauge may or may not have changed, so use these as approximate.

66 cfs =1.00 feet	526 cfs =2.50 feet
174 cfs =1.50 feet	645 cfs =2.75 feet
My opinion for a get-down-it minimum.	770 cfs =3.00 feet
250 cfs =1.75 feet	1000 cfs=3.50 feet
My opinion for a fun minimum.	1250 cfs=4.00 feet
330 cfs =2.00 feet	1520 cfs=4.50 feet
425 cfs =2.25 feet	1800 cfs=5.00 feet

Dagger Purchases Valley Mill Boats

Valley Mill Boats of Germantown, Maryland has been purchased by the Dagger Canoe Company of **Harriman**, Tennessee, according to Joe Pulliam, Dagger President. Valley Mill, which manufactures 21 models of whitewater racing boats, will move to a new facility near Harriman.

Andy Bridge, founder of Valley Mill, is relocating to Tennessee to manage composites operations for Dagger. Bridge is a nine time and current National Champion in **C-1** Wildwater and won the World Cup in 1992. He recently organized and led the **Trans Baffii** Whitewater Challenge, an Arctic expedition featured in an article in this issue. Boats produced at Valley Mil have been used widely by members of the U.S. Racing Team.

A new slalom kayak being developed in conjunction with champion Scott **Shipley** will be one of the first new models produced by marriage of the two companies.

First Cheat River Festival Slated for May 6-7

The **first** ever Cheat River Festival has been tentatively slated for May 6-7 in **Albright**, West Virginia. The Cheat Festival, which is being cosponsored by the Friends of the Cheat and the West Virginia Rivers Coalition, will feature competitive events, a silent auction, food and beverages, music and a mega-party.

Educational, environmental and commercial exhibits will also be included. The sponsors plan to use the Festival to raise boaters' awareness of current environmental threats to the Cheat River basin, one of the nation's foremost whitewater playgrounds.

Proceeds from the Festival will be used to promote river conservation in West Virginia.

Volunteers are need to help with the planning and execution of the event.

Contacts are :

Dave Bassage,
Friends of the Cheat
(304) 379-3141
Roger Harrison,
WVRC
(304) 472-0025.

Bob Buck... One of a Kind!!

Popular Pennsylvania Canoeist, Age 79, Dies on Canoe Trip

by Katherine Lynch

The Pittsburgh Paddling community has lost a legend. Bob Buck passed away on October 8, 1994. Active till the very end, he died on a canoe trip to the Pine Barrens in New Jersey. Saturday morning his fellow canoeists found him in his tent, peacefully dreaming in a permanent sleep. **This** December Bob would have celebrated his eightieth birthday.

The canoe that his friends had given him for one of his birthdays "made" the funeral. In classic Bob Buck style, he

went to heaven in shorts and a T-shirt that said, "I'D RATHER BE CANOEING".

Work with the Civilian Conservation Corps., Lieutenant Colonel in the Army, thirty years with General Electric and raising four daughters with his wife Adele were only some of Bob's accomplishments. After retirement he became a superb wood carver, volunteer for the **Penn Hill Service Association**, and still found time to help with many other volunteer projects.

As an experienced canoeist, he regularly helped the Three Rivers Paddling Club, the Pittsburgh Chapter of the American Youth Hostels and the Sylvan Canoe Club with their events.

Those who paddled with Bob Buck were impressed by his vitality, wisdom and willingness to help. Independent and

steadfast. Dependable and loving. Quiet and wise. There are not enough words to describe this good, sincere man.

On canoe camping trips he always had hot water for your coffee in the morning. Then Bob was the first to be packed up and ready to hit the water. Although he did not start to canoe until he was ready to retire, he was a competent and confident canoeist... and exceptionally safety conscious.

Many trip leaders invited Bob along for safety support. He **always** had a cautious eye for paddlers in need. Inevitably, it was Bob's throwrope that came to those in trouble. No doubt dozens of novice boaters were pulled from the drink by Bob Buck over the years.

The "Last Buck" will be missed by many on the rivers, but the paddler of his canoe will never be forgotten.

First Cherry Creek Down River Race "For the Captain"

By Beth Rypins

Seventeen competitors paddled the Cherry Creek section of the Tuolumne during the First Annual Cherry Creek Down River Race on August 31. The Event had been dubbed "The Race for the Captain" in memory of kayaker, climber and raft guide Kirk Hufnagel, who died in early August. Hufnagel was fondly known as Captain Kirk in paddling circles.

The race began at the Cherry Creek/Tuolumne confluence and continued through six miles of class IV and V whitewater. For some the object was to finish with the fastest time possible. For others, finding their way safely down the river with little regard for the clock was the foremost consideration.

Each racer completed their sprint in the middle of the second biggest rapid in the race. At Louis's Leap each racer had to drive his or her craft off a steep and narrow ledge.

Flashback Photography awarded the top three paddlers big, bigger and biggest photos of their respective plunges over The Leap. Safety boaters had been positioned amongst the more difficult rapids on the river.

Plenty of beer, provided by the Rubicon Brewery, contributed to the success of the post race party, where much of the conversation centered around plans for next year's event, again to be slated for August.

Results

Mark Kocina	38:40
Mile Fentress	39:14
Peter Spiers	39:46
Scott Lindgren	39:54
Phil Boyer	40:25
Gynner Coronel	41:12
Jared Noceti	41:20
Saskia Johnson	42:00

Mark Hayden	42:42
Jason Bates	43:25
Steve Long	46:31
Dave Ritchie	48:07
Dom Goold	48:50
Toxic Andy Lee	59:53
Johnny Banker	60:16
Bill Gentry	1:14:20
Manny Pedroza	1:16:20

1-800 Number for Alabama Rivers

Alabama Power Company has included stream flows on the Coosa, Tallapoosa, and Warrior River systems on their 1 800 LAKES11 number for the general public. These flows may satisfy the lack of information for paddlers outside the TVA number coverage.

WHERE THERE'S THUNDER...

THERE'S
LIGHTNING

Let's Lightning running Shippah's Falls, Wind River, WA. Don't show photos.

Full line of whitewater and touring paddles

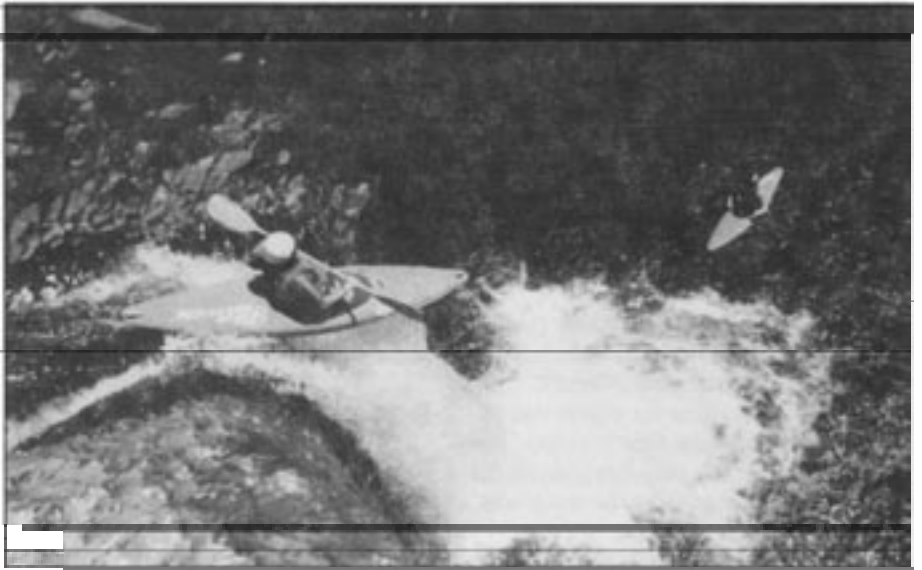
Lightweight
High performance
Custom Paddles

LIGHTNING PADDLES INC.
22800 So. Unger Rd.
Colton, OR 97017
503.824.2838

Dealers Inquiries
Welcome!

