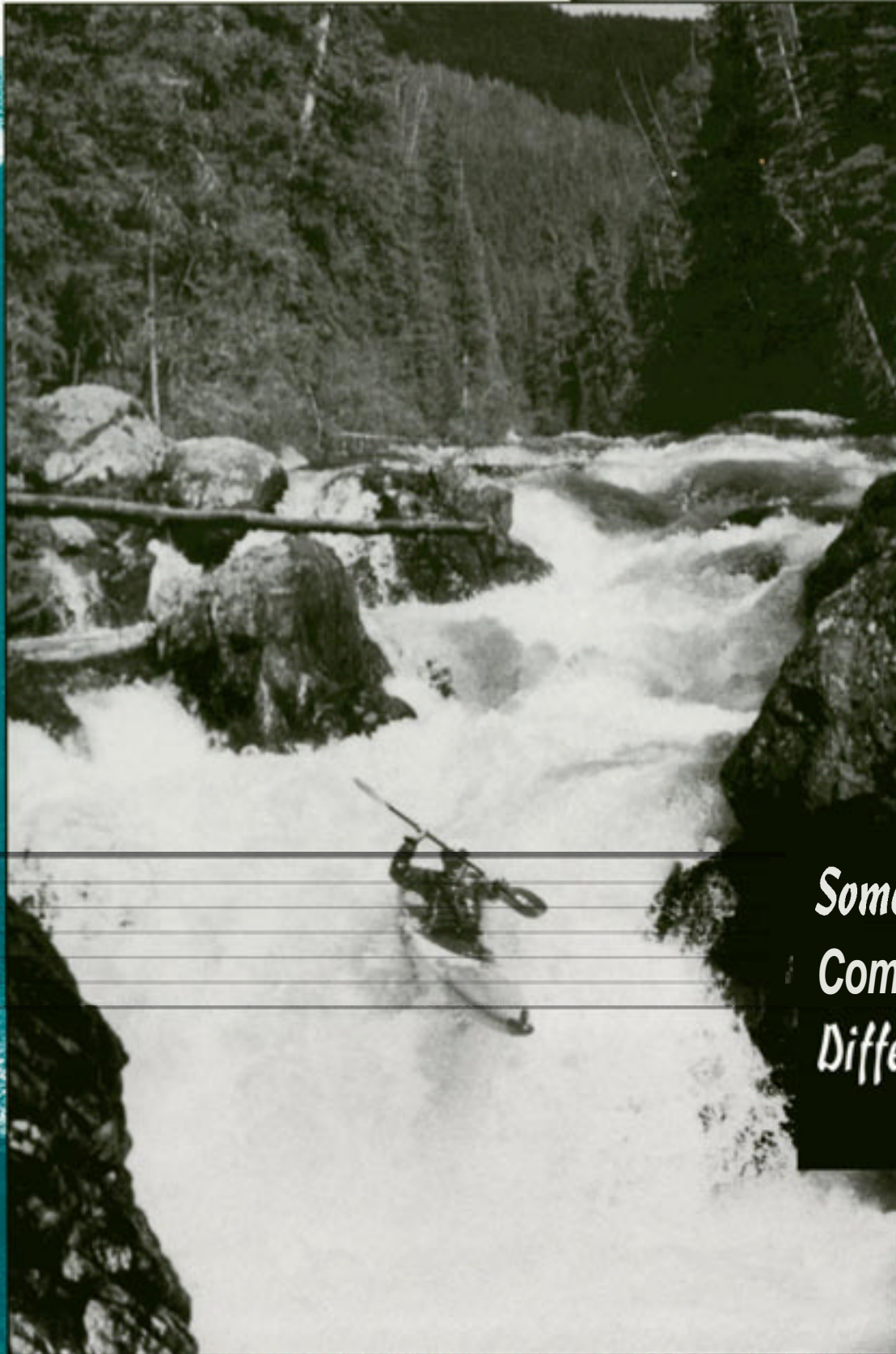


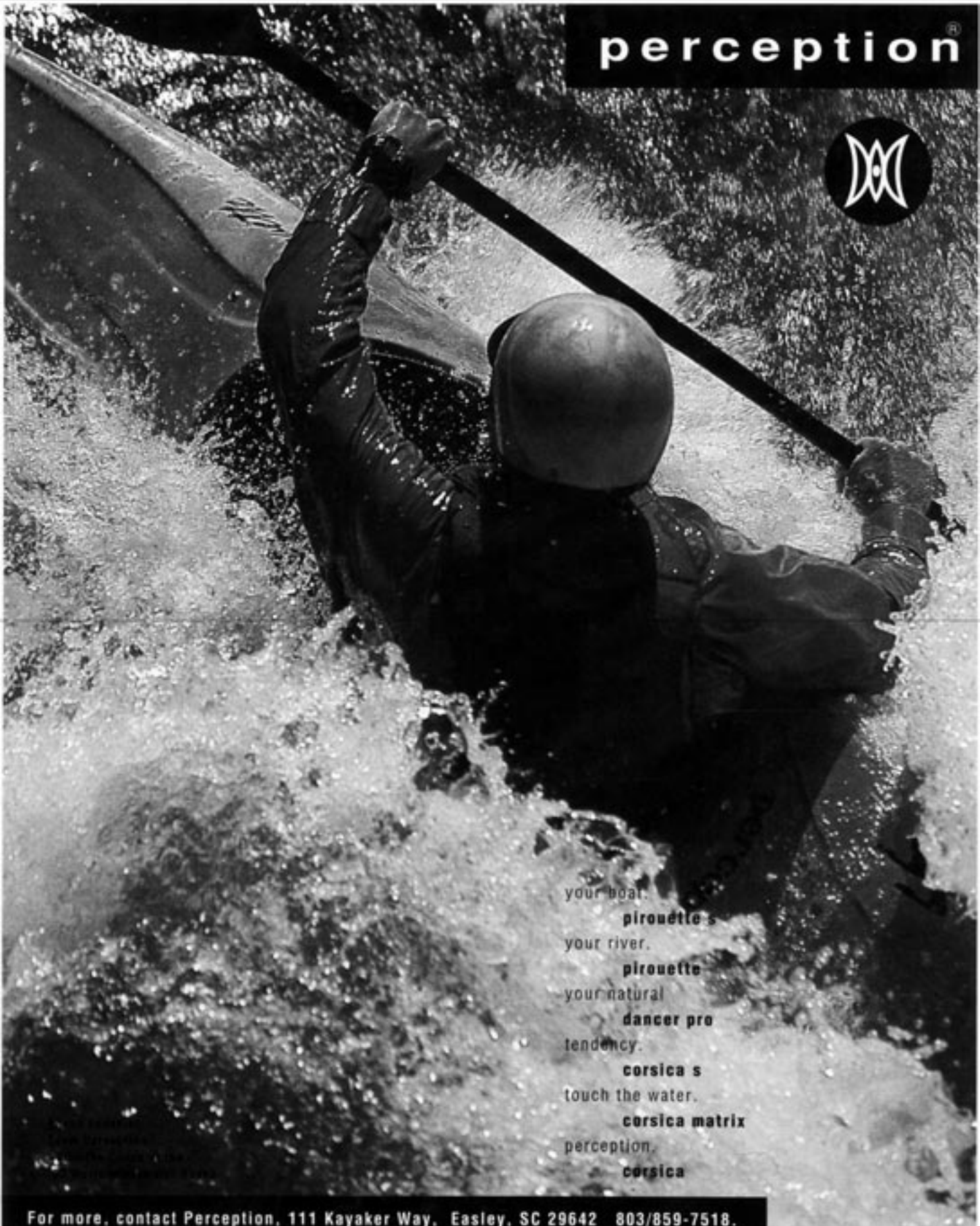
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*Something
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C O N T E N T S

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People in Glass Boats [Shouldn't Throw Stones]

I paddled plastic for more than ten years before I bought my first glass boat. The pressure to switch to glass was intense, since I did most of my boating on the Yough and Cheat drainage, the stomping grounds of the Snyder brothers and Jesse Widdemore. During those days all the really hot boaters paddled glass.

I must have been teased a million times that "Plastic keeps turkeys fresh" and that "You'll never get any better if you keep pushing plastic" and that "Only geeks paddle plastic".

But I was stubborn; I convinced myself that my glass boating friends were old fashioned elitists or frustrated **racerheads**; that the only reason they made their own boats is that they were too cheap to buy decent plastic ones. I laughed at their argument that paddling plastic severely restricted my choice of design. **After all**, each year the big plastic manufacturers released five or six new models.

I scoffed when they said that glass boats were better because they were lighter, since most of them were paddling glass boats that had heavy **layups** to begin with, had not been vacuum bagged, and which had gained ten extra pounds since their creation thanks to sloppy repair work.



For years I was content to drift along in plastic, wallowing in holes and bouncing off rocks with impunity.

Eventually a couple of my plastic boating buddies, mere mortals like **myself**, gave into peer pressure and bought glass boats. At first I made fun of these turncoats, but soon, as much as I hated to admit it, I started to see a change in their paddling. They were sitting a little more erect, they were spinning into and out of eddies, they were making precise ferries across powerful currents. Their lines were cleaner. There was no denying it; **they** were starting to develop... dare I say it... style!

One day I grudgingly climbed into one of their boats, a **cut-down** Extreme, and paddled it through some class III rapids. It felt good... really, good... and I was hooked.

Within a month I had one like it. Except mine had prettier graphics... for a while. It also seemed to have a mind of its own. Oh, it was a willful critter, seemingly bent on **self** destruction!

It was summer and water levels were low, so I had to **bulldog** my sassy new glass boat on the Upper Yough.

On those steep, technical waters I soon found out why paddling glass makes you improve. It's not the glass that makes you better... it's the rocks!

And, as luck would have it, on the very night I bought my new boat there was a meteor shower over Western Maryland and thousands of new clunkers were dumped into the river!

The boat that I had purchased had been built specifically for me, with hundreds of layers of kevlar and even more over the sharp chines and ends. The guy that built it had seen me on the river, so he made my kayak as strong and durable as any glass boat could be. But it was still no match for my plastic finesse.

Or lack of it.

I have always loved the sounds of the river. The chatter of chipmunks, the **chirping** of songbirds, the croaking of frogs, the tinkling of rivulets cascading over tiny ledges, the rumble of hydraulics, the roar of falls... and the occasional thump or swish that you hear when your boat brushes up against some partially submerged obstacle. When I paddled plastic I learned to take all these sounds for granted.

But when you paddle glass, it's not a thump or a swish that you hear when you brush a rock; it's a **THUNK!!!** or a **SCRUNCH!!!** or a **CRACK!!!** Sometimes glass boats make horrible noises, like wild animals being tortured. These are not good sounds, and when you paddle glass, you

EDITORIAL DISCLAIMER

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

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

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At first I was totally paranoid about this; every time I heard an ominous noise, I would eddy out, jump out of my boat and anxiously examine it for cracks, scratches or holes. A friend told me I looked like a Jack in the Box.

soon learn that they can not be taken for granted.

At first I was totally paranoid about this; every time I heard an ominous noise, I would eddy out, jump out of my boat and anxiously examine it for cracks, scratches or holes. A friend told me I looked like a Jack in the Box.

Eventually I tired of this; now I just say a silent prayer and keep paddling. If any real damage **has** been done, I find out soon enough.

Of course there's a certain amount of self-deceit involved. At first I try to convince myself that my **sprayskirt** must be leaking just a little. But when your sitting in five inches of ice water with your sponge and throw bag bobbing around in your lap, there's no denying that it's time to get out the repair kit.

This is the thing about boating in glass that has really made me a better paddler. Repairing boats on my back porch picnic table has definitely inspired me to develop finesse on the river.

