

# american whitewater

May / June  
1 9 9 4



**Kids &  
Kayaks**

pg 59



**Cebe Waskaganish** pg. 62

**fESTIVALS**  
**New England Guide** pg. 42



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# american whitewater

Journal of the American Whitewater Affiliation

## C O N T E N T S

Volume XXXIV, No.3

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have'n too much fun  
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## The Fall Guy

by Bob Gedekoh

I've been cruising by the waterfall on my way to the **Yough** for more **than** a decade, but I never spotted it until a month ago. I **worry** that might be an omen.

I can't help it. I was raised Presbyterian and **Presbyterians** believe in predestination. So I ask myself, "Was it divine intervention that kept me from noticing this twenty plus foot beauty sooner?"

And, more ominously, what cosmic forces led me to discover it now? Was it just serendipity, or was it synchronicity? How can I be certain that the River God isn't trying to lure me into some kind of aquatic fiasco?

The waterfall in question is located on a tiny, unremarkable stream that empties into the Youghiogheny on the outskirts of Connellsville. Aside from the falls, which are situated in a stunning grotto, this creek seems to have no redeeming qualities. It is class II at best and littered with strainers and the usual detritus that despoils so many roadside Appalachian streams.

But the beauty of the falls is so great that it has even overwhelmed the primal instincts of the local adolescents, who have spray painted obscenities and declarations of undying love on virtually every other structure within a five mile radius of town. Yes, the **Connellsville** delinquents have spared the falls. Amazingly, surrounded by urban squalor, the falls remain pristine.

But, you say, enough of this B.S. Who cares how pretty they are? Let's cut to the quick, Bob. Are they or are they not **runnable**?



Well, the answer to that question is that I don't know. The approach looks straightforward and there seems to be adequate flow, at least after a generous rain. There is a modest pool at the bottom, about twenty feet in diameter, followed by a class II run out. The unanswered question is, "How deep is that pool?"

I've stopped and eyeballed these falls at least five times during the past month and I *still* haven't addressed that issue.

"Well, Bob", you ask, "What the hell are you waiting for?"

Ten years ago I would have resolved this issue on the first day I spotted the falls. I would have climbed down into that grotto and probed that pool with a stick. Or donned my **wetsuit** and gone for an exploratory swim.

I was **gung** ho then, full of bravado and anxious to prove my mettle. I wanted to become a big fish in (what I now know

to be) the **tiny** pond of whitewater boaters. In those days I was pretty goofy.

If I had discovered this waterfall in the old days, I would have imagined myself sailing over the lip, skyrocketing through the **air**, my paddle held high, the sunlight in my face. I would have imagined plunging deep into the crystalline champagne at its base, then popping to the surface like a yo yo. I would have imagined what a fine picture this would all make.

I'll admit that some of these fantasies still cross my mind when I stop to admire my newfound falls. But nowadays these frivolous images travel in the company of some more somber considerations.

Like what it would be like to land incorrectly and wind up with a compression fracture of the spine. Or piton on a rock and break my ankles. Or cartwheel and tumble and recirculate with a dislocated shoulder.

I guess the reason that I haven't gotten around to **checking** the depth of the pool at the bottom of my falls is that part of me isn't all that eager to run them.

You see, a few years ago I nearly died in an automobile accident. I spent a week in an ICU and nearly three months in bed. I had four surgical procedures, blood transfusions, metal plates in my arm and leg, casts, physical therapy... the works.

I do not remember having one of those mystical near death experiences that you read about in the National Enquirer, but somehow I came away from the accident a lot less afraid of dying. Having been close to death, I have an unexplainable certainty that it will not be all that bad.

But while that accident diminished my fear of dying, it left me with a very healthy respect for pain and disability. Several subsequent less consequential, but nonetheless unpleasant, boating injuries have reinforced these feelings.

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The bad thing about pain is that it really, really hurts! You'd be surprised how bad can be! And it lasts and lasts a long, long time!

Oh, I understand the evolutionary and neurophysiologic basis of pain. I know what purpose it serves. It **warns** us that we have injured something, that we need to curtail our activities. Protect the wounded part; allow it to heal. But there ought to be a better way to accomplish this.

For instance, what if human beings came equipped with a panel of idiot lights like the ones on the dashboard of our cars? The lights that flash when the radiator is overheating or the oil is low or a seat belt is unfastened.

A little light on our panel could flash "Right elbow injured!" We could stop what we were doing, evaluate the situation, and make arrangements to see a doctor at our convenience to get the elbow fixed.

But no such luck. We're stuck with pain.

Actually pain isn't so bad when there are members of the opposite sex around. Then you can act tough and get sympathy. Unfortunately, I find it **difficult** to act tough for long. After an hour or two I inevitably start to whine. And the opposite sex has little tolerance for sniveling. Once you start to snivel you might as well look for sympathy between sin and syphilis in the dictionary!

I have also discovered that the amount of sympathy that you receive depends on how you sustain an injury. **This** seems to be particularly true in the work place. Like most boaters, I work with a lot of couch potatoes whose idea of living dangerously is riding a Ferris Wheel.

If you slip on some ice on the way to church and break your wrist, they will drown you in pity. Even if you fall and crack your head in a drunken stupor at a Superbowl Party, you'll get a good dose of **sympathy**.

But don't dare tell them you broke your ankles paddling a kayak over something called the Big **Splat**. That **kind** of announcement will only earn you howls of derision.

"Forty-two years old.... a professional.... and still acting like an adolescent... It's hard to imagine anyone could be that stupid! Anyone who does anything that **dumb** deserves what they get!" And these people are empathetic, compassionate health care professionals affiliated with a major religious order! Imagine what would happen if I worked with real estate agents? Or lawyers!

Disability is another good reason not to get hurt on the river. A perfect graphic definition of the word inconvenience would be a picture of a pair of crutches or

a cast. You would be surprised how hard it is to comb your hair or brush your teeth (or pick your nose) with your left hand!

A few years ago a friend of mine was in a full leg cast after sustaining a knee injury on the Upper Yough. Desperately needing groceries, she drove to the supermarket, parked in the handicapped space, and started to hobble into the store on crutches. Just then an old lady accosted her with a cane, screeching obscenities, all because my friend did not have a handicapped licence plate! I guess that's what happens when you don't have the right credentials.

You can't take a bath with a cast and it itches like hell. And all the while the immobilized body part withers and atrophies. By the time the cast comes off your arm or leg looks like something that belongs on a baby bird, except it's covered with shaggy strips of dead skin instead of feathers. As if that isn't disgusting enough, I know for a fact that sometimes flies and bugs go down into casts and lay their eggs and then they hatch and...

Old folks like me don't heal very fast either. When you are twenty your bloodstream is polluted with testosterone or estrogen and your bones heal in minutes! But when you hit forty you quit making hormones and, unless you take the right pills, your bones and muscles turn to mush.

No wonder I've become such a weenie. No wonder I haven't figured out how deep that pool is.

But I haven't given up on the falls. I have a plan, and this very Forum is part of it. I know perfectly well that a lot of hot, young, gonzo paddlers are going to read this article, dig out their topos, and cruise Connellsville till they locate my falls. They'll check out the pool and if it seems half way deep enough, they'll run it. These people are pretty goofy.

If, and when, I hear that twenty or thirty of them have tackled it without get-

ting hurt, I might give it a try.

Youth, courage and strength is no match for age, experience and treachery.

And if I get around to running the falls, I'll make sure that the light is just right and that someone catches it on film.

Then I slap that picture right on the cover of this magazine.

Editors can get away with stuff like that!

Even old, decrepid, wimpy ones!

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## WHITEWATER CREDENTIALS CONTROVERSY

### BOY.... DO WE GET LETTERS!!!!

*The following letters are in response to the Forum published in the March/April issue of American Whitewater entitled "The River Decides": To refresh your memory, in that article I questioned the validity of various whitewater safety and instruction credentialing programs.*

Gedekoh

Bob

## ACA EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR'S RESPONSE

Dear Mr. Gedekoh:

I read with great interest (and considerable consternation) your editorial entitled "The River Decides" in the January/February 1994 issue of the AWA Journal. As I understand it, you appear to be upset about a number of different safety and instructional issues all at the same time, and you also appear to be extremely disturbed by the safety education activities of the American Canoe Association in general. Frankly, I'm more concerned with your remarks regarding the latter, and I would appreciate an opportunity to reply before your readership.

Based on the mail and tele-

phone calls I've been receiving from ACA as well as AWA "safety experts" as a result of your editorial, I believe that you'll find little support for your ego-driven, albeit novel proposal that only Class V paddlers should be certified as whitewater instructors. Prominent instructors involved in both of our organizations have indicated their strong disagreement with your position. The analogy one highly qualified instructor (and AWA Class V paddler) suggested is that "all first grade teachers should be PhD's qualified to teach at the post graduate level... while that may be desirable, it's impractical and totally unnecessary given the teaching environment, audience, and the level of competency expected of the students."

Bob, I really think you should reconsider your position on this issue.

As I indicated before, what really disturbed me was the negative sentiment you expressed in your editorial towards the ACA's well established record of public service in the field of boating education, specifically your success in securing U.S. Coast Guard (USCG) grant support to carry out a variety of valuable safety education projects. I'm extremely proud of the ACA's accomplishments in this area, and I think your criticism show a lack of understanding of both the ACA's mission and the intent of these USCG grant moneys, as well as a general lack of concern for the welfare of the paddling community as a whole.

For the record, since 1984 the ACA has secured a total of ten different USCG Boating Safety Grants. Without taking the space here to detail the impressive results of each of these grant-funded projects (I will be glad to do so upon request), our records show that through these projects the ACA has developed and distributed more than one million pieces of safety literature, instructional books, videos, and other educational resource materials. With the two USCG grant projects we're currently

working on (the National Livery Safety System and the **Train** the Trainers Program), we expect to directly impact several million more individuals over the next three years.

In addition to having the satisfaction of **knowing** that these joint ACA/USCG projects have saved lives and prevented injuries in countless instances over the years, I think it's worth noting that the ACA has been the only paddle sport organization (outside of two grants to the USCA in the mid-1980's) to ever successfully tap this USCG grant support. I don't mean for this remark to sound self-serving, but rather to point out that if it were not for the success of the ACA the paddle sports would probably have failed to receive a dime of this funding. I base this claim on the fact that for the last five years the ACA has been the only **craft-specific** organization to receive any USCG grant support; **all** other grants were awarded to general **boating/safety** groups, nearly **all** sewing power boaters as their primary audience. Even the well organized **sailing** community, for example, has not managed to tap these USCG resources despite numerous attempts year after year by various prestigious sailing organizations.

Bob, I would think that you would join other paddlers (including many AWA members) who have congratulated the ACA over the years for having the ability to capture some of these funds for the paddle sports and to manage the difficult task of generating some first-rate materials and programs out of a government directed initiative. I would also think that you'd be savvy enough to appreciate that the ACA's strong **working** relationship with the USCG is a tremendous benefit to **all** paddlers when it comes to expressing our collective opinions on various Coast Guard initiated matters of public policy; to wit, the ACA's leadership role in helping to repeal the proposed user fee in 1990 31 and the more recent role we played in effecting modifications of the proposed USCG

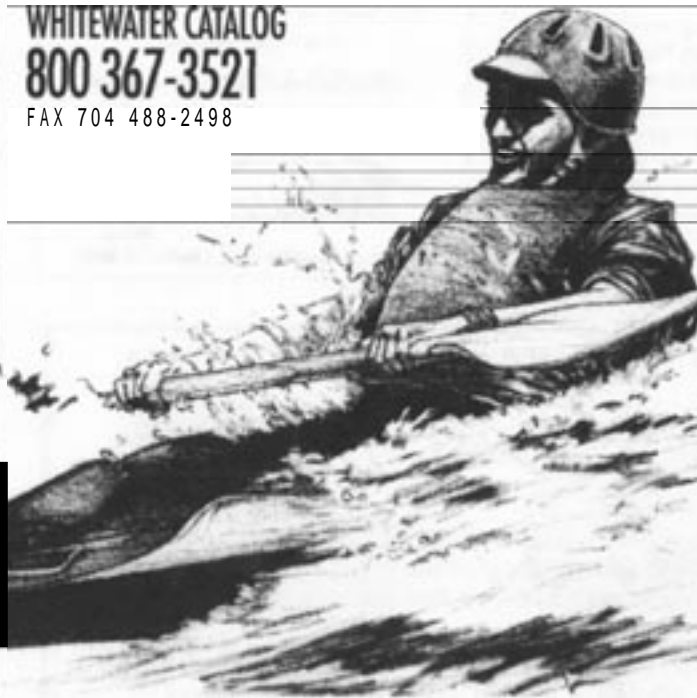
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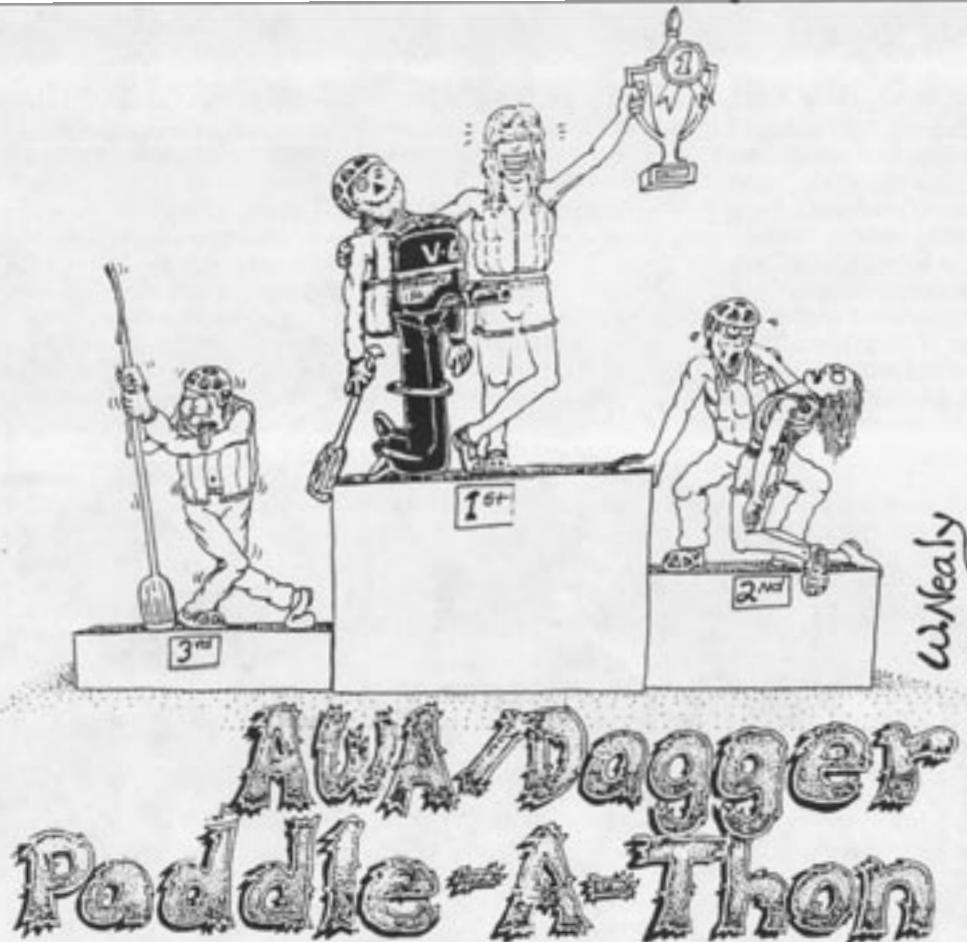
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## LETTERS

us something which we have done professionally for years is an utter waste of time and money. Moreover, for the organizations who value the program, it is going to be almost impossible to create the infrastructure necessary to regulate the quality control in who becomes "instructor/trainers". In a nation-wide system of certification, it is a certainty that there will be some very good instructor/trainers and some very lousy instructor/trainers. The lousy instructors will do a great deal to undermine an already questionable program. When it is necessary for our school to train instructors, we prefer to train our staff primarily through a junior instructor program. This way our younger staff can learn teaching methods over the course of several months or even several years by helping a senior instructor with classes, and more importantly the senior instructors can assess the junior instructor's competence in dealing with customers.

These points boil down to this: When our school hires new instructors, we could care less if they are ACA certified or not. The skills that are taught in a week long certification class have little bearing on whether or not instructors will **satisfy** the needs of our students. And our current instructors do not want to take time and money to learn a skill which they have already practiced for years. **Currently**, the certification program is most appealing to the **non-professional** sector of the sport—the people who are looking to go one step beyond the advanced class they took last summer. Basically, it seems that if the ACA wants to institute this program in kayak schools across the country, they are going to have to do it through brute force using pressure from insurance companies and by misleading the public that there is a direct link between a certified instructor and a safe, informative and fun kayak class.

John Weld  
Bethesda, Maryland

## "DAN QUALE" GEDEKOH?

Dear Mr. Gedekoh,

I think "**instructors and/or safety experts**" should be able to "**confidantly (sic) and safely paddle class V water.**" But let's not just pick on ACA Instructors. Let's expand the idealistic world according to Mr. Gedekoh to other areas of our sport.

If instructors are being held to this "class V" standard of care, where do we draw the line for club cruise leaders. They should also be held to this "class V" standard **and** be certified **EMTs** since they may have to handle a life threatening emergency in a remote area.

What about other safety areas? If we draw the line at "class V" for ACA Canoe In-

structors who are teaching basic courses on rivers that do not exceed class 2, then CPR Instructors should all be certified Paramedics since they are the folks who have the experience of routinely defibrillating victims with heart problems; first aid instructors can only be Emergency Room Trauma Doctors; and, of course, swimming lessons can only be taught by dive rescue specialists.

And now that we have no health care or safety delivery system for the general public with Mr. Gedekoh's high standards, I think we should further expand Mr. Gedekoh's standards to our public school system since we want quality and excellence in our educational system. Teachers should at least have a PHD from one of our ivy league schools.

And since we have opened up this "can of worms" on standards, what standards should

an editor of the American Whitewater Journal be held to? Should an editor be able to spell "**confida(e)ntly?**" It has an "e," not an "**a**" Thank you Mr. Bob "Dan Quale" Gedekoh. I would rather see, and **expect**, a well researched documented article than your pontification on something you know nothing about. Why not survey ACA, ARC, American Camping Association, and Canoe Clubs and find out who, in fact, is doing the instruction out there and whether there have been any legal problems as a result of poorly qualified, certified Instructors. I know for a fact that there has not!

Sincerely yours,  
David W. Mason  
Instructor **Trainer**  
American Canoe Association  
Savannah, Georgia

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## EDITOR'S REPLY

*I reckon my spelin aint perfect. Maybe I otter take me one of them thar spelin certifikashum courses!*

## VALUES "REAL WORLD SKILLS"

Dear Bob,

In case you face a torrent of negative letters regarding your last editorial regarding "trained experts," let me say that I agree with you.

While all the well-intentioned instructors I have met carried the proper certification for whitewater instruction and river rescue, the people who actually taught me about rescue (and on several occasions saved my ass) were "untrained" experts. These boaters had the skill and guts to paddle into the froth to pluck out a boater in trouble. They weren't much for lecturing and handing out diagrams, but they were there when someone needed them.

When I was in college, I took a river rescue course taught by a jack-of-all-trades outdoor instructor. We spent 75 percent of our time on dry land learning knots, a multitude of z-drag configurations, and practicing "rescue scenarios."

For our final test, we spent a day on a class II stretch of a 250 cfs creek practicing maneuvers like swimming through rapids, swimming a simulated unconscious victim (a fellow classmate) through a rapid, wading a rapid, negotiating a simulated strainer, and finally, pulling a wrapped kayak off a rock with a z-drag.

While these exercises had certain merits, I have never used any of them in an actual river rescue. The z-drag is a very useful tool for rafters, but let's face it, when you get down to using a z-drag to pull a wrapped kayak off a rock, it's probably to remove litter from the river, not save someone's life.

What I have used in real rescues (and what has been used to rescue me) is paddling out and offering a grab loop to a swimmer, then towing him/her into an eddy. In my opinion, that is the most effective way to rescue someone.

But that was not practiced in my river rescue class. There were several other skills the class did not teach, such as, pushing a water-filled kayak into an eddy, or ferrying an empty one to the opposite shore, or something as basic as ferrying across a rapid with two paddles. These are valuable skills that would be excellent for paddlers to learn under controlled circumstances. But in my class, we spent more time studying diagrams of rapids than we did negotiating them. I had to learn those skills on the river during actual rescues.

I'm not going to make a blanket indictment against river rescue courses and other

whitewater training, (and neither did you, for that matter) nor would I discourage anyone from taking one of those courses. But, like you, I take them with a grain of salt. No course can replace common sense, skill and real-world experience. No diplomas, patches or techno-safety gadgets can make someone an effective instructor unless that person can perform and teach others.

Unfortunately, seasoned paddlers are all-too-often not the people teaching river rescue and other whitewater courses. That is why I agree with your editorial. There seems to be a gap between "certified" training and teaching the real-world skills a paddler needs. Anyone who disagrees with your position on formal training should consider that before criticizing your honest assessment of the situation.




Sincerely yours,  
Roger Phillips  
Colfax, Washington

### "CLASS III" EDITOR NEEDS ADULT SUPERVISION!

I am upset and embarrassed by the January/February AWA journal editorial. I don't recall reading a more purposeless, short sighted, and self serving paddle-sport article. It was negative. It was a non-service. It was telling of the journal organization. Only an editor lacking adult supervision could have gotten to press such thoughtless waste of space.

The six columns made 3 points in addition to the riveting main thread, that credentials do not make the paddler; 1. Bob Gedekoh is con-

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## LETTERS

cerned that "less than competent individuals use "credentials" (ACA certification) to assume positions of leadership within the whitewater community".

You're right Bob, out here in the real world there's just not a whole lot of class 5 boaters willing to take the time or make the commitment to run the club safety class or intro to WW paddling. That task falls to guys like "Jack". Next thing you know "Jack" gets involved in club stuff and before long he's club president. The class 5 guys who show up at one meeting every two years to beg money for some AWA program, are left scratching their heads saying things like, "how'd that asshole get to be president, he can't even roll".

But I'm sure in some future editorial you'll suggest an AWA plan that will have you, Fentress, Walker, Lesser, Snyder, the Callaways, Reagan and Roger Zbel running a clinic

to help improve the skill level of the "Jacks" in our world, and thus raise the level of paddle instruction nation wide.

With the "instructor improvement program" that you thought up, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the AWA gave you a patch for your PFD.

2. Bob supposes "that a truly "credible" certification of professionals might be desirable." (For those that can confidently and

safely paddle class 5)

I was going to say, "I hate to disillusion you Mr. Gedekoh, but where I live....." But I'm not because it sounds smart-alecky. So I'll just say that where I live, the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and indeed the rest of the folks ready and wanting to learn whitewater paddling would all be dead and gone waiting for class 5 paddlers to pick up the ball and teach them what they need to know. That task falls, by default, to this well meaning guy named

"Jack". Blowhard that he is. Braggart that he is. Lacking in competence, patches and all, "Jack" will be there when he's needed. He'll do the best he can with what he's got. And while he's not up to class 5 standards, he is the expert for the public. He's the guy who will introduce 90% of the paddlers to the sport. He's the guy who's going to suggest to new paddlers what boat to buy, what vest to get, what organization to join, and what cause to support.

I'm confident in some future editorial you'll unveil a substantive plan that will enable AWA experts and the ACA to hammer out a consensus on certification, that will make room for guys like "Jack" and take advantage of their dedication and enthusiasm; and at the same time make sure he knows it's stupid to take novices down Cheat Canyon. I'm confident because I can sense that you're a visionary, Bob,

keen for opportunity to effect harmonious and positive change for betterment of the sport, and not encumbered with an over developed ego nor prone to pettiness.

Why I wouldn't be surprised if the AWA gave you a patch for coming up with the "Associate (class III) White Water Certification" idea

3. It seems to Bob, "That the ACA and Coast Guard should give serious consideration to the legal ramifications of such professional credentialing."

Thank. Bob! It's comforting to know you're out there on the fringe of innovative thought, coming up with advice that has probably saved the Coast Guard from litigious ruin and the ACA from similar fate.

Editorial wisdom like that will have the general public clamoring for subscriptions and donors standing in line to sign on.

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Why I wouldn't be surprised.....

So what do you do with a class 3 "Jack" editor **working** a class 5 rag and not having a good day?

Let's be honest, **irrespec**tive of what Bob says, you pretty much leave him alone because you need someone to do the job. The class 5 guys are out writing the big stuff.

In the end, the readers, advertises, donors, and folks who make grants determine who the experts are. And they don't give a damn how well an editor can paddle.

Greg Mallet-Prevost  
Kensington, Maryland

#### EDITOR'S REPLY

*I used to work with a woman who had a great name for outbursts like this last letter. She called them "Hissy Fits".*

### QUESTIONS EXPERTS' EXPERTISE

Dear Bob;

I must congratulate you on your recent editorial on "qualifications". Unfortunately today this insidious mental **disease** known as "Political Correctness" is warping all attempts at logical well reasoned thought. One of the most unsound trends of "PC" is this idea of "qualifications", especially in whitewater boating.

Does sitting through a few classes instantly bestow you 10 or 20 years of boating experience? And what people who teach these classes; even if they are experienced (rare) well meaning people (almost always). How much real knowledge can they convey in a few hours of "classes"? Very **little-under** the best of circumstances.

Over twenty years ago I bought my first canoe and took my first tentative steps into the boating world. There were no classes or clubs that I knew about. I didn't know anyone that had ever paddled a canoe before, let alone a kayak. I

spent the first few years paddling on **small** lakes and creeks until one day I saw a kayak for sale in a motorcycle shop. The next two months I found myself in a **dirty**, smelly **farm** pond trying to roll that kayak until I succeeded and two more years perfecting that roll everywhere from the **Yough** to the Everglades. No class could have given me the rich experience that I had during that time.

In the early years I met some wonderful people on the river and we boated together. In those days we paddled most of the good whitewater in the east. On those trips we learned to be cautious, to read the river and to know ourselves, because none of us had paddled any of the many new rivers that we were doing. Through this experience we learned to exercise judgment and we had a strong desire to learn everything about paddling that we could, because there were no "experts" telling us to do this and that.

Since those days I've run across many "experts". One was leading an Outward Bound group of cold, soaked to the bone, clients deep within the boundary waters of Minnesota. They had been paddling around in circles for two days because they couldn't read a map. And on a trip in Quebec we once rounded a bend to find a group of students stranded hundred and **fifty miles** from the nearest road having lost all their gear, their paddles and canoes broken, sleeping in the open with no food because their "expert" leaders ran them down a class five rapid.

**All** the real experts that I have met usually don't have a paper or a pin saying so. They don't need it; it's redundant. Their "classes" have been many years of river running and a burning desire to see the reality and truth in things, to throw away preconceptions and honestly **try** to view the world for what it really is. And that is how it works in all walks of life. The Royal Society of London's motto "**Nullius In Verba**" says it all, "take

nobody's word for it, see it for yourself". The over emphasis on credentials and qualifications is perpetrated by the unknowing of the ones who want the **status** without putting the years of hard and honest work that it takes to achieve mastery of any subject. Qualifications are not bestowed, they are earned after a very long period of honest and varied achievement.

My years on the river has taught me many good things. But perhaps the most important thing that the river has taught me is that when bullshit smacks up against reality.....Bullshit loses.

Sincerely;  
Jess P. Gonzalez  
N. Belle Vernon, PA

#### EDITOR'S NOTE

*I like this guy!*

### THE VOICE OF REASON

Dear Bob,

I read your monthly column, as usual, with interest. We've all encountered **over**credentialed, **over**bearing "instructor" types. You accurately point out that certifications do not mean that a person is an expert river runner, and that many excellent paddlers and teachers never become "certified". Suggesting that whitewater instructors should be class V paddlers, however, **misses** a few key points. The first is that most beginning paddlers usually need **formal** instruction. Second, most of their teachers **are** volunteers. Last and most important, you really don't have to be a hot paddler to teach beginners, just knowledgeable and patient enough to give them a good, safe start. Some of the best teachers I know seldom paddle rivers harder than Class II.