1994 LAS SIETE TAZAS RACE

by
Tim Brown
January 18, 1994



The afternoon Chilean sun sat high in the sky and promised another eight hours of light. Mid-way through a month long tour of Chilean rivers, our group of twelve had just finished our second run of the infamous "Las Siete Tazas", (or as the Gringos say, The Seven Teacups).

"Las Siete Tazas" is a dark, narrow volcanic gorge sliced through the centuries by the crystal clear waters of the Rio Claro, forming a series of 7 steep, waterfalls that drop into deep cool pools.

A kayakers Nirvana-waterfalls up to 32 feet-relatively safe. No fast currents; no rapids in between. Just paddle up to the edge, lean back, and wave to your friends as you plummet to the pool below.

On our second time we were ready for a little more of a challenge. So we threw our paddles skyward while going over the drops, went two at a time, dropped over backwards, then backwards without a paddle. Finally we left the paddles and boats behind and swam the damn thing! At lunch we discussed what new challenge could keep us from succumbing to a long nap in the shade, or pounding down *cervezas* at the local cantina.

A race! What a fine idea!

After all, we've never done the 1/4 mile long run in less than three hours.

(This includes a jungle bashing-rapeliig put-in; taking innumerable pictures; one or two unplanned swims; cleaning up yard sales; and a technical cliff traverse at the take out.)

But the thought of running 90 feet of waterfalls, alone, in a guesstimated two plus or minus minutes, suddenly made us all a bit nervous.

Seven of us decided to try it: Don Beveridge-who thinks that kayaking and hockey are the same thing, Paul Byers-the man who amazes himself, Zach Drennan-group interpreter and pisco abuser, Brennan Gutha- a NOLS instructor who thinks low impact is sleeping in, Carl Nadelhoffer-Alaskan bear wrestler and Mid-Western corn husker, Larry Vermeeren-the man, the myth, the carpenter, and myself-(no comment).

We posted two safety-timers at the top of the first falls and at the bottom of the last, roped back down to the put-in, synched a couple of Casios, and discussed the complex game plan.

Start at 2 minute intervals, fastest time wins. 3-2-1-Go!

Larry was first, while the rest of us waited our turn in the small pool above the first drop a narrow 20 ft. waterfall that pours down into a small pool, enclosed in high rock walls.

This is the only technical drop in the gorge. It requires paddling for speed above, then bringing your paddle parallel

Above: Charging Las Siete Tazas in Chile. Photo by Tim Brown

to your boat in order to avoid scraping the narrow walls on either side.

As you begin to fall, you must move your boat to the left side of the falls, to avoid smacking into the river right side of the cliff. After churning in the hydraulics below, you can pick up your face down stream.

None of us could see Larry's landing, but we heard a loud THUMP!

Keith, our safety-timer stared below with big eyes, ran for his throw bag, then reported, "He's O.K.!" as Larry paddled off.

My turn was next. I sat there, nervous about the first drop, but also encouraged by the six seconds Larry had of lost—while trying to get out of the hydraulic.

30 seconds...10 seconds...3-2-1-GO!

So there I was, paddling as hard as I could, ready to blast off into waterfall land, hoping for a good landing and a fast run, in a race dreamed up less than an hour before.

"I could be napping, better yet drinking, beer! There aren't even any prizes! I don't even have a bib!"

THUWACK! I landed on line and shot out into the pool- well beyond the nasty hydraulic. With a sigh of relief I paddled on to the other drops.

PLUNK!-the next 8 footer was clean and easy, followed by a shallow run through a narrow slot. Then on to a 6 ft. drop leading to another 20 footer.

WHOMP!-no problems, didn't even have to roll.

Now paddle hard across the last pool, leading to the final 32 ft. waterfall.

I could imagine the crowds cheering. Red, white and blue flags waving in their hands, a hundred cameras aimed at me!

FUWHOMP! Damn! I didn't lean back enough, and landed on my head, adding more pain to the slight concussion I had sustained earlier that morning.

When I rolled I was facing the waterfall and quickly turned around. But there was no crowd, no cheering, no flags or cameras. Just George, our other timer, at the end of the pool, waving me on to the finish line.

Within the next ten minutes the other paddlers each finished the race,

climaxing with Carl, who followed my example and landed on his head, too.

After exchanging stories we tallied up the times:

1st	Don Beveridge	1:41
2	Tim Brown	1:48
3	Brennan Guth	1:50
4	Carl Nadelhoffer	1:52
5	Paul Byers	1:53
6	Zach Drennan	1:54
7	Larry Vermeeren	2:09

We each agreed that we might have paddled a little faster, but paddling through the Tazas alone seemed a little eerie.

We spent the rest of that day complaining of neck and back pains, but we were glad that we had established a new racing tradition. Our scores would serve as goals the next time around.

Beer, Motrin and naps soon took the edge off our discomforts, and we eventually got around to loating our boats for the next day's departure to the Bio.

ATTENTION: FEDERAL EMPLOYEES AWA is CFC #0839

Contributions to AWA through the Combined Federal Campaign are dedicated totally to AWA's aggressive whitewater conservation activities. (Please do not use the CFC to renew your AWA membership.)

THANKS for your support



RIOS HONDURAS

10281 Hwy. 50. Howard. CO 81233
800 255-5784

looking for a new place to paddle? Join us in Honduras and experience tropical paddling. We offer a variety of 1-9 day or custom/guide service kayak, canoe and raft trips. Some of our excursions through lush rain forests and exhilarating whitewater are led by renowned canoeist Bob Foote and top notch kayakers Mary Hayes and Phil DeRiemer. Highly experienced expert guides lead other kayak and raft trips.

Call for more information and detailed itineraries.

NEW ENGLAND

NUGGETS, ONE CAR WONDERS

By Nathan Lewis

What is your idea of the
perfect whitewater run?
Spending day after day of
boat scouting Class IV and V
water in a remote gorge in a
foreign country? Fantastic
scenery, incredible play
spots, camping out under
clear skies...?