Of course you can pay people to do these repairs for you. But these people are hard to **find** and, if you are like me, this gets to be expensive. Besides, paying someone else to repair your boat is just not the manly thing to do. It's like paying someone else to take a beating for you. If you do the crime, you've got to do the time!

I've learned a lot by repairing boats. Working with fiberglass is like working with flypaper. The more you fiddle with it, the worse it gets. I'm certain that Satan wears a fiberglass raiment.

I've learned that it is possible to work, eat, sleep and paddle with the third and fourth fingers of your left hand cemented

together. I've learned there is a way to get resin out of your hair. That way is called scissors.

I've learned that when the instructions say to **mix exactly**.003652 parts of catalyst to one part of resin, they really, really mean it. I've also learned that I am not, like some people, allergic to these chemicals. **This** is fortunate, because if I were, I would almost certainly be dead.

I've learned that no **amount** of glass and resin can make a boat indestructible in the face of abuse. On the other hand, I am now the proud owner of a picnic table so inundated with resin that it will never die.

And since I started to paddle glass, my boating skills have improved. In fact, quite often people mistake me for Eric Jackson on the river. Really!

The ironic thing is that during the past year or so **all** of the hot dog boaters

around here have taken up ultra steep **creeking** and have switched to big, plastic boats. Now there are only a handful of us paddling glass on the Upper Yough.

But we are the purists.

As for the rest of them, they may be famous and very, very good. But, between you and me, lately their lines don't seem to be **quite** as clean. In fact, I think they're starting to look like **peaks!**

Bob Gedekoh

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LETTERS

CHILEAN RIVERS THREATENED...AGAIN

To all of you who have seen, known, fished, or boated, (by raft or kayak,) the aquamarine waters of the Futaleufu River, we hereby notify you that since February 1, 1994, these waters have been seriously threatened by three large Chilean utility companies: ENDESA, Colbun-Machicura, and Chilgener. These companies have requested water rights on the Futaleufu and its tributaries, the Espolon and the Azul, to build the proposed "Los Coigues" and "La Cuesta" dams.

We are all aware of the few benefits produced by gigantic projects such as these, as well as the incalculable damage that they cause to the sur-

rounding ecosystem.

Faced with this grave threat, the entire populace of the Futaleufu area, in two well-attended community meetings, has said "NO!" to the dams. We have formed the Corps for the Advancement and Defense of the Futaleufu River and its Ecosystem, (CODDERFU) with appropriate legal counsel and with clear goals of defense. Our first legal notice of objection to the appropriation of the water rights and the building of these dams was published in the *Diario Oficial*, (the national newspaper for legal notices in Chile,) on April 4, 1994, and also in the daily newspapers in Santiago and Puerto Montt, Chile.

The Futaleufu River and its tributaries should be preserved for outdoor recreation, for agriculture, and for tourism, which is their true value, as a National Park. They should be

preserved for all of you, and for your children and grandchildren.

Parts of the Futaleufu contain perhaps the cleanest, wildest class V whitewater that now remains on this planet of ours.

For these reasons, we ask you for donations to this organization, CODDERFU, so that we may defend, through the legal and political systems and in the mass media, the legitimate right that the Creator granted this river: to remain forever pristine and free.

We thank you for your understanding, cooperation and support.

Signed: Juan Segundo Alvarado, Executive Director, CODDERFU.
Belarmino Vera, Mayor of Futaleufu, and President of CODDERFU.

car.

Do not carry out up the steps at the beach. Follow the beach downstream (about 100 feet) along a rock wall and large rock building until it becomes a sandy drive that leads to the parking area (about 100 feet).

No public nudity. If the two restrooms at the parking area are open, use them to change clothes (If you need to relieve yourself please check to make sure the water is on — fit's winter, it probably won't be. If the water's not on, please don't use the toilets!). If neither of these are open, use your car to change.

The speed limit on BMB grounds is 5 mph.

BMB is NOT a public facility. It is private property and our year-round home; 4 generations of our family presently live here. Boaters who choose to not follow these rules need to take out at one of the other takeouts: 1/2 mile upstream or 3/4 mile downstream at the bridge.

We realize that some people have a problem with the \$2 usage fee. Think about it, though; the \$2 charge is used to offset our not inexpensive liability insurance costs for public usage; this applies to everyone who uses our property. In fact, the normal charge is \$2/person; we have made an exception for boaters — \$2/car. We think this is quite fair.

An auxiliary gauge has been installed within view of our house by a local paddler, so we can provide to those who call river level readings approximately close to what the gauge on the bridge would read. Any helpful comments, suggestions, questions, or requests for info on camping (seasonal), cabins (year-round), or river level should be directed to us at 704/758-4257. Spread the word.

Thanks for your cooperation,
Brown Mountain Beach

WILSON CREEK TAKEOUT RULES

Dear Paddler,

We currently own and operate the Brown Mountain Beach Campground (BMB) on Wilson Creek, North Carolina. Over the years that we have been here we have encountered problems with some paddlers who use BMB as a takeout for the Wilson Creek Gorge run.

We want boaters to feel free to use our property year-round; we just don't want our rights as property owners trampled in the process. Boaters who choose to use BMB as a takeout should observe the following:

Stop at the office and pay \$2/car/day. If the office is empty, look around, someone is always there; honk if you have to. You can park very close to the take-out (about 100 feet). Don't park outside the gate in the parking area by BMB grocery store with the intent of hiking your boat to your

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Olympians Scott Shipley and Eric Jackson Photo by Ed Michael

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Thanks to Conservation Alliance

Dear Bob,

I want to applaud AWA for all the time, money and effort that is put into protecting and preserving our rivers. Rich Bowers is doing a fantastic job in keeping our interests a high priority nationally and locally.

I also want to thank you for mentioning the \$40,000 grant to AWA from The Conservation Alliance. The Conservation Alliance members are outdoor industry manufacturers, retailers, resorts and publishers that make a substantial commitment to protect and restore the natural environment upon which our existence depends. I urge all AWA members to support these members with their business.

The Conservation Alliance has given over \$1.2 Million dollars in grants to projects all

over the world. Some of those projects involved the following rivers: **Payette**, Tatshenshini, **Tuolumne**, Clavey, Colorado, Snake, Trinity, American, Bio Bio, Smith, Virgin River Basin, Wid Rivers in Monongala National Forest, Idaho Rivers United, and Oregon Rivers Council.

Keep up the good work,
Belinda Sanda
President, The Conservation Alliance

Editor's Note - The members of the Conservation Alliance are:

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destruction from further human development. What makes these places unique and worth saving is their inaccessibility. The integrity and unspoiled quality of these resources must be our first priority, not accessibility for the elderly, the handicapped, or anyone for that matter.

While wild rivers should not, in principle, be the exclusive playgrounds of **skilled** boaters, in some cases that cannot be changed unless we irrevocably alter what makes those rivers wild.

What I resent is the over commercialization of these resources for profit at the expense of wilderness. While many rafting companies and guides still adhere to the ethic that their use (and exploitation) of rivers must conform to a healthy respect of the river environment and a shared experience with others, increasingly some of these outfits seem to view whitewater as a commodity alone.

On the New Gauley, Ocoee, and even such seasonal runs as the Nolichucky, as long as the regulations are lax, raft companies will cram on as much rubber as possible in search of a higher bottom line, resulting in what Chuck Massey so aptly described as an amusement park, not wilderness.

For years, the Forest Service has instituted a sensible regulatory policy on the incomparable Chattooga, limiting both the number of rafting companies and the sue of private boating groups. That policy - along with fluctuating water flows and access inconvenience posed by a two-mile lake paddle to the takeout - results in a general lack of congestion compared to other popular runs. Even this example of a balanced regulatory approach has been threatened by schemes to build roads into the wild river corridor (supported by, it was rumored, the corporate rafting entities), and by some opposition to the **group-size** limitation (mainly from the leader of a very large paddling club). Yet this policy remains, in

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BEMOANS RIVER EXPLOITATION

Dear Editor:

In response to Charley Friddell's letter in the March/April issue:

While I do not entirely agree with the militant tone of Chuck Massey's criticism of rafting companies, I believe that his analysis of the impact of raft overuse of rivers is completely correct.

Charley, you can call me elitist or self-righteous, but I am certainly a preservationist. I am thankful that rivers such as the New, Gauley, and Chattooga have been spared

LETTERS

my opinion, one that best preserves the Chattooga wilderness while being fair to the many paddlers, rafters, fishermen, and hikers who wish to enjoy it. Why can't a similar principle be applied to other popular wild rivers in the East?

I know the Gauley is not the Chattooga. I realize that rafting's popularity is helping to save rivers from the hydro monster, and that it brings much-needed revenue to depressed areas. **All** I and others who love rivers are **asking** for are reasonable limits, established in a democratic fashion by representatives from all groups concerned. I call this responsibility, not **self-righteousness**. I believe it is the most "defensible position."

Sincerely,
Mike Weiss
Matthews, NC

Garrety's July/Aug letter, whitewater boating has become a sport for the masses - whether it should be or not. Enthusiasts have made it so by sharing with others the **thrills and/or seeking** careers in what they loved the most by developing boats, trips, and equipment; producing, and selling the same. By promoting the sport and its promise of adventure nonprofit clubs and for profit companies and individuals are undeniably exploiting waterways in a very contemporary fashion. How this new form of waterway exploitation is dealt with is the actual issue. Is this what access really is about? I don't know, its a word with broad and varied implications.

As millions of rafters, inflatables, and hard boaters lay siege to streams that once satisfied a few boater's needs of escape, adventure, and nature's glory we fret as **our** experience quality declines.

Whitewater interests seek and need power as a lobby through membership and donations just like rival special interest groups pounding the pulpit in their own desire to be a voice heard above all others concerning the cause. But as public interest increases, so to **has** (exponentially so) the pressure on rivers and streams. Access can only come more and increasingly so into question under the press of demand and encroachment of the masses. The sad truth, things may never return to what was on the Yough, the Ocoee, in the Grand Canyon, or on any small creek besieged by boaters after a heavy rain. In the case of steep creeks, resentment **will** increase as hospitality is exploited and tolerance is stretched by a growing parade of boaters racing down the landowner's county roads, **parking** along their ditches, relieving themselves in their fields, climbing their fences, all

without time for a thank you (I'm guilty).

Charlie Walbridge's religious devotion to keeping the fatality tally is sure to keep him busier in coming years. Great, and not so great, deeds of the daring levitates an adventurer's esteem (guilty too). But inflating, inflated volumes of egos will provide inflated tolls (study your statistics). More accidents **will** increase liability concerns further affecting issues of access. The recent deaths on the Nantahala at an industry pioneer's **back-door** are tragic reminders of the marketing, hype, and access that has permeated that entire gorge that was once considered a intermediate's training area and is now, sadly so, overwhelmed with novices, rentals, and irony.

Despite all its concerns this sport has begun to treat whitewater with the respect of amusement park rides, drawing masses that wait endlessly

CHANGE FOR THE WORSE

Dear Editor,

For those that have paddled more boats **and** years than can be kept straight, it is easy to acknowledge an explosion in both the industry that supports and exploits the sport and the swells of want-a-be's (oodles of which have far exceeded my **skill** and nerve). The seasonal number of commercial trips run is **overwhelming** on western adventures and the demand for private permits and outrageous wait for same has become a joke. During dry summers the frequently visited Ocoee, and other such rivers, become a parade of commercialism and privateerism as parking, camping, and sanitary facilities are overwhelmed. Private classes and clinics continue in overload mode and most clubs swell their rolls and coffers by promoting the sport, recruiting novices and attempting to teach the basics of the sport for the cause of river safety.

Contrary in part to Dave

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in line to surf, ender, or just put in. Orderly rules are intended to diminish anarchy seen in increasing frequency on our more accessible (that word again) and desirable white-waterways. And rightfully so, commercial outfitters should establish limits in the quantity of **no-brainer** rides sold in favor of the portion of the public that expends time, money, and effort to explore the personal development provided by personal boating (yeh, right). Likewise club clinics should exercise restraint and let students migrate to them for training rather than undertaking aggressive recruiting to boost membership and **treasurys** (yeh, right again). The policy of not printing club trip schedules of one southeastern group makes much sense if you think about it.