Many people who **are** interested in paddling never **run**

class V or even Class III rivers (thank goodness). But schools, colleges, scout groups, and **summer** camps all need canoe and kayak instructors. **I** got my own start at summer camp in New Hampshire) If an organization is going to promote and insure a national program some type of quality control, however imperfect, is needed. While there are exceptions, many class V boaters are more interested in river running than teaching. Other **paddlers** have limited skills, but get great satisfaction **from** teaching others. Each is important to our sport.

The American Canoe Association received their Coast Guard for a sound reason. The American Red Cross, a long-time force in training paddlers, is no longer training canoe and kayak instructors. ACA is currently the only organization doing this work nationally. They propose to give these "lost" instructor-volunteers a home so that this valuable teaching talent is not lost. This is a huge job involving thousands of people. To support this effort the Coast Guard is providing some "seed money".

I'd like to see an alternate certification track developed to **permit** expert paddlers to become teachers quickly, without the time and effort currently required. But that's another subject! And as for overbearing or obnoxious people, instructors or not, the best thing to do is ignore them!

Sincerely,  
Charlie Walbridge

#### EDITOR'S NOTE

*I like this guy too, even when we don't agree on something.*

### SENSELESS EDITOR?

Dear Editor:

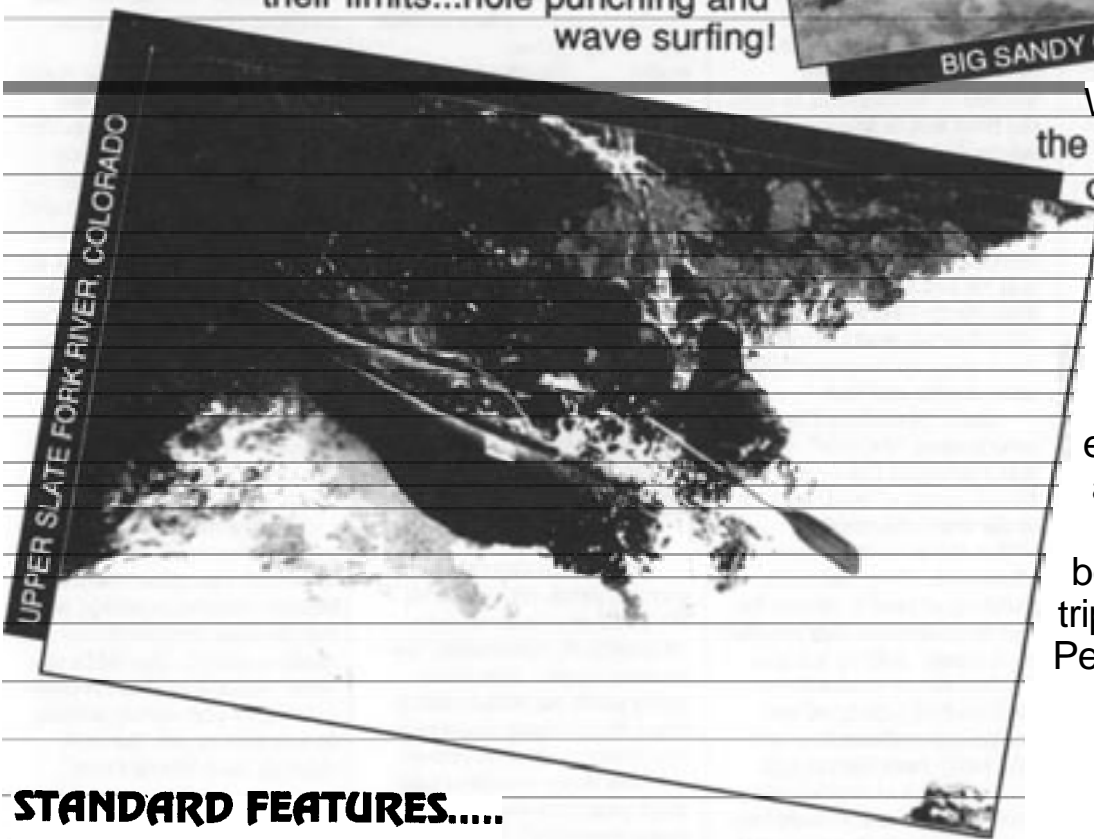
At least you got one thing right in the article "**The River Decides**" (Jan./Feb. Journal). If you had any sense you



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would have stopped — just prior to showing both your ignorance and your arrogance. Your remarks were not only divisive and out of line, they were just plain stupid! You lamely criticized the ACA Instruction program, yet, what the hell is AWA doing in this area?

You made the statement "I personally would question any standards that certify individuals as instructors and/or safety experts who can not confidently and safely paddle class V water." You have got to be kidding! First of all, how do you plan to insure an instruction course or instructor trainer course that tests paddlers at the class V level? The AWA Safety Code describes class V as "Extremely long, obstructed, or very violent rapids which expose the paddler to above average endangerment.... Swims are danger-

ous, and rescue is difficult even for experts."

You are basically saying that the AWA wants whitewater kayaking to be an elitistsport, that there is no good served by teaching introductory and intermediate level courses. How many "Class V" boaters do you know who are willing to spend their weekends introducing novices to the great experience of whitewater? Following your logic I guess Charlie Walbridge is remiss in certifying ACA Swiftwater Rescue Instructors until he makes them swim a few class V drops.

Don't give me this crap about a "credible process". What would a so called "expert" boater declare is a credible process, a classroom on the Narrows of the Green? Class V and VI whitewater is a challenge for the best of us, where would an instructor's

margin of safety be? Canoe and Kayaking classes can only teach a paddler the basics. From there a person must develop skills through practice.

If someone lives out of a VW van, needs only enough money for granola, a six pack and a used kayak they can probably get in more practice than the average guy with a wife, a mortgage and two kids. If it is AWA's policy to criticize and put down all the paddlers who are content to paddle class III water, then I say the AWA is doing a great disservice to the sport. By encouraging more people to take up paddling, whether it be class I or class VI, we are increasing our constituency to help preserve our rivers and streams as well as our right to access and paddle them. We should be working to unite the paddling community rather than divide it.

It also seems that the AWA is a bit jealous of the fact that ACA is getting grants from the Coast Guard. One of those grants funded the river rescue film "Heads Up!". This is a superb film that serves the advanced paddler well. I am one advanced paddler that is happy that the ACA is out there getting money for our sport. Money (your tax dollars, as you so eloquently pointed out) that otherwise would probably go to the power boat crowd.

I sincerely hope that your brain dead babblings are not the opinions of most AWA members. But as the editor of the journal you cannot deny that you currently speak for and represent the AWA "Expert" paddler or not (or just another Jack), if you insist on stroking your own ego at the expense of the rest of us, I think you should leave this publication and do it at home.... in privacy.

Anonymous  
Chevy Chase, Md.

#### EDITOR'S REPLY

*Sometimes I think that I don't get paid enough to put*

*up with these insults. But then I remember that I don't get paid at all!*

## LET THE RIVER DECIDE

Dear Bob,

This is a personal note to add an "Amen!" to your article "The River Decides". Since river running sometimes provides one with religious experiences I suppose it is to be expected that we would experience some of the same foibles as organized religion. In order to establish a pecking order we have the Dominican approach of learned authority (pins, patches and certificates), Franciscan dedication and meditation (been boating since birch bark) and the Pentecostal test of faith (surf the hole in third drop till you can speak in tongues).

I don't understand all the posturing that goes on in this sport; perhaps it is an overabundance of Type "A" personalities, but as you said the river decides. Myself, I'm getting older and don't enjoy the adrenalin rush as much so I'm happy to eddy-hop Class II and III. Does that make me less of a boater or perhaps a better one by polishing my technique? As far as how I or anyone else is ranked in the whitewater hierarchy my reply is; "A wise man can learn from a fool but a fool can't learn from anyone".

Name Withheld by Request  
West Virginia

## GOOD WORK, BOB

Bob,

Excellent "forum" in AWA January/February 94 issue! Keep up the good work.

Regards  
Ken Strickland  
North Metro, Georgia

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## LETTERS

### TELL IT LIKE IT IS

Bob,

I don't doubt that you caught some **flack** about your **January/February** 94 editorial on the ACA I didn't just chuckle when I read it; it got some belly laughs.

You see, I wrote a similar letter, but foolishly sent it to Kim Whitley, the NIC Chair. I **am** constantly infuriated by the **ACA's** grandiose claims and blatant bureaucratic waste. The pill is more bitter because I **am card-carrying**, dues paying Instructor. (Ooooh baby, where are my patches and pins?) I'd much rather send that precious (river work pays little) \$40.00 to the AWA every year.

Mr. **Whitley** didn't respond to **my** tirade directly, instead, he went to my **boss**, the Head of Instruction at "Oxford". Of course it was all in the spirit of open communication, right? (Shut up or it's my job...?)

But I don't shut up too good. I yearn for the day that I no longer need associate myself with the "governing body of **paddlesport**". (Who needs more **government, anyway?**)

Just wanted to say, here's one "credibly certified" geek who agrees with you. Keep telling it like it is, Bob.

Teresa **Gryder**  
Bryson City, North Carolina

### A WOMAN'S PLACE REVISITED

Dear Editor,

In response to your **March/April** 1994 "Letters to the Editor" please tell Dr. C.H.B.

**Noonan:**

1. Not to be so upset, the C-1 I chose to paddle in the Gauley Race was not a race **boat** at all, but a little, **bitty squirt boat!**

2. Sure he can follow me through Pillow Rock- **Wanna**

know the line to splat it?

And to you, Bob:

1. When is the Upper **Yough** Race?  
2. Think I should use a high volume boat so as not to offend the male boating **community?**

Sincerely,  
Heidi **Domeisen**  
C-1 **Squirtette**

*Editors reply: The Upper Yough Race is usually held on the last Wednesday in August, but this is not fixed in stone, so give Precision Rafting or Mountain Surf a call closer to time. As for offending the **male** boating community in Friendsville, you have nothing to fear. These guys are totally liberated; there isn't a sexist in the crowd!*



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# PURPOSE.....

## The American Whitewater Affiliation

**Our mission is to conserve America's whitewater resources and to enhance opportunities to safely enjoy them.**

**The American Whitewater Affiliation (AWA) is a national organization with a membership of over 3000 individual whitewater boating enthusiasts and more than 100 local paddling club affiliates.**

**EDUCATION:** Through publication of the magazine, American Whitewater, and by other means, the AWA provides information and education about whitewater rivers, boating safety, technique, and equipment.

**CONSERVATION:** AWA maintains a complete national inventory of whitewater rivers, monitors threats to those rivers, publishes information on river conservation, provides technical advice to local groups, works with government agencies, and —when necessary — **takes** legal action to prevent river abuse.

**EVENTS:** AWA organizes sporting events, contests and festivals to raise funds for river conservation, including the **Ocoee Whitewater Rodeo** in Tennessee and the annual **Gauley River Festival** in West Virginia, the largest gathering of whitewater boaters in the nation.

**SAFETY:** AWA promotes paddling safety, publishes reports on whitewater accidents, and maintains both a uniform national **ranking** system for whitewater rivers (the **International Scale of Whitewater Difficulty**) as well as an internationally recognized whitewater safety code.

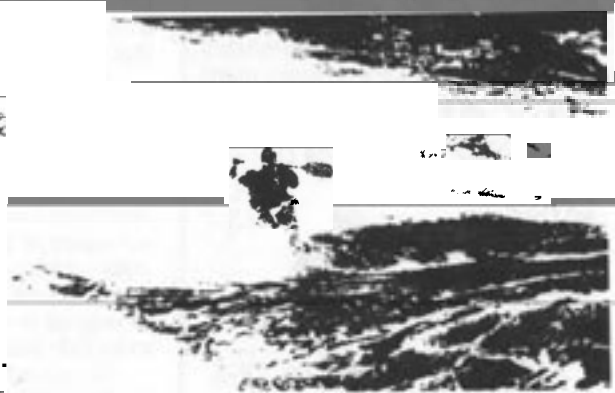
**RIVER ACCESS:** To assure public access to whitewater rivers AWA arranges for river access through private lands by negotiation or purchase, seeks to protect the right of public passage on **all** rivers and streams navigable by kayak or canoe, and resists unjustified restrictions on government-managed **whitewater** rivers.

AWA was incorporated under Missouri non-profit corporation laws in 1961 and maintains its principal mailing address at PO Box 85, Phoenicia, NY 12464. The phone number is 914-6885569. AWA is tax exempt under section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code.

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## What's Up?

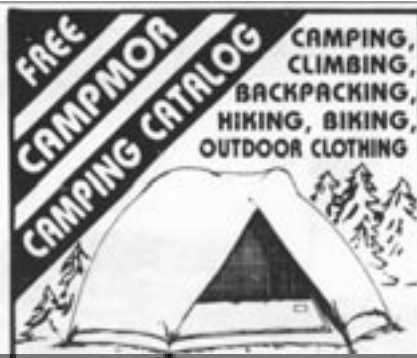
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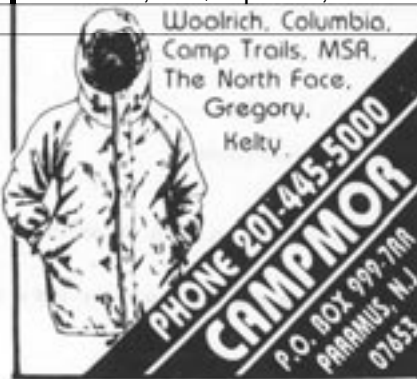
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## TRAVELING FAST AND SAFELY

by Charlie Walbridge

**Whitewater** paddlers travel in groups for mutual assistance. Matching the group's speed to the ability of its members can be challenging. Moving too slowly causes a run to take longer than anticipated. The group may finish at in the dark, or even be forced to bivouac. But moving too quickly creates problems also. The group can become spread out, leaving individual members stranded and unprotected in the event of a mishap.

Finding the right pace is a tricky problem. Some runs are long and demand hard paddling while others do not. I still remember a marathon 50 mile day trip down the Arkansas in Colorado when one boater, a noted wildwater racer, got out in front and paddled most of the members of a large group into the ground. We got very spread out. One person flipped, swam, and had to self-rescue with no assistance.

Some distance downstream, following a brief shouting match, we sorted things out. The group split; some people agreed to go slower and take-out earlier, while a few **die-hards** paddled the full distance at a rapid clip. It shouldn't have come to that.

A group's ideal speed depends on the ability of its members. **Skilled** boaters can move faster for longer periods. They need to scout less frequently and are more comfortable running tough drops with a few directions from others. These abilities are necessary on long runs of sustained difficulty, or when a late start makes quickness essential. The ability of each paddler to keep up is a major part of any decision to include them on these trips.

On other trips time is not the overriding issue. We then set the pace so that the group stays together, travelling at a speed acceptable to the slowest member. Going too fast increases the risk of mishaps and time consuming rescues. Avoiding these problems will make up for any delays.

Keeping a party together takes a commitment on the part of everyone. Each paddler is responsible for watching the person behind him. When that person disappears, you stop and wait. If he haven't appeared after a few minutes, move **up**-stream and investigate. Your action **will** pass quickly through the length of the group and eventually bring it to a **halt**. Needed manpower **will** then move **up**-stream to assist soon afterwards.

It's **human** nature to become **impatient** with slow-movers. This is especially

true when darkness, deteriorating weather, or sheer distance will enact a penalty for dallying. Early in my career I got tired of waiting and left a lagging buddy who, unbeknownst to be, had pinned his aluminum canoe upstream. **Our** reunion later in the day was pretty uncomfortable! This past Gauley Season I encountered someone who had lost his group. He didn't know whether his friends were ahead of or behind him. Later we found that they had gotten tired of waiting for him as he played in a hole and **left**. Unfortunately he wasn't playing, he was stuck! Other paddlers were left to make the rescue.

### THE LEAD POSITION

The lead boat, in addition to **setting** the pace, is responsible for deciding when to **run** a rapid without **looking** and when to stop and scout. In deciding what to do the needs of the group's weakest member must be considered. People often feel pressured to follow their friends, but blowing into a tough stretch of river with no preparation can "suck" unwary paddlers in over their heads. This is not a problem with well-matched groups, but is an issue when boaters of varying ability paddle together.

Scouting, however time consuming, is faster and less traumatic than a pin or a swim.

When time is short boaters should avoid a "scout-watch-run" approach. This is when a group scouts, but only one paddler at a time walks back to their boat and **runs** while everyone else watches. This can be entertaining during short runs in good weather, but it's very time consuming. I was once with a group that took well over an hour to negotiate three class IV ledges that usually take about 10 minutes!

The alternative is for everyone to scout, decide what to do, then do it! Run or portage, but move all at once. This will **save** an incredible amount of time.

### THE SWEEP POSITION

A sweep boat brings up the rear and is often the first to help anyone who may be having trouble. This is a vulnerable position, since, if a pinning occurs, rescue usually comes from upstream. Yet it's easy for weaker paddler to find themselves in the back of a group. As a river becomes more difficult, less confident boaters catch ed-

dies while the stronger ones push on. Eventually the weakest boaters end up in the rear.

The consequences of this **can** be serious. Several years ago on the North Branch of the **Potomac** a less experienced member of my group was pushed back **into** the sweep position. She became pinned on a bridge abutment and had to be rescued by a group of boaters behind **us**. To avoid this, stronger paddlers should hold themselves back, stopping regularly to allow a new paddler to move to the front. It's also a good idea to allow inexperienced boaters to lead when time and circumstances permit. This helps them develop a better eye for water which boosts their confidence and helps them keep up.

Among groups including novices, the "lead" and "sweep" positions are assigned to experienced paddlers. Everyone else is "sandwiched" in between. But among boaters of equal ability, these duties are passed casually back and forth. Losing track of a person is frightening. This frustration quickly turns to anger when you find that the "leader" has blown the group off to paddle ahead with someone else, or the "sweep" is lagging behind to dump their boat or answer the call of nature. This is not to say that you can't do these things, but courtesy demands that you tell someone in your party before stopping or leaving.

One guy I used to paddle with vanished routinely, and as a result no one got too excited if he disappeared. After a few lengthy "searches" I started avoiding his trips.

Once groups grow beyond four or five, keeping track of everyone becomes difficult. Large rocks and a twisting river bed can hide a boater from her group for extended periods. I've known individuals in large parties to **disappear** without anyone taking note. The traditional way to keep track is to take a head count at the base of big drops. Groups can also "buddy up" for backup. Each person chooses a "buddy" to keep track of him, and vice **versa**. This may be done formally or casually. It doesn't mean that you must always paddle at an arm's length from your buddy; far from it. It only insures that if you **disappear**, someone **will** notice.

## SPACING

Keeping a reasonable space between your boat and the one in front when running rapids is essential. Passing in serious rapids is rather tricky. Nothing is more unnerving than finding yourself on a collision course with another paddler in a tight place; even top racers wait for calmer

stretches to make their move. If you find yourself creeping up on another boater, grab an eddy and wait until a gap is re-established. Your action should be passed back through the group, keeping it from bunching up. If no eddy is available, yelling "on your right" or "on your left" **can** help the person downstream.

As rivers get steeper, boaters use eddies to stop and scout from their boats before proceeding. **Making** effective use of these spots is fundamental to fast, efficient river travel. If an eddy is small, crowding a person already occupying it will not speed your trip. Often a late arrival can find no space, and is forced to run a rapid blind. **Waiting** upstream in another eddy until a key stopping place is open is more appropriate. On very steep rivers you'll often see groups spaced out in eddies for some distance upstream.

If an eddy is large, don't block access by sitting on the eddy line. Move your boat into shore, or press up against the rock which is diverting the water so that others can easily enter.

## MAKING QUICK RESCUES

The word "**rescue**" conjures up images of complex extrications by large groups of people. In reality most **are** quick assists performed by one or two paddlers; by acting quickly they can stop a situation before it gets out of hand. Too often everyone wants to be the hero, clustering around the person needing help. They only succeed in getting in each others way, making the recovery inefficient, **frustrating**, and even dangerous.

The first person on the scene should perform the most vital job; the next person then serves as backup by chasing a paddle, waiting in a downstream eddy, or setting up a throw line. If you want to help, ask yourself what really needs to be done, then do it without being told. This can keep the situation from requiring a full-blown organized effort. When the group has to go into an organized recovery mode with a designated leader and an intricate plan much time will be lost.

After a long swim, several things can speed recovery. Waiting for the swimmer to do everything takes longer. If equipment is dispersed, gather it while the swimmer is catching his breath. Try to get a swimmer's gear on the same side of the river that **he/she** is sitting on. Help dump the boat, or walk along the shore to pick up the paddle. But don't be so hurried that a tired or **hypothermic** person is forced to continue before they are ready.

## EFFICIENT EVACUATIONS

If someone is seriously injured on an isolated stretch of river, the fastest method of evacuation is always by water. Sending for help and waiting for it to arrive over rough roads and rugged terrain is much slower, if the accident happens late in the day it **may** result in an unexpected night out. Sometimes a friendly outfitter will provide a lift; at other **times** a person can be loaded into an open boat. Walking out takes more time, and sending for help even more.

A year ago I encountered a woman who had received hard blows to her head and hands while running High Falls on the Cheat. The group was debating whether to send for help. Fortunately I was accompanied by noted AWA paddler Chris Koll. He got her on the back of his boat and told her to hold onto his waist. He paddled the easy water and portaged the big drops all the way to the end. His group put a **sprayskirt** on her boat, tied the waist shut, and herded it downriver to the takeout. Everyone was at the takeout within two hours.

Contrast this with our other **option**-sending someone down to the takeout, then out over a rough dirt road to summon a rescue squad. It takes time to assemble a group of volunteers, and even longer to make their way through the woods in the deepening twilight, locate an injured person, and perform the evacuation. In the case of the Cheat, six to eight hours would be a very good time!

Time is a vital component of trip planning, and fun on the river is determined by how well you use it. These hints can help a group avoid some and concentrate on enjoyment. And that's what the sport is all about.



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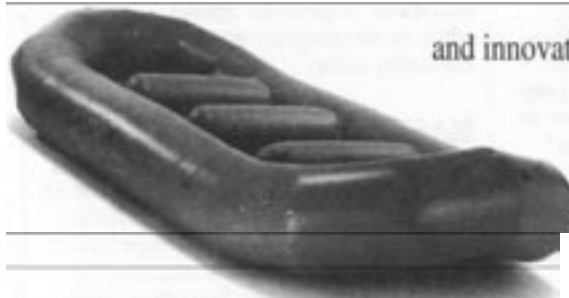
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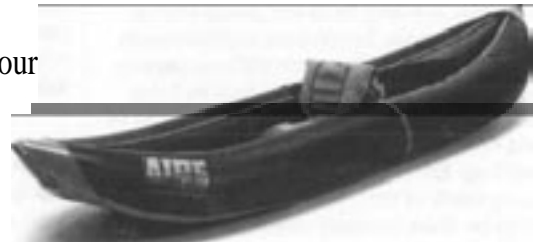
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# The Watershed Craze in Washington

## Inside The Beltway

by Ed E. Lyne

An eight-lane interstate highway (known as the "beltway") encircles Washington, D.C. like an poisonous snake. It separates the noxious inferno of politics from the rest of the nation which looks on in dismay as the wheels of government ponderously grind away. The cacophonous Tower of Babel circumscribed by the beltway is largely inhabited by politicians, bureaucrats, T.V. news casters, lobbyists, lawyers, talking heads, petty criminals, government contractors, drug addicts, spies and counter spies. Undeterred by this horrific scene, alert reporters deep inside the beltway carefully sift through the pandemonium to submit reports to Journal readers on anything and everything affecting whitewater rivers.

[Editor's note: The opinions expressed in this article do not necessarily reflect the views or policy of the American Whitewater Affiliation.]

Whitewater, the scandal, monopolizes the front pages of the Washington Post and continues to mesmerize the TV talk show hosts. Meanwhile among river conservationists inside the beltway the latest craze is something else: watersheds.

River conservationists and other environmentalists are asking government agencies as diverse as the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission, the Forest Service, and the EPA to operate on a watershed basis. Even the spotted owl is fading into obscurity as the focus changes to watershed protection in the old growth forests of the Pacific Northwest. Salmon and steelhead are now viewed as more endangered than the owl.

In Congress, it seems that almost everyone wants a watershed bill. If this keeps up, the President may even decide to deliver health care on a watershed basis!

Clinton already features watershed protection as the centerpiece of his latest bill updating the Clean Water Act. On another front, a coalition of river groups is pushing hard for comprehensive national river and watershed protection and restoration legislation.

Many drinking water suppliers, and even some within the EPA, are advocating watershed protection measures as an alternative to expensive and unreliable water treatment and monitoring systems for some drinking water contaminants.

Even inner city politicians are clamoring for urban watershed restoration.

Bills containing all of these concepts are now in circulation with their backers trying to attract the critical mass of votes needed to be enacted.

The watershed craze is not confined to the beltway. Inside-the-beltway types are only taking their cue from forward-thinking river conservationists working at the grassroots level throughout the country, like the Pacific Rivers Council. PRC published the seminal thinking on the subject in their new book, "Entering the Watershed". Another group, the Rivers Council of Washington, has based its entire grassroots program on networking people living in each of the 62 watersheds in the State.

Why the big fuss over watersheds? As usual, politics is belatedly catching up with science. For years the scientific community has been voicing alarm over the continued deterioration of freshwater aquatic ecosystems. At the same time, ecologists have been pointing out that degraded rivers, streams, and lakes merely reflect degraded conditions in the landscapes they drain, i.e. their watersheds.

The ecological functions of a watershed are to capture or infiltrate, store, and release moisture through surface or subsurface flows. Without plants and trees and organic litter in the topsoil, moisture just evaporates or erodes the land. Streams become entrenched in deep channels well below the flood plain surface. In degraded watersheds water flows out of the system in weeks or days, rather than years, and large volumes of sediment and pollutants enter the rivers and streams.

In the water pollution context, it has become clear that controlling end-of-the-pipe chemical pollution and sewage discharge will not alone restore the biological integrity of rivers and streams. Too much runoff from urban streets, too much livestock in the riparian zone, too much deforestation of upstream areas, too many roads, too many uncontrolled or abandoned mining activities, too much loss of topsoil, too many agricultural pesticides and herbicides, too much physical alteration of river channels, and too many other insults to the natural ecosystem have all combined to leave our rivers and streams in a bad way.

As one aquatic ecologist put it at a recent conference in Oregon, the "health of much of the landscape is deteriorating and water bodies are reflecting this change".

If rivers and streams cannot be healthy in an unhealthy watershed, and if you are an advocate for healthy rivers and streams, it is increasingly difficult to ignore conditions in the watershed. This logic has led some river conservation groups inexorably to the conclusion that watershed protection and restoration is essential to river conservation.

But connecting river conservation to watersheds raises certain problems.

First of all, no existing river conservation laws address watershed protection and restoration. The Wild and Scenic Rivers Act, for example, deals only with a narrow

corridor and only with discrete, sometimes very short, river segments. The other preeminent river protection law, the Clean Water Act, has never succeeded in controlling dispersed pollution sources in watersheds.

Secondly, as one participant at a recent Oregon State University conference pointed out "Wherever you are, you are in a watershed." Dealing with watersheds means dealing with everything in the ecosystem. And as Pacific Rivers Council guru, Bob Doppelt has noted "Ecosystems are messy and complex. We have not begun to understand how they work. We may never be able to know."

When river conservationists realized that river conservation and restoration could not be done in isolation without paying attention to the ecology of the entire watershed, the immense dimensions of the problem immediately became apparent.

At this point no consensus has emerged regarding the best solution, but a variety of ideas have surfaced.

EPA-backed amendments to the Clean Water Act propose a classic top-down regulatory solution. If adopted, these amendments would require EPA to develop regulations to control nonpoint source discharges and design "best management practices" (BMPS) for everything anyone does in a watershed. State and local governments would be required to enforce these against every farmer, business, and homeowner. Those who do not cooperate would be penalized. The enforcement problems inherent in this plan are daunting and politically unappealing, to say the least.

An alternate approach is being taken by the urban watershed groups. Their idea is to redirect the millions of dollars now being spent in rural communities by the Soil Conservation Service and the Agricultural Conservation and Stabilization Service, often on projects which do not contribute to sound watershed management. The money would be diverted to watershed restoration.

Urban watershed advocates fear that without the restoration of urban waterways, urban populations, especially children, will suffer an "extinction of experience" which is as troubling as the extinction of aquatic species. City kids who experience nothing else may think of rivers as synonymous with sewers, culverts, and concrete channels.