Above: Mark Berry and Pete Cacioppi consider a run of the dam on Downtown. Photo by Nate Lewis

While this may be your fantasy, for all but a few paddle freaks living out of their vans, it probably isn't your reality. So here's a different ideal: good whitewater close to home, where you can get wet after work, or wake up late on a Sunday morning, read the funnies, mow the lawn, and still paddle Class V by nightfall.

Yes, some folks are lucky enough to live in Friendsville! I don't, but after a little research and exploration, I found some pretty decent whitewater practi-

cally in my backyard. If you look, you might too.

I located four mini-runs, all within twenty minutes of the I-89/I-91 junction on the border of New Hampshire and Vermont, where I could spend blissful hours popping enders & boating ledges. At all four you can "run" your shuttle with your boat on your shoulder. Maximum fun... With minimal hassle!

Try these if you're passing through the area, or see if there's something like them in your own backyard!

QUECHEE GORGE, OTTAQUECHEE RIVER, QUECHEE, VERMONT

"A calculated risk adventure for experts" — Appalachian *Whitewater Volume III*

Quechee Gorge, the stunningly deep but fairly short canyon formed by the Ottaquechee river in Quechee, Vermont, has been a small tourist attraction for about a century. Originally a major impediment to east-west traffic, it is now the site of Route 4's sturdy concrete span. For some time as we passed through on our way to Killington or the Hudson River Gorge, we would pull over and ignore the frozen yogurt and T-shirt vendors and peer over the railing at the whitewater far below.

From that dizzying perspective, the river was indecipherable. What was it like? How do you get down there?

The Quechee Gorge run starts at Dewey's Mills dam, about a quarter mile upstream of the bridge, and finishes at a picnic area about a quarter mile downstream. It's beautiful class III at the medium-low levels, except for one congested Class V just downstream of the bridge.

You'll find some classic creek whitewater and nifty little play holes, but running the Gorge is as much about finding oneself within a beautiful spot, the gray walls sailing hundreds of feet up to meet the forest's edge, and the bridge leaping from rim to rim. If it's sunny you can expect a few surprised New Yorkers videoing you from far above.

The difficult spot, regrettably named "Washermachine", drops 6 feet through a four foot wide slot. It's an easy portage or scout on the right. It also defines the lower limit of navigability—a nasty rock appears in the middle of this slot when water levels drop. It's been run with the rock visible, but anxious pins have resulted. At higher levels some greedy holes appear against an alcove in the left wall just below the slot — so use your best judgment.

This slot is also a favorite place for wood to lodge, so check it out beforehand. Back in the '70's, when the Gorge was getting its first regular descents, a

local veteran of many descents decided he was in too much of a hurry to scout for strainers. The first plastic Hollowforms had arrived in town, and our eager paddler rushed straight to the put in to test the newfangled wonder. After bouncing through the

upper stretch he confidently powered into the slot. Unfortunately, a good size log had wedged there; miraculously, the paddler swam free as his boat pinned, folded, and ripped in two.

DETAILS: Dewey's Mills dam is a flow-through dam, so the water in the Gorge approximates natural flow. Quechee Gorge is a high-to medium-water run, **runnable** in the spring and after rains. If the portage ledge at Washermachine is underwater, you may want to think twice about making the run. The put in is accessed by driving north from the Rt. 4 bridge along a short road. Picnic benches on the left, where the river makes a small left turn, signal the take out.

THE LEDGES, BLOOD BROOK, WEST LEBANON, NEW HAMPSHIRE

This run of less than a quarter mile drops 80 feet over four ledges. Although short, to scout, ponder and run all the ledges might take a few hours. Like Quechee Gorge, the Ledges sports a nice bridge to scan the action.

The first ledge is a trashy five foot move. Rarely done, the main trick is to preserve the well-being of one's boat and body, avoiding the piton rocks at the base. A boof left may be the best bet.

The second ledge has received the most attention. It's a straightforward 11 foot drop into a small pool. Rock outcrops confine your course to a straight-ahead run and the rounded lip makes boofing difficult. There's not much to do except ride the plume and get buried at the base.

YOUR REASON DEMAND

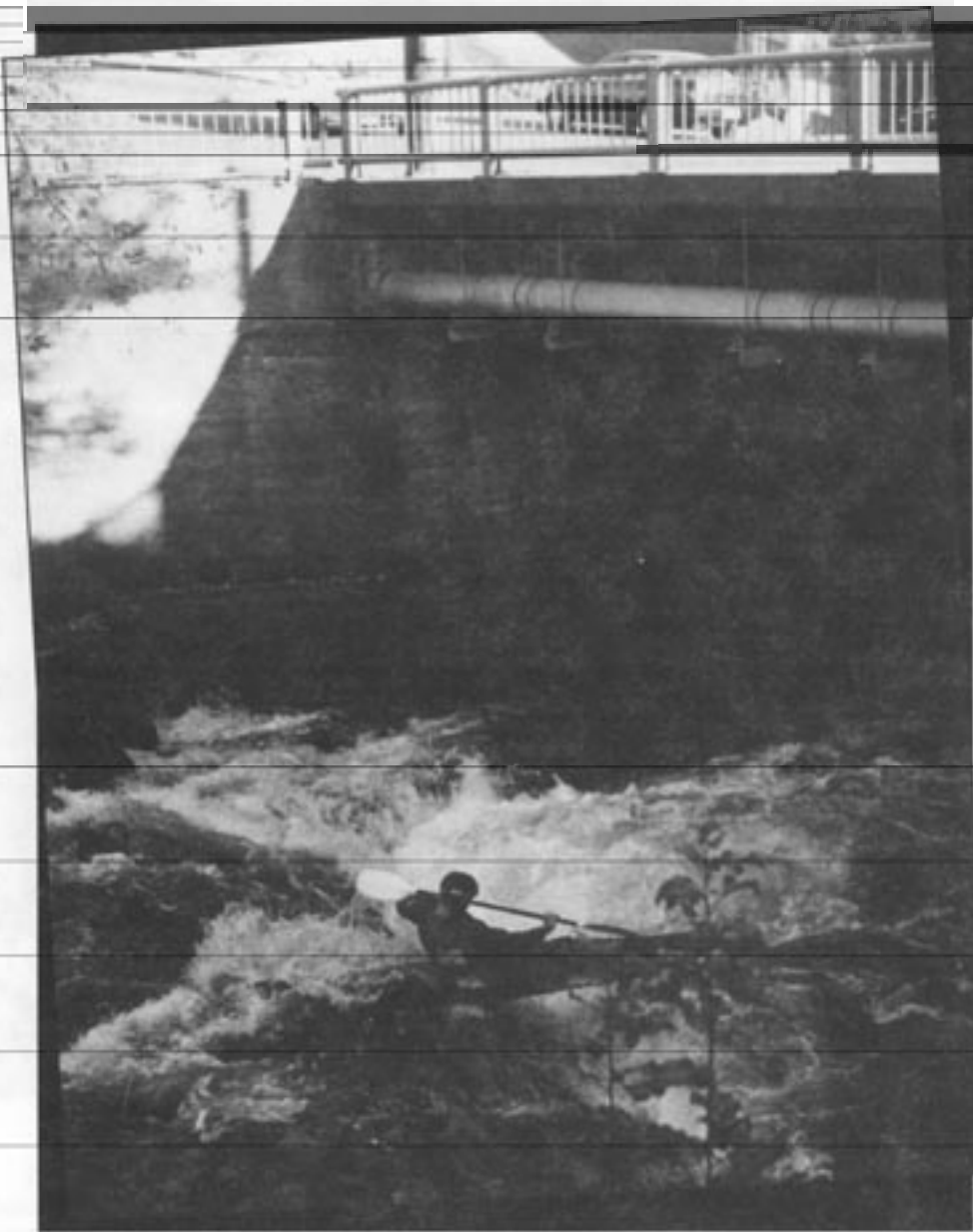
THE WORLD'S #1 SPRAYSKIRT



FROM THE PUT-IN
TO THE TAKE-OUT, IT

DEMAND A Seal's "SHOCKER"