Unlimited access has already become miserable in some times and places because of the burgeoning demand is not acknowledged and dealt with. The focus of proponents of access should be the impossible task of establishing realistic limits to exploitation by commercial operations while enhancing the boating experience of the individual boater even at other boater's inconvenience if necessary and, of course, appeasing landowner's of their concerns. At some definable point commercial and private interests diverge on the issue of access and the private sector **will** suffer most as public participation continues to increase and the money flows. Like all things humans obsess on, destruction or irreversible change follow.

The river experience, as it has been known, is in jeopardy when one is elbow to elbow with stressed and hostile boaters, dodging erratically controlled rafts guided by indifferent summer workers. Even further up the watershed where commercial organizations can only dream of predictable flows, many times the experience is **tarnished** by full eddies and paddles clashing both up and down stream. No longer can a boat be left unguarded on shuttle car racks or

equipment in the bushes while hitching a ride for risk of ending up in a flea market. As every motorcyclist once acknowledged one another with a raised hand, boaters passing on the highway increasingly view other boaters with the same decreasing affections as groups polarize. The popularity and the potential of **professionalism** in rodeo is growing, yet many good boaters are alienated admirers. The hole **hawging** numbers and manners of those that dedicate hours and hours of practice manage to **miss** off their fellow paddlers with the same dedication. Natural **talent** and sweet holes are scarce, aspirations do not seem to be.

The early romance of boating seems to be surfing an exploding wave. Soiled, like many other treasures, by those that loved and would love it. The sport and the equipment is maturing, opportunities for an entrepreneur are on the de-

cline and so is much of the sport's attraction to many who found it in its relative youth. I've read it in **letters** printed in these pages. A time is inevitable for bureaucrats to argue details of paddling's future and the strength of commerce has their ear. What do you think they **will** do with it? Oh, and Dave, it's not elitism you suffer, it's a longing for what was.

Matt McCloud
Knoxville, TN

UGLY AMERICANS?

TO: The Editors and Mr. Art Vaughn

I write in response to Art Vaughn's article on Honduras' Rio Cangrejil. I have spent part of the past three winters in Honduras and have had the pleasure of seeing some of its new national parks as well as

the thrill of **kayaking** both of the rivers mentioned in Mr. Vaughn's article. I think he certainly did justice to the rivers, it is his treatment of the Hondurans that concerns me.

The vignettes of life in Honduras, the "**porters**" at the **airport**, the litter on the beach, the "squat rocks" on the banks of the lower river, the bathers and "laundry women" using the river for their daily chores; all of these glimpses of life among the poorest people in Central America, are presented with a certain chauvinism that seems based on ignorance and disrespect.

Those children at the **airport** are trying to **carry** your bags for a few cents because their parents only make two dollars a day **breaking** their backs to put cheap bananas in your oatmeal back in Cleveland. The "laundry women" wash clothes and the people bathe in the river because, like two-thirds of our human fam-

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LETTERS

ily, they have no running water in their homes. They relieve themselves into the river, just as you did Mr. Vaughn. There is no sewage treatment in La Ceiba, so you too were fouling the river, only you did it indirectly from the comfort of your sanitized hotel bathroom, "with a hot shower, soothing surf sounds and air conditioning."

You shrug off what a more sensitive eye could justifiably see as pitiful human circumstance. You label it "the realities of the Third World", as though this is somehow exotic, when actually it is the situation of the majority of the world's people. You wax on about each rock, eddy, and rapid on the river but you don't give equal treatment to the lives of the people who live along its banks. I think it is better that you leave them out of your story if you are unwilling to do more than use them as two dimensional color for your article.

I encourage American Whitewater Affiliation to edit the material they print about international "adventures" in a manner that casts the citizens of other countries in a more holistic, historical and humane light. Leave out the shallow vignettes which only serve to perpetuate the skewed view of the human condition which is so common among us white, upper-and-middle-class paddlers.

I include myself among those who are, largely by choice, unconscious of the effect our affluence has on the lives of others. I think we should live our consumptive, fantasy lifestyles without stepping on those who will never have the same luxuries.

With Regards,
Jeff King
Bozamn, Montana

EDITOR'S REPLY.

Thanks for your thoughtful letter. While I certainly respect your sensitivity towards those living in Third World nations, I think you are being a bit harsh on Mr. Vaughn and American Whitewater.

We sympathize with the plight of the impoverished people of Honduras, but American Whitewater is not a human rights magazine. Our principal goal is to entertain and inform our readers, who are, for better or worse, recreational boaters.

Some of our readers may be considering a boating trip to Honduras. I think that it is only fair that we should warn them about the child "porters" at the airport. Other boaters who have traveled to Honduras have told me that these children can be verbally abusive and sometimes

steal. And I think it is only fair that we tell our readers that there may be untreated human waste in the rivers in which they will be boating, since they could contract hepatitis or dysentery from the water.

We can not ignore or deny the harsh realities of life in Third World nations just because they make us sad.

Bob Gedekoh

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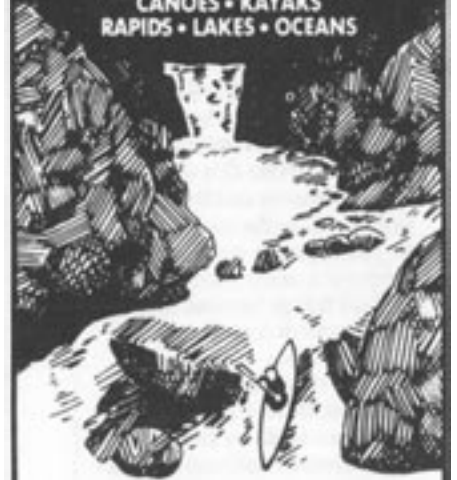
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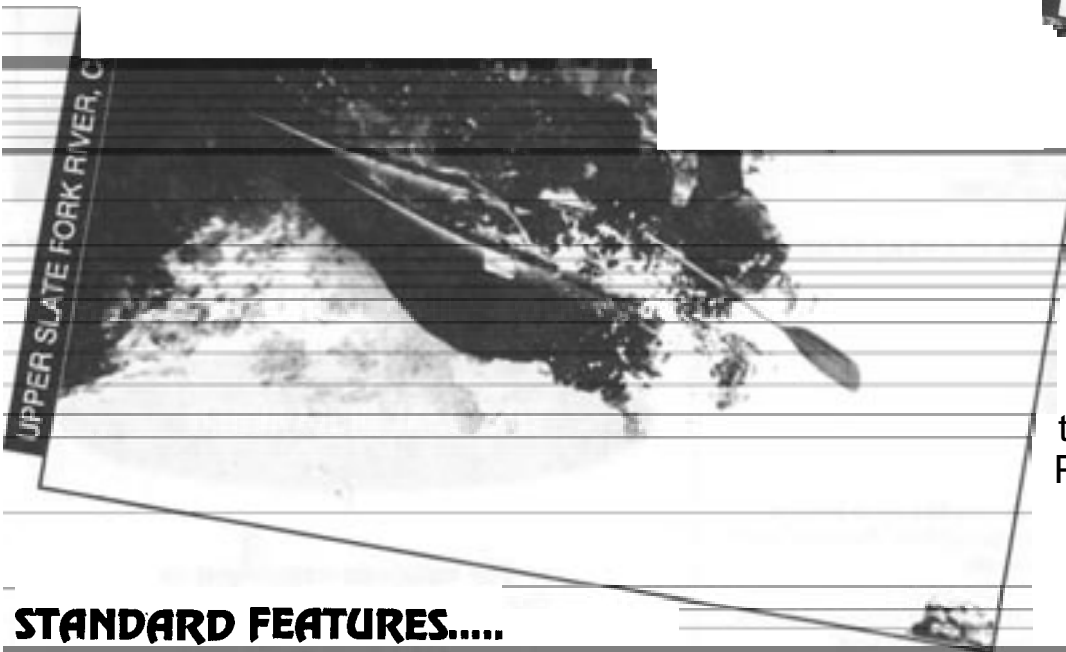
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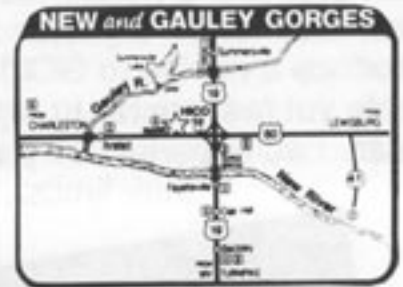
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LETTERS

More Open Canoe Stories, Please!

Dear Editor,

I would like to see more articles on open canoeing in your magazine. We have a lot of whitewater open boaters in Maryland, so don't forget us.

Thanks,
Dean Gleis

Editor's Reply
Your wish is my command!

Check out the story by Tom McCloud about open boating the Bruneau in this issue.

We would like to publish more open boat stories, more stories about interesting class III-IV rivers and seven some "cutting edge" rafting stories, but we rarely receive any for consideration. We recognize that most of our members are not class V+ hair boaters, and

we would love to publish some articles that meet their needs.

So...don't be shy...check our writers' guidelines and show us your stuff.

Thanks, Janelle

We inadvertently failed to thank Janelle Hill of Boise, Idaho for the snowpack information published in our last issue. Thanks, Janelle. (We have to be nice to Janelle; we're trying to con her into writing an article about some class III-IV rivers in Idaho.)

EDITORIAL DISCLAIMER

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

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

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 914-688-5569. AWA is tax exempt under section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code.

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QUEBEC MAY MOVE AWAY FROM HYDRO

by Pope Barrow

According to a recent report in *Wind Energy Weekly*, the world's most ardent hydroelectric power developer, the Canadian Province of Quebec, may be having second thoughts about its aggressive hydropower campaign. *Wind Energy Weekly* is a journal published by the American Wind Energy Association in Washington, D.C.

Quebec Natural Resources Minister **Christos Sirros** said in a March 21 address that Quebec's giant government utility, Hydro-Quebec, should turn away from the province's dwindling supply of untapped rivers and focus on developing its windpower potential instead.

Sirros noted that problems associated with large-scale hydro development are continuing to grow, while the costs of wind energy are falling.

Windpower, he added, can be integrated with the

province's large hydro capacity to **maximize** its productivity, allowing the postponement of further hydro projects. When the wind is blowing, **Sirros** said, hydro generators can be turned off and water can be stored behind the dams for later use.

Sirros and other speakers at the conference generally endorsed the concept of a major shift in **Hydro-Quebec's** expansion strategy. "It's no longer realistic to believe we can base our decisions solely on economic calculations," he said. "Social, environmental and economic factors all must be analyzed at the same time."

Gerald Larose, president of the Confederation of National Trade Unions, also backed integrated resource planning, saying that increased energy efficiency and renewable energy development would provide more stable employment than hydro megaprojects. ■

PRESSURE MOUNTS ON CHILEAN RIVERS

by Pope Barrow

Shocking news came from Chile through cyberspace earlier this year. Internet e-mail messages lit up computers throughout the US and Europe with the disturbing revelation of a plan to dam Chile's famed Futaleufu River.

US boaters connected to **Chris Spelius** through on-line electronic mail were among the first to hear the announcement. **Spelius** is an American kayak instructor and trip leader who lives in Chile during winter months. He maintains a whitewater outpost on the banks of the Futaleufu and is connected to the rest of the world through a portable computer which he attaches to a pay phone in the town of Futaleufu, one of the few phones in this remote region of the world.