California Congresswoman Furse and D.C. Delegate Elizabeth Holmes Norton each have similar versions of bills taking an urban watershed approach primarily designed to provide "user friendly" grants for small, non-profit restoration groups.

Still another strategy has been developed by Congressman Bill Richardson of New Mexico with help from a coalition of national and local river conservation groups, including AWA, American Rivers, the Pacific Rivers Council, and Trout Unlimited. As described in earlier issues of the Journal, this is the river and watershed registry concept.

The Richardson bill is a bottom-up approach which provides financial incentives for local stakeholders, watershed associations, and local and State governments willing to take on river and watershed restoration projects. The projects would have to meet certain general national standards. Almost any stakeholder in a watershed could qualify for the financial and technical assistance by developing a river and watershed protection and restoration strategy which they intend to pursue and then having a river and associated watershed area registered by the Federal government. Once registered, the river and watershed are protected from Federal and State activities not consistent with the protection and restoration strategy. This scheme empowers citizens, civic groups, local governments, and other stakeholders. On the other hand, it depends heavily on these stakeholders to take the initiative. No penalties are imposed on those willing to simply let their rivers and watersheds go to pieces.

Where this is all headed is still unclear. Nothing may be adopted or some combination of the above approaches or perhaps just one.

## Georgia River Access - a National Concern

by Rich Bowers

History: 1987 - Landowner unsuccessfully attempts to block Smith Island rapid on the Chattahoochee River. 1989 - Unsuccessful state legislative attempt made to pass a new law redefining navigability. 1990 - Legal battle develops after landowner strings barbed wire, and attempts to arrest boy scouts on Armuchee Creek. This case is still pending and the stream remains closed to boating. 1992 - Georgia Department of Natural Resources (DNR) issues a no-entry order on Ichauwaynochaway Creek, and closes the river. 1993 - "Georgia Family River Act" introduced. 1993 - Ichauwaynochaway "Trespass" found not-guilty by Jury.

**Updates:** The on-going legal battle on Armuchee creek seems to get worse every day. Current fears are that now the state Supreme Court may announce a ruling that destroys the law supporting the right of passage, and gives riparian landowners exclusive possession of the river.

The recent Family River Bill, to "define and clarify the use of Georgia's rivers and streams, while also strengthening the rights of private landowners", died an early death when no legislative sponsor could be found. More recently, attempts to have this bill assigned to a study committee for introduction in 1995 have also failed.

Whether defeat of this bill is a win or loss for boaters is still unclear. Removing the closure of streams from the hands of private landowners, and offering boater participation in future decisions, this bill would have also empowered the DNR to decide which rivers and streams are open to recreation. DNR's past record on boater rights however, is poor (closure of High Falls State Park, early safety concerns in the Tallulah Gorge, events on Armuchee and Ichauwaynochaway).

In order to improve the process, this bill could well have sealed the fate of river access involving advanced and expert whitewater.

On a more positive note, a man was found not-guilty in February of trespass on Ichauwaynochaway Creek, by a Baker County Superior Court jury. The defendant was charged after floating the river in a raft along with a goat and a bale of cotton, in order to show the "commercial" navigability of the river.

DNR issued a no-entry order in March 1992 to protect the work being conducted at the Joseph W. Jones Ecological Research Center, which owns the land on both sides of a fourteen mile stretch of this river. Lindsey Boring, director of the center set the tone of this discussion in a recent newspaper interview "This is a real populist school (of thought) that private land ought to be opened up to public use, and I think landowners need to have a great deal of concern about this." Boring also added that the center would continue to prosecute trespassers.

## Jackson River (VA)

Restrictions Westvaco Corp., the paper company which has provided yearly whitewater releases on the North Fork of the Potomac River (MD), has asked the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers to restrict access to 1.7 miles of the

Jackson River above its Covington, VA papermill.

Westvaco names "public safety" as the reason for this closure, which affects the section of the river just south of the Covington City limits. The Jackson joins the Cowpasture

River to form the James River a few miles below the city. The Jackson is a "navigable" river.

Access problems are not new to this area of the river. Private landowners along the Jackson have tried to keep trout fishermen and canoeists off the river since Gathright Dam was built nearly 25 years ago to form Lake Moomaw.

The Corps was soliciting public comments about this request in early March. Boaters can contact Rick Henderson, Norfolk District, U. S. Army Corps of Engineers, 803 Front Street, Norfolk, VA 23510, to check on the current status. The phone number is (804) 441-7653.

Additional contacts: AWA Regional Coordinator, Charles Ware at (804) 231-0118, or The Jackson River Defense Fund at (804) 978-7112. ■

## West Virginia Clarifies Valley Falls Access

In a draft memorandum dated January 27, 1994, the Director of West Virginia's Division of Tourism and Parks outlined the following policy for providing legal portages around the falls in Valley Falls State Park

"Private rafters, kayakers, and commercial rafting companies who put their crafts in the river above the park boundary for the purpose of running the Tygart River through Valley Falls State Park will be permitted to take out above the falls for the purpose of scouting a safe route over the falls and returning to the river at that point to continue running the river, or to portage the falls and put their crafts in the river below the falls in a location designated by the park superintendent. Furthermore, private rafters and kayakers will be permitted to launch their rafts and kayaks at a design-

ated point above the falls and at a designated location below the falls as long as this activity does not interfere with other park users."

The memorandum also outlines procedures for commercial use of the park, and prohibits floating the falls with flotation devices not designated for navigating a river (i.e., inner tubes). This policy statement came about due to an earlier meeting between the Division of Tourism and Parks, West Virginia River Coalition and the AWA.

## "Takings" Simplified for the Masses

More and more, as boaters attempt to improve river conditions, safeguard access, and move to expand recreational opportunities, they are confronted by those seeking individual advantage, or with radically diverse views of "property rights."

The Pennigewasset River

(NH), The Farmington (MA), Armuchee (GA) and the South Fork of the Trinity River (CA) offer examples of rivers recently under siege by individual interest groups.

In many cases, misinformation about the Fifth Amendment of the Bill of Rights is tossed about, and those inter-

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## ACCESS

ested in improving our environment are unable to offset this effectively.

The American Resources Information Network, a cooperative project of more than 100 organizations interested in providing accurate and balanced information, has just published a handbook entitled *Taking Law in Plain English*, which explains the role of law and the taking clause of the Fifth Amendment.

This booklet is free to the public, and can be obtained by calling The American Resources Information Network at 1-800-846-2746 or writing to P.O. Box 33048, Washington, DC 20033.

Conservation Note: This organization received funding from the Surdna Foundation and the George Gund Foundation. Both of these foundations have also supported the National Hydropower Reform Coalition and the AWA. ■

## "California Dreamin'"

In the last few issues of *American Whitewater*, AWA's access forum has regaled boaters with horror stories about reservation fees, excise taxes, and insurance schemes. All are targeted to squeeze paddlers, and make it more difficult to get to the river.

Recently, out of the murk and gloom of state bureaucracy emerged a possible ray of hope - a state agency dedicated to working on non-motorized access, and representing boater needs at the state level.

"No-way" - you say! Well, in the past year, the California Department of Boating and Waterways has started an impressive track record working for recreation improvements on the South, North and Middle Fork American, the

Klamath, and other rivers in California. In March they weighed in on the Kern River relicensing.

According to Director John

Banuelos "OW constituency is the entire boating community, not any one segment more than the other".

Prior to Banuelos' appointment by the Governor, non-motorized boating was not a departmental priority.

During the Kern River negotiations, which included state and federal agencies, Southern

California Edison (SCE), AWA and commercial interests, Boating Facilities Manager Jim Testa moved to detail the growth and future needs of whitewater recreation in California. Besides general support of whitewater in this discussion, Testa pushed for a cost-sharing plan to be developed between his department, SCE, and the Forest Service. This plan would dedicate funds to improving recreation in the Kern Watershed by purchasing critical access areas and improving facilities.

Given the National batting average for these types of programs, and the lack of necessary state funds nationwide, most boaters will still be skeptical, and rightfully so! However, this California program differs from other programs seen to date.

It is actively seeking boater input, up front, on two issues



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critical to both boating interests and new program development: 1.) What do boaters want?, and 2) How should this program be funded?

Now it hits the fan - funding! "We have to pay for access & improvements?" So far, in trying to establish a track record, Jim Testa has tapped into some novel funding sources, but to be effective, or even stay alive, financial sup-

port will be needed. The uniqueness of this program is that, for perhaps the first time, boaters will have a say in where the money goes, and how it will be raised.

"I work for a bureaucracy," says Testa, "but I'm a program manager who is determined to get this program up and running." This may account for the differences from other ill-conceived attempts in other areas.

Testa is soliciting boaters to call or write his office, and let him know what is needed on specific rivers, and to discuss future directions for this program, including funding.

Based on early performance, this program deserves closer scrutiny by clubs and individuals. If it dies, boaters may well be back to more commonly-seen fees and restrictions which fail to benefit boaters, or river related

resources - like deficit reduction.

As with any program, this one is subject to change through political shifts and/or a lack of hard cash. The AWA encourages boaters to call in now with their comments, and let the state know where your money should be spent.

Contact: Jim Testa, California Department of Boating and Waterways, 1629 S. Street, Sacramento, CA 958147291, Office # (916) 445 6281, Fax (916) 327-7250. ■

## CONSERVATION ISSUES

### Klamath Recommended for Protection

by Pope Barrow

The National Park Service has issued a draft report recommending that 11 miles of the upper Klamath in Oregon be added to the National Wild and Scenic Rivers System. The segment stretches from the John C. Boyle powerhouse (river mile 220.3) downstream to the Oregon-California border. If approved by Bruce Babbitt, Secretary of the Interior, this would prevent construction of the infamous Salt Caves Project.

The Klamath has been the scene of a colossal, and seemingly interminable, struggle between the City of Klamath Falls and river conservationists. The battle has been ongoing since 1985 in a variety of venues.

First, in 1988, the State declared the Klamath a State wild and scenic river. FERC said this was meaningless and would not stop their issuance of a license.

After a lot of "street fighting" at FERC between the City and river conservationists opposed to the dam, a Federal bill was introduced in Congress in 1990 to add 10.2 miles of the river to the National Wild and Scenic System. The bill would have killed the hydro project and ended the dispute once and for all, but Congress failed to Act on it.

Meanwhile, the State of Oregon denied a Clean Water Act 401 permit for the proposed dam. This resulted in a dispute between FERC, which planned to issue a license ignoring the State's 401 certificate, and the State. Neither could agree on who has the final authority to give the green light to the project. The dispute is pending now before the Supreme Court.

Using yet another tactic, on Earth Day, April 22, 1993, Oregon Governor Barbara Roberts asked Secretary of the Interior, Bruce Babbitt, to designate the river administratively under the little known section 2(a)(ii) provisions of the Wild and Scenic Act. The National Park Service draft is a response to that request.

Babbitt's approval of this recommendation will be an important event for whitewater boaters because the Klamath is primarily valuable for its whitewater. It is a class 111-V river with year-round whitewater. There are more than 74 rapids in the section just below the Boyle Powerhouse where the river drops 77 feet per mile. There is no other comparable year-round boating resource in the region, and at the present time, no permit is required for private boater use.

## International River Groups Merge

by Pope Barrow River

Conservation International (RCI) has recently announced that it will be merging with the Berkeley, CA organization,

International Rivers Network (IRN).

Both groups have similar missions to protect river resources worldwide. RCI was created several years ago to confront the then-proposed hydro projects on Chile's Bio-Bio River (see article "Thrashing and Trashing on the Bio-Bio" in the Jan/Feb journal). Since then, RCI has worked on river issues in Costa Rica, Turkey and elsewhere. RCI also played a major role in an effort to end the World Bank's promotion of large dams around the world. The AWA played a major role in the initial development of this organization. Merging of the two organizations will provide greater levels of assistance to those fighting similar battles around the

world. Steve Gates, RCI Conservation Director will be concentrating on yet another possible Chilean hydroelectric project in the future. En desesa, the power interest which is building the Pangué dam on the Bio-Bio, is now seeking a permit on the Futaleufu, another world class whitewater river. Steve can be contacted at IRN's address at 1847 Berkeley Way, Berkeley, CA 94703. The phone number is (510) 84 81155.

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## Farmington Bill Leaps Big Hurdle

by *Pope Barrow*

H.R. 2815, the **Farmington** Wild and Scenic Act is now awaiting action in the Senate after passing the House of Representatives on March 15th. The bill designates a 14 mile segment of the river downstream of **Goodwin** Dam near **Hartland**, Connecticut. For a while, the **bill** looked to be in rough waters. But with a little nudging broke the logjam and move the bill along. **Finally** the House Committee on Natural Resources approved the bill (with only minor changes). The bill passed the full House without amendment. Passage in the Senate seems likely with strong support from Senator **Liberman**. Key to House approval of the **Fannington bill** is a unique provision which provides for management by the State of Connecticut and several towns bordering the river and the **Farmington** River Watershed Association under cooperative agreements with the National Park Service. The river **will** not be managed by the Park Service and **will** not become a part of the National Park System. The other key **ingre** dient is a complete ban of Federal condemnation of lands within the scenic river corridor. With support from American Rivers and other leading river conservation groups, this bill could be the model for other private land river protection efforts to come. ■

## Surfing Cyberspace

Cyberspace surfers will find a letter sent to President Clinton in February, from Jay D. Hair, President of the National Wildlife Federation, to be very interesting.

In this "open" letter, Hair urged the President to recognize that the "information highway" has reached the White House, and offers the opportunity to develop a "user-friendly" process to accept on line comments to public notices.

Hair articulated that by encouraging electronic communications, the **White** House could provide immediate input from

Americans interested in **shap**ing the future of the Country and, at the same time, reduce paper consumption and water pollution problems enormously.

AWA has just recently signed up on Compuserve (72732,401), and the AWA Conservation/Access Committee has been using electronic mail since the beginning of the year to facilitate internal **communi**cations and speed up our response to members. So surf the network and tell us what's up with your favorite surfing spot! ■



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# HYDRO UPDATES

## FERC Faces Enforcement Fracas

A recent Federal Energy Regulatory Commission case which surfaced inside the beltway suggests that FERC may be having a few problems getting small hydropower developers to cooperate.

In March of this year, FERC proposed imposing a \$10,000 penalty on a Wisconsin hydro project developer, Rough and Ready Hydro Co., for failure to remove logs at the company's project on the Rock River. According To FERC, Rough and Ready failed to remove logs in the project's spillway when the reservoir behind the 300-kW project nearly over topped the embankment, threatening downstream property, including a downstream project.

FERC said that Scott Hitchcock, son of the project's owner, threatened a city engineer and fire chief with a rifle and ordered them off the site. According to police report, Hitchcock was arrested for reckless use of a weapon, resisting arrest, and disorderly conduct. The same project owner is also subject to a penalty for operating another project without a license. (Editor's note: This case just goes to show, as AWA's hydro experts Pete Skinner, Pope Barrow and Rich Bowers have been saying all along, that you can't coddle the hydropower industry!)H

## PG&E Seeks Relicense on Mokelumne

In February, the AWA commented on Pacific Gas and Electric Company (PG&E) statements regarding the Mokelumne River in CA.

At issue was how hydroelectric projects have cumulatively hurt whitewater recreation on this river, and recommendations on how to improve recreation by changes in future operating plans. PG&E is seeking a relicense before the FERC for project No. 137 on this river.

According to AWA Regional Coordinator, Susan Schefule, the Mokelumne ss on Ichauwaynochaway Creek, by a Baker County Superior Court jury. The defendant was charged after floating the river in a raft along with a goat and a bale of cotton, in order to show the "commercial" navigability of the river.

DNR issued a no-entry order in March 1992 to protect the work being conducted at the Joseph W. Jones Ecological Research Center, which owns the land on both sides of a fourteen mile stretch of this river. Lindsey Boring, director of the center set the tone of this discussion in a recent newspaper interview "This is a real populist school (of thought) that private land ought to be opened up to public use, and I think landowners need to have a great deal of concern about this." Boring also added that the center would continue to prosecute trespassers. ■

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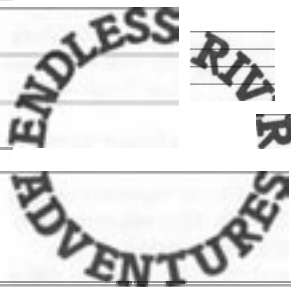
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# KR3

by Rich Bowers

## KR3 - Another first ascent in the Himalayas? A new line of wilderness tents? Another non-alcoholic brew?

None of these! KR3 is Kern River Number 3, a hydroelectric project on the North Fork (Upper) Kern river, a dam **seeking** a new 30 year license before the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC). It also stands for opportunity, and offers perhaps an **adrenaline**-filled preview of the future of whitewater recreation.

The opportunities presented are **broad**-based and profit the local citizen, the state of California, and most certainly whitewater boaters. It is by far the biggest prize available under the current slate of new FERC licenses, and one in which the AWA is fully involved.

KR3 holds this prestigious position for three primary reasons: the Kern's outstanding and diversified resources; its recreation potential, and the timing of this relicense. To capitalize on each of these issues, and to maximize opportunities depends on one **central** issue — more water for the river.

### Resources

The outstanding recreational resources of the Kern have long been recognized, from the casual tourist to the Congress of the United States. In early 1968, the North Fork Kern River was identified for study as a possible candidate for National Wild and Scenic protection. On November 24, 1987, along with two other classic Sierra Rivers, the Merced and the Kings River, portions of both the North and South Forks of the Kern were included under *this Act*.

Boaters have also recognized the outstanding properties on the Kern. This summer marks the 30th **annual** "Kern River Race, which was **started** in 1963 by local Kern paddler Tom Johnson

Running off of **Mt. Whitney** (14,495') and the eastern crest of the Sierra Nevada mountains (average crest **10,000'**), the North Fork offers both outstanding **whitewater** and recreational fishing. The North Kern is unique in that it supports both the Kern River rainbow trout, and the Federally listed (threatened) Little Kern golden trout. From Sequoia National Park to the Forks of the Kern, the river runs for 20 miles through the Golden Trout **Wilderness area**

In its southern run, the Upper Kern drops approximately 10,000 feet before reaching the Army Corps impoundment at Lake **Isabella** (2,605'). **This** upper section offers the greatest vertical drop of any Western river, and includes some 83 miles of mostly continuous **class III, IV and V boating**. **Besides** gradient and continuous **whitewater**, the North Fork Kern also offers numerous short runs which can be combined in any number of ways. **Boatable** runs include the Upper **Wilderness**

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ness area, the Forks, Limestone, Fairview\*, Chamise Gorge\*, Gold Ledge\*, Cable\* and Powerhouse runs.

The Lower Kern run below Lake Isabella offers an additional 32 miles of advanced whitewater which is **runnable** June through August since **boatable** flows coincide with summer irrigation releases. In all - over 110 miles of whitewater.

## Potential

Perhaps of even greater importance for recreation, the Kern is the closest **whitewater** river for Southern California's 30 million residents. It's only a short three hour drive from Los Angeles, about the same distance as from Washington, DC to the Upper Youghiogheny.

The KR3 diversion dam, built in 1921 and sitting some 2.4 miles below the Johnsondale Bridge (the **take-out** for the Forks), **drastically** reduces the flow of water in a 16 mile bypassed reach of the Kern (including the \*runs noted above), and the dam effectively blocks the continued navigability of this **river**. But changes in a new license could provide a more reliable flow to the river, a flow which could benefit many interests, including whitewater. **This** project now diverts 70 to 90% of the natural flow during fall and winter (30 to 60% **spring/summer**).

Re-allocation of water priorities could **also** provide a minimum of six to eight additional weekends of boating flows to effectively extend the boating season. While six to eight weekends may not sound like a lot, remember that these could be prime early summer weekends.

Optimum flow levels for recreation, combined with six scheduled weekend releases have allowed the Gauley River to generate \$30 million annually to the State of West Virginia. In addition to water releases, a request has been made to study the **possibility** of building a chute around Fairview Dam. **This** would combine the Limestone run with the rest of the river, creating a continuous (not including possible portages) run all the way into the town of Kernville. This 20 mile, class III, IV, and V whitewater resource, when combined with the nearby population and proposed increase in Forest Service (USFS) permits, could well provide one of the greatest **recreation/economic** benefits to the state.

## Timing

The relicensing of this project comes at a time when recreation needs **are** expanding dramatically, **and** when technology and **skill levels** have teamed with the growth for more demanding outdoor experiences. The Kern addresses both of these

needs. Before, **hydro-applicants** protected their investments and bottom line by emphasizing lost power revenues. These **figures** represented rivers **used** exclusively for power **generation**, and offered staggering figures on costs to share-holders and rate-payers. But the understanding of the importance of non-power use of our rivers is steadily growing, and the days of single purpose river use may be over. In addition, non-power use, including **whitewater** recreation, is now introducing some pretty impressive figures of its own.

California provides some downright incredible statistics. According to the California Division of Boating and Waterways:

- Over \$30 Billion was spent last year on outdoor recreation in CA. ("California Rivers, a Public Trust Report" produced by the CA State Lands Commission in Sept. 1993)

- **Whitewater** recreation increased over 2000% in the last 23 years.

- \$30 million was generated from **whitewater** during 1992 on just the South Fork American (Even with poor **flow**-phone information!).

- An estimated 103,000 people now use the Kern for **paddlesports** (commercial

and private). With these statistics has come a shift in emphasis. It is no longer an issue between the overall public good (energy **rates**) and a **small** special interest group (**boaters**). The question now asked is whether the profits of a special corporate interest should outweigh the potential economic growth of the region and state.

## The Present Situation

The AWA requested recreation studies for this river as early as 1991, and formally intervened in this project (along with American Rivers, Friends of the River, and four commercial outfitters) in December of 1992. Other players include the USFS, US Fish and Wildlife Service, CA Dept. of Fish and Game, and CA Dept. of Boating and Waterways.

Through this process the intervenors sought to have SCE do the following: complete a formal recreation plan for this section of the **Kern**; recognize the outstanding value of the Wild and Scenic Kern (20 miles are designated as a recreational river, 16 of these 20 are dewatered by this project); address the 16 mile bypass; address the economic benefits of an **ex-**



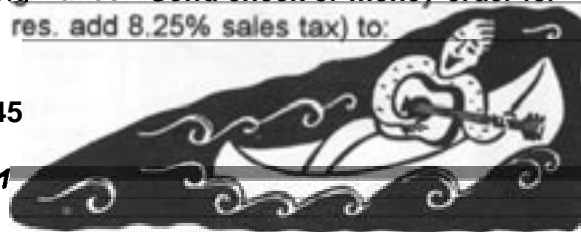
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panded whitewater season; and study the possibility of building a boating chute at Fairview Dam.

In addition, the intervenors requested SCE to address a Resource Mitigation Fund and a project decommissioning fund.

In March of this year, the AWA attended agency and public meetings with SCE, FERC, and an array of consultants. The following is an update on recreational issues now on the table: Whitewater Studies.

SCE has objected to requests for further whitewater studies, even though information is nonexistent in several critical areas (such as optimum flows and flow duration). While some information is currently available, additional information is needed to lock down a actual need and to provide the potential economic advantages of recreation.

For instance, SCE can now use 620 cfs to maximize capacity at Fairview Dam, a run of the river project (no reservoir). By determining how many hours of flow release are needed for boating (SCE currently uses 24 hours including nighttime), we can limit the number of hours per day, and expand the number of "days" we can boat. Basically, less hours means more days.

Also, by playing with how SCE gets this 620 cfs. (now taken off the top, minus a fish maintenance flow of between 40 to 100 cfs.), a additional days could be used for recreation during a broader range of natural flows - again more boating days. For reference, typical spring runoff flows reach 4,000 to 6,000 cfs.

Extreme flows have been logged at 60,000 cfs. While the AWA and commercial interests have reiterated the need for these studies, it is as yet unclear whether FERC will require SCE to complete them. Several options remain, FERC may ask the AWA to complete their own studies, or depend entirely on existing information.

## Fairview Dam Boating Chute

The river above this site (Limestone Run), offers approximately three miles of excellent whitewater with an additional three miles below the Kern #3 powerhouse (Powerhouse Run). A boating chute would create a continuous twenty-two mile recreational opportunity on the Kern River. This additional opportunity will significantly increase the economic viability of recreational interests in this area.

In February, SCE completed an extensive study on this issue. However, since the first boating chute study request made by AWA in 1992, this study has expanded from building a boat bypass around a man-made diversion dam, to major restructuring of the river, a diversion encompassing Fairview Dam and many of the rapids downstream (in excess of 2500 feet to avoid perceived liability and create a "safe" class IV run), and a cost range of between \$4,956,400 and \$9,912,800.

In the March meetings, it was apparent that no one was going to allow major restructuring of a Wild and Scenic River (including the state, USFS, Fishery interests, AWA and FERC). However, there was interest in looking at the original AWA idea of a chute around the dam (only) to improve the run, with a simple portage trail around the class V drops. An existing fish ladder is under consideration for removal, and could provide a cost saving plus for this idea. A reduction in project scope would also reduce the original cost estimate.

Besides the benefits of providing a uninterrupted run, the AWA supports this boating chute concept because it pro-

vides a good vehicle to improve the way managing agencies view recreation needs.

## Mitigation and Decommissioning Fund

A settlement agreement is on the table between SCE and state and federal fishery interests to address the long awaited North Fork Fishery Management Plan, and mitigate for possible fish entrainment on the Kern.

The CA Div. of Boating and Waterways has opened negotiations with SCE to provide such an agreement for recreation in the future. This would provide funds for access and facility needs throughout the Kern watershed. No substantive plans now exist on how boaters will be included in this process.

SCE has refused to look at plans to eventually decommission this project. However, during the public scoping meeting in Kernville, this issue was high on the priority list for long range protection of the river. The FERC is awaiting a national decision regarding their legal ability to request such an action.

## Future Action

Boaters need to be aware of the changing role of river recreation, and anticipate taking a leading role in this for the future. Given the economic gains to be had, it is evident that if boaters do not take the lead, there will be no shortfall in those looking to fill our shoes.

If you live in California, talk up your experiences on the Kern to agencies and legislative representatives. Discuss the recreational potential of this river.

Contact the CA Dept. of Boating and Waterways, and the USFS and see what they are planning (a hint: the FS has instituted a new lottery system in 1994 for the Kern Forks, and should be releasing a Kern Environmental Impact Statement in early summer. Rumors continue on possible private boater access fees in the future).