FOR YOUR LOCAL DEALER CONTACT: Seal's 619-376-2794



Mark Berry sneaks past Leroy's Hole on the Downtown Run. Photo by Nate Lewis

the afternoons, schoolkids would congregate on the bridges to cheer them on.

The run is too intricate to describe in detail, twisting by sharp rock, over ledges, through holes, and between boulders. Don't worry, though. With no fewer than three bridges over its 1/3 mile length, scouting the **Mascoma** is a piece of cake.

Here's a few pointers for first-time "Downtown" trips. The first ledge is most easily run left, through a chute. The right side is another option, **boofing** off a four-foot ledge. Look out for the "hole in the wall" at the base of the plunge though, especially at lower flows.

For a couple of weeks in the fall of 1992, a doll's head was caught in endless recirculation here, washing in and out of the base of the wall. It lent a macabre tinge to the rapid. Another option is to boof off a small flange directly behind a prominent mid-stream boulder, combining maximum air with little risk.

The next major obstacle is "Leroy's Hole", so named because, like Bad Leroy Brown, it's not really as bad as it looks. It's punchable at lower levels, but as the water rises it threatens backenders, not a good option given the whitewater immediately following.

The biggest drop of all, an old broken dam about 8 feet high, is not far away. The standard route (known as the "Chute-orium") mandates an end run around the left side of the dam over a nifty ledge, which offers a great sideways boof. Spring floods rearrange logs here every year.

"Downtown" ends with another hundred meters of congested creeking. We usually finish on the left side, "Dogleg **Left**", although the right side, the "Salad Fork", is another option. Whew! Don't forget to look upstream and appreciate the steepness of the second half before you take out left.

DETAILS: "Downtown" runs all spring, but it truly comes into its own during the fall. Drawdowns of **Mascoma** Lake provide an enjoyable low to medium level from October to December. In the fall it's the most reliable Class V boating around. The put in is near the Shoetorium in Lebanon.



Rescue of an Aging Boater

by Bruce Farrenkopf

Like most Baby Boomers I used to be convinced that we... the young... innately knew how to solve the world's problems, thanks to our fresh, **unjaded** perspective. I considered anyone over thirty to be out of ideas and what's more, physically on a steep down-hill slide.

But now that I'm over thirty (well over) I recognize those old ideas of mine to be both inconvenient and bogus. Still those goofy preconceptions occasionally contaminate my thoughts and at times I can't help but see myself on that steep downward course into decrepitude. I had been wondering how long I could keep improving as a boater.

How long could my aging body continue to escape serious injury? When would my cumulative injuries force me to moderate my activities? Would I someday be forced to quit boating - a painful, almost inconceivable thought?

I don't mean to be morose, but like a lot of guys my age these matters had been weighing on my mind - maybe a little more than necessary..

George Flinn on the Cheat...getting older and BETTER! Phot by Bruce Farrenkopf

Then something happened that went a long way toward changing my perspective on the subject of age. I was introduced to George Flinn in the early Spring of 1993, and with Dave Leland and Curt Gellerman, spent several days running rivers in West Virginia in his company. George was an "old guy" of 65 years with a sizable paunch and had an open boat. I was initially a little concerned at the onset of our trip, but Dave assured me that George was a competent "Oboer" who had always been able to take care of himself and would be an asset on the trip.

Besides, Dave told me it was fun to watch George pack food away at the local eateries. I took another look at George. He was a strong, robust-looking gentleman and his paunch was.... well, not TOO huge. In fact, George looked like he was capable of bending me into a

pretzel - so I tactfully decided that questioning his ability might be unwise.

I learned that George had been boating for a loooong time, and somehow had been able to retire at 45 (my age!). Now he was thoroughly committed to recreational activities, mountain biking as **well** as canoeing. I was beginning to develop a healthy dose of respect for "old" George.

We couldn't pull off our planned first day's run on the North Branch of the Potomac because of low water. A quick change of plans was in order. We were standing around trying to answer the difficult question "NOW where do we go?"

George pulled out his boating notebook and I stood on my toes and peered over his shoulder. It was well organized, easily referenced, full of gauge readings and comments on great and small rivers all over the East Coast. The data appearing to extend back to the dawn of boating.

Wow! This was the kind of thing that impresses anal-retentive types like me. Perhaps a badly needed statement in

support of us anal-retentives could be made at this point. I realize this is somewhat out of context and sounds a mite defensive, but let me get this off my chest. Anal-retentive is really an inappropriate expression to describe our admirable qualities (too extensive a list to produce here). The term anal-retentive was probably coined by some envious slob. Let's put it this way....the opposite of anal-retentive could be termed ANAL EXPLOSIVE which succinctly describes which of the two alternatives is preferred. Getting back on track, George made some phone calls and got us headed in the right direction. Yep, Mr. Flinn would be an asset.

Fortunately, it started to rain that evening, providing the opportunity to run the Middle Fork into Tygart/Tygart Gorge the next day. The Audra gauge was 3.6 and rising fast. The weather was miserable, air temp in the low 50's with steady rain. But that's the price you often have to pay to paddle special creeks like the Middle Fork. We got down the Middle Fork in reasonably good shape.

George swam twice but easily self-

rescued; he was quite good at this - as any oboer without a roll should be. However, by the time we got down to the confluence with the Tygart, George was beginning to have doubts about a new boat he was trying out.

The Tygart was chocolate brown but we weren't sure whether it was running high, or just a good medium level.

Muddy usually means high water, but it didn't look exceptionally pushy at the confluence. The actual "state of the Tygart" became very clear to us when we hit S-turn. It was humongous!

It looked bigger than Pillow Rock on the Gauley and was more complex. I ran it right (wrong!) of center and rolled three times before flushing out of the hole at the bottom. I was an out-of-control from start to finish and I felt like I swam it more than boated it. I saw God in S-Turn. My little Viper C-1 had been fine on the Middle Fork, but on the raging Tygart, it didn't want to stay on the surface.

George soon was deposited at the bottom of S-turn, out of his boat and on the opposite side of the river from his

canoe; it was apparent he had taken a big pounding. We helped collect the pieces. Then, with great presence of mind, George got back in his boat, thanked us for our help, growled about his performance and paddled on. This basic scenario, with a few variations, was repeated over and over again as we struggled down river.