Boaters familiar with Chile's **amazing** whitewater rivers feared that last year's devastating news regarding the loss of the Bio Bio River may only be the beginning of the end for Chile's rivers. The Futaleufu, a fabulously beautiful **Patagonian** river, is now under siege from the same gigantic electric company, **Endesa**, and from two utilities competing with **Endesa** for the right to dam the river.

The loss of the Futaleufu would be an environmental calamity at least equal in magnitude to the destruction of the Bio Bio.

In a surprise move which landowners and environmentalists discovered only at the last minute, **Endesa** and two other companies filed official papers earlier this year to transfer to the company of **all** water rights necessary to build a huge hydroelectric generating station on the Futaleufu. The whitewater and scenic resources, as well as the entire ecology of the river and watershed, would be irretrievably destroyed by the proposed project.

A local landowner group was quickly formed to respond to the threat. The group is called the Committee for the Advance and Defense of the Futaleufu and its Ecosystem. They retained renowned Chilean environmental lawyer, **Fernando Dougnac**, to represent them. **Dougnac** immediately filed a competing request for the water rights. The issue is now pending in the Water Ministry and will be decided by the Chilean President.

The Futaleufu is, without question, one of the world's top ten whitewater rivers. Boaters throughout the world have been dismayed to realize that it could be permanently destroyed. Awesome world famous whitewater, however, will not be enough to save this river from destruction. Any company powerful enough to destroy the Bio Bio will be a formidable adversary.

Despite the power of **Endesa**, prospects for saving the Futaleufu are not completely bleak. The key to protecting the **Fu** will be the ability of local groups, landowners and environmentalists, to organize effectively and exert political pressure on the government. **This kind** of political opposition within Chile never materialized in the case of the Bio Bio. But that disaster may have ignited resistance to large hydropower dams throughout a wide spectrum of the Chilean populace.

Local landowners in the valley through which the Futaleufu flows are organized and seem determined to defend their land and to protect the river — and they got a much earlier start than did the advocates **working** to stop the **Pangue** Project on the Bio Bio.

Meanwhile in Washington, D.C., U.S.-based environmental groups have launched an **all out** attack on the international lending agencies responsible for allowing the Bio Bio project, and similar international lending catastrophes, to proceed.

A coalition of more than **35 groups** attacked the World Bank and IMF for hurting the world's poor and destroying the environment. They urged the United States to stop funding these organizations.

In a news release announcing the start of their **campaign**, the coalition also accused the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund of blocking sustainable economic growth in developing countries.

"Billions of dollars are being spent on projects which are hurting the people they are supposed to help," said **Jim Barnes**, a director at the Friends of the Earth.

The coalition, which includes environment, religious, labor and student organizations, urged Congress to oppose additional funding for both the Bank and the **IMF** until they make significant changes in their way of doing business.

The Clinton administration is **seeking** Congressional approval for a **\$23.3 million** contribution to the World Bank and a \$100 million donation to the **IMF's** Enhanced Structural Adjustment Facility (**ESAF**) set up to help the world's poor.

World Bank and IMF **officials** attempted to defend their organizations against the coalition's attack, arguing that their policies **are** necessary to improve living standards in the developing world.

Anyone wishing to help in the fight to save the Futaleufu should call **Tamara Robbins** at 704-488-9082. Funds are desperately needed to pay legal expenses and continue political organizing. ■

Support Needed for New River Conservation Bill

Congressman Bill Richardson of New Mexico has introduced a new river conservation bill that deserves the support of all river advocates.

The Congressman is **looking** for endorsements from groups and individuals around the nation. If enough support is demonstrated in the mail, he will push for hearings and, ultimately, enactment as a Federal law.

It is now up to river advocates everywhere to tell Congressman Richardson that we want to see this bill enacted. You or your club or organization can help by sending a letter of support in your own words or by using the following sample. Please do so NOW !!! Your letter **WILL** make a **difference**. ■

[Sample letter in support of H.R.4213]

Hon. Bill Richardson
U.S. House of Representatives
2349 RHOB, U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C. 20515

Dear Congressman Richardson;

Our organization would like to register our support for H.R. 4213, the bill that you recently introduced entitled the "River and Watershed Protection Act."

If enacted, H.R.4213 would provide new and potentially powerful river conservation tools at a time when they are sorely needed.

It has become increasingly clear that existing river conservation techniques are not adequate to preserve and restore America's threatened riverine ecosystems. This task will require new ideas and new approaches such as those contained in your legislation.

The biological health of riverine ecosystems is decline in almost every watershed in the nation. Evidence is growing that the ecological balance within many river systems is nearing a state of total collapse. These trends were highlighted in testimony before Congress in 1993, in a 1993 study by the National Academy of Sciences, in the study published by the Pacific Rivers Council in early 1994 entitled "Entering the Watershed," and in the report ("The Big Kill") released by the Environmental Defense Fund in the spring of 1994.

Existing laws, including the Clean Water Act, the Endangered Species Act, and the National Wild and Scenic Rivers Act cannot alone adequately address the precipitous decline in the biological health of our nation's waterways.

Many local communities want to protect and restore their waterways. These communities also see full employment and Federal money coming into the locality as desirable objectives. The combination in your bill of financial incentives, local empowerment and local responsibility, guided by nonpolitical scientific principles is a flexible, realistic, and potentially powerful new approach to an environmental problem that continues to resist the old system of "command and control."

We applaud you for drafting this legislation and hope that you can secure its enactment in the near future.

Sincerely

UPPER YOUGH UPDATE

by Pope Barrow

On April 5, the Maryland Department of Natural Resources issued the long-awaited final permit for the Deep Creek Project on Maryland's Upper Youghiohony River. The permit took effect immediately and will remain in effect until the year 2006 (12 years). Despite continued efforts by the American Whitewater Affiliation (AWA) to get problems in the permit fixed prior to final issuance, the result was decidedly a mixed bag.

In response to a comprehensive critique of the proposed permit submitted by AWA to a State hearing officer, Penelec made numerous adjustments to reduce the damage to whitewater opportunities. On the other hand, State fisheries advocates adamantly refused to budge an inch from their position that fish come first, no matter what the cost in terms of lost whitewater.

AWA filed an appeal of the new permit and asked for a stay of a key provision expected to be especially damaging to whitewater. All outfitters turning commercial trips on the Upper Yough joined in the appeal.

Penelec Offers Improvements

Despite the continuing anxiety among boaters about one key provision, the final permit is a big improvement over earlier versions. Many features of the proposed permit were changed.

The improvements are due largely to the flexible attitude shown by the Penelec Company during last inning negotiations just prior to final permit issuance. Credit is also due to the persistent efforts of AWA consultant Steve Taylor, and outfitter representative, Dave Bassage. Taylor and Bassage teamed up to press the case for whitewater with Maryland DNR permit officials.

According to Taylor, however, DNR officials initially handling the case "seemed to be completely oblivious to the vital importance of the Yough to the whitewater community and to the economy of Friendsville." Taylor noted that "the cast of characters working on this project at DNR has continually changed over the past two years. The group now handling things [Ken Miller's staff] seems to have a much better understanding of the effects of the permit on affected recreational resources."

Earlier Versions Had More Damaging Features

Earlier versions of the permit contained several features that would have radically reduced the availability of water for whitewater use. The season would have been shorter (mid May through mid September). Spring lake filling schedules would have nearly wiped out spring releases. Some flows would only be 2 hours in length and some would not use full flows from the turbines, even in low water. No provision was made for reliable Monday releases or for the Upper Yough race. Weekday flows during Gauley season in September and October would also have disappeared. Minimum fishery flows and special experimental cooling flows would have reduced the water available for whitewater during hot dry periods.

The cooling flows were especially troublesome. These were intended to refrigerate trout upstream of Sang Run, but the plan was so vague that it was impossible to tell how deeply they would cut into the amount of water available for normal power generation (and whitewater) in low flow summer months.

AWA Protests the Proposed Permit

In comments filed late last year after publication of the proposed permit, AWA objected to the inclusion of virtually all of the

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CONSERVATION

damaging features described above. (No objection was made to minimum fishery flows.)

Most of the problems that the permit created for boaters resulted from misunderstandings at DNR and Penelec about the effect of the permit on **whitewater**. The misunderstandings arose from the refusal of State officials to engage in meaningful consultation with whitewater boating representatives, and from their failure to encourage Penelec to work things out with the **whitewater** community.

AWA and the outfitters requested that DNR officials make revisions in the permit to reduce the massive damage the permit would do to whitewater use of the Upper Yough.

Key Changes Negotiated

Fortunately, before issuance of the final permit, Penelec offered boaters a package very important changes. Penelec agreed to lengthen the season by a month on both ends so that the season **will** extend from mid April to mid October. The company also agreed to change the protocol (known as the "rule band") that governs lake inflows and outflows to increase generation in April and May, to provide greater reliability for Monday releases, to extend all whitewater releases to 3 hours, to generate at maximum discharge levels during low water, to make water available annually for an August Upper Yough race release, and to provide weekday releases during Gauley season.

Permit writers at DNR also agreed to insert a provision to allow for annual review of operations.

Fisheries Advocates Refuse to Compromise

Unfortunately, fisheries advocates in Maryland DNR were much less flexible than Penelec. They adamantly refused to budge an inch on the cooling flows, and even ceased studying the issue.

As a consequence of the fishery advocates' intransigence, AWA has been forced to prepare for a sustained bout of litigation to get the "temperature enhancement" mess straightened out. In preparation for an expected long and bloody lawsuit, AWA retained top flight Annapolis lawyer, Dave Plott to argue the whitewater case.

Dave immediately Ned a request for a stay of the fish cooling flow provisions, together with a request for an **adjudicatory** hearing to explore the justification given for these provisions by State fisheries advocates.

Cold Water for Overheated Fish

The portion of the permit in dispute, called a "temperature enhancement" article, is an untested effort to improve the survivability of trout in hot dry periods.

The Department of Natural Resources stocks thousands of trout in the Youghiogheny **River** at several locations downstream of the Deep Creek project every year. Unfortunately for fisheries advocates, these aquatic aliens have not been doing too well in the warm waters of the Upper Yough. Stocked trout have not found the shallow wide river bed upstream of **Sang Run** much to their **liking**. In fact, they have been boiling to death in the inhospitable waters of the Upper Yough.

The idea behind the temperature enhancement provisions of the permit is to dump in enough cold water into the river at the critical time needed to keep a few trout refrigerated and alive, or at least alive enough to be caught by well-heeled fishermen. (Some fishery buffs seem expect hoards of wealthy sportsmen to flock to the Upper Yough, dropping oodles of money into the economy of Western Maryland in their haste to get trout out of the river as fast as the State can put them in.)

According to AWA's consultant, Steve Taylor, the temperature enhancement provision is a questionable experiment that may or may not have beneficial effects on the fishery, but will almost definitely have substantial (and for outfitters, expensive) adverse consequences for whitewater boaters during hot dry periods.

Temperature Measures Reduce Whitewater

Under the old mode of operation **at** the Deep Creek Project, the company did not release a minimum flow (other **than** minimal leakage from the **dam**) and, of course, provided no cooling flows for fishery enhancement. In the past, in extremely dry periods, Penn Elec saved water in the lake and used it for generation — and whitewater.

The temperature enhancement scheme being promoted by Maryland fisheries advocates **will** result in less water for whitewater than boaters enjoyed in the past. State officials have done so little analysis and planning, however, that no one knows how severe these effects **will** be.



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CONSERVATION

Permit Conflicts with Maryland Law

Prospects look good, according to attorney Dave Plott, for **getting** the temperature enhancement provisions deleted from the permit. Because they were so carelessly put together, the provisions violate at least three features of Maryland law.

Maryland law requires that "all appropriate investigations" be made before a permit is issued. At this point, a thorough investigation has never been made with respect to the effects of the temperature enhancement provisions.

The State is also required to "weigh all respective public advantages and disadvantages" before issuing a water permit and to "provide the greatest feasible utilization of the waters of the State . . . and promote the general welfare." According to Plott, the data available at this point strongly indicates that the permit will flunk ALL of these tests if contested in court.