For additional information or to voice your views, contact: Rich Bowers, AWA Conservation Program, 8630 Fenton Street, Suite 910, Silver Spring, MD 20910, (301) 589-9453 Fax (301) 589-6121. Jim Testa, California Department of Boating and Waterways, 1629 S. Street,

Sacramento, CA 95814-7291, (916) 445-6281. Gene Blankenbaker, District Ranger, USFS, Cannell Meadow Ranger Dist., 105 Whitney Rd., PO Box 6, Kernville, CA 93238, (619) 376-3781. ■



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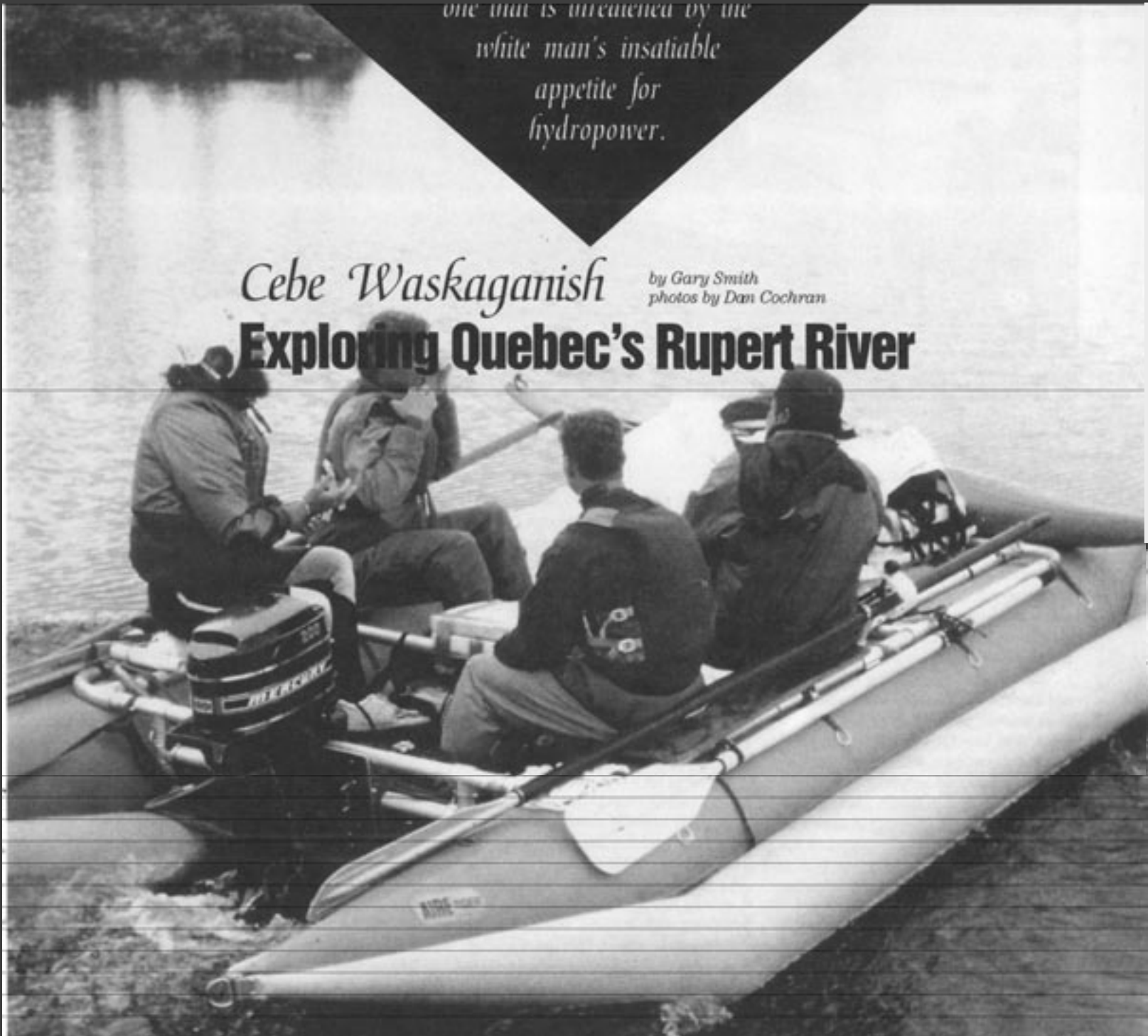


*one that is threatened by the  
white man's insatiable  
appetite for  
hydropower.*

*Cebe Waskaganishi*

*by Gary Smith  
photos by Dan Cochran*

## **Exploring Quebec's Rupert River**







*Gore Canyon - been there.  
Upper Gauley - done it.  
Grand Canyon -got the tee shirt.*

From the American River to the Kennebec, I have paddled a lot of whitewater in North America. So when I was invited me to join an expedition to paddle the Rupert River in northern Quebec, I was curious.

Now I'm ~~no~~ "expert". I'm ~~just an~~ average kayaker who manages to sneak away from work to paddle more often than most. And, happily, I usually manage to sneak away to more interesting destinations than many of my peers.

A neighbor, Bob Evans, invited me over to discuss the expedition and view some aerial reconnaissance video of the river. Bob popped the tape in the VCR and, for an hour, I stared wide eyed at the biggest whitewater I had ever seen

My first response was "You won't catch me dead on that stuff!". But Bob had every intention of running 230 miles down the Rupert river, and, of being the first to running all the drops.

I let my ego take over and said, "sign me up". I pictured fame and glory, commercial endorsements, photo sessions with the Swedish bikini team. Provided, of course, I survived.

"By the way", Bob said, "We leave in one week".

Page 31: Cataraft under power at the start of the Rupert River. photo by Dan Cochran  
Above: Cree expedition members checking over the J.Rig for outfitting at fishing camp 50 miles up on the Misstassani Lake near the start of the Rupert River, photo by Dan Cochran

Hell, I spent a year planning my climb of Denali. My anal retentive alter ego made me ask how I could prepare for this in one week. Irrational selfishness prevailed and soon I found myself packing my car and telling my co-workers that I was going kayaking for a few weeks.

I had drove six hours north to Ottawa from my home in western New York, then another twelve hours north to the Cree Indian village of Mistassini.

Here we were to meet our Cree guides. But the next morning, an hour before we were to leave, our guides were nowhere to be found. This news spread through the village and soon two other guides were recruited. Undaunted, I climbed aboard an Otter float plane with nine other whitewater enthusiasts and flew 70 miles to Camp Louis Jolliet-the headwaters of the Rupert River.

This last minute, "fly by the seat of your pants" attitude would prevail (much to the dismay of my anal retentive alter ego) through the entire trip.

"Just relax", I kept telling myself, "Go with the flow".

If the 12 hour drive north of Ottawa through remote wilderness didn't convince me how remote this area was, then the flight into Camp Louis Jolliet did. A map of northern Quebec showed basically nothing but wilderness. Only one paved road intrudes into this wilderness covering an area larger than the country of France.

For \$250 a day (Canadian) you too can fly into Camp Louis Jolliet and experience some of the finest fishing anywhere in the world. But we weren't there to fish, so we set about rigging our 22 foot "J"-Rig, 18 foot cataraft, and four kayaks in preparation for our trek. The gear and equipment spread out before us looked like enough to outfit the Normandy invasion force. Notably absent was beer. This would be a new kind of river trip for me!

Included were three outboard motors to help traverse the endless miles of still water between the wild rapids. I kept thinking to myself, "I hope we don't have to portage."

The Rupert runs 325 miles from Lake Misstassini to James Bay. The Cree name for the Rupert is *Cebe Waskaganish*. The Cree have lived along the Rupert for over 5000 years and it was not until the early part of this century that the Cree culture has felt the white man's influence.

Aside from the French voyagers, who used the Rupert to transport furs, and oc-



Above: Eric "dances with waves" from Montreal dances through the bottom of Big Joe Falls; photo by Dan Cochran

casional canoeists, the Rupert has not been disturbed. The Cree don't swim, but they have paddled the Rupert's waters- portaging it's rapids- for the past several millennia I was planning on running the rapids, but like the Cree, I was not planning to swim!

The primary residents of this north country are black flies, **mosquitos** and horse flies. These insects took turns devouring us along the river. I asked our Cree guides if the bugs ever go away. Smiling they replied "When the snow comes." The bugs seemed to prefer "white meat". Our Cree guides never seemed bothered by the cloud of insects that plagued us along our river trip.

I quickly learned that the Cree have a much different sense of time and space than mine. When our original guides failed to materialize, the other Cree didn't seem concerned. The Cree are not on any particular time schedule. Today is the same as tomorrow. Days become seasons and the seasons change. Such is Cree time.

**Distance** was much the same. When we would ask the distance to a certain point, the standard response was "about an hour". The Cree think in terms of days of travel. In a vast wilderness, time and distance become insignificant.

The Cree also ignore maps in favor of memory. They can travel all day with out the aid of a map and know exactly where they are. Considering that northern Que-

bec is an homogeneous wilderness of spruce forest, rivers, and lakes, this is an amazing skill.

We eventually motored our rafts out of Camp Louis Jolliet and Lake Mistissani into the Rupert. Virgin black spruce forest and bog surrounded us for thousands of square miles. The trees were slightly stunted from the harsh winters, winters that feature temperatures of 30 below for two to three months. I was glad it was the first week of July. The water was surprisingly warm.

As we approached the first rapid I eagerly suited up with fellow kayakers Don and Eric. We launched off the deck of the J-rig and surfed the glassy waves of this benign class three rapid. Content, we climbed back on board the "J" and continued down the river.

It dawned on us that many of the rapids on the river had no names, so we imaginatively named the first, "Initiation".

Our first day's itinerary called for us to travel 30 miles the first day. We selec-

tively paddled several class II-III rapids. Not having to paddle the long sections of flatwater was downright decadent. Here the kayakers would paddle the best and ride the rest.

Halfway through the first day, we came upon a large area of forest that had burned so recently that it was still smoking. The Cree guide, whose hunting territory we were traveling through, explained that the burn was good, clearing out the dense underbrush and opening up the woods to larger game like moose and caribou. The burn extended for fifteen miles.

After our group scouted Big Joe Falls, the first class V on the liver, we decided to camp and run it in the morning. Big Joe Falls drops about 50 feet through three channels. The river left channel is class IV, the middle channel is Class V and the right channel an unrunnable boulder garden. We scouted the shoreline for a suitable camp amidst the charcoal forest and chose a small, breezy point to avoid the ravenous hoard of insects.

We named our campsite "Potato Point" due to the abundance of potato sized rocks. Our campsite looked like ground zero. Choosing a campsite each night would become a ritual governed by group dynamics. We would spend a stupid amount of time searching for the perfect spot until we were exhausted, then we would settle for a mediocre one. The following morning we inevitably noticed a



better site nearby.

The next morning as we broke camp, a Quebec helicopter buzzed overhead. It was a rude disturbance in this

pristine wilderness. It reminded us of the threat hydro holds for this river system. The proposed James Bay III project would dam and divert the Nottaway and Broadback into the Rupert. The Rupert would be the site of huge dams and generating facilities; the wilderness and the Cree's ancestral homelands and hunting grounds would be submerged beneath a series of huge lakes. The flood would mobilize the mercury in the soil and contaminate the food chain.

We scouted Big Joe one more time. I ran the class IV left channel first. The cataraft, with oars, followed my line. We paddled around the island at the bottom of the rapid and set up safety for the "J"-rig. The "J" ran the meaty class V center channel. The plan was to skirt two house size holes and out the wave train. But Greg and Glen, our Grand Canyon veterans, blew their line & the top and we watched the first hole swallow the "J" completely. The last thing I saw was the raft's motor fly upward as they disappeared into the hole.

A few seconds later, the "J" reappeared and miraculously missed the set-



Above: Daryl pilots the cataraft over the right ledges of "Drop Dead Falls"; photo by Dan Cochran

ond hole. Damage assessment: one bent transom, one dinged prop, and one sprained ankle.

Wisely, our Cree guide, Big Joe, watched all this from the safety of shore. In his mind I am sure he was thinking, "White man crazy!" Big Joe was skeptical about running white water. He told us that the spirits in the rapids should not be disturbed.

Big Joe told a story of a hunter and his son who were portaging a rapid. As they lined their canoe down one side of an island, they lost hold of the line and the canoe drifted away. They were stranded on the island because they could not swim to shore through the rapids. The old man sat and meditated for a while. After some time, he stood up and announced, "The otter will help us".

The father set about pulling up small spruce trees and constructing a raft. With pole in hand, he set out across the river for the far shore. The son told his father he

would surely drown. The current would take him downstream and into the rapids. The father explained he had promised the spirit of the otter not set as many traps if the otter would allow the raft to cross the river safely. The son watched the old man as he silently poled across the river, as if there was no current. Once across, he retrieved the canoe and his son. We certainly could have used the help of the otter spirit in guiding our raft through Big Joe Falls.

Our next challenge was a river wide, 15 foot drop extending 50 yards from shore to shore. The right side offered a class IV sneak-by "boofing" over two ledges. The left side offered a drop into a hole of monstrous proportions. The kayaks and cataraft run right without incident. The "J" ran the meat of the hole, this time, surprisingly, with Big Joe on board. In the eddy below, we considered names for the drop. Names like "Daryl's Drop" or "Cranial Explosion" were considered, but Big Joe suggested "Drop Dead Falls". Respecting his size, we offered no argument

The bend in the frame on the J-rig increased alarmingly as a result of running "Drop Dead Falls". Fortunately, the rest of the second day's itinerary provided only a few class II-III rapids and some long stretches of flatwater. We towed the "J"

with the **cataraft** and made repairs to the **frame** and transom on the move. That night we camped at a trapper' cabin situated on a point beside a small bay. The cabin was romantic looking but screenless, a potential red cross blood donation center. I decided to stay in my tent; it had a bug net.

Our Cree guides, James and Joe, were expert outdoors men, at home in the bush. Joe told us that his trap line covered the large area around us. He said he traps a given area for two or three years and then lets it "rest". The Cree have practiced this form of "crop rotation" for thousands of years. They have a great respect for the **land- they refer to it as their "garden"**. They never take **more** than the land **can** give.

Another Cree tradition involves making a **morning offering of tobacco to the river spirits in return for safe passage**. We were concerned that we would anger the river spirits because none of us smoked, but Big Joe **smoked and made the appropriate offerings** on our behalf.

Our other Cree guide, James, was an expert fisherman. He could use **either fly or lure** to catch his quarry. He would reel



in 15 pound Northern Pike and then grab them with the eyes between his thumb and forefinger. It wasn't a very pretty sight but it effectively paralyzed the fish. James was intrigued by our kayaks, a boat he had never seen before. However, size wise, he definitely would have needed a Dancer XT.

By the fourth day we had covered 93 miles, tackled two major drops and a lot of class II - III, and we had done a lot of great fishing. We motored for two hours down river in the morning and arrived at a fishing camp called Mesgoose, just in time for



Above: Jake from Waskaganish on the Ruppert River describes the abandoned old Nemaska to Gary Smith. Old Nemaska will completely disappear underwater if project proceeds; photo by Dan Cochran

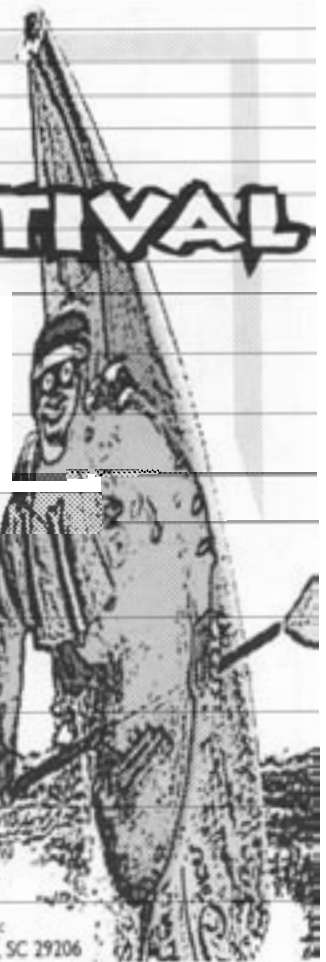
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an impressive **thunderstorm**. The "camp" consisted of several shacks.

A dirt road lead to the larger village of Nemaska.

So far the Rupert had carried us through a spectacular wilderness, but we **had not had the thrilling kind of white water experience** I was hoping for. But my perception of the river was about to change.

We split into two **groups at Mesgoose**. The "J" needed a better repair job, one **which required a welder. We had radioed ahead for a truck to transport the "J" to Nemaska for repairs.** Five of us continued **down river 28 miles with three kayaks and the cataraft,** planning to rendezvous with the J rig that afternoon where the dirt road crosses the river. The first 12 miles were flatwater. To make time we towed our kayaks (with occupants inside) behind the **cataraft.** We knew the next section held bigger and more continuous white water. We reached the first horizon stretching 100 yards across the river. An island split the larger right channel from the left. The right channel continued 300 yards out of



*Below: Greg Williams tries to correct the j-Rig in the smiddle of 'Swimming Loon' rapid on the Rupert River while Expedition leader Bob Evans and Randy Truedale hang on tight.; photo by Dan Cochran.*

sight with large, 20 foot breaking waves, no doubt they concealing crusher holes. A scout from the right shore would have **required** too much time, **so I scouted the left channel from shore.** I saw an easy line through class **III+** waves. The view from the bottom **confirmed** our concerns about the right channel. A fleet of Greyhound buses could have been buried in the hydraulics hidden in the right channel.

We continued downstream to an even larger, more complex drop, one which we christened "Double Drop" due to its configuration. The approach was **150 yards wide** with an island on the left. The middle consisted of a **10 foot drop** into a terminal hole, followed by a large wave train. A second 10 foot plunge into another termi-

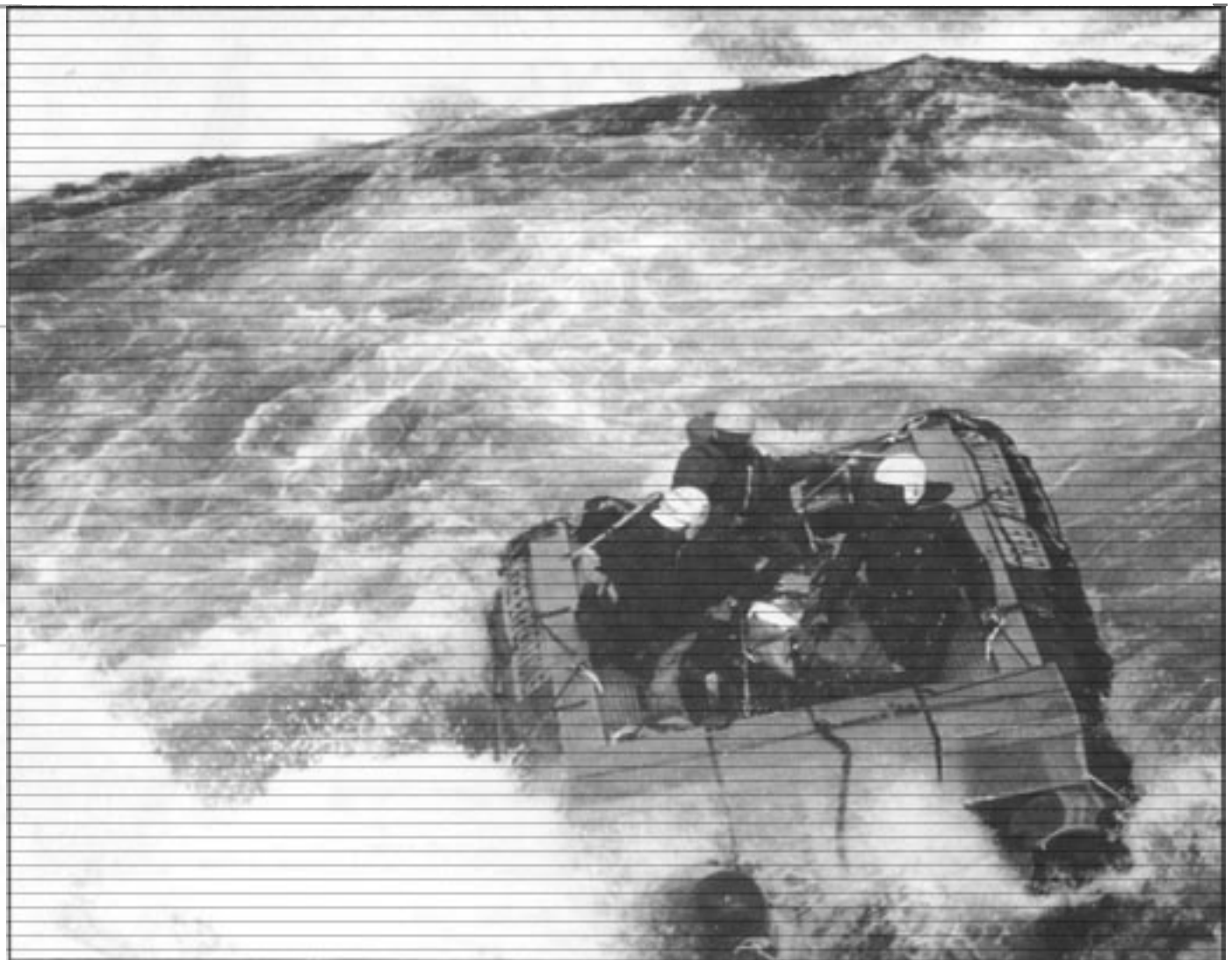
nal hole and wave train followed. The line was definitely class V.

The was a class IV sneak on the right side that **was adequate for the kayaks but not the cataraft.** **So the cataraft took the left, skirting holes and rocks - class IV.**

Our confidence was running high as we approached the next rapid. In the lead, Eric (also **known as "Dances with Waves"**) gestured to the left with his paddle **as he disappeared over the horizon.** It was then I noticed that I was drifting directly into the middle of a 40 foot wide, upstream facing ledge hole. I paddled for all I was worth- about 23 cents- to the right, hoping to avoid it. But my evasive action didn't work.

My companions watched in horror as I **dropped into** the abyss. I remember thinking that I really didn't want to be there.

I braced myself for what might have been an eternal side surf. I looked at the walls of water around me and thought of all the escape techniques I had ever heard about to use when in these situations I knew a helicopter was out of the question and **working** my way out either end of the







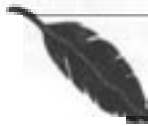
hole was impossible. I decided to try to ender free and spun my boat around frontwards.

Amazingly, it worked. I was violently ejected from the hole, and in the process, ejected from my boat also. Well at least I didn't do an eternal cartwheel. The cataraft positioned itself downstream to pick me up. Darryl and Greg pulled me onto the raft and asked why we hadn't scouted the drop from shore. In retrospective, I decided that would have been a good idea

I named that hole simply "Maytag". My companions named me "Swims with Waves".

We had a breather for four miles and motored the flatwater. I composed myself and realized that "Maytag", was now the proud owner of my sunglasses, as well as my pride. We came to the one more big drop, a straight forward class III+ which we named it "Power Line" after the hydro Quebec transmission line that passes nearby.

A mile below we came to the bridge and road from Mesgoose. Below the bridge the river constricted from 150 yards wide to 60 feet wide. I could see



Above: Eric R studying 'Water that Disappears' rapids on the Rupert River.  
photo by Dan Cochran

something nasty spitting water below. We quickly pulled up on shore.

It had been a hectic afternoon. We hiked up to the bridge and gazed upon a truly hellish site. The rapid below me was called "Water That Disappears" by the Cree. It was a chaotic mess. Fifty yards of 15 to 20 foot waves lead into a 25 foot waterfall. This was followed by 150 yards of violent, pulsing, vortex infested whitewater. The line was obvious, survival was not.

We sat and stared at this wonder for quite some time. Gore Falls, Lava Falls, the Niagara Gorge. No, none of these came close to what was in front of me. It sounded like the 1812 Overture being played on the 4th of July. My heart was pounding.

The waves in the approach were a surfer's dream. There was a small eddy on river left not far below that would have provided refuge. But if you missed that eddy, you would become "Das U-Boat".

We watched the setting sun turn the spray and mist into diamonds dancing on air. We camped above the drop and, in the morning, decided against running "Water That Disappears"...lest we become "Paddlers that Disappear".

We loaded our gear on a truck and shuttled 3 miles down the road to a Cree fishing camp on a tributary to the Rupert. The idea was to avoid "Water That Disappears" and enter the river below it.

We waited there all day for the "J" rig to arrive from Nemaska. To avoid boredom we played musical rocks off the tributary bridge. Different size rocks made different tones when tamed into still water. We started with simple melodies like "Smoke on the Water" and progressed to complex tunes by Beethoven and Bach. We even managed some rap, throwing sand into the water to duplicate the scratching sounds. After we grew bored with this, Eric and Darryl held a stupid paddle trick competition in the middle of



the dirt road. Once again, I'm sure our Cree guides were thinking "stupid white man".

Around 6PM the "J" arrived, repaired and ready to go. We decided to stay at the Cree camp for the night and get a fresh start in the morning. That night we dined on moose stew and discussed the upcoming rapids with our new guide, Ken. James and Joe had taken their leave as we left Joe's hunting territory and entered that of Ken's family. Ken told us the Cree names for the rapids to come. He was even more skeptical of rafts and kayaks than Big Joe.

That evening the cabin was willed with the sound of English, French and Cree. At times I had a hard time determining who was speaking what. Eric had been kind enough to teach me a few phrases in French, but I was far from bilingual. My "Frenglish" was the source of considerable amusement; however Darryl Bangert, the president of Cree Expeditions, was even worse. Frustrated, he simply opted to make up French sounding words. Eric rolled on the floor in laughter. I wryly observed, "These French, they have a different word for everything!"

We named the first rapid below "Water That Disappears" the "Swimming Loon" after Ken told us that the ancient ones had seen a loon swim the rapid. Ken had no intention of rafting through "Swimming Loon" and walked along shore as soon as we arrived. It was a definite class IV-V. Once again we were presented with sev-



Above: Greg Williams and Glen bracing themselves for a huge stopper hole at the top of Big Joe Falls' on the 2nd day down the Ruppert; photo by Dan Cochran

eral options which we referred to as "Door Number 1, Door Number 2, Door Number 3 and Door Number 4". And so we played "Let's Make a Deal".

Who would pick the door with the Rice-a-Roni behind it? The kayaks ran left, skirting 20' waves and terminal holes. The cataraft ran the center right channel, punching a large hole. The "J" ran the big meaty stuff in the right channel, punching through three huge holes. The next rapid was called "Monster Rapid" in Cree. Ken, who was born beside the this rapid in January, no less, explained that the ancient ones had seen a giant frog-like monster there and hence named the rapid.

The only monsters we found there were surfing waves; we spent an hour or so carving up their faces. This was Surf City. We even surfed the cataraft with Ken aboard. He howled with fear, and then, delight.

We continued through several class II-III rapids before we reached "Spawning

Sturgeon". Sturgeon, which typically weigh 15 30 pounds, migrate up the Rupert from James Bay to spawn. "Spawning Sturgeon Rapid" is a favorite fishing spot for the Cree. Because the rapid is long we camped and waited till morning to scout.

The rapid was 150 yards wide and 3/4 of a mile long. The right was class V with a nasty ledge and the left was a class II boulder garden. I snuck the left followed by the cataraft and set up below to photograph the "J" run the right side. This presented a true Kodak moment when the "J" did an ender at the ledge, then got away clean. Eric ran the ugly right side perfectly in his kayak, as always, finishing with his trademark, a bellowing Frenchman's laugh.

When we met the motor launch from Nemaska downstream, Ken chattered in Cree to our new guides. We knew he must be telling them about the rapids he has just seen us run. There Cree howled, most likely they were telling "stupid white man" jokes. Our new set of guides were Jamb, Eric, and Don. They sized up our rag tag fleet as we motored several miles down river to the old village of Nemaska.

Old Nemaska may have been inhabited for as many as 5000 years. Nemaska means "place with many fish". The Hudson Bay Company set up a trading post there in the 1700's. Life was good until the Hudson Bay Company pulled out around 1970. Remote and isolated, the vil-

lage could not get supplies. By this time the Cree had become dependant upon western goods. And so the village was abandoned and its residents scattered amongst the other Cree Bands.

It is rumored that the Hudson Bay company pulled out to facilitate Hydro Quebec's proposal to flood the area. If the Cree were gone, the proposed project would meet less resistance.

We spent an hour exploring the old village, which is still used for ceremonial activities. A long beach runs the length of the village shoreline. The Old Hudson Bay trading post sits empty on a bluff overlooking the river and village.

Our tour of the abandoned village complete, we motored another hour to the top of the next big rapid, "Bending Elbow". We scouted "Bending Elbow" and decided it might better be called "Broken Neck". The river took a left hand turn and split into two channels. The main channel dropped about 70 feet over 150 yards on a slab of granite. The result was 25 - 30 foot waves with holes the size of ranch houses. The right channel offered a twelve foot drop, either by way of a sheer waterfall, or a slide into a hole. A mellow wavetrain fol-



Below: Glenn at Monster Rapid on the Ruppert River, a true all day wave: photo by Dan Cochran

lowed. We decided to camp on the sandy beach upstream and sleep on our options.

That night Jamb told us that the spirits of the Wind and Rain lived on one of the islands we had passed after leaving Old Nemaska. He explained that one must never speak the island's name or point to it when passing, lest the spirits become angry and unleash their fury.

When we crawled out of our bags in the morning, we realized that we must have somehow offended those spirits; it was storming quite heavily. We broke camp and took another look at Bending Elbow. Scouting in the rain made both sides look worse. After a great deal of discussion, we decided to run the right. The other kayaks boofed the waterfall and the cataraft punched the hole. We lined the "J"

rig through the hole.