What really amazed me was George's mental and physical robustness. After six or seven swims most boaters four decades younger would be looking for a dry route home- a road, railroad track, deer path - anything. But swim after horrible swim, George emerged in salvageable shape and calmly reconnoitered (most of the time he self rescued). He'd shake his head in disgust, climb back into his boat and keep going.

He was tremendously resilient and had phenomenal endurance. And this guy had twenty years on me! I was inspired. At the Buckhannon takeout George easily shouldered his saturated open canoe and carried it up the tracks for more than a mile, dodging a train in the process.

CLINCH RIVER PADDLE CO.
 CUSTOM PADDLES AND REPAIRS

HIGH PERFORMANCE DURABLE
 2450 JONES RD.
 LENOIR CITY, TN. 37741
 (615) 986-9387
 CALL OR WRITE FOR FREE BROCHURE

Mountain SURF

Quality Innovation Service

(301) 746-5389
 second skin Pile® tights, vests, and one-piece suits

"Upper Yough" Riverside Shop
 P.O. BOX 70
 276 Maple Street
 Friendsville, MD 21531
 call for Free Catalog

Stay DRY Stay WARM

Sasquatch Skins® Manufactured in the **Monsoon Pants®**

United States by Mountain Surf, Inc.

Help on the Way for Elderly Boaters

—Pope Barrow

George wants to forget our Tygart experience and the personal boating records he set there: 1) most swims in a day (eight), 2) **first** time his boat ended up on the opposite side of the river as he, 3) first time he lost his paddle. I managed to accomplish those feats at a substantially earlier age, by the way.

During a phone conversation in September of 1994 George observed wryly that we shouldn't have been on the Tygart at all that day (the river had crested over 8 ft. on the Belington gauge). George also told me that he had gotten rid of his new boat after the trip. He went on to tell me that he was planning on paddling Hudson Gorge the coming Saturday, followed on Sunday by mountain **biking** up Mt. **Washington** (3500 vertical feet to a 6300 foot **summit**).

Later in the month he would start a cycling trip from Portland, Maine to Orlando, Florida

George Flinn just keeps on going and going and going and.....! He's powered by a colossal appetite, but I expect there are two oversize Energizer batteries buried somewhere in his torso. Somehow George has been able to maintain better control of **TIME** than most of us; he has managed to keep himself strong and healthy, allowing him to continue to pursue intense recreational activities. Is this luck or careful planning? Probably both.

George is an inspiration to middle-aged boaters like myself, proving that with a little luck and a lot of exercise we should be able to continue cruising, at least for a couple more decades. Of course having the constitution of an ox, like George, will be a lot of help.

Sure his boating performance on the Tygart that day was... well, standard... he readily admits that. But it was impressive none the less. What I'm talking about is the ability to "take a **licking** and keep on ticking". To keep **yourself** physically and mentally together when Mother Nature is roughing you up - that's may be the toughest test.

Watching an older boater flawlessly negotiate a difficult river is impressive, even under favorable conditions, but watching George that day, persevering in the face of adversity, really "**kicked** me in the pants".

George, I want to be just like you when I grow up!

Imagine this. You are perched on the lip of Gorilla in the Green River Gorge. The next move could be your last. Or, it could be a blast!

What do you need to make this work out?

Apart from top notch boating skills, steep creek experience, and a reasonable level of physical fitness, you need **TESTOSTERONE!**

In the old days, the lack of testosterone could be a problem. Without the "T" hormone, you were pretty well screwed. Even with the skills and experience needed to run hard whitewater, in the absence of a powerful jolt of testosterone, most boaters found themselves scrambling up the canyon walls, **taking** the portage from Hell, as an alternative to boating something as terrorizing as Gorilla..

Now medical science is well on its way to solving this problem (at least for male boaters). If you have a testosterone **deficiency** (and anything less than 175% of normal levels would be **considered** a "deficiency" for whitewater boaters), help is available.

This is very good news, especially important for the geezer squad. Studies have shown that as men age, their testosterone levels drop, sometimes dramatically. This can wreck your boating career. Without a full tank of testosterone, you could be terrified of class **III** whitewater by the age of 45!

There are other effects of low testosterone as well. Grip strength deteriorates. Without enough testosterone, you could drop your paddle at a critical moment! Find yourself at the top of Atom Bomb Falls with no paddle and no testosterone!

It's hard to tell which would be worse. You might be able to paddle class **V** without a paddle, but you could damn sure never do it without testosterone.

Another problem is bone density. According to studies at Johns **Hopkins** University in Baltimore, bone fracture risk can double every 5 years after age

50. One study showed that men with low testosterone levels had a much higher risk of fractures than men with normal levels. (Those with extra testosterone were presumably men of steel.) If your bones are going to be breaking with **every** rock you touch, your steep **creeking** days are over.

Testosterone is also critical for your brain. Jason Brandt, **Ph.D.**, associate professor of Psychiatry at Johns **Hopkins** School of Medicine, reported that cognitive ability changes with **fluctuations** in testosterone levels. Men with low testosterone levels lose "visiospatial" ability. In other words, they cannot even read a map or even **remember** where they are. **This** could be a real handicap when trying to find the road to the whitewater section of the **Futaleaflu** in Chile!

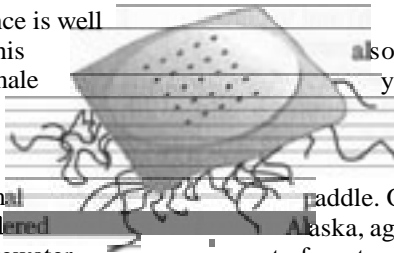
Testosterone levels also affect your memory. If you lose your memory, you will probably show up at the river with no spray skirt and no paddle. One elderly paddler from Alaska, aged 54, has been known to forget a critical piece of **equipment** on every trip he has taken in the past 5 years! Things have gotten so bad that his friends bring duplicate equipment for him on every trip.

The third thing testosterone does is give you an extra sexual edge. Without sex afterwards, it's hardly worthwhile going boating in the **f i t** place. To keep the old sex drive in gear, you definitely need testosterone. Lots of it.

Finally, muscle mass and strength. You need muscle mass and strength to paddle whitewater. You need some just to lift your boat off the car. Unfortunately muscle mass and strength decrease with age and lower testosterone levels.

These problems can now all be licked. Whatever your age, you can build up your testosterone to the point where you make a randy teenage board **skier** look like a weeny!

Here's how to do it. Get your doctor to prescribe an FDA approved



*Help on the Wag for Elderly Boaters
continued*

"transdermal patch" to glue on your scrotum. This will continuously pump testosterone into your blood stream. (I am not **making** this up! This treatment was described in a recent issue of "Prevention" magazine.)

Of course, like anything else, there is a downside. Sure you can run Great Falls at 4.0' with your little testosterone patch attached to your private parts. (Be sure to get the waterproof **kind**, by the way.) But be forewarned that **taking** artificial testosterone can produce a lifetime dependency.