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AWA Announces New River Access Coordinator

The AWA is pleased to announce that Richard Hoffman has been selected to head up the AWA River Access Program. This program is dedicated to protecting and improving boater access to whitewater rivers nationwide.

Richard was selected from a field of approximately 100 applicants, and will begin working out of the AWA's Conservation/Access Office in Silver Spring, MD, on June 20, 1994.

Richard is a graduate of Dartmouth College, with a degree in Earth Sciences and a focus on hydrology and geomorphology. He brings to the AWA an extensive background in both recreational and environmental river issues. Richard is a past employee of the Nantahala Outdoor Center, Race Director and President of the Ledyard Canoe Club (NH), and spent last summer with the Forest Service's Coweeta Hydrology Lab (NC) researching the relationship between forest and river ecosystems.

Richard's recently completed senior honors thesis focused on the distribution and formation of rapids in rivers, and copies will be available from the Conservation/Access Office in late June.

Look for Richard to begin his tenure by first connecting with AWA contacts, regional coordinators, and each of our 100+ affiliated clubs. In addition to improving communications, he will be establishing a priority list of river access problems.



Richard Hoffman- AWA Access Program Coordinator- takes it easy before beginning official duties

Richard can be reached at (301) 589-9453 on June 20th. If you have a specific access problem which needs immediate attention, give Conservation Director Rich Bowers a call at this same number.

Land Swap on the Smith

The March/April journal alerted whitewater boaters to a possible problem affecting the put-in to the Smith River in the Six Rivers National Recreation Area in northern California

At issue was the proposed sale of 59 acres of land which con-



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controls both sides of the river at the only access point in 30 miles, and **within** the state of California

The AWA has been **working** with local Forest Service personnel, Congressman Hamburg's staff, and others including the Smith River Alliance, North Coast Environmental Center, and the Six Rivers Paddling Club to permanently remedy this situation. Earlier, the AWA had targeted this parcel as a possible acquisition under our new River Access Program.

The Forest Service is now involved in a **landswap** with private landowners in the **Klamath** region, and expects that this **will** be completed **within** the next six months. Through this effort, the Forest Service **will** take charge of approximately 49 acres of land, with some nine acres (containing improvements and structures) remaining in private hands. However, private lands will no longer determine access to the Smith.

Due to this split in existing land usage, the County of Del Norte (which also strongly favors access protection to the river) is requiring the Forest Service to complete the County's **sub-division** process, which should be completed in the next several weeks.

For additional information on this issue, please contact the AWA at (301) 589 9453.

Residents Request "No Dumping" Zone on Wilson Creek

Local landowners at the take out for the Wilson Creek Gorge (NC) run seem to be running into increasing grief levels with some inattentive (?) boaters in recent months.

The owners of the Brown **Mountain** Beach Campground want boaters to know that they are welcome at any time, but that this is their year-round home. They have some simple requests: Don't run around naked, don't block the road with parked cars, don't haul your boat out at the beach and through the other visitors, and don't use the toilets if they are not working.

They also request that you pay the \$2 **parking** fee.

Please remember that there is a national scarcity of private landowners who welcome boaters, under any conditions. The above rules are merely "**common-sense**", and should be adhered to on any river, including those running through private land.

New York Obligations Law Revisited

In New York, the General Obligations **Law** was established in 1956 to encourage the **public use** of private lands by relieving landowners of the fear of unwarranted liability.

Unfortunately, when this bill was enacted many recreational uses had not yet

developed (i.e. whitewater boating). As it now **stands**, this **bill** protects landowner only from listed uses and recreational pursuits.

Following the efforts first introduced by the late NY Assemblyman Bill Hoyt in the 1989-90 legislative assembly, state **representatives**, river interests including the **AWA**, and Niagara Mohawk Power Company are working to amend Section 9-103 of this law to include an updated list of recreational uses, to expand this law to

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address both urban and rural rivers, and to include liability protection for **hydro-companies** who release water for recreational purposes.

Under **amendment, the General Obligations Law** would "exempt from civil/tort **liability**, except in cases of gross negligence **and/or** willful misconduct, those persons who release impounded water for the purpose of facilitating recreational use of such water."

While legalistic in nature, this amendment is important to boaters due to the percentage of **whitewater** rivers which are controlled by dam operations. With this amendment, dam operators would be exempt, not only within project boundaries, but also from any accident which occurs downstream - or on property not owned by the dam operator - due to water releases.

Liability reform is an on-going goal of the **AWA's River Access Program**. To accomplish this we will need to work with other affected interests in reforming liability and insurance laws regarding recreation. Concern over liability is the **#1** issue which restricts access on **private** land rivers..

HYDRO UPDATE

Hydro Coalition Meeting

Left to right- Richard Roos.Collins, Natural heritage Institute, Rich Bowers (AWA) Bruce Carpenter present a proposal on **Hydropower Reform- ARMS Symposium, Grand Junction, CO**



On April 13th, National Hydropower Association (NHA) executive members and staff met with Rich Bowers (AWA), Mona Janopaul (Trout Unlimited), and Matt Huntington (American Rivers) to discuss NHA's working draft "Proposal for Improving the Relicensing Process for Hydropower Projects."

While recreation and conservation groups have been less than pleased with how the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC) treats our river systems, this process has been equally frustrating to power developers.

The NHA proposal contains many ele-

ments compatible with Coalition goals for reform, including: cumulative impacts on rivers, earlier implementation of the NEPA process, and better public input.

Missing are details on how to accomplish these goals (especially regarding impacts from multiple dams), and anything on the issue of dam decommissioning.

A follow-up meeting took place during the May 19 - 20th National Hydropower Reform Coalition meeting in Washington, DC to further fine tune this document, and eventually to present FERC with a combined plan from industry and conservation/recreation groups..



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Hydropower Coalition Addresses ARMS Conference

In late April, Rich Bowers, AWA Conservation Director, Bruce Carpenter of New York Rivers United, and Richard Roos-Collins of the San Francisco - based Natural Heritage Institute presented a forum on hydropower relicensing to the American River Management Society (ARMS).

This presentation marked the first opportunity that representatives of the National Hydropower Coalition had to address relicensing opportunities directly with federal and state river managers, and others involved in setting and implementing river policy.

The ARMS "Rivers Without Bound-



Hydropower Reform Coalition Meeting Attending AWA, New York Rivers United, (AMC) Izaak Walton League, Sierra Club Legal Defense fund, Michigan Hydro Coalition, American Rivers, Natural Heritage Institute

aries" symposium, held in Grand Junction, CO, offered an excellent chance to address the physical and very visible boundaries imposed by dams and other impoundments.

"Few matters relating to the environment offer more potential for obtaining

Access

significant long-term resource protection and improvements than does this process", stated Rich Bowers. "Decisions on how current and future dams will operate and affect our watersheds are being made now, and all river interests must stake their claim."

Other issues under discussion during this symposium, including management and protection of river ecosystems (watersheds); instream flow; the function of state and federal agencies, non-profit conservation groups and local landowners; and the growing

role of eco-tourism and recreation, are also part and parcel of the issues at stake through hydro project relicensing.

A similar presentation is scheduled to be given at the upcoming "Appalachian Rivers and Watershed Symposium", this June in West Virginia Pre-

senting at this time will be representatives of AWA, Trout Unlimited, Georgia Power, and FERC.

For more information contact Rich Bowers at (301) 589-9453.



AWA Represents Boater Interests on Glen Canyon Dam

It's no secret that the AWA is often opposed to indiscriminate and often ill-conceived hydroelectric projects, especially when they mess with recreational rivers.

In March of this year, the AWA took this message to the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation (BuRec), and provided both written and verbal commentary on the Draft Environmental Impact Statement (EIS) which addresses the future management of the Colorado River.

While testimony was given at several hearings, mostly in the Southwest region, this was the only opportunity to testify in Washington DC. In addition to the AWA, American Rivers, the Grand Canyon Trust, and a host of power developers were on hand to offer their views on this proposal.

For many Americans, Glen Canyon offers one of the most visible displays of dam impacts on river systems. These impacts include wildly fluctuating water levels, massive beach and sediment erosion, temperature changes, and an overall system shock for both biodiversity and endangered species. Glen Canyon offers one of the best examples of the enormous environmental price-tag which accompanies hydropower production.

The BuRec studied nine management alternatives under this draft, none of which can fully restore the Colorado. Even complete dam removal, one of the options, leaves unanswered questions about the longterm ability of nature to heal itself.

It was an excellent opportunity for the AWA to repeat the message that once a dam is built, there is no effective way of fully restoring the river!

The AWA supported BuRec's preferred "Modified Low Fluctuating Flow" because it provides for two important components: Public Input and an Adaptive Management Plan.

Glen Canyon represents 31 years of a man-made artificial environment. Public participation helps guarantee that future policy making will be accessible to those directly impacted by these decisions, including recreational users.

Since so little is known about how to restore rivers, adaptive management will, if done correctly, present the best opportunity to incorporate new information and technologies as they develop in the future.

The AWA also urged BuRec managers to: meet the letter of the law regarding both the Grand Canyon Protection Act and the Endangered Species Act; appropriate adequate funding for monitoring and research; preserve and replenish beaches; install a temperature control device at the dam; and finally, never to return to the previous operating routine where peak power flows determine all operational decisions.

Besides protecting and restoring endangered and native species, a temperature control device would also be of benefit to recreational boaters. Under current operating conditions, cold water makes hypothermia a danger even in summer. Water temperatures at Lees Ferry on the Colorado river range from roughly 45_ in winter to 56_ in summer. During pre-project conditions, summer and late fall temperatures had an average high of over 80_.

A Chance to Improve Private Allocations on the Grand?

For the past two years, Grand Canyon Concessionaires have been operating on extensions of their original permits. Now the National Park Service is requesting suggestions on how to streamline the disparity between commercial and private allocations.

The acting supervisor for the park has stated his willingness to make some hard decisions if warranted. However, the new permanent park supervisor was just appointed in early May, and there is no guarantee that he is aware of the problem, or that he shares this willingness to change.

If you have ideas on how to streamline the current private waiting list (approaching 10 years), please contact the AWA Access Program, or write:

Robert L. Amberger, Superintendent
Grand Canyon National Park
P.O. Box 129
Grand Canyon, AZ 86023-0129

Mine Threatens the Wolf River

Through legislation such as last year's National Energy Bill, the on-going Clean Water Act, and more recently through the River Registry Bill developed by New Mexico Congressman Bill Richardson, the AWA and others have pursued some mechanism for protecting rivers other than through Wild and Scenic designation.

Our reason for this is simple: while we fully support the Wild and Scenic program, it is impossible to restore rivers, and reverse close to a century of abuse, by targeting only the most outstanding resources. To date, only 2% of our nation's rivers have attained this recognition, some 212 rivers and 10,574.1 miles. Worse yet, only another 2% of US river mileage is still sufficiently undammed, undeveloped, and clean to possibly qualify for inclusion in this system.

Many rivers of importance to boaters may never qualify for this level of protection.

However, it seems that even this small percentage, the "out-

For more information, or to obtain a copy of the AWA comments, please call the Conservation Office at (301) 589-9453.



Top: Dave Farin tackles Sullivan Falls on the Wolf River; Bottom: Dan Wheeler and Mike Maner at Big Smokey Falls, Wolf River

AWA Plans for the Future of Whitewater Rivers

On May 14 and 15, the Board of Directors and staff met at the AWA's executive office in Phoenicia, NY, to discuss a three to five year strategic plan for this organization.

Besides discussing a number of internal issues, the focus of this meeting centered on: how to better protect scarce whitewater resources, how to guarantee access for boaters, and how to continue to represent the needs of boaters concerned with whitewater recreation.