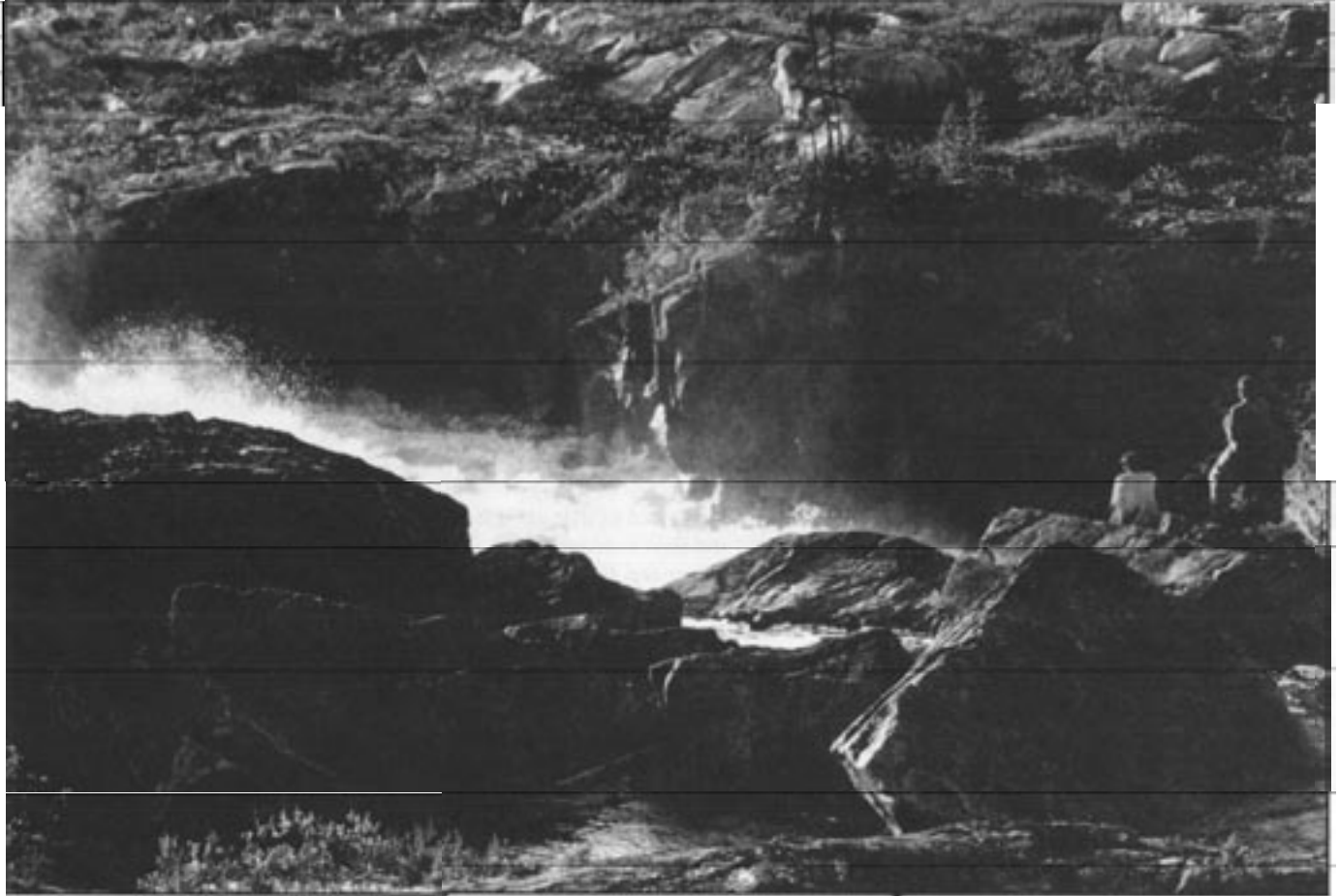
I had a very strange dream the night before. A spirit had warned me not to kayak Bending Elbow. The dream left me with the premonition of disaster. This feeling of impending doom was so strong that I portaged the drop.

When I returned to civilization, my girlfriend broke down in tears. She told me that she too had a strange dream that same night. In her dream I had drowned! She said I spoke to her in the dream but she could not understand my words because I was underwater.

Her revelation was unnerving. I'm not superstitious, but I am glad I went with my gut instincts and portaged. Unfortunately, this trauma proved to be the last straw in our relationship and I am a paddling bachelor once again.

After "Bending Elbow", the spirits grew even more angry and unleashed high winds and rain. We fought our way downstream against 40 - 50 mph winds and 4 - 5 foot swells. After a few hours of punishment we built a fire and warmed our chilly bones. We scouted the next drop and picked an easy class IV line, leaving the class V alternative for another time.





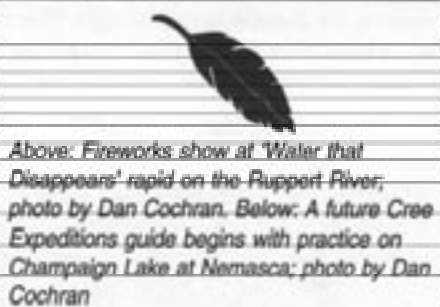
We motored through the cold rain to a Cree hunting camp. We were all mildly **hypothermic** and happy to take refuge for the night in a crude **cabin**. Except of course for Darryl, the Vail Legend, who had more energy than all of us combined. He returned to the river to **surf** the swells while we mumbled and warmed ourselves by the fire.

The next morning the weather was fair as we motored two hours to "Oatmeal Falls", the spot where we planned to end our river journey. Here we encountered the first paved road in 230 miles. About a hundred Cree had congregated to watch us run the drop.

I remembered the videoed aerial reconnaissance of Oatmeal as being horrendous. Well, the real thing was much worse. As we motored towards the rapid all we could see was a horizon line and the top of the highway bridge a mile downstream. The bridge sat 150 feet above the water.

We went ashore and the Cree drove us to the bridge and to the bottom of the **falls**. We soon discovered why they camped in inclement weather to watch us **run** the drop. I too would have camped **overnight** in bad weather to watch some fool run that thing.

The rapid looked like someone has spilled a bowl of oatmeal, allowing it run off in several directions, over the edge of the table onto a chair, then off the chair onto the floor. The Rupert split into four



Above: Fireworks show at 'Water that Disappears' rapid on the Rupert River; photo by Dan Cochran. Below: A future Cree Expeditions guide begins with practice on Champaign Lake at Nemaska; photo by Dan Cochran



channels. The main channel turned slightly left and plunged over several ledges into terminal hydraulics, climaxing with a hole so big, you could surf three ranch houses in it. That's not all. Downstream of this mother of all holes was a broken slab which created a rooster tail, shooting 30 feet in the air. The two middle channels split from the left channel below the terminal ledges, so they are out of the question. The right channel had looked runnable

from the air on video, but at the level the river was flowing, it was clearly out of the question.

There we stood with mouths agape while one hundred Cree waited for us to conquer Oatmeal Falls. Where is Henry Kissinger when you need him? We stalled by scouting some more. The Cree were **beginning** to grow impatient. They thought if we had come this far, this monster would be no problem.

We decided a diplomatic compromise was to launch the kayaks just below the **last terminal** hydraulic on river left and run the remaining 200 yards of class III water. Our compromise satisfied the Cree and they cheered as we paddled past. In fact, they enjoyed the show so much they insisted we do it again and again. Four times to be exact. They had never seen **kayaks** before so it was quite the show. They cooked moose, beaver, sturgeon and goose over open fires along shore as we sailed by- we were the stars of their dinner show.

A crowd of kids waited on shore below the rapid. After some coaxing, one young Cree dared to get in a kayak and paddle around the eddy. Soon the other kids were fighting to try out the kayaks. But after an hour of this we had to be on our way.

We loaded up our gear onto trucks and drove 120 km down a dirt road to New Nemaska. New Nemaska, a modern village

with 600 residents, serves as the regional headquarters for the Cree Bands. As we drove into the village, we spotted the towering four million dollar administrative building, which is shaped like goose in flight and sits on the shore of Champion Lake.

We were treated like heroes and lodged in the hotel located in the administrative building. Hot showers, real beds, a restaurant, what more could you want? A beer of course. Unfortunately, all of the Cree villages are dry, so our thirst went unquenched. However we were rewarded in other ways.

Jacob took me on a tour of town. We were trailed by a mob of curious kids and a pack of dogs. Jacob translated as an old woman showed me some traditional medicines. She held up what looked like small pepperoni... dried beaver bladders. They are made into a paste to be applied to cuts and wounds. The Cree also make a tea from the beaver bladders to treat malaise. I explained that I was feeling very well and thanked the woman for the medical lesson.

We visited Jacob's uncle Buddy, a.k.a. Beaver Man, next. New Nemaska was built on Buddy's hunting territory. This was a



great honor and he is respected in the community. Beaver Man offered me the choice of several beaver pelts. I selected a beautiful one and thanked him profusely. The other members of our group were on similar tours of the village and returned with gifts ranging from handmade reed goose decoys to a bear skull.

After a day of Cree hospitality, our group split into two. Half of our group spent the afternoon scouting the



*Dehaviland Otter floatplane docked at Nemaska before aerial scouting trip over the lower Broadback and Rupert Rivers; photo by Dan Cochran*

Broadback River in an Otter float plane. The rest of us conducted roll session for the village kids. The elders of the village had wisely decided that the kids should learn to swim since they spend so much time around the water. So the Cree had hired a swimming instructor from Montreal to teach the kids to swim.

The children quickly mastered paddling and rolling the kayaks. These young Cree may someday earn their livings by the paddle, guiding clients down their ancestral rivers.

As we flew out of Nemaska the next day, we passed over thousands of square miles of lakes, rivers and forest. The ancestral land of the Cree lay mostly undisturbed below, as it had for countless millennia. Only the foreboding scars of the Hydro Quebec transmission lines, running south from the James Bay project, marred the landscape.

Sadly, I wondered how long this pristine wilderness and the Cree's way of life could resist before "civilization's" insatiable hunger for power. I prayed that the dam builders will never harness and destroy the Rupert, the river we came to respect and love... Cebe Waskaganish. ■



# festivals

## NEW ENGLAND RIVER FESTIVAL GUIDE

### DEERFIELD RIVER

**DATE: Saturday, August 6, 1994**



**LOCATION:** The Deerfield River Fest is located on Route 2, Charlemont, Massachusetts, just west of town in a large field next to the Deerfield River. The field is across the street from Zoar Outdoor Outfitters.

**TIME:** 12:00 Noon until 11:00 P. M CLOSING

**ACTIVITIES:** Chicken Barbecue, **Food**, Desserts, Whitewater Trade Show, "PADDLES UP RACE", Vendors, Beer & Wine, Environmental Exhibits, Silent Auction, Raffles, Games & More.

**THE RACE:** The first annual Deerfield Riverfest PADDLES UP race is a unique event open to anyone and everyone who paddles a canoe, kayak, or raft. Participants will be timed and scored over a slalom-like course on Class I whitewater. The true challenge in this event comes from the many obstacles paddlers will have to negotiate such as a limbo gate, a rock jump, an underwater gate and any other obstacles the course designer can think of the by the day of the race.

**REGISTRATION:** Registration will take place at the Festival site from 10:00 A. M until 3:00 P. M The race will start promptly at 5:00 P. M

ALL PARTICIPANTS MUST WEAR APPROPRIATE PFD'S.

There will be three classes of craft:  
SINGLE KAYAKS, TANDEM CANOES, &  
RAFTS.

IN EACH CLASS:  
FIRST PRIZE \$300.00  
SECOND PRIZE \$200.00  
THIRD PRIZE \$100.00

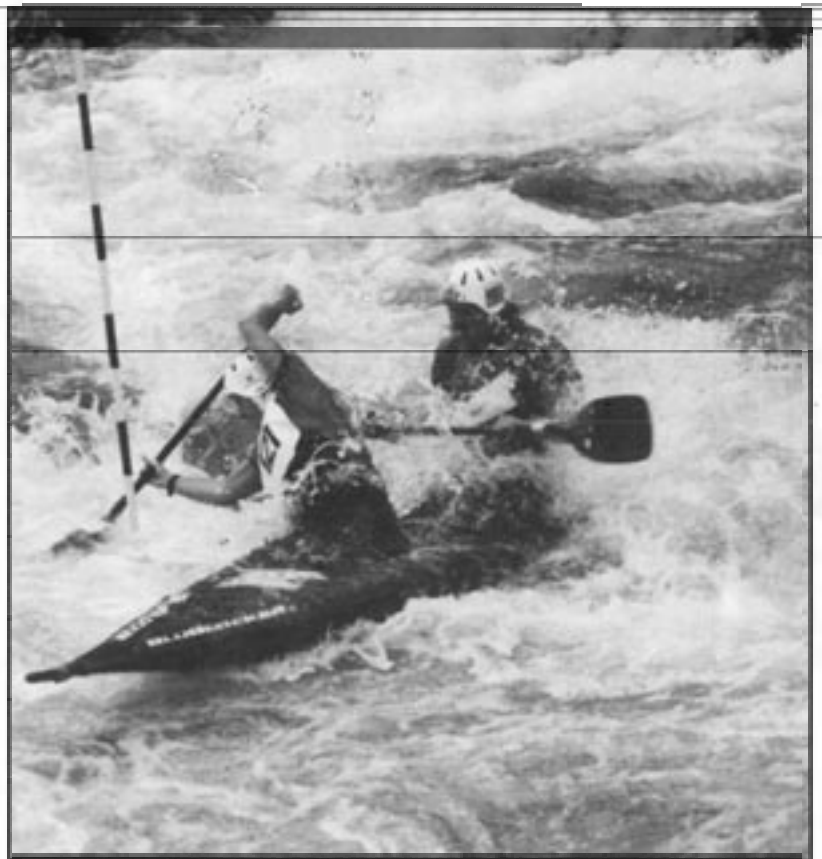
ENTRANCE FEES:  
KAYAKS \$10.00  
CANOES \$20.00  
RAFTS \$30.00

**NOTE:** NO RACING CRAFT WILL BE PERMITTED. THIS INCLUDES SLALOM RACING KAYAKS, DOWNRIVER RACING KAYAKS, RACING CANOES, OR RAFTS OTHER THAN HUMAN-POWERED.



Top: Labrynth Rapid; Monroe section of the Deerfield. Above: Mel Noll on the Monroe bridge Section of the Deerfield

# festivals



*USCKT Nationals Championships Zoar  
Gap-Fife Brook Section*

# FESTIVALS

## WHERE TO STAY

### CAMPING:

Mohawk State Forest  
P.O. Box 7  
Route 2  
Charlemont, Ma 01339  
(413) 339-5504

Springbrook Camping  
RFD#1  
Lower Road  
Shelburne Falls, Ma. 01370  
(413) 625-6618

Zoar Outdoor  
Box 245  
Route 2  
Charlemont, Ma. 01339  
(413) 339-8596

Country Air Campground  
Mohawk Trail  
Route 2  
Charlemont, Ma 01339  
(413) 625-299

### HOTELS & INNS:

The Inn at Charlemont  
Route 2  
Mohawk Trail  
Charlemont, Ma 01339  
(413) 339-5796

Oxbow Motel  
Route 2  
Mohawk Trail  
Charlemont, Ma 01339  
(413) 625-6011

Forest Way Farm (B & B)  
Charlemont, Ma 01339  
(413) 337-8321  
Jimmie & Paul Snyder

The Swift River Inn  
South Street  
Cummington, Ma 01026  
(413) 634-5751

Ashfield Inn  
Main Street  
Ashfield, Ma 01330  
(413) 628-4571

Parson Hubbard House (B & B)  
Shelburne, Ma 01370  
(413) 625-9730  
Jeanne & Dick Bole

### WHERE TO EAT

### RESTAURANTS & OTHERS:

The Inn at Charlemont  
Route 2  
Charlemont, Ma 01339  
(413) 339-5796 (full service)

Harvest Inn  
Route 2  
Shelburne, Ma 01370  
(413) 625-2288 (full service)

Charlemont Pizza  
Main St. Route 2  
Charlemont, Ma 01339  
(413) 339-4472 (pizza & subs)

10 Bridge Street  
Restaurant  
10 Bridge St.  
Shelburne Falls, Ma 01370  
(413) 625-6337 (full service)

Flower Bridge Chinese  
Restaurant  
Buckland, Ma  
(413) 625-2570 (full service)

McCuster's Market & Deli  
Main Street  
Shelburne Falls, Ma 01370  
(413) 625-9411

Sweetheart Restaurant  
Route 2

Shelburne Falls, Ma 01370  
(413) 625-2064 (full service)

The Inn at  
Monroe Bridge, Ma  
(Great Burgers, Beer, & Pool)

### WHITEWATER OUTFITTERS

### RAFTING:

Crabapple Whitewater  
Rafting  
Route 2  
Charlemont, Ma 01339  
(800) 553-7238

WildernessPlus Rafting  
Box 562  
Wilmington, Ma 01887  
(800)83-GO RAFT

Zoar Outdoor  
Route 2  
Charlemont, Ma 01339  
(413) 339-8596

North American  
Whitewater  
Mohawk Park—Route 2

Charlemont, Ma 01339  
(800) RAPIDS-9

### PADDLING SCHOOLS:

Outdoor Centre of New  
England  
Millers Falls, Ma. 01349  
(413) 6593926

Zoar Outdoor  
Charlemont, Ma 01339  
(413) 339-8596

### ADDITIONAL ACTMITIES

Old Deerfield Village  
Deerfield, Ma (Historic)  
Salmon Falls Marketplace

Shelburne Falls, Ma  
(Artists & Craftsmen,  
Potters, Carvers,  
Sculptors)

Mountain Biking  
(Everywhere)

Sterling & Francine Clark  
Museum  
Williamstown, Ma  
(Extensive collection of  
French Impressionist  
Art & other important  
American painters)

Fishing—Stream & Lake  
(Everywhere)

Hiking—Catamount Trail  
Association  
(802) 864-5794  
(Everywhere)

Picnicking—Deerfield  
River Guidebook  
(413) 339-8596

Williamtown Theater  
Festival  
Williamstown, Ma  
(Major productions by  
well-known artists  
throughout the summer)

Deerfield River Guidebook  
(Extensive directory to  
boating, hiking, and fishing  
throughout  
entire Deerfield River  
System)

Concerts By The Trail  
Route 2  
Charlemont, Ma  
(Weekend concerts by  
local Artists throughout  
summer)

Amherst & Northampton,  
Ma  
(Major Educational &  
Cultural Center including  
Smith, Amherst,  
& Mt. Holyoke College,  
University of Mass. and  
Hampshire College)

## 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

## KAYAK CHILE

Class IV-V kayak trips to the Bio-Bio, Fuy, Manso, and Futaleufu Rivers in Chile and Argentina. Run the Bio-Bio while the dam remains unbuilt. Call, fax, or write for free KAYAK CHILE KIT.

### Sport International

212 W. Cheyenne Mountain Boulevard  
Colorado Springs, CO 80906 USA.

Phone: 719-579-8759. Fax: 719-576-6238.

Toll-free in U.S. 1-800-779-1784.

# FESTIVALS

## NEW ENGLAND RIVER FESTIVAL GUIDE

### KENNEBEC RIVER

**DATE: Saturday, July 2, 1994**

**LOCATION.** The Kennebec River Fest is located on Route 201, The Forks, Maine, just south of the town in a large field next to the Kennebec River. The field is across the street from Wilderness Outfitters.

**TIME:** 12:00 Noon ~~until~~ 12:00 P. M. CLOSING

**ACTIVITIES:** Old-Fashioned Barbecue Cookout, Desserts, **Whitewater** Trade Show, Five-Mile Downriver Race, Vendors, Beer & Wine, Environmental Exhibits, Silent Auction, Raffles, Games & More.

**THE RACE:** The **first annual** Kennebec River Fest Race **will** be a "JUST DO IT", mad dash run from The Ballfield in the center of The Forks to the festival site located at Wilderness Outfitters just over six miles downstream. Participants will begin at the starting line on the north side of the field, **ap**-proximately 100 yards distance from the river's edge. At the starter's signal they must drag their craft to the river, put **in**, and make their way downstream over Class 1 rapids to the finish line at the festival. At the take out, participants must cross the finish line dragging their craft.

**REGISTRATION:** Registration will take place at the Ballfield from 9:00 A. M. ~~until~~ 1:00 P. M. The race **will** start promptly at 3:00 P.M.

**ALL PARTICIPANTS MUST WEAR APPROPRIATE PFD'S**

There **will** be three classes of craft Single Kayaks, Tandem Canoes, & Rafts

**IN EACH CLASS:**  
**FIRST PRIZE** \$300.00  
**SECOND PRIZE** \$200.00  
**THIRD PRIZE** \$100.00

**ENTRANCE FEES:**  
**KAYAKS** \$10.00  
**CANOES** \$20.00  
**RAFTS** \$10.00

**NOTE:** NO RACING CRAFT **WILL** BE PERMITTED. THIS INCLUDES SLALOM RACING KAYAKS, DOWNRIVER RACING KAYAKS, RACING CANOES, OR RAFTS OTHER THAN HUMAN POWERED.

### WHERE TO STAY

**CAMPING:**

**Downeast Whitewater**  
 Route 201  
 The Forks, Maine  
 (800) 677-7238

**Maine Whitewater**  
 Route 201  
**Bingham, Maine**  
 (800) 345-MAIN

**Magic Falls Rafting**  
 Route 201  
 West Forks, Maine  
 (800) 207-RAFT

**Moxie Outdoor Adventures**

Lake Moxie  
 The Forks, Maine  
 (800) 86-MOXIE

**Northern Outdoors**  
 Route 201  
 The Forks, Maine  
 (800) 7657238

**Professional River Runners**  
 Route 201  
 The Forks, Maine  
 (800) 3253911

**Simply the best!**  
 Nestled on a bend of the famed California Salmon River between the Marble Mountains and the Trinity Alps you'll find kayak paradise - Otter Bar Lodge.

**Our amenities are unmatched -** a deluxe lodge, sauna, hot tub, masseuse and the food — well — how many sports lodges do you see recommended by *Bon Appétit*? (Sept '92) And our rivers are gorgeous with sections for all levels of paddlers - a natural Disneyland with A to E ticket rides!

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New England Whitewater Center  
Route 201  
Caratunk, Maine  
(800) 766-7238

Webb's Dead River Campground  
Route 201  
The Forks, Maine  
(207) 663-2214

Harris Dam Campground  
Harris Dam Road  
The Forks, Maine  
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**HOTELS, CABINS, LODGES, & INNS:**

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Caratunk, Maine  
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Northern Outdoors Lodge  
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The Forks, Maine  
(800) 765-7238

Unicorn Rafting Expeditions  
Route 201 (14 mi. north of The Forks)  
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Voyageurs Whitewater (B & B)  
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Dead River Inn (B & B)  
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New England Whitewater Center  
Caratunk Inn  
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Route 15  
Greenville, Maine

Squaw Mountain  
Route 15  
Greenville, Maine  
(Scenic Chairlift Views of Mt. Kineo)

**RELEASE FORM**

ENCLOSED IN THIS FESTIVAL GUIDE IS A RELEASE FORM REQUIRED BY UNION SERVICES. THE CENTRAL MAINE POWER COMPANY AFFILIATE RESPONSIBLE FOR MANAGING THE WHITewater RECREATION AT HARRIS DAM STATION. IF YOU PLAN ON RUNNING THE KENNEBEC THIS FORM MUST BE USED. PLEASE PHOTOCOPY AND FILL OUT PRIOR TO ARRIVAL AT THE DAM. THIS WILL SAVE YOU AND CMP EMPLOYEES UNNECESSARY DELAYS BEFORE PUTTING IN. THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP



# Complete your whitewater library with an AWA publication



## **AWA Nationwide Whitewater Inventory**

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*MOU  
Paddel*



PHOTO: MARK SAILEY, THE PUNCH BOWLS, CRYSTAL RIVER, COLORADO  
PADDLER: SCOTT YOUNG

# FESTIVALS

## AWA and CWWA Sponsor Arkansas River Festival July 9th

by Ric Alesch

If you like whitewater and love to party plan to paddle the Arkansas River on July 9, then head for the first Annual AWA/CWWA Arkansas River Festival, to be held that evening at the Riverside Park in Salida, Colorado. Proceeds from the gala event, which is being organized jointly by the American Whitewater Affiliation and the Colorado White Wa-

ter Association, will be used to solve conservation and access problems on the Arkansas and other rivers within Colorado.

The Festival is being patterned after the enormously successful Gauley River Festival, sponsored by the AWA and held annually in West Virginia. That event has grown from a small club-sponsored

party to one that, last year, drew over 2000 participants and raised \$25,000 for river conservation and access efforts.

July 9 was chosen for the Arkansas River Festival because the weather and water temperatures are generally warm, it is coincident with the Colorado Cup Race (July 9-10) and it does not conflict with other major river events, such as FTBARK or Animas River Days. The Festival is also being coordinated with the CWWA Arkansas River weekend, which features organized river trips for CWWA members.

The Festival will start at 4 p.m. and continue through the evening. Live music, a silent auction, continuous whitewater videos, a swap meet, vendor booths and food and beverage stands will be featured. Camping will be available at commercial campgrounds or on federal lands near the Festival site.

An admission donation will be collected and all proceeds after expenses will go to provide access to Colorado Rivers and to protect them from dams and other environmental threats. The AWA and CWWA are encouraging all river users to join in the celebration including canoeists, rafters, kayakers, river guides, their customers, equipment manufacturers and their dealers... anyone who has an interest in protecting and enjoying Colorado's rivers.

Snowpack reports as of early March predict a descent runoff for Colorado rivers this year. Some of the best boating of the year in Colorado typically occurs in early July. The Festival weekend should be a good time to boat the Arkansas; visitors from other parts of the country will no doubt want to spend a week or more exploring the other great whitewater rivers of south central Colorado.

Figures released by the Arkansas Headwaters Recreation Area suggest that the Arkansas is the most popular whitewater river in America and probably the world, for that matter. The upper Arkansas River valley is one of the most spectacular areas of Colorado. A series of 14,000 foot peaks line the west side of the valley and are often visible as one bounces down the many boatable sections of the river, which range from class II to V in difficulty. Segments such as Pine Creek Canyon, the Numbers, Brown's Canyon and the Royal Gorge have given the Arkansas its well deserved reputation. These are all within day trip distance of Salida, the Festival Site.

Scott Reuman, a long-time Colorado boater, photographer and artist, has developed a logo for the Arkfest, which is shown in an ad in this issue and will be featured on a festival T-shirt, that is sure to become a collector's item.

The Festival is being spearheaded by Jim Martin, who lives in Salida. Ric Alesch is helping to coordinate the activities of Denver area volunteers and working to publicize the Arkfest. Volunteers are still being recruited to help with the Festival. Jim Martin can be reached at (719) 539-1042; 123 W. 6th Street, Salida, Colorado 81201. Ric Alesch can be reached at (303) 985-8620; 14262 W. Warren Place, Lakewood, Colorado 80228.

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Photo: Frank Reigel

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# festivals

## NEW ENGLAND RIVER FESTIVALS COMPLETE PLANNING

Plans for the Kennebec and Deerfield River Festivals are nearing the final stages of completion for the 1994 summer whitewater season. Sites have been secured, vendors are **booking** booth space and volunteers are getting excited about the prospect of bringing major whitewater events to New England. Local residents and businesses are eagerly **looking** forward to the arrival of whitewater boaters into their communities and the prospects of generating **additional** revenues into the local economies.

In a surprise move the Central Maine Power Company has joined Champion Paper Company of Bucksport, Maine in becoming a corporate sponsor of the Kennebec River Festival.

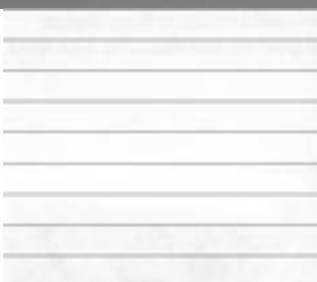
Champion Paper Company is best known for their major support of the U.S. Whitewater Team during the last Olympics. Champion has committed additional funding for the U.S. Team for the Atlanta, Georgia Olympic event in 1996. They are providing all of the prize money for the 1st Annual Kennebec Festival Race and **are** further contributing funding for promotion and publicity to attract local and regional residents to the festival activities.

Central Maine Power Company, AWA, and other conservation groups are meeting to discuss issues surrounding relicensing of the dams owned by the company in the upper Kennebec watershed. While negotiations and talks are still in the early stages, CMP's support of the river festival is a welcome and positive development that **will** help ensure a successful inaugural event.

"Thanks to additional water releases for the **three-day** weekend negotiated by AWA for the 4th of July holiday, whitewater boaters **will** have ample opportunity to experience the Kennebec River as well as the Dead River, two of the East's premier whitewater resources," said Tom Christopher, AWA Festival Coordinator.

"CMP is pleased to support the inaugural Kennebec River Festival," said David Flanagan, CMP's President and CEO. We support and cooperate in the multiple use of Maine's rivers and believe this festival will grow into a **major** recreational celebration in the upper Kennebec Valley."