According to Kenneth Goldberg, M.D., founder of the Male Health Center in Dallas, testosterone supplements can reduce your ability to manufacture the stuff on your own.

Testosterone supplements can also cause you to have a stroke (by increasing red blood cells too much) and to get prostate cancer (by **making** prostate cells grow faster). But, what the hell, if you can prolong your big-time boating career a few years, maybe it's a small price to pay!

Editor's note: The opinions expressed in this article are those of the author and not those of the AWA. Like many other substances which may lead to uncontrollable behavior, testosterone patches are federally controlled substances. The AWA does not advocate the abuse of controlled substances, even if they might give our members the courage they need to run really, really big rapids!

KAYAK CHILE

The best international class IV-V kayak trip on the Bio Bio, Fuy, Gol Gol, Manso and Futaleufu.

RAFT CHILE: Combination whitewater and scenic tour of Chile. Climb the Villarica Volcano. **OCEAN KAYAK** in northern Patagonia.

NORTH OF 60: Raft/canoe the famous Tatshenshini/Alsek or Nahanni Rivers. **SPORT INTERNATIONAL**

1602 Alder Street, Whitehorse, Yukon Canada Y1A 3W8, Phone 1-800-779-1784 Fax 403-633-6184.

The Amu
Darya
Incident

by Jonathan Katz

[Author's note:

In the summer of 1994 Dr.

Theodore "Bam Bam"

McBride shut down the

McBride-Omaha chemical

factory on the banks of the

Deerfield and took a group of

his closest associates on a

RaftFriends paddling vacation

to Russia, to run Asian

whitewater with the legendary

Soviet boater Dimitri

Vasilevitch Ubenko. What

follows is the story of that

trip, pieced together from the

shattered memories of the

survivors.]

Part I of III

The Shuttle and
The Bunny

Dry ground never smelled so good. McBride was delighted to climb out of the deafening, fume-choked belly of the prop driven **Ilyushin** transport he'd flown in for the last five hours. The sky was overcast, the buildings next to the airstrip gray and dilapidated. The airplane never shut off its engines. The pilot dropped off **McBride's** party, four scruffy men, four elegant women. Then the **aircrew** tossed out their gear and their boats. Their paddling equipment made a bright pile of plastic against the dinge. The plane roared down the bumpy runway into the air. McBride, Omaha and company were alone on the steppes of what used to be Soviet Central Asia.

Omaha slouched toward the hangar. A bearded man in crusted brown overalls approached him, looming bigger as the gap closed, a thick bodied, bear shaped man. Standing in front of Omaha he was enormous, his beard long, curly and greasy, his eyes a **flint** blue. "My name is **Vasily** Alexeivitch Ubenko," he said, "I am your guide."

"Call me Omaha," said Ken, **sticking** out his hand. "I think I'll call you **Vaz.**"

Ubenko looked at their kayaks and shook his head. "Too small," he said. "You'll want rafts where we're going."

The Amu Darya Incident part 1

The Amu Darya swallows kayaks whole. It is great river. Thirty miles of what you Americans call Class Four, like your Gauley. Then rapid starts. We call it. . . ." He looked away, and the set of his mouth hardened. "We call it Stalingrad."

"What's it like? What's it like?" McBride asked breathlessly.

"On Wednesday you'll see, and you can make up your own mind."

A small, dark, swarthy man approached Ubenko. He had a mass of black, curly hair, an enormous black mustache and piercing black eyes. He wore an earring and looked and dressed like a pirate. The two men had a short, angry conversation in Russian. Then Ubenko turned to McBride and Omaha. "This is Dimitri. He is my son, river boss and great **raftsman**. He is lousy planner. Tell them!" Ubenko gave Dimitri a shove toward the Americans.

Dimitri had yellow teeth and a scar under one eye. He wore a chain of heavy gold, from which hung a gold **hammer-and-sickle** pendant. He had a big knife in his belt. His English was accented, but fluent. "River put-in is ninety kilometers from here and we have no gas. With food and gear is only three day walk, pulling trailers."

McBride's temper flashed instantly but Omaha gripped his arm, hard. "Why don't we just get some gas?" he asked. "I came to paddle, not hike."

Dimitri looked sad. "This is not America. Gas does not flow from pump for you to wallow in. There is damn little, and military gets it all."

"Well, how did you get yours? You didn't walk here."

Dimitri looked embarrassed. "Strictly **speaking**, gasoline is unavailable. But. . . how do you say. . . even in desert there is rain."

"For a price?"

"Unfortunately, yes. For cash, Army will rescue us."

McBride hauled a huge wad of limp, gray paper money out of his pocket. "We have cash. Your government sold us thousands of rubles. Lets buy some gas and get going."

"I said cash, Mr. McBride. Dollars. Rubles are confetti."

"Your government took our dollars at the border."

"My government is a thief. I hope you have some more."

McBride looked at his comrades.

"Anybody got any real money?"

But everyone had complied with the

Russian edict and surrendered their greenbacks. Nobody wanted to risk ten years at hard labor. Omaha found a twenty in the inside pocket of his **drysuit** ("in case of emergency, for beer" he explained) and the rest had some quarters. Except for the wads of rubles, which didn't count, they were broke.

Dimitri lit a Marlboro and spoke to McBride. "Then we have no choice. I will buy your equipment, for dollars, and we can get gas."

"Forget about it. Our equipment isn't for sale. We need it to paddle, and we can't replace it here. The nearest Deception dealer is five thousand miles away. Besides, I think you set us up."

"Nonsense," Dimitri replied. "I would never do that to you. And you can paddle own boats till end of trip. I'll buy your apparatus as we go along, when you need money. You can leave boats at takeout—if you make it that far."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Do you think you are good boater?"

"Yes."

"Stalingrad **kills** good boaters."

McBride stood silent, with his mouth open. Chopper spoke. "Just get us to the river, Dimitri. You can have my **Crossfire** for \$500."

For all his military training, his years in the **Klan**, his seasons in the **NFL**, Chopper was totally incapable of **waging** a bidding war. Dimitri replied quickly. "\$100."

"\$475." Chopper responded, **making** what he saw as a major concession.

"\$115."

"You're stealing it," the big man moaned.

"Of course. \$120."

Chopper looked dazed. "That buys gas for the shuttle?"

"To put in only."

"For all of us?"

"And your gear."

"Do we have a choice?" Chopper asked, turning toward McBride.

"No." said Dimitri.

"Then we got a deal."

Dimitri led them into the hangar and showed them a 275 gallon tank mounted on bald automobile tires, equipped with a yoke and a hand cranked pump. The hangar was cavernous and in the back were a pair of prop transports which looked older and more dilapidated than the one they'd flown in on. They bore Red Star markings on camouflage paint, and were guarded by a slovenly soldier

who was reading a **skin** magazine. As Chopper and Gunsmith pulled the tank wagon, Dimitri spoke to the soldier in Russian. Then he took out a thick roll of American currency and handed the soldier some bills.