With the AWA's very direct and focused mission, this assembly was able to avoid the usual organizational hang-ups, and concentrate on: the best allocation of AWA resources, representation of our constituency, generation of additional support for whitewater, and how to bring boater avocation and experience more formally into the river community.

In attendance for this meeting: AWA President Risa Shimoda-Callaway (SC), newly elected Vice-president Ric Alesch (CO), Treasurer Jim Scott (DC), Secretary Charlie Walbridge (PA), and Board members Pete Skinner (NY), Pope Barrow (DC), Mac Thornton (DC), Lee Belknap (VA), Tom Christopher (MA), Bob Glanville (NY), Joe Greiner (NC), Barry Tuscano (PA), and regional coordinator EJ McCarthy (CT).

standingly remarkable", may not in fact enjoy real and permanent protection. While Wild and Scenic rivers may be protected from dams, it seems they are not immune from the threat of nearby hard rock mining projects.

This issue gained recognition during last year's environmental win on the Tatshinshini River, forever protected from the Windy Craggy copper mine. More recently, this issue has surfaced regarding the New World gold and silver mine proposed for the headwaters of the Clarks Fork of the Yellowstone (designated Wild and Scenic in 1990).

Now, the Crandon Mining Company, a subsidiary of Exxon Minerals and Rio Algom Ltd., is proposing to open a copper mine in the headwaters of Wisconsin's Wolf River.

The Wolf offers the state's largest whitewater trout stream, some 223 miles of cold-water habitat, and 24 miles of river designated as "scenic" in 1968. For boaters, the Wolf provides four recognized sections of whitewater, and over 25 miles of class II-III rapids. The Wolf also offers several less known areas of quietwater paddling.

The proposed mine presents potential threats to the environmental, recreational, and aesthetic nature of the Wolf River. These threats include lowering of the water table and diversion of groundwater from the headwaters, discharge of millions of gallons of treated mine waste water, and potential leakage of acid mine drainage from the project's estimated 60 million tons of acidic tailings.

In May, AWA filed comments with the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources, targeting the loss of recreational values, and highlighting the need to protect growing economic benefits from recreation.



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Also in attendance was Phyllis Horowitz, Executive Director, Rich Bowers, Conservation Director, and AWA's newly-hired River Access Coordinator, Richard Hoffman.

The draft strategic plan will continue to be developed over the summer, with a final draft to be approved at this year's Gauley Festival. The Journal will continue to map the future progress of this effort. For additional information, please contact the AWA Executive Office at (914) 688-5569, or the Conservation Office at (301) 589-9453.

What is "Recreation" Worth?

by Rich Bowers

On April 5, 6, and 7th, many of the stakeholders in outdoor sports met in Washington, DC to "develop and adopt a collective vision of the best possible future for outdoor recreation." Outdoor recreation was defined primarily as human-powered, and included climbing, hiking, biking, fishery interests, water-based recreation such as whitewater boating, and others who share a true outdoor "ethic".

The "National Summit on Outdoor Recreation" was pulled together by the Outdoor Recreational Coalition of America (ORCA), a Boulder, CO based organization, and sponsored by Reebok, Sporting Goods Manufacturers Association, BLM and USFS, American Hiking Society, and the Natural Resources Council of America

The summit was called to address the fact that, at a time when national interest in outdoor recreation is growing, funding

for protecting public lands and acquiring additional lands is declining.

After opening ceremonies and keynote speakers (which included well known boater and climber Royal Robbins), the summit divided into s&c groups to address the following issues:


- Increasing diversity of Outdoor Recreation
- Mitigating impacts of increased use
- Funding options for acquisition and maintenance of public lands
- Standardization of Permitting
- Climbing and fixed anchors in the wilderness
- Tort Liability
- Search and Rescue
- Certification and accreditation

Among those representing boating interests were Rich Bowers (AWA) and Risa Callaway (North Amer. Paddlesports Assoc.), Dave Jenkins (ACA), Dave Brown (America Outdoors), Jim Thaxton (Nat. Organization of Canoe Livery Outfitters), Landis Arnold (Wildwasser Sport), and Bunny Johns (NOC).

From the above list of sessions, the importance of this summit to whitewater boaters should be easily apparent. Of equal importance was that this was the first event of its kind to coordinate the thoughts and efforts of the outdoor industry, conservation interests, user groups, and state and federal agencies charged with managing this nation's recreational resources.

For those boaters who are tired of hearing that whitewater is merely a small special interest, and far outside of the views of the general public, this summit represented a real opportunity to change this attitude.

The central message of the summit was that this special interest viewpoint is valid only if we restrict our vision to one small



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niche of outdoor recreation. By **working** together with other parallel interests (creating **partnerships** for you bureaucratic types), human powered outdoor recreation may become the biggest 800-pound gorilla on the block.

ORCA estimates the value of outdoor recreation at \$122 to \$132 billion each year, and **paddlesports** (a combination of commercial, private, industry and other water-related interests), is one of the fastest growing segments of this attention on the outdoors.

The effects of this economic benefit, and the value of a mission shared by industry, conservation, and end users, was not missed by power brokers in our nation's Capitol, and numerous Congressional staff members were in attendance.

These effects should likewise not be underestimated by those of us who view our future, and quality of life, as directly linked to the outdoors and wild places.

The three day summit was not able to achieve much in the way of concrete results, but this would have been an impossible expectation given the number and diversity of viewpoints. The real success of this summit lies in its beginning a new, and very long process, a process which must include boater input, participation, and hard work.

The end result will greatly benefit all recreation, including whitewater boating.

North Branch Potomac Agreement (MD-WV)

Maryland, West Virginia, and the Interstate Commission on the Potomac River Basin are establishing a cooperative program to improve water quality, and restore biological life on this section of the Potomac. The area covered under this agreement includes headwater tributaries and a 10-mile stretch of river below the Jennings Randolph Reservoir.

Included is a strategy to boost the area's **flagging** economy with tourism dollars. A central part of this plan is setting future goals for recreation, which, on the North Branch, includes fishing, hunting, **hiking** and whitewater boating.

It seems that the dam created by this reservoir has totally blocked upstream water pollution from mining operations. Because the operation is able to selectively withdraw water from different depths, the structure can provide the river downstream with water of a more uniform PH balance. In the last few years, this **has** improved downstream water quality enough to allow stocked trout to reproduce naturally.

For more information call the AWA at (301) 589-9453.

Kern River (CA)

The Forest Service has installed a new permitting system for

1994. For the Upper and Lower runs, boaters will be required to obtain a "free" annual permit. Permits must be picked up in person and group size is limited to 15 people.

The Forks Run is likewise limited to 15 people, but on a daily not group size basis. The season runs from May 15 through September 15. For 1994, boaters will need to apply for a reservation through the FS's new lottery system. There is a two dollar administrative fee which is not refundable if you don't get to paddle!

This system severely limits **kayakers** and canoeists who usually run the river in a single day and carry no extensive equipment down the put-in trail.

For your shot, send an application to: Lake Isabella Visitor Center, c/o River Permits, P.O. Box 3810, Lake Isabella, CA 93240. Send along your \$2 check payable to USDA-Forest Service.

In the meanwhile, AWA, local outfitters, Southern California Edison (SCE), and CA Dept. of Boating and Waterways have been **working** to fill in the missing recreational piece between the Upper and Lower Runs.

The week of May 11 saw both private and commercial boaters running below Fairview Dam at levels between 298 and 1100 cfs. The purpose was to determine minimum and optimal levels for different craft on the river. The SCE project is currently being relicensed, and boating interests are working to assure that any new license recognizes whitewater recreation, and improves on existing conditions.

Wild and Scenic Protection Sought for Yellowstone (WY-MT)

The Upper Yellowstone river and four of its tributaries - Lamar, Gardiner, Soda Butte Creek and Slough Creek - has been determined by the National Park Service to be eligible for National Wild and Scenic designation.

Considered to be the nation's longest free-flowing river outside of Alaska, a national effort is beginning to permanently protect the Yellowstone, its tributaries and headwater areas. Involved groups include American Rivers, Greater Yellowstone Coalition, and the Beartooth Alliance.

Of immediate concern is the proposed New World Project gold mine which would be built just 2.5 miles outside of Yellowstone National Park, and which would threaten the Clarks Fork of the Yellowstone, designated as Wild and Scenic in 1990.

According to American Rivers President Kevin Coyle, "The Yellowstone...possesses nationally significant scenic, recreational, historic, and fish and wildlife values."

Wild and Scenic designation is of critical interest to whitewater boaters on the Yellowstone, where boating is the

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only non-consumptive recreation use outlawed within the National Park Without substantial input from paddlers, the Yellowstone could set adverse precedents by establishing discriminatory "recreational" river values.

It also offers an excellent opportunity for boaters to weigh in on this issue, to help permanently protect an outstanding resource, and to open lines of communication with the Park Service regarding boater access.

For information on how boaters can work cooperatively with other river groups on the Yellowstone, please contact Rich Bowers at (301) 589-9453.

The "Beavis & Butthead" Approach to River Running

commentary by Rich Bowers, AWA Conservation Director

Beavis - "Uh-Uh I don't like this rapid."
Butthead - "Uh-Uh let's blow it up." Far fetched? Well, maybe not so ridiculous as it seems if you live, work or play in Arizona

In early April it was reported that "someone" blew out Quartzite Falls in the Salt River Canyon Wilderness. While discussions percolate over whether this rapid is rated class V or VI, no one argues that it represented a tough run or portage on this river (up to 3 hours for commercial raft trips).

One obvious possibility is that this someone, with a definite Butthead mentality, decided to make life a little easier for themselves. However, since no one has claimed responsibility, it is equally possible that someone just hates whitewater, boaters, rivers, or has a warped sense of providing river safety.

From a whitewater perspective, we hope the deed was done for the latter or other non-boating reasons. In an age when whitewater is synonymous with pushing limits, both in boating technique and wilderness access to first-descents, it is a harsh reality check to realize that perhaps not everyone shares in this sense of adventure, or affirms a true outdoor "ethic" of responsibility. Rearranging nature, for whatever reason, is just not acceptable behavior.

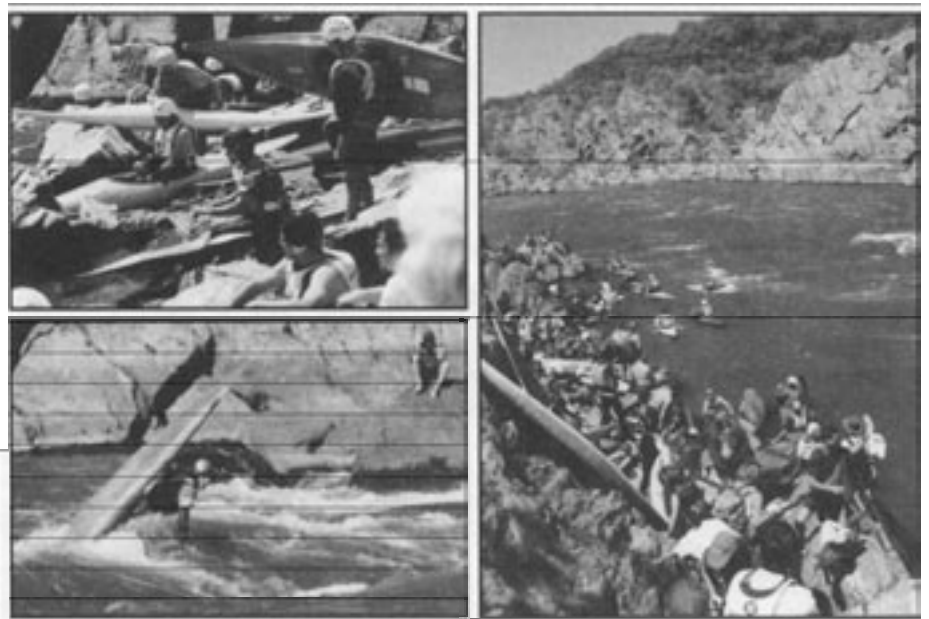
On May 21-22, the Potomac River was host to the "1994 Potomac Whitewater Festival, held just outside of Washington, DC. A combination of perfect weather and optimal water levels attracted approximately 100 boaters to the different events, which included: "Squirt 'Til it Hurts" downriver and head to head downriver races, freestyle, and eddy line and surfing squirt contests.