CMP has also agreed to schedule the annual turbine test at Harris Dam Station for Monday, the 4th of July, as part of the



Top: Kate Sullivan looking for "Magic" on the Kennebec; photo by Shirley Griffin. Middle: Jay List playing above "Dragon's Teeth on the Deerfield"; photo by Shirley Griffin. Bottom: Bryce Morris—Looking for a "Big Water" thrill on the Kennebec; photo by Shirley Griffin



holiday releases. **THIS WILL PUT 8,000 CFS INTO THE KENNEBEC RIVER GORGE,** making it a **big-water,** rollercoaster ride to end a great holiday celebration.

AWA is pleased and excited to announce it has found a corporate sponsor for the first Deerfield Riverfest to be held in Charlemont, Massachusetts on Saturday, August 6th, 1994. In an unexpected gesture of public utility cooperation and support, New England Power Company **has** offered to provide AWA and the Deerfield Riverfest with additional hours of whitewater releases from two of its upstream facilities— Fife Brook Dam and Number Five Dam (Monroe Bridge).

New England Power Company's par-

ticipation also includes providing all of the prize money for a unique type of citizen's race called "PADDLES UP" in which **all** classes of boaters have an opportunity to participate and win. NEP **will** be providing logistical assistance in planning the event, additional sanitary facilities at access points to the river, and technical support during the weekend of the festival. NEP's retail affiliate, Massachusetts Electric Company **has** pledged to make the necessary electrical service connections to the site including technical assistance.



Photos by Sandi Loftis



# Ocoee

# WHITEWATER

# RODEO

**DATES:** Saturday and Sunday, June 11 and 12

**WHERE:** Ocoee River, Ducktown, TN

More information, registration forms, and dinner reservations contact:

Susan Wilson-Gentry  
52 Albemarle Pl. #16  
Asheville, NC 28801  
Home: 704-258-3836

**Freestyle event for Kayaks, Squirt Boats, C-1, and Open Canoes.  
Famous Man or Rubber Downriver Raft Race.**

Lots of volunteers are needed for this event. If you would like to volunteer, please call Susan. A kayak will be raffled off to our volunteers. This is a AWA fund raiser.

**Friday, June 10, 7:00pm - 10:00pm**

Registration - All competitors: Location - NOC Ocoee Outpost.  
NO REGISTRATION AFTER THIS TIME!!!!

**Saturday, June 11, 9:00am**

**Competitors Meeting/Bib Pickup:** Location - Hells Hole Competitors area  
**ALL COMPETITORS MUST ATTEND.** Preregistered competitors can sign waivers at this time. Preregistrations must be **post** marked by June 1.

**Saturday, 9:30am**

Torpedo - Squirt Boat competition begins.  
(class order: Jr., Int., C-1, Exp. K-1)

**Saturday, 9:30 am**

Hells Hole - Open Canoe competition begins.

**Saturday, 12:30pm**

Hells Hole - Preliminary Hole Riding competition begins. Class order:

<del>12:30pm</del>	3:00pm
Jr.	Exp. K-1 Women
Int. K-1 Women	Exp. K-1 Men
Int. K-1 Men	Duckie/Sit on Top
C-1	

**Saturday, 7:00pm**

Dinner/Party/Auction: NOC Ocoee Outpost

Sunday, June 12, 9:00am

Put-in: Raft Race registration  
Hells Hole: Finish preliminaries  
Squirt finals  
Open Canoe finals

**Sunday, 1:00pm**

Hells Hole: Expert C-1 finals  
Expert K-1 Women finals  
Expert K-1 Men finals

**Sunday 4:00pm**

Awards: Hells Hole





## CENTRAL MAINE POWER COMPANY GENERAL RELEASE AND INDEMNITY AGREEMENT

The undersigned understands that the Indian Pond Project licensed by the Federal Regulatory Commission as Project No. 2142 pursuant to a license issued May 21, 1954 ("Indian Pond Project") and the Kennebec River are the location of various activities related to a power generation plant. The Indian Pond Project and Kennebec River have natural and man-made conditions of a hazardous nature, including but not limited to steep embankments, dangerous whitewater stretches, submerged rocks, submerged stumps, submerged structures, naturally occurring shallows, treacherous currents and sudden, unannounced water releases at Harris Station resulting in water level changes, all of which may endanger the undersigned and others. The undersigned expressly acknowledged the extent of these risks and assumes the risk of life, limb and property they represent.

In recognition of these risks and in consideration of the limited right of entry upon the Kennebec River, the Indian Pond Project, the Indian Pond Access Road and/or other private lands and facilities of CMP, the undersigned voluntarily and knowingly executes this release and indemnity agreement with the express intention of extinguishing rights and assuming obligations, as herein provided.

The undersigned, with the intention of binding himself, his heirs, personal representatives, and assigns, does hereby expressly release and discharge Central Maine Power Company, Union Water Power Company, their directors, officers, employees, agents, and assigns, from all claims, demands, damages, costs, losses, expenses, actions, and judgments, which the undersigned may have or claim to have, or which the undersigned's heirs, personal representatives or assigns may have or claim to have, against Central Maine Power Company, Union Water Power Company, their directors, officers, employees, agents, and assigns, whether in contract or tort (including negligence) created by or arising out of the undersigned's entry upon the Indian Pond Project, the Indian Pond Access Road, the Kennebec River and/or other private lands of CMP for any purposes whatsoever including without limitation, rafting, kayaking, canoeing, boating, sightseeing, camping and fishing.

The undersigned further agrees to defend, indemnify and save harmless Central Maine Power Company, Union Water Power Company, their directors, officers, employees, agents, and assigns from all claims, demands, damages, costs, losses, expenses, actions and judgments which are created by or arise out of the undersigned's entry upon the Indian Pond Project, the Indian Pond Access Road, the Kennebec River and/or other private lands and facilities of CMP for any purpose whatsoever including, without limitation, rafting, kayaking, canoeing, boating, sightseeing, camping, and fishing.

The provisions of this General Release and Indemnification Agreement apply to all such entries by the undersigned.

Dated: \_\_\_\_\_  
(Signature)

### FOR RECORD KEEPING PURPOSES ONLY

Please Print \_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_

Primary purpose of visit  
(Please check one)

_____ Rafting	_____ Indian Pond Boat Launch
_____ Kayaking/ Canoeing	_____ Camping
_____ Fishing	_____ Day Use

# The Cherry Creek Section of the Tuolumne

## Classic V California Dreamin'

by *Dieter King*

The eddy was the last refuge above a pourover and the approach to another complicated and confusing series of drops and chutes. Catching the eddy, through critical, should not have been difficult.

Perhaps I was a bit tired. The last 4 miles of Class IV and V whitewater had taken their toll and I was off guard. Maybe my angle was off. Maybe there wasn't enough "umph" in my stroke. Perhaps it was my boat... a Hollowform. I'm sure that was it.

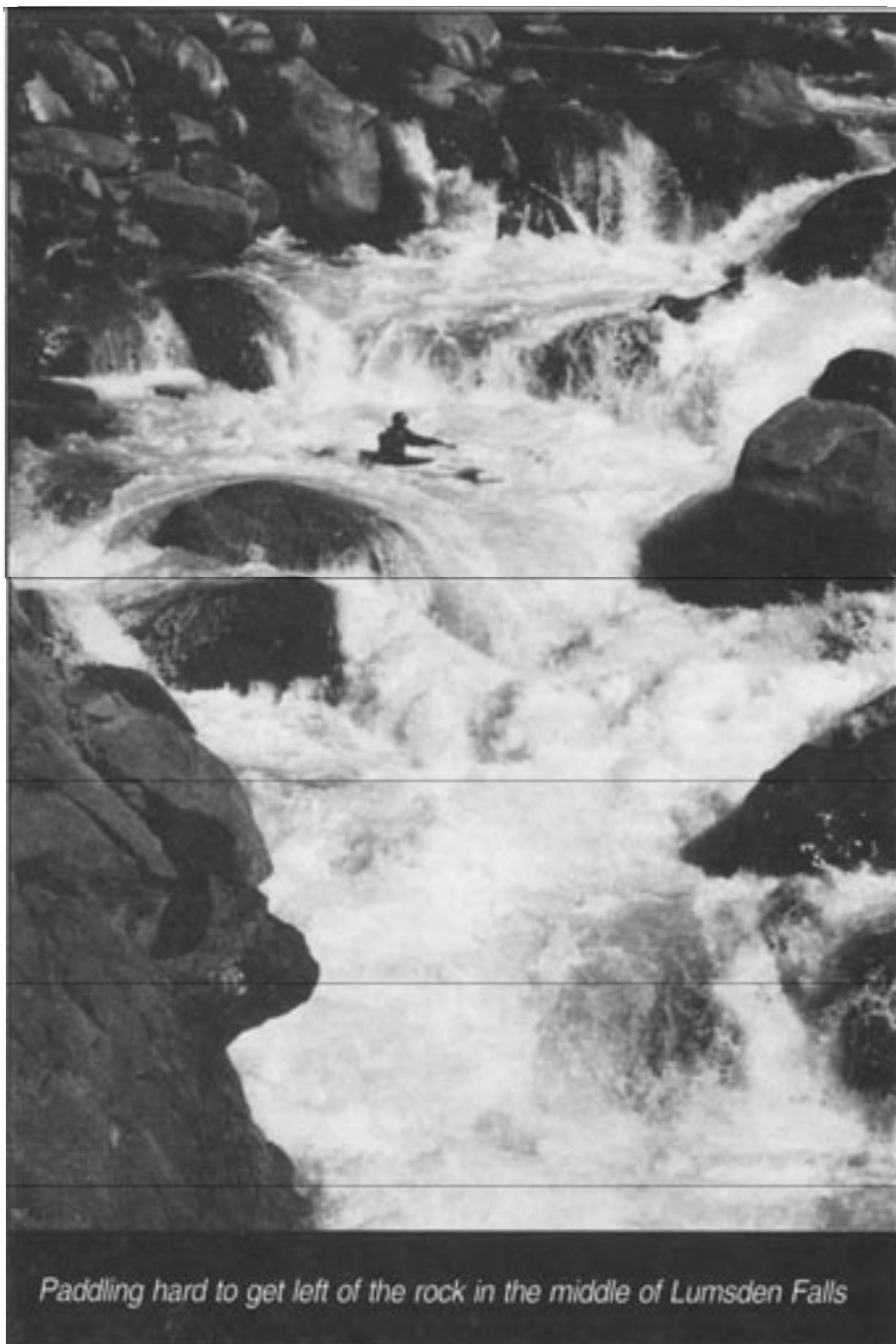
Whatever the reasons (or excuses), I missed the eddy and drifted over the pourover backwards, my paddle flailing madly and my eyes bulging.

My friends watched smug and safe from the eddy as I slid slowly, hopelessly over the lip. The nose of my kayak rocketed skyward, pointing the way to heaven.

That was ten years ago and time has healed the wounds, both emotional and physical. I do recall that I got hammered real good, mercilessly pounded against the rocks as I pathetically attempted to roll. But I survived.

As my pals chased my boat, I groveled along the shore. Up over boulders, through brush and poison oak, all the time keeping an eye peeled for "buzzworms". After I found my paddle, I perched upon an egg shaped boulder and I nursed my wounded ego.

It was one of those hot August California days; a clear blue sky, the sun a golden fiery ball high frying the brush covered hills - tinder dry. Shimmering waves of heat floated up the canyon walls. I was glad to be next to the river, a sparkling ribbon of liquid joy dancing down the canyon



*Paddling hard to get left of the rock in the middle of Lumsden Falls*

## The Cherry Creek Section of the Tuolumne



Top and right: The Hole at the Bottom of Lumsden Falls



## A Sierra Playground

California is blessed with the Sierras, the mountains that form the backbone of the state. From these mountains California's rivers drain the winter snowpack. The Tuolumne drains the watershed north of Yosemite National Park. It isn't until the Tuolumne reaches the Sierra foothills that its gradient relaxes enough for boaters to enjoy this liquid playground. The nine mile Cherry Creek run passes through a steep and remote canyon. Granite cliffs loom above and Jawbone Creek cascades down in a series of spectacular waterfalls to the river. During the springtime, lupine, poppies and **Brodea**, cover the hillsides. Oak trees and **ponderosa** pines grow among the boulders.

Cherry Creek is surrounded by other whitewater runs, so one can spend many days in the area. Below Cherry Creek lies the main Tuolumne, a classic overnight trip. The Merced drains Yosemite Park and is only an hour away from Casa Loma.

To the north lies the Stanislaus, and though the lower Camp Nine run is partially inundated by the New Melones Reservoir, excellent runs exist on its south, middle and north forks. The Cherry Creek of the Tuolumne is protected by the National Wild and Scenic system. In response to threats by the Modesto/Turlock Irrigation district to dam the Tuolumne, Friends of the River spearheaded a campaign to save it from being buried under another needless reservoir. Thanks to the F.O.R. and the people that supported

over granite boulders. Falling, crashing, muscling its way down in typical California pool-drop fashion. I was midway down the Cherry Creek section of the Tuolumne a classic Class V Sierra river.

Since that day I've been down Cherry Creek countless times. Why so many? Because I smacked my head on a rock?

No, because Cherry Creek is a great run. It has everything a budding Class V kayaker could want: reliable flows, beautiful scenery, a decent shuttle, and a legendary Class VI rapid at the takeout with grandstand viewing from the shuttle vehicles.

The Cherry Creek section of the Tuolumne was first tackled in kayaks with numerous portages in 1968 by California pioneer kayakers Gerald Meral and Dick Sunderland. Five years later, Marty McDonnell and Walt Harvest made the first raft trip. Cherry Creek didn't see more than a few descents a year until in the early eighties, when the development of better plastic boats and the improvement

of technique encouraged more and more boaters to give it a try. Now on a Saturday it's common to see two or three groups of kayakers and a few rafts on the creek. It's even run commercially by several raft companies.

As the popularity of Cherry Creek grew over the years a ritual began to develop. Led by Chuck Stanley, everyone agreed to meet Saturday mornings at Casa Loma, the store at the top of the shuttle road. Kayakers from all over California would congregate. Car after car would arrive, until there were thirty or so boaters hanging out. It was a party!

We'd all sit around and talk while Chuck would try to organize a shuttle. This wasn't easy, since we were all busy bragging about how great we were.

By the time we were all loaded (into the cars, that is), it was noon. By the time we reached put in it was two o'clock. Then we made a mad dash to get down the river to takeout, where coolers of beer were waiting.

## The Cherry Creek Section of the Tuolumne

them, the main **Tuolumne** and Cherry Creek section were included in the National Wild and Scenic system in 1986.

The unfortunate side of this is that the United States Forest Service now manages the river and requires those planning to paddle

Cherry Creek to have a **permit**. These can be obtained from the ranger station up the road from **Casa Loma**.

Cherry Creek is an excellent entry level Class V run. . mostly Class IV with a few serious class V's; Mushroom and Lewis's Leap, to name two. The portages are easy. It's best to run Cherry Creek at flows below 2,500 c.f.s.. At 4,000 c.f.s. I've spent a very aerodynamic time exploring the inner depths of the hole at the bottom of Lewis's Leap.

No, I think the best time to bounce down Cherry Creek is on those lazy days of summer after the spring flush is over and the other rivers are running too low. Cherry Creek is supplied with a reliable flow well into the fall by power generation at the **Hoim** Power House. 1,000 c.f.s. is a great flow. Five hundred c.f.s. is real bony. At 2,000 c.f.s., things are pretty pushy.

## The Bikini Factor

I once had a memorial experience at 2,500 c.f.s. It was late summer after one of **many** dry springs and the only thing running was good old Cherry Creek. This day was special; there was to be a release of 2,500 c.f.s.

Oh boy! Good fun. This was the best water we'd seen all summer. The day was hot, the water cold and white and there was plenty of it. I was with my friends Peter, Paul and Moira.

Moira is Peter's wife, and although she's a good boater, Cherry Creek isn't her cup of tea, especially at 2,500 c.f.s. Lucky for us, she's a willing shuttle bunny. We left her on the way to put in, she planned to ride her bike out to Hetch Hetchy Reservoir and back, then pick up the car and then meet us at takeout.

Well, at 2,500 c.f.s. it didn't take us long to get down the river. We decided to scout Lewis Leap, a formidable rapid at 2,500 c.f.s. We discovered, to our delight, that Moira had completed her bike ride

and finished the shuttle, then hiked down to the river. She was sun bathing on a rock at the bottom of the rapid. Now Moira keeps herself in pretty good shape, so it was pretty hard to decide which looked more awesome, Moira or Lewis's Leap.

I elected to run first. I planned to enter on river left and make my way through a complicated maze of pourovers and chutes until I could enter the main channel, above the final **pourover** at the bottom. I entered the rapid with confidence. I was doing quite well until I glanced right at the rock Moira was perched upon. She was downstream ten yards right at my eye level.

Unfortunately for me, Moira decided to stand up. She looked great. The "bikini factor" was incredible. I was completely distracted, and before I knew it I was lost.

I bounced off rocks and spun around in circles. My head in a whirl, I fell over the **pourover** sideways and got scrambled in the hole at the bottom.

Wow! What a run!

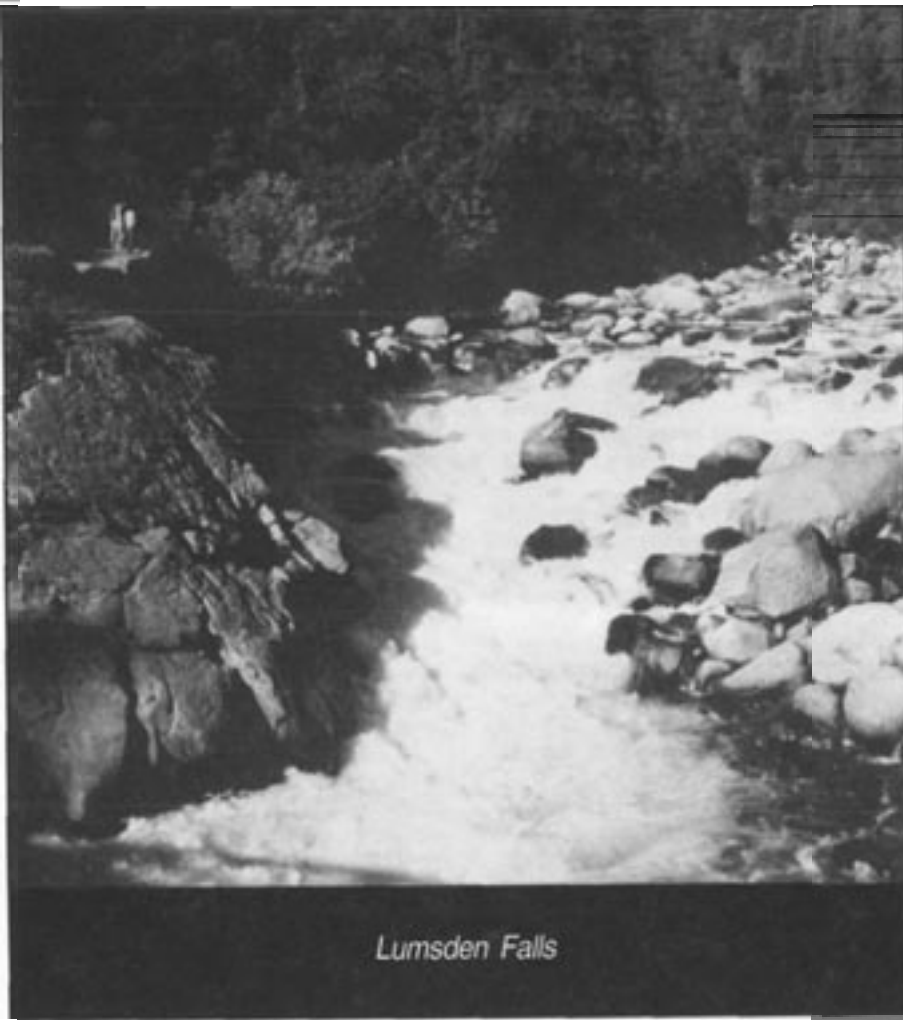
## 4th Annual Western Carolina Rescue Rodeo June 11, 1994 -- Wesser, NC



- *Perception, Inc.*  
**Rope Throw Competition**
- *Canoes by Whitesell*  
**Self Rescue Competition**  
*Nantahala Outdoor Center*  
**Team Rescue Competition**
- *Dagger Canoe Company*  
**Rescue Scenario Competition**
- *Menasha Ridge Press*  
**First Aid Scenario Competition**  
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Lumsden Falls

## Shuttle Fun

The shuttle for Cherry Creek isn't bad, twelve miles; eight on dirt four on pavement. The "payment" for nine miles of action-packed river. It's also very scenic, following the steep river canyon far above the river. This provides an excellent view of the river.

There is also a fisherman's trail that follows the river from take out to put in. **This** is an excellent single track mountain bike trail. This offers an incredible combo; nine miles of Class V river and nine miles of single track mountain **biking**. I've completed several **triathlons** here: boating, **biking** and beer drinking.

There is a bridge now where the shuttle road crosses Jawbone Creek, but there didn't used to be. In those days we had to drive through the creek. Once my good buddy, Lars Holbeck, and I were on our way back to put in my trusty **Datsun**. When we approached the creek it looked formidable; it was running high.

"Lars, get out and see how deep it is."

**Lar's** hitched up his pants, tiptoed about twelve inches into the creek, and probed **with** a stick

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Rocket at the bottom of Mushroom

"It's only six inches deep."

Yeah, right! But we were in the "invincible" Datsun, so with a roar and a splash worthy of a four wheel drive commercial, we plowed into Jawbone Creek.

Six inches my ass, eighteen inches was more like it! We were dead in the water before we were halfway across.

"Ha, ha, hee, hee."

Boy this was really funny, two yahoos sitting in a Datsun in the middle of a creek

"Ha, ha, hee, hee", until water starts coming through my door on the upstream side.

"Ha, ha, hee, hee."

"Get out and push, Lars!"

I pushed Lars out the door as the water came pouring in. Now the car was awash. "Where are the fish?"

As Lars braced and pushed, I managed to get the car started.

But each time I let out the clutch, the car jerked forward a foot or two, then died. Eventually we lurched across the creek onto the opposite bank, water sloshing around my feet and the engine sputtering. "Ha, ha, hee, hee."

## Lumsden Falls

What classic river doesn't have a legendary, totally awesome killer fang falls? Cherry Creek does, and it's called Lumsden Falls.

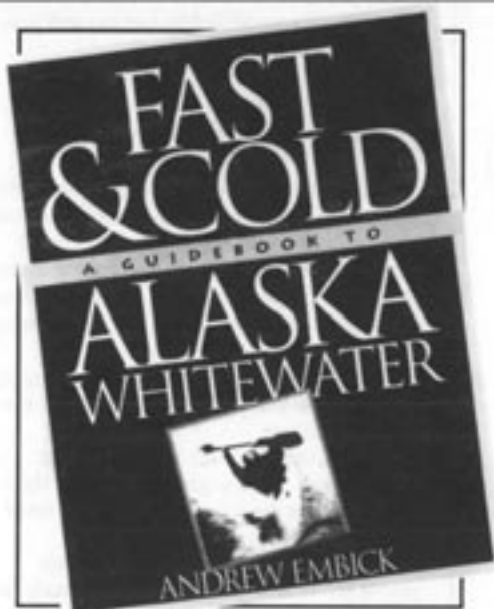
For a long time Lumsden Falls remained untouched, the last rapid of the run, in full view of the shuttle vehicles. Many a soul discussed the possibilities of running this awesome cascade, while loading boats and drinking beer. But no one did.

Not until Gorden Patchin ran it, in the early eighties. A few stalwart individuals, including myself, followed Gordan's example. As time went by more and more brave souls gave it a shot. Today any California studmuffin kayaker worth a can of beer has made his or her way down this impressive stairstepping rush of water.

Lumsden Falls is created by a huge pile of boulders, forty feet high. Over this, water crashes through various chutes and lesser cascades, moving from river left to right. The river screams past a rock cliff on river right on its way to the calm, green pool below.

There are three ways to enter Lumsden Falls: the ramp, the chute and the ski jump. The ramp is the least severe and most commonly run. The chute and ski jump are more technical, offering more opportunities to make mistakes.

All three approaches lead to a bit of turbulent water with a strategic rock at the end. One must paddle to the left of



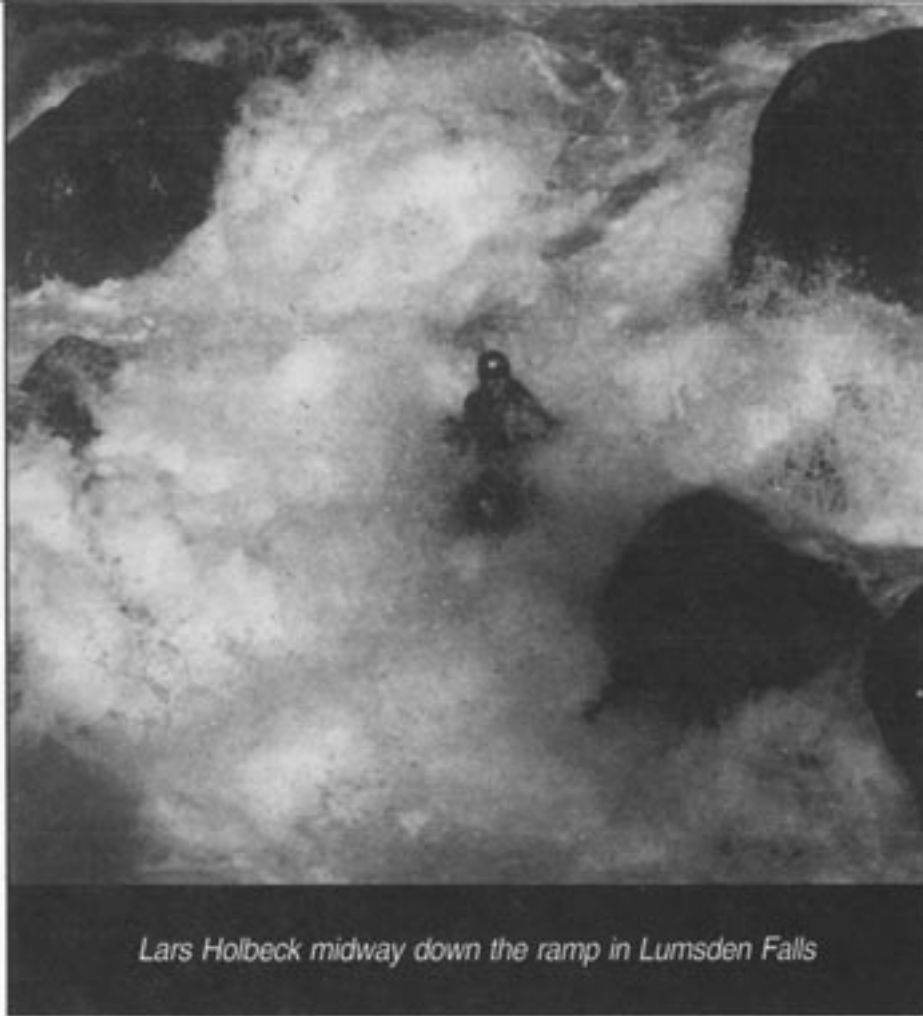
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Lars Holbeck midway down the ramp in Lumsden Falls

this rock, and then down a few cascades to a hole **against** the cliff. Those who don't make it to the left of the rock wind up against the wall. **Things** are very tight there and several unfortunate souls have had bad experiences in this meat grinder.

## Apres Paddle

Cherry Creek offers some great places to congregate, eat, drink and relax, both before and after the river. For coffee and breakfast **there's** the **Casa Loma**, the rendezvous for the shuttle. It's also a deli, so you can stock up on other goodies.

For evening dining visit nearby Groveland. Try Papa Palmieries for pizza and beer. Or, better *still*, there's The Smoke in **Jamestown**. Now this place was made for **kayakers**. You can gulp margaritas and be as rowdy as you want and they won't **kick** you out. I know. I've made a total fool out of myself there several times and nobody even asked me to keep it down, much less expelled me from the premises. The food here is excellent and the waitresses even better.

Now, for the daring, back in Groveland the infamous Iron Door waits. Rumor has it people have gotten shot in this place... **with** guns! Well, who knows? But I know there's usually a pretty good band on Saturday nights, and a lively crowd.