With Dimitri and the soldier watching, Omaha hopped up on a wing and loosened the fuel filler cap. He shoved the siphon hose into the wing and Chopper began to crank the pump handle, **sucking** fuel out of the jet and into the tank wagon..

"Stop!" yelled Dimitri. "Too deep. Pull hose out to very top of fuel, and just siphon top layer. Aviation gas floats, and those tanks are full of water."

Omaha did what he was told. Dimitri explained. "These are military aircraft. They have to be gassed up and ready to go at all times. If officers noticed that fuel gauges were down there would be hell to pay. So when we take gas, we put back water. Since fuel lines are at bottom of tanks, planes cannot fly and pilots are safe. And they are never flown anyway. Because of fuel shortage."

Two hours later found McBride wedged against the gearshift of the ugliest flatbed truck he had ever seen. The cab reeked of exhaust and bad Russian tobacco. The noise from the unmuffled engine was deafening. Dimitri was driving down a rutted road, wearing earphones and listening to Pearl Jam on his **Walkman**. Gunsmith, in the passenger seat, could not get the window to roll down and looked like he was going to pass out. Occasionally Dimitri would turn to McBride and scream at him.

"YOU LIKE RUSSIA?"

McBride nodded, hoping Dimitri could not read his mind. He craned his neck to check on Omaha, Chopper and the women bouncing along with their equipment on the back of the flatbed. McBride envied them the clean air they were breathing. They looked uncomfortable, except for Rachel, who ignored the noise, dust and motion and sat serenely knitting. The truck rattled, McBride thought, but Rachel never did.

Dimitri saw McBride look over his shoulder and screamed at him again.

"THOSE WOMEN ARE BUILT FOR COMFORT." The Russian winked lewdly and pumped his fist.

McBride nodded again, wondering whether Dimitri would make a pass at Rachel. And as the three truck convoy jounced and slammed down the one lane road McBride remembered the day he

The Ōmu Darya Incident part 1

met her.

Arden was working the reception desk at McBride-Omahaheadquarters when Rachel slipped silently through the front door and announced that she was looking for a job. Arden looked up from her Mirabella and saw a small, pretty Asian woman, wearing carefully understated makeup, an expensive blue suit, and, oddly, what looked like soft, flat soled ballet slippers. Another shuttlebunny, she thought, for pig Omaha to leer at and **proposition**—only this one hadn't dressed for work. She remembered the want ad he'd written:

Sexy woman wanted to drive shuttle on river trips. Must enjoy standard transmission and the company of real men. **\$5/hr.** Spiritual benefits only.

She got on the squawk box, "Ken to reception. Someone's here about the job." She told the woman to sit and resumed her reading, certain that this little girl in conservative business attire wouldn't pass Omaha's physical.

Both members of senior management arrived in the reception area simultaneously.

"Have you come to answer the ad?" McBride asked while Omaha stripped the woman with his eyes and then, disappointed, reclined her.

The woman rose before she spoke. She was about five feet three, short but solid. "My name is Rae Cho Kim. You may call me Rachel. I read about your raid at **Ohio** in American Whitewater. I think it was extraordinary, and I want to work with you."

"Can you drive standard?"

"Yes, but that isn't why I'm here. What I am about to say is not bragging, it's simply the truth. I am the best kayaker of wildwater in the world. Here is my resume." McBride and Omaha exchanged looks as she handed it over. McBride studied the document for a couple of minutes. Omaha stared with renewed interest.

McBride spoke again. "Head safety boater on the Bio-Bio. First kayak descent of the **Yangtze**, in June no less. The Zambesi. The Bradlu. The Lower Meadow. The Green. The **Dudh Kosi**. What does the Chinese writing mean?"

"Its Korean. I have made 23 first descents in my country, mostly steep creeks. Some of those drop 500 feet a mile, some more. Its a great place to paddle. I can show you the videos."

"This says your hobby is Tae Kwon Do. Black belt?"

"I have achieved the third level of proficiency."

"What does that mean?"

"Let me show you, if I may borrow one of those apples."

Arden kept a bowl of fruit on her desk. Rachel took an apple and tossed it up toward the high ceiling. Then, soundlessly, without **warmup** or warning of any kind, she leaped into the air and spun to her right, away from the men. She lashed out with her right foot. High over Omaha's head her heel shattered the apple--speck!--and applesauce rained down on them. She landed on her toes, and slipped her feet back into her soft shoes. She smiled. "Please ask your partner to stop staring at me." Omaha gaped. McBride tried to be smooth.

"I see you haven't met. This is Kenneth Omaha, open boater par excellence."

"I've heard of you. People say you are good."

Omaha nodded. "I shoot straight."

Rachel looked bemused. "Shooting the rapids. What a quaint expression."

"He shoots pistols, Ms. Kim," said McBride. "He paddles some, too."

"Good." She smiled again. "I understand there is a Class Six rapid on the West Branch of the Deerfield. Lets go boating."

McBride tried diplomacy again. "It's called Tunnel Vision, Ms. Kim. Its very dangerous. We don't recommend it."

"Is it too much for Mr. Omaha?" she asked.

"I'll get my boat," said Omaha.

Half an hour later they were at the top of the drop. Omaha had his guns on. Rachel wore a **drytop**, a **bikini** bottom and her black slippers. Omaha tried to stare at her legs but he couldn't keep his eyes off her kayak. It was a squirt boat, cut to the bone. The deck was mother of pearl, inlaid with a looping, serpentine dragon in **iridescent** green and blue, rampant and breathing fire—a dazzling, extraordinary work of art. The bottom of the hull was midnight black lacquer, ultra glossy, perfectly smooth, totally unscratched. Omaha had never seen a more beautiful boat.

"You sure you want to paddle this river in that?" he asked, "It looks brand new."

"I have sixty trips on this boat,"

Rachel said.

"But its perfect. No dings. No nicks. You'll mess it up down there."

"I don't hit rocks."

Tunnel Vision was running high. It was a steep, twisting, ledge-studded, vertical monster of a rapid, slanting into the triangular black culvert under the road, inviting the paddler to pin, swim, crash and die in the roaring darkness of the tunnel. Rachel had never seen it before. She took a brief look from the road, and led the run. Omaha followed in his open canoe. Halfway down, just as Rachel was entering the crux drop, Omaha caught his bow on a rock, slewed sideways into a hole and capsized. Omaha rolled. . . and missed. The rapid was too jagged and bony for a second attempt. Suddenly, unthinkably, Omaha was swimming for his life.

Omaha made no sound that would be audible over the roar of the rapid, and Rachel never looked back. But her reaction was uncanny. She blasted across a tiny **eddyline** and did a brutally quick bow pivot. Facing upstream now she held her position for two, perhaps three seconds. Then, with half a dozen short, fast strokes she punched through the eddy wall and directly across the path of Omaha's swim. Her bow missed his nose by six inches and he caught her stern grab loop with his free hand. Then she swung him and his swamped boat against the left shore and hung there while he righted and dumped his boat, and settled again into his saddle. Then she peeled out down the rapid and disappeared into the black tunnel. Omaha followed. A minute later they emerged into the sunshine. The run was over.