All of the festivities culminated in a banquet/awards party held on Saturday evening. As with other events in the National Organization of Whitewater Rodeo's (NOWR), all proceeds went directly to river conservation.

For 1994, benefits were split between the AWA's Whitewater Defense Program, and the newly-formed Potomac Conservancy.



Top Left down: Going for the Gusto at the Potomac River Fest., 1994-Potomac Whitewater Fest. "Waiting for the water to rise and the games to begin", Over the top on the Potomac, Top right down: Catch a wave and you're sitting on top of the world...the 1994 Potomac River Fest., Hot Dog surfing at the 1994 Potomac Whitewater Fest., A sizeable crowd lined the Potomac at the 1994 River Fest.



OPEN-BOATING THE JARBIDGE/ BRUNEAU

Open boaters test their mettle on a high water, multi-day wilderness odyssey in Idaho.

by Tom McCloud



DATELINE: Murphy Hot Springs, Idaho; Memorial Day, 1993.

We arrived at this crowded center of local culture, just a long spit from the Nevada line, as dusk descended over the Great Sagebrush Desert. We had just completed a breakneck, high speed, 80 mile drive on gravel across the Saylor Creek Air Force bombing range.

"If you see low planes, proceed at your own risk," the warning sign says!

Having just completed the East Fork Owyhee, our intention was to follow with the Jarbidge/Bruneau. But even in the dark, the hissing of the bank-full, East Fork Jarbidge was intimidating, planting a seed of doubt in our minds.

Next morning at the put-in, the confluence of East and West Forks, starting at the ice-cold river crashing downhill as far as the eye could see, the seed soon grew to full doubt-in-bloom. We bumbled around while the baking sun melted more of the abundant Jarbidge Wilderness snowpack and gravity accelerated it toward us.

Perfectly good gear which had served us well the previous week- food, clothing, fuel- was summarily jettisoned to the van in a desperate attempt to lighten the boats. The stress of indecision and doubt prevented our minds from organizing. Drybags were closed, tied into boats, then removed, over and over again, so gear could be added or subtracted until each of us was satisfied.

Then there was that one last look at my three paddling companions to see if anyone would actually admit that we might be tackling something we should not. After all, this river was full!

We're eastern open-boaters, Coastals all, Ollie Fordham and Andre Derdeyn from Charlottesville, VA, John Erickson (paddling a T-canyon) and myself, from Frederick, MD. We are familiar with the creeks of West Virginia, but we didn't know THIS river except from the BLM (Bureau of Land Management) description and a couple guidebooks, which varied considerably.

We bumped into a local who said he had kayaked the Jarbidge/ Bruneau two weeks before and that rolling was essential to survival. We knew that once we got into the canyon there would be no possibility of retreat.

The Jarbidge/Bruneau river system, running south to north out of Nevada through the high desert and lava fields of southwestern Idaho to join the Snake, has a reputation for outstanding whitewater and spectacular scenery. It was not long



Left page: Back, Ollie Fordham near Put-in on Jarbidge River, Top: Andre Derdeyn somewhere on the Jarbidge; Middle: Ollie Fordham in canoe John Erickson in eddy on upper Jarbidge River day 1; Bottom: Tom McCloud in canoe, John Erickson in eddy on upper Jarbidge River day 1

before we found out why. The Jarbidge flows through a smaller, tighter canyon, which has much more vegetation than the Owyhee. The Jarbidge absolutely charges downhill with a steady 50 fpm gradient, never dropping below high class 2 and occasionally reaching low class 4. It is absolutely relentless! I estimated the flow as 800 cfs at the put-in. We motored along at a rollicking rate, somewhere between terror and euphoria, having a adrenaline ride; only occasionally having the luxury of sneaking a glimpse at the scenery. The only eddies were against the bank, where, if you were lucky, you could hang onto a tree for a while to catch your breath.

Other groups on the river, all in closed



Top: Andre Derdeyn somewhere in the "Five Mile Rapid" Bruneau River; Below: Tom McCloud- canoe Andre Derdeyn-on Rock John Erickson-upriver somewhere on the Jarbidge; Bottom: Andre Derdeyn somewhere on the Bruneau River



boats, hailed from Montana, Vancouver and Salt Lake City. As they passed us during the afternoon the most frequent question was "How far do you think we've come?"

From our standpoint, we thought we'd

OPEN-BOATING THE JARBIDGE/BRUNEAU



Left: Tom McCloud stroking hard to get to the right side of Ollie's Nose Rapid; Right: Ollie Fordham entering the last rapid on the Bruneau, after end of the Five Mile; Right page: Tom McCloud mourning of 3rd day on the Jarbidge

been moving really fast, maybe six or seven mph, and had convinced ourselves by 3:30 that nineteen miles had gone by. We started **joking** among ourselves about finishing the trip in three days and returning to run it again. But we also had begun to have doubts about the usefulness of the **BLM** maps, because "unmistakable" landmarks didn't seem to exist.

Who was to know whether that gully on the left was Cougar Creek, Poison Creek, **Dorsey** Creek, or just some nameless ditch? In retrospect, the Canucks, using an altimeter, estimated our progress in mileage about right... **at** eleven

But going into camp early resulted in an unexpected trip highlight; as we sat round the **fire** after supper we spied first two, then ten, then twenty mountain sheep and lambs as they bounded down some incredibly steep cliffs. When they realized we were there they lined up at cliff edge like a chorus line, watching us.

The Jarbidge just doesn't let up—ever! Progress down the river was good since bank scouting was rarely needed.

We could ride the bronco for hours non-stop. Still **#inking** we had covered a lot of miles, we took the time for a long hike, **rock-climbing** up out of the canyon to a point where the ice-topped mountains to the south, which we had begun to refer to as "**Mother-of-Jarbidge**", were visible.

Our guidebooks predicted two class 4 rapids, and then Jarbidge Falls, class 6.

Had we already run those 4's?

"Must have, if we're 40 miles down this river. The Falls must be just ahead."

Sure enough, a big one soon came up. But it was only a good class 4, not 6.

Maybe the guidebook writers had exaggerated. We might even have run it on a river where a foul-up would not have been so serious.

This must be Jarbidge Falls, we thought. Only a short paddle to the Bruneau and a hot spring to wallow in, we concluded optimistically.

But a little later we were out portaging **an even bigger rapid-surely** this must be Jarbidge Falls. More miles passed, the canyon stayed narrow, confining the water

to a tight, bouldery bed. The class 3's became longer and more technical, feeling much like 80 fpm, mandating frequent bank scouting.

The wind picked up, blowing the tops off the standing waves, the sun faded, the temperature dropped, and light rain fell. Convinced Jarbidge Falls was now behind us, and being perhaps a bit too casual, we paddled on, lured by the incentive of a hot spring bath.

But at 7 pm, rounding yet another blind bend, we were faced with a long run of rock-studded, class 4 white tops as far as we could see!

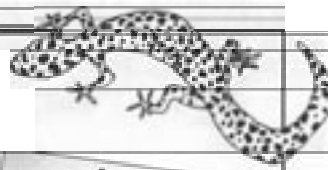
Tired, cold, hungry, disappointed and lost, we pulled up and camped between the boulders. And confirming once again that trouble comes in bunches, the filler cap gasket on John's Svea failed, blowing fuel and providing a brief entertaining conflagration, but leaving us with no stove for the remainder of the trip!

A scrutiny of the rapid in front of camp in the cool, clear morning sunlight made it seem not nearly so intimidating as it had **at** dusk. We ran it without a hitch. Not much later the river again ducked out of sight behind a huge boulder and, being prudent, I hit the bank and crawled up for a look. When I saw it there was no doubt whatsoever that we had indeed, at long last reached Jarbidge Falls.

A hundred yards of raging white, **with** multiple holes, pourovers, and traps, it deserved its class 6 rating. Having found it, a new problem was revealed: portaging on the right was as impossible as running the rapid. The solution was a "**Death Ferry**" across **squirrely** water only a few feet above the falls to a micro eddy.

One **at** a time we went, John **first**. He served as "catcher" for the rest of us. Having all arrived safely on the left, an additional problem was discovered: Andre

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Open boaters test their mettle on a high water, multi-day wilderness odyssey in Idaho.

had left his 35mm camera in the ammo box on the right bank!

Thank goodness the first of the Montana paddlers soon arrived, tucked it in under the sprayskirt, and ferried it to us. Nice guy that he was; he also warned us of a dangerous place called Kendell's Cave where the "whole river goes underground, shortly after entering the Bruneau".

Thanks, Critter. We fell for his fib-hook, line, and sinker.

The canyon opened up near the junction, where the Jarbidge commingled with the brown, muddy water of the Bruneau.

On the left, a scene out of Dante's Inferno. From several vents 30 feet above the river gushed water so hot that steam rose in billows. This was the Indian Baths, and if you were not careful as to where you sat and wallowed, it would take your hide right off!

The trick was to find just the right spot where cold river had mixed with steaming brew to give a pleasant mix. Following a long, lazy lunch we entered the upper canyons of the Bruneau. These had a much different look than the river environs we had just traversed. Vertical rock plunged into the river, sometimes on both sides,

with wildly carved spires, columns, arches and minarets jutting skyward everywhere.

The river flowed, but was flat, with the exception of every half mile, where it fell four feet over a boulder bed. With more volume (now estimated at 1200 cfs) these drops had big waves and long run-outs. They were fun but scary because you could only see the whole rapid from the very lip and vertical rock walls on both sides of the river preventing retreat.

This less challenging whitewater provided a chance to rest and relax, soak in the scenery, and watch for wildlife. The cliff swallows, who reside in coconut-half mud houses, were most upset by our presence. Reaches with both walls vertical were a mile or so long. In spots the canyons were dark and foreboding: in others, as richly decorated as a Gothic cathedral.

The next morning, after 3 hours in blowing drizzle at 50 degrees, we were pretty cold. A hike up the East Fork Bruneau, also known as Clover Creek, which was also chugging with enough muddy brown to be paddled, helped limber stiff legs and warm us up.

One can not be too demanding of one's campsites here: they are small and



infrequent, adequate for only a few paddlers. The best were cliffside sandbars where a few red cedars and junipers provided a windbreak and grudgingly yielded some dead lower branches for cooking. We spent 2 nights deep within these canyons, the second chosen purposely to position us just above the infamous "Five-Mile-Rapid".

The BLM map showing the "Five-Mile" is a useless jumble of some 40 cross-hatches across the river, each with a 3,4 or



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OPEN-BOATING THE JARBIDGE/BRUNEAU

5 next to it. It also **says** something about not **being** in a canyon. Don't believe it! It's true that you have left behind the vertical walls of the upper canyon, but portaging would be very difficult.

The rapids started out good, but got better. We would probe the top and **run** those with obvious chutes. But if the route was complex, we boat scouted and someone stood with a throw rope partway

down. It's silly to even try to count the rapids; the action was nearly nonstop, but there were lots of places to eddy. The gradient had increased to 80 fpm. By noon we had already run through dozens of crosshatches, but as usual, had no idea where that left us, except that we were above a memorable rapid which we now call "Ollie's Nose".

Here the river snaked between **rocks**

and waves from right to left, drove through a river wide hydraulic, then plowed into a **low** wall (undercut?) before sliding around a bend and out of sight

While easing up to the approach, Ollie's paddle caught a rock and the T-grip caught the bridge of his nose, leaving a bloody gash that required a butterfly bandage.