I'll never forget one night. Shots of tequila, pitchers of beer, dancing, and a big biker chick named Zelda. Let me tell you. . . no, no I better not.

## A Recipe For Fun

That pretty much covers it. If, after boating the lower **Toulumne** and the **Merced**, you feel up to Cherry Creek, fill up your ice chest at **Casa Loma** and drive down to Lumsden Falls. Stash your mountain bike in the bushes, take a good look at the falls, drive up the canyon and check out the river below.

**Enjoy** the shuttle: the meadows, the oaks, the pines, the **wildflowers** and the scenic **vistas**. Hit the river.

Don't forget to scout Mushroom and Lewis's Leap. Have a good, clean run. Have lunch on a hot rock, take some time to savor this spectacular place.

Scout Lumsden Falls, and if you feel you've got what it takes, go for it. Nobody has gotten seriously hurt here... yet.

If you've got the energy, bike the trail back to put in, reliving the run you just made. Then beeline it to The Smoke for margaritas and dinner. **Finally**, head to The Iron Door for a raucous night of dancing and drunken debauchery.

But watch out for the big biker chick named Zelda!

And the next day.....?  
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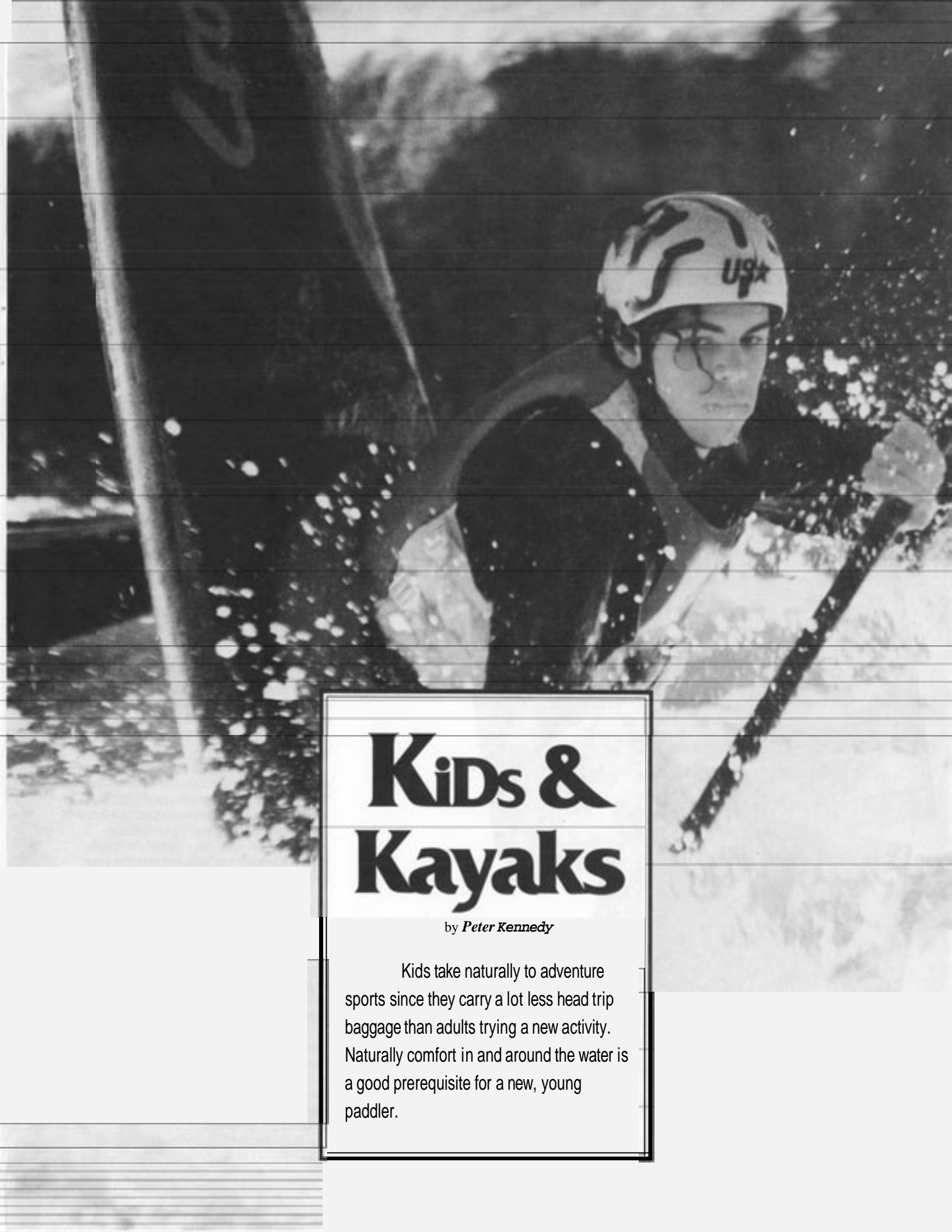
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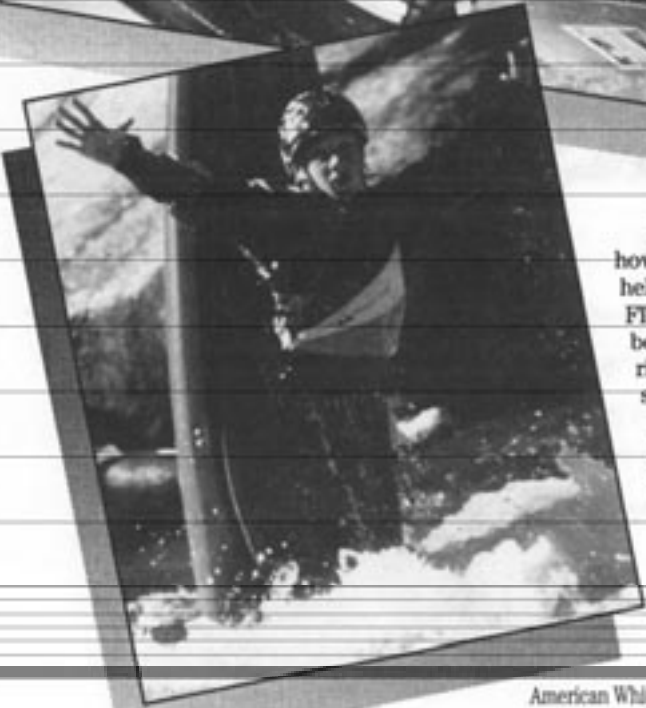
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# Kids & Kayaks

by *Peter Kennedy*

Kids take naturally to adventure sports since they carry a lot less head trip baggage than adults trying a new activity. Naturally comfort in and around the water is a good prerequisite for a new, young paddler.



Does a youngster need to know how to swim to paddle? It certainly helps, but outfitted with PROPER FITTING equipment, any child can be taught to self rescue on the river, even if they are not great swimmers.

The time spent going over equipment fit and usage, orientation to the boat, and practicing wet exits on dry land, goes a long way towards ease of execution on the water.

I suggest that all instructors get in the water next

to the students from the start. How many times have I seen well meaning, yet uninformed, instructors teach wet exits to their students while sitting in their boats? Nothing is more intimidating than that first upside down experience. Go over wet exits without the spray deck until the student is comfortable and exiting properly (in a tuck position). Then repeat the process with the spray deck on. Time spent here will help the student be more comfortable later.

I often have timid kids learn their basic strokes without the spray deck on the boat. Once they are more comfortable with the boat/water environment, we head back to shore to do wet exits with the deck on. This early time spent acclimatizing the student will help prevent the fear factor from taking over later.

The majority of kids, ages 7-12, tend to be Doer's and Watchers, not Thinkers and Feelers. They relate best to instructors who are upbeat and cool. Having spent years as a children's ski director, I've found the most successful instructors are those who gain the kids confidence and coach- not lecture. This holds true for both kayak and canoe instruction.

Some kids want that paddle in their hands and want to GO... Period! I've been known to just hand the paddle to such a student, once she has gone through wet exit and paddle control drills, and let her experiment. You'll be surprised at what she may accomplish.

Self-Guided Discovery methods of



# KiDs & Kayaks

teaching work well with kids. They feel partly responsible for their success and it endears them to you, the instructor.

**After** all, we **are** not out to just create a new paddler, but to help the youth build personal **skills** and **self confidence**. Rushing the process will do little for either of the above.

Kids learn the basic strokes quickly. In kayak, I tend to start with a forward sweep to stem draw combination. It tends to be the way the boat moves anyway for a new paddler!

A simple discussion, demonstration and practice, emphasizing torso rotation and paddle placement **has** them turning in circles quickly. A game of **counting** how few strokes it takes to make a full circle is a great contest for a group of young paddlers. Next move to the basic forward stroke, using the feet and stem draw for correction. Note: the student has been introduced to the Solution (**stern** draw) before the Problem (going straight). I have a firm motto in my teaching: There **are** no Problems, only Solutions.

Keeping focused on the basic element (stroke) and building Variations on the Theme (as in music) is a great way to help young paddlers learn and experiment. Once they have learned the draw it is easy to introduce the variations of that stroke (**bow** draws, **Duffeks**) through experimentation. *All* more **advanced** strokes are just variations on the basics.

Introducing the young paddler to current is as simple as riding a bike. The lean is the same. I usually begin without the paddle. It is similar to learning **ski** turns without poles. The paddle just gets in the way of what the instructor is trying to accomplish.

**Find** a slow, yet distinct, eddy line and have the kids play chase. They will very quickly **adjust** to leaning with the downstream current (peel out) and upstream current (eddy turn). Then the paddle and the stationary brace can be introduced.

Often I have the students learn to turn their reverse sweep into a bow draw, right from the beginning. I use a concept called "Quadrant Learning"- each **quarter** section of the boat requires a different stroke.

Example: A forward sweep stops at the perpendicular line to the body and **be-**





# KiDs & Kayaks

comes a stern draw as it moves into the back Quadrant of the **boat/paddler** relationship.

This may sound confusing, but in principle it is very simple and **kids** pick up on it FAST. The paddle, moving through the water, causes the craft to react differently from bow to stern. Boat leans are different, body positions are different, and anyone who has a background in elementary education knows that the simpler the directions, the better the results. Children **learn** best when a task is broken down into parts. Quadrant Learning as a teaching method works exceptionally well with young paddlers.

Rushing into **THE ROLL** usually results in frustrated paddler and instructor. Don't **try** to introduce the roll until the young paddler has the opportunity to become acquainted with the fit and feel of the boat. Initially fitting a child into a snug fitting boat is both a disservice and dangerous; likely to produce fear, when they can't get out on those first wet exits. As the **day(s)** progress, I gradually **adjust** the hip pads, knee pads, foot **pegs/bulkheads**, until the student feels one with the boat. Once they can produce good boat leans and carve the boat with their hips, it is time to introduce the roll.

I **find** that a lot of time spent doing **PROPER** hip rolls (snaps), with accurate **body/head** position, makes the **final** process easy. I stand in the water next to the student for all phases of roll training. While supporting the student under the on-side arm pit, it is easy to relay instructions to the paddler. The student can see all the parts of the process.

Once the hip snap is solid (student can roll the boat to almost fully upright with head still on or under the surface), I hand them Styrofoam **kick boards** and let them practice with them. If the head is leading the boat, the hip snap will fail.

From here, I move on to the C to C method of rolling. There are volumes of literature and videos on that method. Kids learn best with C to C, as their hips are **SO** flexible and their hip rolls are very strong. Many times, I have students doing hand rolls long before paddle rolls. The paddle just gets in their way. Kids are small, but their hip snaps are totally awesome.

Now on to the world of river play, enders, rodeos, slalom and **wildwater** races, magazine features and even cereal box covers!

Above all, instructors of **kids** should remember that their students are people. The most successful instructors of children and teens treat their students like people, not **kids**.

The number of youngsters interested in whitewater boating is growing, as more

young people discover the challenge of paddling. Instructors need to be prepared for this onslaught.

*Editors Note:*

*Peter Kennedy is the founder/director of Adventure Quest, a non-profit, charitable outdoor/whitewater school for kids and teens. He is an Instructor Trainer for the ACA in canoe and kayak and regional Junior Program Coach for*

*the USCKT. A child psychologist, he has developed many instructional methods for whitewater, skiing and other adventure sports for young people. Team Adventure, an A.& sponsored program, consists of nationally ranked Cadet and Junior paddlers from the Vermont/New Hampshire region, who have been the subjects for many of Peter's paddling experiments! ■*

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# AWA Schedules Fall '94 Moose Season

A four-weekend season of fall whitewater releases has been scheduled for New York's Bottom Moose River, a class 4-5 gem located in the southwestern corner of the Adirondack Park.

Starting on the weekend of October 8-9, the season will stretch over four consecutive October weekends. As the take-out is located on private property, paddlers are required to sign releases before making the run. The sign-ins are conducted Saturday and Sunday mornings at the Agers Falls Dam starting at 10 am.

In scheduling a fall season, the AWA hopes more paddlers will utilize the Bottom Moose.

The AWA had negotiated 20 annual release days with 10 of the days prescheduled for Sundays in April, May and October and the remaining 10 to be

used as optional days by boaters on a first-come, first-served basis by calling two days in advance to request a release.

Unfortunately, prescheduled Sunday releases often included days when the Bottom Moose was historically too high or low to paddle. And the procedures for securing optional releases seemed confusing to many boaters. Consequently, many releases were utilized by just a few paddlers and some dates went unused altogether.

To create the fall season, the AWA reserved seven of the optional dates early in March. And if the season proves successful, the AWA will look to change some of the prescheduled dates to create full weekends of paddling in times when the water is historically at optimal levels.

A "release" on the Bottom Moose section only means that the natural flow of

the river is returned to a two-mile stretch that is dewatered by a hydro project. It does not guarantee optimal water levels.

However, AWA organizer Chris Koll explains that historically, the final four weeks of October have the most dependable water.

"There's a chain of lakes way up stream that start draining water on Columbus Day weekend," Koll said, "so it's very rare that there isn't enough water for a good run. Actually, there's a much greater possibility that there will be too much water. But fortunately, there's a class 4 section of water just above the Bottom Moose—so even if we have high water on the release days, people who have traveled will see some good boating."

Koll is also in the preliminary stages of planning the first annual Bottom Moose Rendezvous—an informal gathering and party to be staged Columbus Day weekend. For additional information, call evenings at (315) 652-8397.

## DISAPPOINTING SNOWPACKS BODE ILL FOR WESTERN BOATING

PERCENT OF NORMAL SNOWPACK - statewide averages THROUGH APRIL 1, 1994 • WATER YEAR STARTED OCT 1  
March 31, 1993

Selected river basins of interest to boaters:  
% of Average Accumulated Precipitation as of 4/1/94

### ARIZONA

Salt	92
Verde	83
Gila	69

### CALIFORNIA

Northern Great	58
Truckee	55
Klamath	52

### COLORADO

Gunnison	85
Upper Colorado	80
S. Platte	104
Yampa/White	84
Arkansas	101
Upper Rio Grande	90
San Miguel/Delores	86
Animas/ San Juan	

### IDAHO

Priest	69
Clearwater	66
Salmon	59
Boise	59
Bruneau	48
Snake (above Palis)	66

### MONTANA

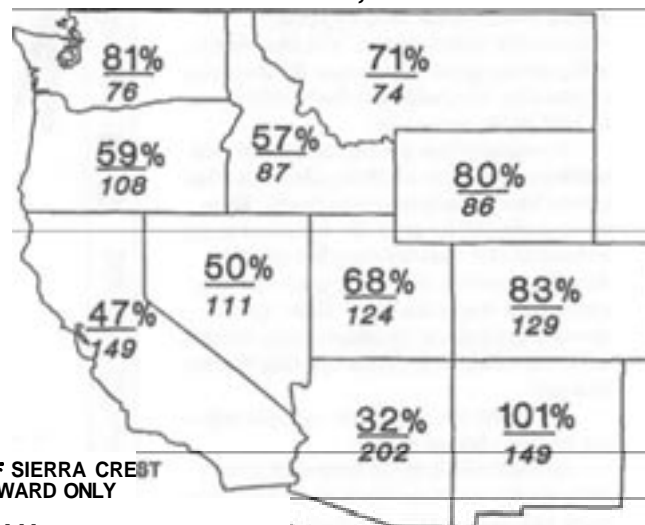
Flathead	67
Madison	69
Gallatin	66

### NEW MEXICO

Rio Chama	119
Pecos	122

### OREGON

Deschutes	59
Rogue	54



CALIF SIERRA CREST EASTWARD ONLY

Dirty Devil	71
Virgin	79

### WASHINGTON

Olympic	90
Skykomish/Skagit	81
White/Green/Cedar	76
Snoqualmie/Baker	

### WYOMING

Snake	67
Upper Yellowstone	75
Madison	
Shoshone	85

# Whitewater Rodeo

## U p d a t e

by *Risa Callaway*

The National Organization of Whitewater Rodeos (NOWR), one of the recent offspring of American Whitewater, has announced its 1994 schedule of twelve festivals. Most of these whitewater feature several on-water events, providing plenty of opportunity for beginners and experts alike to test their river running skills. The festivals will begin in April and end in September, at sites across the U.S.

In the past few years whitewater festivals have flourished due to the increasing sophistication of event organizers and the collective promotion of the series by AWA. AWA kick-started NOWR in 1989 and continues to fuel its growth with publicity, promotion and administrative assistance.

Today whitewater rodeo is an international event. In October 1993, river rats from eleven nations descended on the Ocoee for the Worlds (story in the **March/April American Whitewater**).

This year, there will be a **Pre-World Rodeo** in Augsberg, Germany on the 'Eis Kanal,' built for the 1972 Olympic whitewater slalom races. The **Pre-Worlds** will provide good experience for the event organizers, who will host the World Rodeo in 1995 at the same site.

Because of the growth in interest and participation, rodeo is going through what seems like organizational puberty. How serious should we get? Do we **need** to get serious at all? How can we leverage the fun of the spectacle to help protect our access to the rivers we love? How can we develop guidelines for judging and scoring which are fair, without **eliminating** the fun of it all?

These are the important questions facing NOWR chairpeople.

As local event organizers enthusiastically accept more sponsor donations, they must also take more responsibility for providing well-run events. As we receive, so must we give.

It's an exciting time.

As in other sports, these issues will be resolved by a dedicated cadre of paddlers who are or have been involved with these and similar competitions. At the time that this report is being drafted (mid-March), the U.S. steering committee is looking to fill the positions of representation for the Northeast, Rockies and Pacific Northwest.

If you are interested in helping us get our act together, your advice and interest are welcome!

We are already planning the 1995 season. NOWR organizers will meet in Reno this August at an industry trade show. There we will discuss many topics including how we would like to the world to view our events, keeping in mind our determination to keep the fun in the event and to use whitewater rodeo to help preserve our rivers.

(This is the first of a collection of articles that will provide a behind the scenes look at the planning and execution of the current whitewater rodeo series.) ■

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## ACA Kayak Instructor Classes Announced

A Moving Water Instructor Candidate Workshop has been scheduled for May 14 on the Huron River near Ann Arbor Michigan. The fee is \$50 and candidates must have an ACA Flat Water Certification. The registration deadline is April 22.

A White Water Instructor Workshop

will be held on the Ocoee River in Tennessee on June 12. Candidates must have an ACA Moving Water Certification. The fee is \$80 and the registration deadline is May

18.

Contact Erik Carlson at (810) 471-7620 (days) or (810) 476-7984 for additional information. ■

## New England Cup Announced

by Jamie McEwan

A number of existing New England Races and a few new ones are being welded together this year to form the New England Cup Race Series. With no separate fee or forms to fill out this will be a painless series to enter; if you enter a race you will automatically be accumulating points in the series. An individual's best results in four of the six Slalom races, or three of the four Wildwater Races, will count toward his/her final ranking.

The series is expected to draw a number of New England's veteran racers, the ambitious crop of juniors rising in Vermont and New Hampshire, and an influx of boaters from other regions who travel to New England to kick off their season. No doubt the series will attract a number of current and future whitewater champions.

The schedule includes: White River Wildwater, April 2; Mascoma Slalom, April 9; Mascoma Wildwater, April 10; Thoreau's Portage Slalom, April 16; Miller's Wildwater, April 17; T'ville Slalom, April 23; T'ville Wildwater, April 24; Rattlesnake slalom, April 24; Snyder's Mill Slalom, April 30; and Zoar Gap Slalom, May 1.

Classes offered will include K-1, K1-W, C-1 and G2 for both experts and juniors (born in 1976 or later). Classes in C-1W and C-2M will be included if there is sufficient interest, a minimum of three boats per class is required. Awards for the series will be given at the last race.

The point system will be modified after the French Trials.

An information and entry packet can be obtained from Peggy Mitchell, RD 2, Box 922, Canaan, New Hampshire 03741.

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# BAFFIN ISLAND

# EXPEDITION SLATED

A four man team of American whitewater experts has announced their intention to mount a unique expedition to explore three rivers on north central Baffin Island during the summer of 1994. The expedition will cover a total of 293 river miles and will take about 20 days. If successful, the Trans Baffin Whitewater Challenge will set a new standard for river exploration.

Baffin, the world's fifth largest island, is slightly larger than California. It has rugged coastlines, some of the world's largest fjord, and glaciated mountain ranges rising to 8,000 feet. Located due west of Greenland, over half of the island lies within the Arctic Circle. Because of the length and severity of the Arctic winter, only a window of six weeks is available for river travel.

The island was not traversed by Westerners until 1939 and travel into its interior is rare, with most attention being focused on the unusual Barnes Ice Cap. Baffin Island remains one of the world's most remote and least known areas.

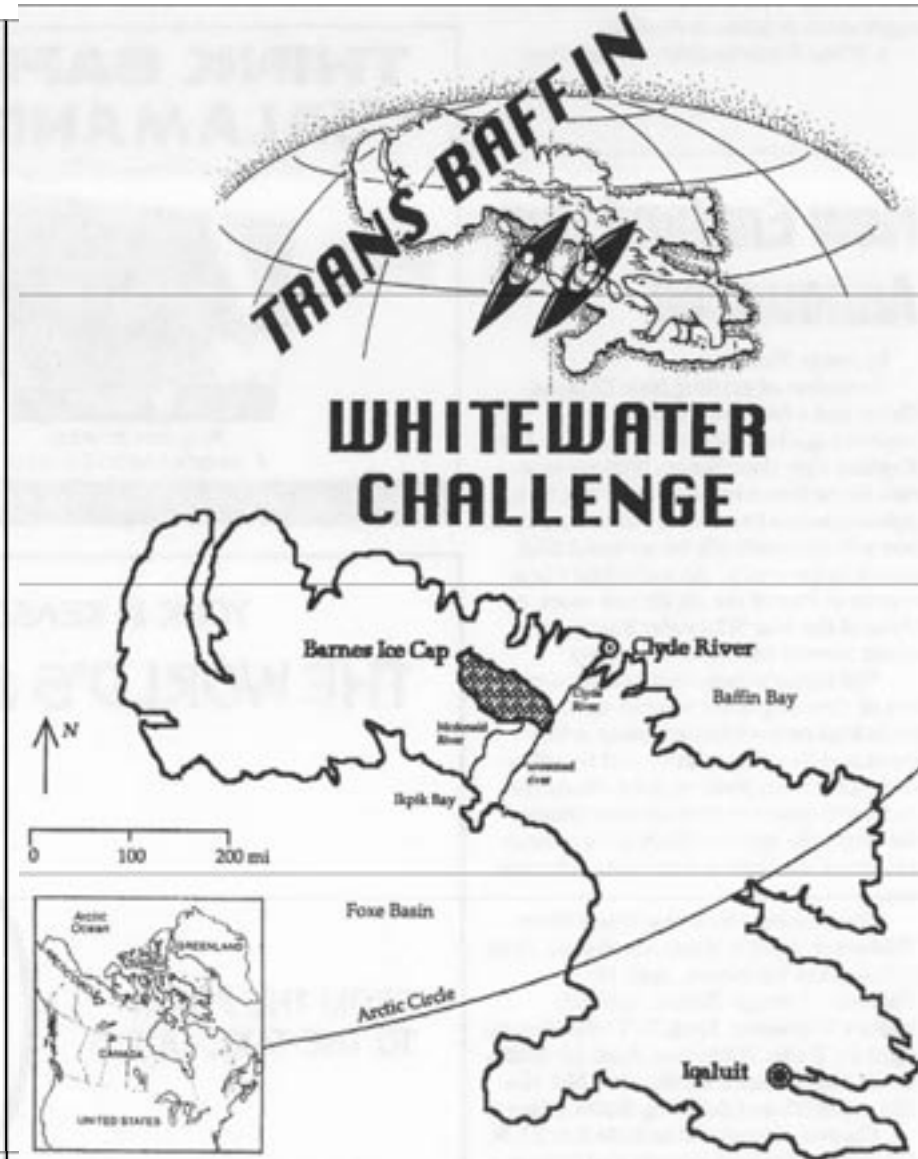
The American kayak explorers plan to paddle three separate rivers in entirety and to be the first to traverse the island in whitewater craft. They plan to utilize a self contained, alpine style to move quickly across the island.

The team will include Andy Bridge, John Weld, Phil DeRiemer and Bryan Tooley.

Bridge is a eight time U.S. National Champion C-1 wildwater racer and won the World Cup in 1992. He has previously participated in expeditions in Newfoundland and Mexico.

John Weld is a currently the Head Instructor at the Riversport School of Kayaking in Confluence, Pennsylvania. He has led expeditions to Newfoundland, including one featured previously in this magazine.

Phil DeRiemer is a prominent outdoor photographer and Lead Kayak Instructor at the Sundance Kayak School in Oregon. He also works with the Otter Bar Kayak School in California and with Expediciones Chile. His participation in a 1985 expedition on the South American Paucartambo River was featured on National Geographic Explorer and he has made first descents in Venezuela, Nepal, Chile and the U.S.



Bryan Tooley, a member of the U.S. Whitewater team since 1990 and K-1 Downriver U.S. National Champion in 1992, has made first descents in Guatemala, Mexico, the Soviet Union, Chile and Venezuela. In 1990 DeRiemer and Tooley were part of a daring self contained kayak descent of Canada's Grand Canyon of the Stikine.

The Trans Baffin Whitewater Challenge has been endorsed by the American Whitewater Association (AWA) and the ACA.

Malden Mills, the maker of Polartec Fabrics, has seeded the expedition with a grant for \$5000. These funds were granted as part of their Polartec Performance Challenge, a program which grants \$75,000 annually to support people and projects "setting a new definition of adventure".

A separate Polartec Grant went to a team of kayakers from North Wales and the United States who plan to attempt the first class V+ kayak descent of the Waghi River in New Guinea.



# If Turds Could Talk

## River Waste Disposal Ethics

by *Kristin Frish*  
Member *American River Management Society*

Being the first to arise, I perched on our modestly situated away from camp toilet in the early morning light.

I was alternating between admiring the river and absorbing the "latest" from a fresh issue of the *Weekly World News*, conveniently placed next to the toilet.

It seemed that a 28-year-old warehouse worker in Indiana was knocked down by a produce truck and, upon returning to consciousness, was babbling in fluent German. Just as my heart was going out to this poor man suffering from Foreign Accent Syndrome, whose friends could no longer understand him, and who doesn't even understand himself, and who says he has "never been so lonely", I heard something nearby. I leaned down and listened closely...