"Nice work," Omaha said to her, "You passed my test."

"You don't mean to say you took that swim on purpose?" Rachel asked, astounded.

"That's right, baby. I took a dive for you."

"Don't do it again."

Now, jouncing along in the truck, headache screaming, stomach sick from the smell and half loaded on the hash Dimitri was smoking. McBride remembered that he'd offered Rachel a job on the spot, and that he'd never been sure whether Omaha was lying about **swimming** deliberately in Tunnel Vision. But he was sure of two things: Rachel could paddle, and she could kick. McBride glanced sidelong at Dimitri, touched the lucky penny in his pocket—no kopecks here—and fervently wished that the repulsive Russian snake would grope Rachel, just once.



THE MYSTIFICATION OF THE PROBE

by Jonathan Katz

■
Top: Nate Lewis boofing a ledge on the
Tewksbury section of the Jacques-
Cartier, in Quebec, Photo by Alison
Arians

Right: Unknown boater descending the
big slide that opens up the bottom
Moose, upstate New York. Photo by
Nate Lewis

*The rules of river safety say
The Probe should be a man
Who knows that twisty river
Like the back of his left hand.*

*But if you do some paddling
Then you will surely know
There's moments when the Mighty Probe
Does not know where to go.*

*On rivers across the nation
We suffer the mystification
Of the Probe.*

*He eddies left, he ferries right
But still he can't decide
The course to take downriver.
The Probe is mystified.*

THE MYSTIFICATION OF THE PROBE

*In his eyes, confusion.
His head is full of doubt
Too proud to say he's puzzled
Too ignorant to scout.*

*You'll beg him in an eddy
Oh Probe, let me go first!
He'll tell you no, cause he's the Probe
For better or for worst.*

*When the Probe is paddling point
You need not be afraid.
The Probe will take you swimming
And administer first aid.*

*The Probe **will** drive you crazy
The Probe will steer you wrong
He'll paddle down a rapid
Where kayaks don't belong.*

*He'll jam you into strainers
And under boulder piles
And into holes that suck you down
And chew you up a while.*

*He'll lead you into undercuts
And over waterfalls
Cause though he lacks for vision
He compensates with balls.*

*Suddenly he disappears!
The Holy Probe has sinned!
He's somewhere inaccessible
And vertically pinned.*

*So chase him down the river
Cause you're his only hope.
Forgive him for his arrogance
And throw the Probe a rope.*

*Sometimes the **Probe** is truthful
Sometimes the Probe tells lies
Sometimes the Probe gets **lucky**—
Sometimes the 'sucker dies.*

*And on rivers across the nation
We suffer the desolation
Resulting from **mystification**—
That sickening sensation:
The **midriver** termination
Of the Probe.*

©Jonathan Katz
September 7, 1994

**E
U
R
O
K
A
Y
A
K
S**

FEATURES THAT MAKE A DIFFERENCE:

ROTO-MOLDED HD-PE (HIGH DENSITY POLYETHYLENE) - The only kayak manufactured by roto-gas-roto molding, a unique process which yields a boat with superior strength and stiffness.

BOLT-ON BOW END - Higher wave resistance and excellent shock absorption in a unique, replaceable bow end.

4400 LB. TEST GRAB LOOPS - Run through molded-in channels, these are the strongest on the market.

ERGONOMIC, FULLY-ADJUSTABLE SEAT AND BULKHEAD FOOTREST - The seat is track-mounted with recessed bolts for smooth, solid adjustments, while the ergonomic bulkhead foot rest is backed by a shock-absorbing foam pillar system.

ADJUSTABLE PADDED BACK BAND, STERN AIRBAG, AND DRAIN PLUG - All standard equipment!

PADDLE THE CUTTING EDGE PADDLE A EURO-KAYAK!

For more information contact:
L'EAU VIVE, INC.
P.O. Box 65
Twin Lakes, CO 81251
Tel. (719) 486-1114
FAX (719) 486-1295

First Paddle
EURO-KAYAKS



*Rich Hoffman getting one.
Photo by Nate Lewis*



Mohawk Canoes

Exceptional Value, Durability and

since 1964...

Feature For Feature We Meet Or Exceed Our

WORLD LEADER IN SHORT WHITEWATER PLAYBOATS
 DESIGNERS & BUILDERS OF WHITEWATER CANOES SINCE 1971

NEW! WHITEWATER PLAYBOAT



Photo: Vernon Keith Paddler: Jerry Creedon

MOHAWK'S NEW PROBES, viper-like performance, yet extremely user friendly. Superb final stability, dry, agile and quick to accelerate. This is a playboat you may never outgrow. The paddlers who own these boats rave about them.

MOHAWK VIPERS, dry, quick and agile. A real winner if you can handle the edge.

XL SERIES, dry, stable, user friendly. A Mohawk Classic.

SPECS	LENGTH	BEAM	RPTH	WEIGHT	LIST	FACTORY DIRECT
XL 13	13'3"	30"	15'5"	56 lbs.	\$810	\$567.00
XL 14	14'3"	32'5"	15'5"	60 lbs.	\$825	\$577.50
XL 15	15'4"	35"	15'5"	65 lbs.	\$840	\$588.00
VIPER 11	11'6"	26.25"	15'5"	45 lbs.	\$795	\$556.50
VIPER 12	12'6"	27.25"	15.5"	49 lbs.	\$795	\$556.50
PROBE 11	11'8"	28"	15.5"	45 lbs.	\$795	\$556.50
PROBE 12	12'8"	28.5"	15.5"	49 lbs.	\$795	\$556.50

MOHAWK VIPERS, Winner 1993 World Rodeo, 1st, 2nd & 3rd

**11' & 12' Probes and
 Vipers Factory Direct
 \$556.50 Each**

Whitewater playboats are available fully outfitted and ready to paddle. Add \$225 (solo) includes: Foam Saddle/Knee Pads/Thigh Straps/Yakima Foot Braces/Air Bags and Quick Disconnect Lacing Kit.

**XL 15 AND XL 14
 AVAILABLE
 OUTFITTED FOR
 TANDEM PADDLING**

NOVA 16

has one of the best stability. This is a business tripping river whitewater

INTREPID

arched and m... our canoes. V... or carrying fis... few equals as

SPORT 14

stability for fi... is available in

CHALLENGER

canoe has go... nimble when... lent canoe fo

SOLO 13

with a tucked... and stern. Ni... small twisty c... moderate wh... won't let the... canoeing: So

MODEL LENGTH

CHALLENGER	14'2"
SPORT 14	14'
NOVA 16	16'
NOVA 17	17'
INTREPID 16	16'2"
INTREPID 17	17'3"

NOVA 16	16'
SPORT 14	14'
SOLO 13	13'



Mohawk Canoes

963 N. CR 427, LONG WOOD, FL 32750
 (407) 834-3233, Fax (407) 834-0292



american whitewater

AWA Journal

PO Box 85
Phoenicia, NY 12464

Address Correction Requested

NON- PROFIT
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
PERMIT #622
NEWARK OHIO