**Spicy Burrito Night:** Hey, do you see what I see?

**Lasagne Night:** What are you running on about now?

**Burrito:** I've just looked everywhere and there it was...gone!

**Sweet Corn Night:** What's gone?

**Burrito:** The plastic! The plastic bags are gone!!

**Stir Fry Night:** Haven't you heard? Bags are BAAAD!

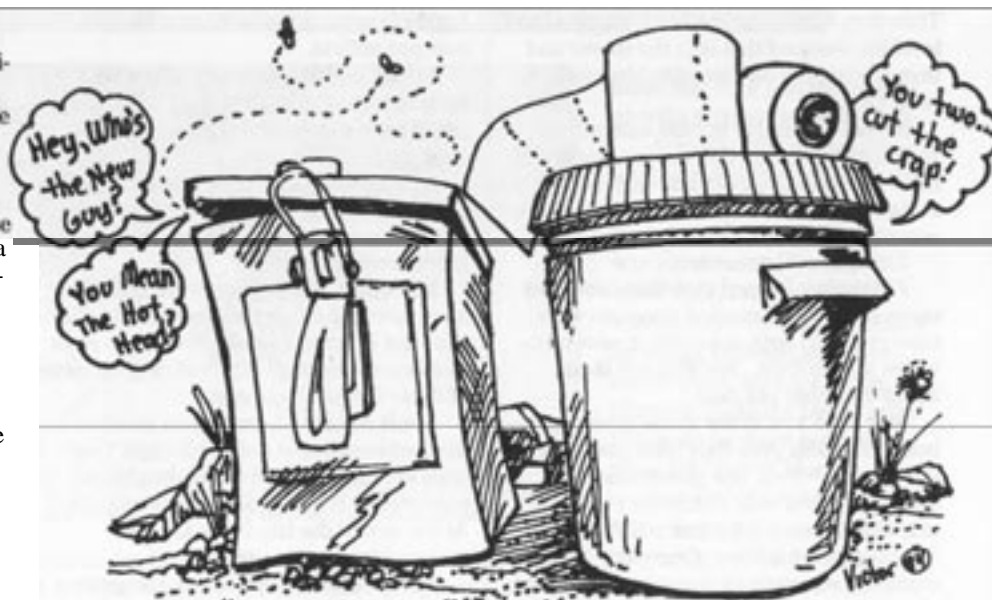
**Burrito:** Naaaw, we've been doing bags for years - ever since they decided that digging cat holes and latrines wasn't the way to go anymore.

**Stir Fry:** Listen to me! My human is the trip leader and knows all about the new regulations. I heard her discussing it when they were planning the trip.

**Chili Night:** Yeah, Burrito, weren't you listening to river safety and ethics talk she gave at the put-ins? It's our future she was talking about, ya know!

**Burrito:** Am I the only one in the dark here? Am I the only one who doesn't know what's going on?

**Stir Fry:** No, no, no! There's just recently been some changes. Let me ex-



plain. You know how at the end of the river trip they used to take all the plastic bags full of us and put them into the garbage container far away from where they lived? And then we would end up in a landfill or buried in a trench in the forest? At 1/2 pound per person per day, that adds up fast! Well, now there's new landfill regulations in many areas that say it is **not** OK to dump us there any more. So that means no more plastic bags...

**Burrito:** That sounds scary! Do you mean to tell me that we drop right in **with** **nothin'** between us and the bucket? Yuk!

**Lasagne:** There **are** ways to safely, cleanly **carry** us out and dispose of us **without** plastic.

**Burrito:** Like how?

**Lasagne:** Lots of boaters **are** still using their same plastic 5-gallon bucket or their 20MM military surplus rocket boxes fitted with a seat. They just eliminate the plastic. I really like it when they add a generous dose of vegetable oil to coat the **container's** bottom and sides before the

first use. It helps promote our slippage at clean-out time. Wheeeeeeee!

**Burrito:** OK, but what about smell? Can you still use stuff like powdered bleach?

**Stir Fry:** The powdered stuff tends to dry out, which means **stickage** in the end.

**Lasagne:** Liquids are better, and you **gotta** make sure you get some without formaldehyde 'cuz it can interrupt the breaking down process in sewage treatment systems.

**Burrito:** This sounds too hard...

**Sweet Corn:** You're whining!

**Lasagne:** You can get smell stoppers right off the grocery store shelf or else you can get more specialized, fancy "odor digesters" from other places...

**Seafood Fettucini:** That **First Round** Knockout sure had us smelling sweet!

**Stir Fry:** Any of you ever seen those store bought **porta-potties** or those fancy toilets with catchy names and lots of funnels and hoses...

**Fettucini:** Yeah, those **are** really easy

**It's the  
coldest land  
on earth.  
He crossed  
it on foot.**



It took 97 days and 1350 miles. There were no food drops and no dogs to pull the sled. But Sir **Ranulph Fiennes** set a world record for both the longest unsupported polar journey and the first unsupported crossing of Antarctica. The trek, at the rate of 14 miles a day, was often tortuous: equipment failure, starvation, **hypothermia**, and bitter blizzards. Join Sir **Ranulph Fiennes** as he shares the mind over matter it took to survive the real-life man vs. nature challenge of crossing the Antarctic continent.

On Sale May 9, 1994

Delacorte Press

Hat lived near the Tohickon, a four mile class III+ tributary of the Delaware, an hour north of Philadelphia. The **annual** spring and fall weekend releases from Lake **Nockamixon** attract hundreds of boaters. For the past decade each fall Hat played host to an assortment of **fifteen** to twenty paddlers who gathered at his house for a **warm** place to sleep, good food, and, most of all, good company.

Hat always insisted upon feeding everyone. He would spend the days prior to the release **cooking** himself senseless, while, at the same time, he would embark on a project to make his home even more accommodating to **boaters**-like repainting or remodeling a bathroom.

Last fall Hat needed help getting ready for the **Tohickon** crowd. I'm not very good at domestic chores, but I can master some repetitive tasks if I concentrate, so I volunteered to run the vacuum. The vacuum and I **finally** collapsed at 10:30 and I fell asleep on the floor of Hat's living room. When I came to an hour later Hat was **still** going full tilt.

Hat was a very active boater, bagging seventy-five to one hundred days a year. I used to get a little envious, but then I would remember that he was racing against time. He was born with a heart defect, a defect which severely limited his activities until he was 19. At that time he volunteered for experimental surgery and an artificial valve was inserted in **his** heart.

This prosthesis completely transformed Hat's life. He became capable of vigorous activity... and he took full **advantage** of it. He kept himself in excellent shape. A few weeks after his second open heart **operation** he was skiing in Jackson Hole. Once he came back to help me carry my boat up the grueling climb at the Gauley's Panther Creek take-out! He lived life non-stop; he

was not interested in "slowing down" or "**taking** it easy".

I think he may even have felt that sleep robbed him of precious **time**. He **often** ran himself down and we would coax him to slow down just a little. But, as best I **can** tell, he never took that advice. We all knew what motivated Hat.

Last year Hat complained that he felt a little tired **climbing** out at Panther Creek.

I said, "Hat you're 43, so join the club." I didn't take his complaint seriously.

**Last** fall the **Tohickon** weekend was conducted in classic Hat style. Non-stop, multiple activities at home, two runs on the river on Saturday and two very **coooold** runs on Sunday. He paddled strongly both days.

About 8 p.m. Sunday night Hat called and said he had the post-party blues. **This** was typical. He asked if I could come over and I said, "Hat, aren't you **tired**? Why don't you get some sleep?"

I know I was beat and I'd only made one run on Sunday.

"Yeah, I'm tired," Hat replied. "Maybe I'll get to bed early."

We made plans for him to visit mid-week. I complemented his **cooking** and thanked him, once again, for making the **Tohickon** weekends so special. We talked a while longer, making plans for a similar rendezvous at the spring release.

Hat died later that evening.

We still can't grasp the fact that he's gone. There's a big hole in our lives where Hat used to be.

Don't feel sorry for Hat. He thoroughly enjoyed his life and he passed away **after** spending an active weekend doing what he liked best. Our loss is that he won't around any more to enhance the quality of our lives.

But this sensitive, gentle man will always remain with us, living in our memories..



## LARGEBILL WRISTED IN COMEBACK; CHOPPER A SUSPECT

by Jonathan Katz

John Largebill, widely **acknowledged** as the finest paddler in the United States, suffered a major setback in his drive to come out of retirement when he was struck in the wrist by an unidentified assailant while training on the Savage River in Maryland. An unknown man attacked Largebill in an eddy on the Savage, hitting him once in the left wrist with the edge of a kayak paddle.

Largebill sustained a displaced fracture of the navicular bone and was immediately taken to Bethesda Naval Hospital where orthopedic surgeons operated, screwing the bone fragments back together with stainless steel hardware. Largebill is resting comfortably in good condition, but will be unable to paddle for at least six months. Doctors say it is too soon to tell whether he will recover sufficient wrist flexibility to kayak again at his former world championship level.

Largebill was scratched from the US Nationals which take place in four days. He was scheduled to race there for the **first** time since announcing his retirement from world competition in 1992. Reportedly in top condition, he was a prohibitive favorite to win his eighth US championship.

Police are investigating. They describe the **assailant** as a white male, about 28 years old, with blonde hair and blue eyes, standing about 5'10" tall and weighting 290 pounds, last seen wearing a bright blue **Kokatat drysuit** and paddling down the Savage River in a blue Dagger Crossfire.

The description matches that of one Mark Chopper, former nosetackle and Klansman, who has recently started racing on the whitewater slalom circuit in the eastern U.S. Attempts to contact Chopper at McBride Omaha Chemical Company, where he works as an applied physicist, were unsuccessful. The receptionist there reported that Chopper had taken a week off to train for the Nationals on the Savage River and was not in a position to return calls.

When told that Chopper was a suspect in the brutal attack on Largebill, she replied "So what else is new? **Last** week he bit me on the neck," and hung up the phone.

Chopper's attorney, Barbara "Barb" Weler, would not ad lib for the press. She read a **prepared** statement from the steps of the Deertield County Courthouse where she works as a public defender, and as retained criminal defense counsel for McBride-Omaha employees accused of major felonies.

The statement read as follows:

"Chopper is totally innocent, a lamb among the wolves of the world. No way would he tap that man on the wrist with a paddle. If he wanted to take him out, he'd tear off one of his arms and beat him to death with it"

## SAVAGE RIVER UPDATE...LATE BREAKING NEWS

by Jonathan Katz

Competing with a cast on **his left** wrist four days **after** having surgery to repair a fractured navicular bone, John Largebill easily won his ninth US National Kayak Championship against a tough

field. Afterward, Largebill spoke to the media for the **first** time since he was assaulted on the Savage River less than a week ago.

"My coaches always taught me to recognize the difference between pain and injury."

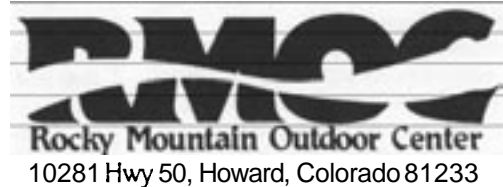
"**This**," he said, waving the cast in the air, "is pain, and pain is all in the mind. It can be overcome with drugs, if you take enough, in the right combinations. McBride mixed me some special stuff and shot me up before the race. It worked just **fine**. Right now I **am** feeling no pain."

"I train **hard**, and only serious **injury** or death can slow me down. For example, if Chopper had tom off one of my arms and beaten me to death with it, I would have missed at least two weeks of practice."

"As for Chopper, he and I both know it was him. I'm loading up, and training for the Biathlon. I'll see him on the Ocoee."

With that, Largebill whipped a TEC-9 out of his lifejacket and fired a quick burst at a tree, sawing it down.

So bunker up for the Biathlon. The full auto competition promises to be a real shoot-out..



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## One Paddled Out of the Cuckoo's Nest

by Jonathan Katz

Idiot! Idiot! Idiot!

The word kept rattling through the empty space in my skull. It was the only explanation for my predicament, paddling my open boat at the verge of death on a rain-swollen, unknown Class Four river. I was

somewhere in the wilds of North Ontario and it was two o'clock in the morning.

None of my river safety instructors—and nothing I'd ever read in any American Whitewater Affiliation publication, by Footebridge or anyone else—had prepared me for the suicidal folly of paddling enormous whitewater at night. I guess they figure there are some things they just don't have to teach. Well, they're wrong, and if I lived through this I'd let them know.

At least I wasn't alone. McBride was leading in his kayak. His

red stern lights were dimly visible in the big water twenty yards ahead. Chopper and P.T. were in a raft somewhere in the darkness. Behind me was our "backup", a second raft containing Gunsmith, Ax, and half a dozen heavily armed hoodlums, members of the Rabid Dogs Motorcycle and Kayak Club.

We were on our way to an international incident, possibly even a massacre, and the only person in the least concerned was me.

As for the bikers, their motto was "Up For Anything". They didn't seem to care that they were going to drown or get shot by fear-crazed prison guards. I cared, but I didn't count. I'd given up my vote when I put on the river.

A week earlier I'd been sitting at my desk, making meaningless investment decisions for a faceless, heartless conglomerate, when my secretary told me she had an incoherent man on the phone who would not hang up. I took the call and recognized the voice instantly. It was "Bam Bam" McBride.

Normally at least half rational, he was twitching with hysteria, screaming "He's alive! He's alive!" over and over again.

I thought I knew who he was talking about, and when he gasped out the name Omaha, I ran out the door. Duty called.

I raced up to the dilapidated factory on the banks of the Deerfield world headquarters for the McBride-Omaha Chemical Company, the employer of last resort for all the whitewater crazed

mad scientists I knew.

It was surely another hoax. Omaha had killed himself paddling his open canoe over Niagara Falls. He'd been dead two months, his body claimed by the river. Keystone Beer bought the videotape of his final plunge and was planning to air it during the Indianapolis 500. We were starting to adjust to life without Omaha: after years of bedlam things were returning to normal.

How could he have lived through the pounding he'd taken in the churning froth at the base of the Falls? And how nuts would he drive us if he came back? We had no answers.

But McBride had heard a rumor from a Mohawk squirt boater in Ontario and that was enough for him. "He's in Penatanguishine."

"What's that?" asked Gunsmith.

"Where's that?" asked Chopper.

"Who's she?" asked Arden Tygart, the cause of all the trouble.

It was the unrequited love of Arden that had driven Ken Omaha to attempt Niagara Falls.

"Jealous woman! Penatanguishine Mental Health Center, North Bay, Ontario. It's Canada's most dreaded asylum for the criminally insane. If Omaha's alive and he's in there, we have to get him out."

"You sure it's him?" Gunsmith asked.

"Can't say for certain: the story comes out of Penatanguishine East Mental Health Camp. An inmate stole a handgun from a guard, and started shooting pigeons on the fly. Bagged 17 out of 17. The guard gave him another clip and he shot another 6 for 6 before he ran out of birds. Nobody in the world could do that with a nine millimeter except Omaha."

"How we gonna get him?"

"Good question. Diplomacy's useless. I met with a guy from the American Embassy named Dweeb, who knew all about Omaha. He said, 'Give me one good reason the United States of America should lift one finger to bring that maniac back home.' And when all I could suggest was free beer, he threw me out of his office."

McBride continued. "Penatanguishine East is in Algonquin Provincial Park, inside a stockade on the Petawawa River. Supposedly the river is Class 3-4, but nobody I know has done it. If we land a sea-plane on a lake upstream and put on at night, we can sneak over the camp wall, grab Omaha and paddle off. The other possibility is an air assault, but the only person I know who could get us a helicop-

ter gunship is Omaha. And he's dead or locked up or both. Either way he's useless to us."

Then Chopper suggested the answer that sealed our doom. "We'll need ground troops. The Rabid Dogs will do anything, but we'll owe them, and who knows what they'll want. There's no saying no to those people. If they ask, they get."

Nobody had any better ideas, so we went to the Dogs.

The Dog who howled loudest, and the leader of the pack, was Thomas Ephriam Tyburskiewicz, who hated "Tommie" and called himself Ax. He was lean, blonde and very suave. But in matters of violence he was savage. "Firepower you need? Firepower we got."

Thus he committed his club to a night raft assault on Canada's most secure psychiatric prison. There was, of course, a catch. "McBride, you owe us one. Well tell you when and where."

If you owed the Rabid Dogs you paid in blood. McBride loved his partner, dead or alive: he'd just signed on to die for him. The Dogs had signed on to die as well, and they barely knew Omaha. They were just in it for kicks.

They hijacked a pair of big seaplanes like a New York car thief steals a used Chevy in Amish country, and on the way to what they called "the target" they treated us to the Dog Cheer:

Ax: What are we?

Pack: DOGS!

Ax: How do we live?

Pack: RABID!

Ax: How do we die?

Pack: RABID!

Ax: Live like a Dog!

Pack: DOGS!

Ax: Die like a Dog!

Pack: DOGS!

Ax: What are we up for?

Pack: ANYTHING!!!

All: U!F!A! U!F!A! U!F!A!

These people were stoked. I asked someone what UFA stood for. "Up For Anything!" he snarled, and I knew then that he was at least as sick as the poor inmates at Penatanguishine, lost souls who had no idea what kind of hell was about to descend on them for the purpose of freeing Omaha.

The Dogs weren't kidding about the firepower either. They dressed like small arms museums, bedecked in the latest array of full auto finery, and carried enough rockets and grenades to win a small war. Omaha—if he was really alive and in there—was going to go out with a bang.

But we had to get there first, and the man who wrote that getting there was only

half the battle never boated the Petawawa at night. It had rained for two days, and the river was **bankfull** and ripping. We put on at dusk, switched on the little red penlights tied to the sterns of our boats, and headed down river, into water that was far bigger and steeper than we anticipated. The light faded to twilight, then blackness. Our visual range shortened. Scouting became useless. Now I could see less than fifteen feet and I was paddling on reflex sharpened by fear.

The banks of the river were lost in darkness. It could have been a mile wide. I had no idea what was in front of me. I'd been staring at McBride's taillight for hours, trying to estimate how big the waves were, trying to line up for the drops, trying desperately not to swim. Even with extra flotation the cockpit of my canoe was swamped, and I was paddling and bailing and cursing and screaming into the miniature radios we were wearing, "Eddy out!" "Bailing!" "Wait for me!"

Somehow we stayed together, but the water was getting meaner and I was terrified, overdosed on **adrenalin**, strung out on staying alive.

Now I saw McBride's night light dipping and swooping. Big water coming. Big wave. Quarter it. Fight it off. McBride's light dipped. Hole! Punch it! BAM!

My stem slammed a rock; the canoe

stalled. Paddle hard! Hard! Lean, brace! OK, I'm out, it worked.

Then his light disappeared. Drop! The bow slid down and I saw the hole, and sensed the boulders. BLAM! I hit a rock, slewed sideways and the hole had me. Throw out the brace....too late! The river sucked me down, ripped me out of the boat. Swimming! Tumbling somersault in the hydraulic, deep under. Rock whacks me in the side, straightens me out. Up! Air!! Orient....feet downstream. Blind, feeling the current. Rock! Kick away from it, slide into a hole, sucked down, tumbled again, choking now, water in the nose, don't panic, hang on to the paddle, up again, big wave in the face, up the nose, dark, choking again, drowning?

Then head up again and hearing that sound, that blessed sound: THWOCK! **Ropegun!** and feeling the bag slam into my helmet, Chopper's aim dead on at a hundred feet -at night- on the Edge of The End.

Grab the rope! Hold it! Love it! Never let it go! And feeling the river sweep me into the shore, pendulum into a boulder SMASH in the face, not caring now, Chopper had me, holding his ground, nosetackle strong, the Great Pyramid on belay. Swinging into shallow water, getting to my feet, alive, unhurt, shaking and laughing, remembering to tell them we're

professionals, don't try this at home....

My boat was gone, somewhere down the raging Petawawa, vanished in the night. Then my ear piece cracked. McBride calling. He had it. A one-kayak class four rescue of a swamped open boat at night in enemy territory... the man can paddle!

Catch my breath, taste blood, Chopper telling me I'll live to drink bad beer again. And McBride's voice in my ear piece, soothing, "Close your eyes. Feel the water. Become one with the river. You don't need to see to paddle." Zen garbage.

Get back on the horse, peel out into the black and brutal current, relax now; and five minutes later, round the bend, the lights and guard towers of **Penatanguishine**.

The stockade stood on a steep bluff twenty feet above the river and the wall was thirty feet high. No sweat. Ax and company took to the trees with their rockets. Chopper reloaded the rope gun and fired from deep shadow. THWOCK! The nylon sailed over the wall, the grapnel end caught. McBride clipped on his jumars and ascended up and over, dead quiet. Nobody saw him.

He whispered into the mike for Chopper and me to follow. Five minutes later we were hiding in the shadow of an outbuilding. Just a small group of American

## Guidelines for Contributors

**The editorial staff of American Whitewater carefully reviews all material submitted for publication. We are particularly interested in receiving full length feature articles, conservation and club news, articles pertaining to whitewater safety and short, humorous pieces.**

Articles should fit our established format; that is, they should be stylistically patterned to fit into our Features, AWA Briefs, Conservation Currents, Safety Lines, Big Swims or End Notes sections. Exceptional photographs and **whitewater** cartoons are also welcomed.

If possible articles should be submitted using Wordperfect 5.0 on a 5 1/4" single sided flexible disc. Please use the standard Wordperfect default settings; do not alter the margin or spacing parameters. Send a printed copy of the article as well.

Those without access to a word processor may submit their articles neatly typed and double spaced.

Photos should be submitted in the form of color or black and white prints. Keep your originals and send us duplicates if possible; we can not guarantee the safe return of your pictures. If you want us to return your pictures,

include a self addressed stamped envelope with your submission. If you have slides, it is best to have prints made and to mail these instead. Because we publish in black and white, photos with a lot of contrast work best.

American Whitewater Feature articles should relate to some aspect of whitewater boating. Please do not submit articles pertaining to sea kayaking or flatwater. The best features have a definite slant... or theme. They are not merely chronological recountings of river trips.

Open the story with an eye catching lead, perhaps by telling an interesting anecdote. Dialogue should be used to heighten the reader's interest. Don't just tell us about the river... tell us about the people on the river... develop them as characters. Feature articles should not be written in the style of a local club newsletter.

If you are writing about a commonly paddled river, your story should be told from a unique perspective. Articles about d cult, infrequently paddled or exotic rivers are given special consideration. Feature stories do not have to be about a specific river. Articles about paddling techniques, the river environment and river personalities are also accepted. Pieces that incorporate humor are especially welcome.

Don't be afraid to let your personality shine through and don't be afraid to poke a little fun at yourself... and your paddling partners.

Profanity should be used only when it is absolutely necessary to effectively tell a story; it is not our intent to intentionally offend our more sensitive members and readers.

Please check all facts carefully, particularly those regarding individuals, government agencies and corporations involved in river access and environmental matters. You are legally responsible for the accuracy of such material. Make sure names are spelled correctly and river gradients and distances are correctly calculated.

Articles will be edited at the discretion of the editors to fit our format, length and style. Expect to see changes in your article.

The American Whitewater ~~Association~~ is a non-profit volunteer organization; the editors and contributors to American Whitewater are not reimbursed. ■



tourists, strolling the grounds of Canada's maximum security psychiatric prison at three am. —took a wrong turn, officer. Sorry.

Only problem was, no **Omaha**.

"All right, McBride, Chopper demanded, "Where the hell is he?"

Our genius chemist responded with a shrug. "Haven't a clue. He's in here somewhere."

Then I got mad. "You mean to tell me you dragged me up here into the boonies, damn near drowned me in the dark on that stupid river, busted me into a loony bin to rescue your dead partner—who is, by the way, the only idiot I know dumb enough to paddle Niagara Falls—and you don't even know his room number?? Why don't you just ring the front desk and ask? And while you're at it, tell room service to send up a midnight snack and a couple of bottles of Dom Perignon. Maybe we can pick up some girls in here."

"Have you finished your tantrum?" McBride asked. "All we have to do is capture a guard and ask him where they keep Omaha. If he won't tell us, Chopper can sit on him." Chopper weighed 290. The guard would talk.

Suddenly we were pinned in the beams of half a dozen spotlights and the camp P.A. boomed, "Hold your fire, turkeys, it's Molson time!"

It was Omaha! Alive, and waiting for us!

"Hold your fire." McBride radioed to Ax, who had the camp zeroed in from the trees.

"You mean we're not going to get to shoot anybody?" he asked.

"That's right. At least not here."

Omaha walked into the floodlights, holding hands with a six foot blonde wearing a nurse's uniform and high heels. They were accompanied by a man in a business suit, who introduced himself as Doctor DeShaine, Medical Director. Omaha stood there grinning while the suit got down to business.

"Omaha is yours for the asking. Just sign a receipt and get him the hell out of my hospital. I'm trying to care for the mentally ill here and Omaha is driving me crazy. He's not sick, he's just nuts. He seduces nurses, makes hooch in his room, steals guns, shoots wildlife, and keeps raving about how he's going to take the staff on a recreational boat trip down the Taureau Gorge.

I've tried drugging him, but it's useless: he likes drugs. I'd have released him months ago, but your country won't take him back. And I can't blame them one bit. You get him out of my sight right now and I'll put in a good word for you about stealing the seaplanes."

Then Omaha and the spectacular blonde strolled over. He looked healthy, he'd put on some weight, and if his trip over Niagara Falls had hurt him, it didn't show.

He greeted McBride formally. "Hey Bam Bam. Still shooting low?"

"So you are alive," McBride replied. "Just get us some beers before I change my mind and leave you in here. And by the way, I've got your boat."

The warden let us sleep in some empty cells till morning. Then he treated us to a massive Canadian breakfast and walked us to the river to say good-bye.

Kenny Omaha—drinker, boater, marksman, Class Six Guy—turned to the gorgeous nurse who had become his lover in Canada's most dreaded psychiatric prison.

"Sorry, Yvonne, I have to leave now," he said, "But don't worry. I'll be back."

He kissed her soft, wondrous mouth and jumped into the raft with Chopper and P.T.. He waved to her as we cast off down river. Suddenly she dove into the water in her uniform and pumps, swimming hard for Omaha's raft. She caught the lines and

Chopper lifted her in. She smiled, dip ping wet, makeup running, and snuggled in beside Omaha, who didn't look disappointed.

He was testing the action on an automatic he'd taken from one of the Dogs.

"I love you, Omaha," she said, "and I want to do the Taureau with you. It sounds so romantic." Omaha grinned and cracked the seal on a bottle of Crown Royal.

He was back. And not alone.

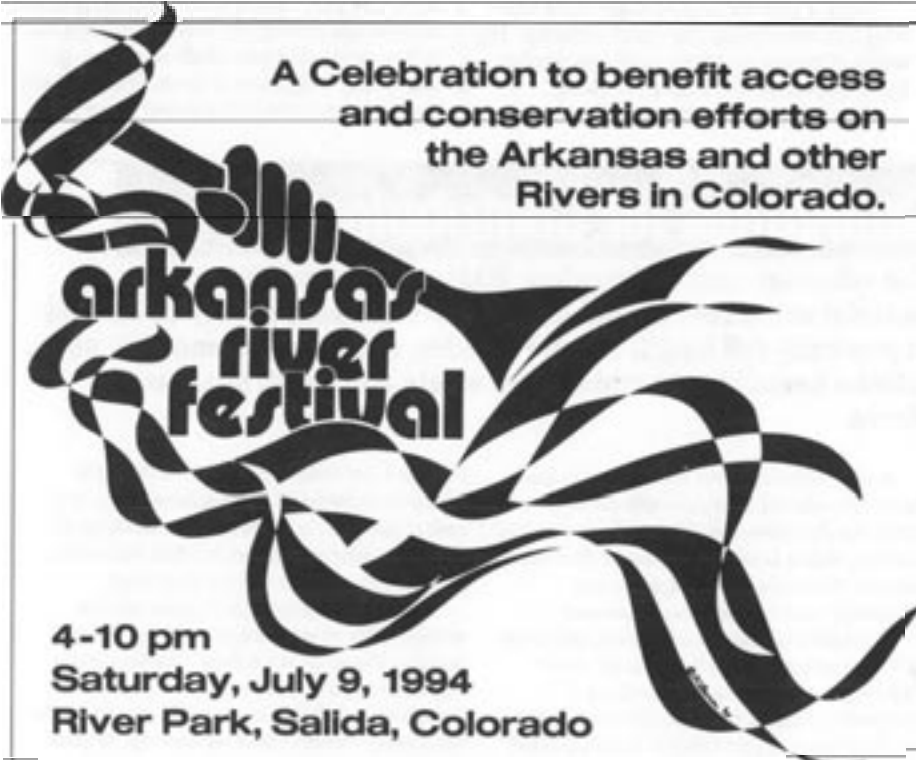
But what would Arden Tygart say? And, more importantly, what would Arden Tygart do?

We tied the boats to the rafts and pulled alongside. "Have a Keystone." McBride called, tossing Omaha a beer. "We sold the video of your Niagara Falls run to the brewer and got another year's supply."

"You what???" Omaha exploded. "You idiot! I was under contract to Molson for that stunt. They were going to pay a fortune!"

"So have another beer." McBride said to him. "We got plenty."

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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.

**XL15 AND XL14 AVAILABLE OUTFITTED FOR TANDEM PADDLING**

## NOVA 16

has one of the best final 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'
SPORT14	14'
SOLO 13	13'



**Mohawk Canoes**

963 N. CR 427, LONGWOOD, FL 32750

(407) 834-3233, Fax (407)834-0292



# american whitewater

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