Undaunted, Ollie performed a prototypical "open boat bridge" of the big hydraulic as he plowed through the middle of the river wide hole. The more modest among us cut close to the right, and eddied: an excellent spot for a lunch break.

The intensity of the rapids continued, with long stretches of class 3, and some **back-to-back 4's**, extending several hundred yards. I wouldn't honestly say that anything was class 5, unless you want to upgrade very lengthy class 4's.

We **ran** them all, with the exception of a couple hundred feet where a trashy ledge followed a technically difficult 4.

We had only one swim during our entire **trip...a** pretty remarkable record in high class water **with** loaded boats!

What was the river like? For eastern boaters: think Ocoee with camping gear. And there were rattle **snakes**, at least one each day. Along the lower **Bruneau** we encountered some of the biggest, most luxuriant poison ivy I have ever seen. I felt smugly **secure** in my **wetsuit**, which provided protection from both.

Eventually the canyon began to open, and long pools separated the rapids. In late afternoon, **feeling proud** at having conquered the "Five-Mile" without much **difficulty** in less than a day, we stumbled across a wonderful hot spring. It was the best of the entire trip, and we lounged in it until well after dark.

From there it was short paddle to the first bridge, **Grasmere** Road, near the town of Bruneau.

Six days on the **Jarbridge/Bruneau**: a great trip for any paddler! Scenery, wildlife, **whitewater**: it has them all.

At 1200 cfs, it's near the limit for open boaters with camping gear. Travel **light**-but travel safe.

But like many rivers **considered** "kayak-only", the **Jarbridge/Bruneau** is eminently **paddleable** by experienced **open**-boaters. It should be regarded as a "crown jewel" for those lucky enough to catch it at the right level.

Put the **Jarbridge/Bruneau** on your 'must do' **list**. ■

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Although the drive to the **Loyalsock** felt a bit long for a day trip, I looked forward to paddling on this cold April day with enthusiasm. I had never done the **Loyalsock** before, and it would be a good prelude to a weekend on the **Nescopeck**. It would be **fun** to paddle with trip leader and my former instructor Bob. I didn't often get the **opportunity** to paddle **with** Bob, since for the most part he and I were usually doing very different classes of rivers.

As we congregated at the put in, I felt we had the makings of a good trip. Bob, Frank, Dave B. and I were **kayaking**, Dave G. came with his C-1, and Dan, Michelle, Dave F. and Jim were in solo open canoes. Lots of **strong** paddlers for this reputedly tame little creek, and only one true novice. It was Dave B.'s second river trip, he informed me **happily**.

"There's only one rapid that we'll scout-Haystacks," Bob told me as we got in our boats. "And you can do it," he **assured** me.

"No problem," I responded confidently.

The creek was fairly shallow, but the level was high enough that the rocks just under the surface weren't a real problem. There were some nice little play spots. The weather was fairly mild, despite patches of snow and ice strewn along the banks. Everyone was having a good time.

After a few miles Bob signaled us over to the left shore. We all got out and scouted. **This** was Haystacks. There were two routes that one could take. The more challenging one, near the center of the rapid, involved making a turn above a pillow, then dropping down the top chute of a folded flow. Then one traversed towards the left bank below a ledge, and either slipped into the eddy by the shore, or turned and headed downstream through two more holes. The easier route simply involved paddling over the ledge on the left, and either **eddying-out** or continuing straight down.

As the group watched, Bob paddled through the chute with his usual grace and finesse. He slipped into the eddy and got out to take pictures. Dave G. made his run, and then **Jim**, **Frank** and I watched and discussed things, and made our decisions. He chose the more difficult route, I chose the ledge on river **left**.

As always when about to paddle a challenging drop, the **adrenalin** was pumping and the nerves were fluttering a bit. But I had been paddling a lot this year. My roll was strong. I was consistently putting my boat where I wanted it to be; my confidence level was high.

I never thought to wait for a signal that **Frank** had made it through okay. Nor was a signal system set up. On the Lower **Yough** and **Tohickon** we all seem to pile up on each other without giving it much thought. And, truthfully, it never occurred to me that **Frank** would have any trouble.

I watched **Frank** disappear from my field of vision, and then proceeded to make my move. I set up my line, put on the power, went over the drop and punched the hole. Meanwhile Bob and **Jim** had set out downstream to rescue **Frank**, after **first** glancing back at me to check to see that I had cleared the hole. I had. Then I got caught in the **cross-current** and flipped. My nose plugs were ripped **off**; I don't know where my paddle was; I thought I had flipped back into the hole. I got out of the boat.

The turbulence underneath the water was amazing. I felt like I was clawing my way to the surface, and when I came up my boat was not within reach. I was caught in a feeder eddy. Although I **am** told that it took awhile before the feeder eddy pulled me into the hole, I felt that I was in severe trouble from the start. I was soon to learn just how severe trouble can be.

I remember everything that occurred while I was in the hole vividly. But it is difficult to describe in words, for the whole experience was a disorienting jumble of being tossed and battered by the water as I fought to get air. I kept struggling to work my way to river left, but the forces of the hole kept sucking me back towards the right by the rock. When I was trapped there, my body took the worst beating. Although I would come up toward the **surface**, the hole wouldn't let me up enough to breathe. I saw the rescue rope being thrown to me, but it did not land anywhere near me. And the odds were unlikely that I would have been in position to grab it, the way I was being tossed around.

"**This** is bad," I said to myself, distressed, but quite calm. "**I** am going to die."

Then two words came unbidden into my mind. "Make shapes," was the command. It was a phrase from a lecture given by AWA Safety Chair Charlie Walbridge that I had heard two years before. I just knew that I had to **try** something before the hydraulic beat

The next thing
I remember
was hearing
someone
breathing.
It was loud,
wheezy,
almost a cry.
I knew it
was me.

me until I no longer had any strength to fight to get air.

So I stretched myself out long like a log and let the water toss me around and down. I was *still* in the hole. Next I think I tried a **kind** of bent X pattern. But the hole *still* held me firmly. Finally I managed a big gulp of air as I hugged my knees to my chest, rolled **into** a ball, and clenched my teeth tightly, telling myself, "I am not going to breathe, I am not going to breathe." I felt myself go down and down and down and do....

The next thing I remember was hearing someone breathing. It was loud, wheezy, almost a cry. I knew it was me. For awhile all I could do was listen to myself breathe, then I was able to flicker my eyes open for an instant. I saw Bob's face bent over me. And the expression that registered in my mind during that momentary glance will haunt me for a long time. Fear, horror, urgency, misery, a touch of panic, and **determination** were all apparent in his eyes. I began to fade back into unconsciousness but the sounds of worried talk brought me back. It was difficult to focus my attention on anything. I had the sensation of speeding along. The feeling of movement was so strong that I felt we had to be riding in a car.

I think I heard someone say "She's coming around," and there were other voices in the background. Dimly I became aware that Bob was yelling at me, "Nancy, open your eyes!" I complied, because he seemed so insistent about it. There were other questions that I only vaguely remember. Stupid questions, I thought at the time. They seemed to be concerned about my coherency. But I knew I was coherent, or thought I was. My concern was could I wiggle my toes, could I move my **hands**. I did both and felt at peace to know that I wasn't **paralyzed**. The sense of speeding along finally subsided, and my eyes focused clearly on Bob's face, whose expression was much calmer. And I noticed the hemlock shivering in the breeze above his head.

"We're **still** by the edge of the creek," I realized with **dismay**. And I knew it was a long way out.

Then came my mind and body's reaction to the ordeal I had just been through. It **all** flooded over me in a rush. My head pounded, and my muscles and bones felt mashed and wrung out, my **brain** reeled with the shear horror of it all. Those moments were possibly worse than the actual experience itself. But Life has a perverse way of being **kind**, and as I began to burp up air repeatedly, mortification replaced everything else I was feeling. And acute embarrassment, although unpleasant, is easier to cope with than pain and fear.

Soon I was able to sit up and rest, and **Jim** let me use him as a backrest. It was peaceful by the water's edge, the weather was fine, and I was **totally** spaced out. Actually, it was quite pleasant.

But one gets chilled sitting at the edge of the water. So **Jim** gently urged me to **try** to walk, supporting my arm the whole time. The group gathered a little ways inland, and Bob, *still* not knowing what condition I was in, went off to get his van down closer to where we were. I know now that he ran over three miles to his van, drove the van to a spot further down stream, then ran another mile back up to the group, and led everyone except Frank downriver.

Meanwhile Jim urged me to **try** to walk, and we slowly **started** the trek out. I was *still* very shaky and woozy, and the trail, particularly at the start, was mostly mud and ice. But with Jim's protective hold on my arm keeping me from falling, and frequent rests in the beginning, I made it out safely.

No one could have been more helpful **than Jim** when he was **walking** me out. His quiet, reserved ways precisely fitted my emotional needs at the time. And his thoughtfulness, consideration, and unobtrusive protectiveness made a rather arduous task almost easy. When the trail became more level, and I was feeling stronger both physically and mentally, he let me set the pace of our **walk**. But never once did he let go of his steadying grip on my arm. His gentle guidance always kept me on the least slippery parts of the trail. Eventually we were able to regroup, collect our gear, and head our various ways. The end to the **kind** of trip that I hope no one has to go through ever again.

I was told that I had recirculated in that hole for a good five minutes, and finally went down for a very long time, before flushing out, face down. Everyone thought I was dead. I had drifted, unconscious, through the rest of the holes, before Jim and Bob, who were downstream and unaware of what had happened, saw my body floating towards them. Bob told me that before he could even stand up, Jim had waded out in more **than**

**"Paddle the
Nescopeck
tomorrow,"
was his advice.**

knee-deep, strong current, brought me back to shore, and then resuscitated me. Through clenched teeth, I am told, as though even while unconscious I **still** was telling myself I would not breathe. Quite simply, it is due to **Jim** that I am alive.

I was checked out that evening by local emergency **staff**, and then by my own physician a few days later. And although I came through the incident unscathed **physically**, the real **trauma** was just beginning.

Never to paddle whitewater **again** was unthinkable. And I resolved on the walk out of the **Loyalsock** that I would not allow **this mishap** to prevent me from paddling. I spoke to Jim about my determination to continue paddling.

"Paddle the Nescopeck tomorrow," was **his** advice. And I took it.

But with rapidly rising waters due to a heavy spring rain, and shear exhaustion due to stress and a lack of sleep, I soon realized that I didn't have the strength or the energy to continue paddling that day.

I cried when I had to get out, even though I knew that I had made the right decision. It was the first of many days spent on the river in tears; because I temporarily lost my roll, because I froze when a friend swam out of a hole and could have used my assistance, because I simply could not make myself surf that wave that I had surfed many times in the past.

The nightmares began almost **immediately** after the incident, as did sleep **disturbances**. For many weeks I could not sleep for more than four hours a night. One dream cycle and my brain refused to go through that **again**. At first the nightmares were all paddling related. But after awhile they **shifted** to more general themes, the stuff that the nightly news is made of. My subconscious was telling me that the world was an unsafe place to be, full of nebulous threats to one's life and safety. I knew that this was merely a reaction to my accident, and that in time the nightmares would pass. But I had no idea how much time it would take, nor any inkling of the severity and the scope of the reaction that I would have.

I didn't want my immediate family, my father and my sisters, to know of what had happened. I felt that they worried enough about my paddling without hearing that I nearly died because of it. But in my efforts to protect them, I was isolating myself. I was exhausted and stressed-out, and I could neither control nor predict when I would burst into uncontrollable tears. So I avoided contact with my family.

I also unknowingly alienated myself from my friends. Those who weren't paddlers did not know about the incident. And with those friends who were paddlers I wanted to act as though things were back to normal, even though what I really

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whitewater is
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just as Life is a
risk sport.**

needed was to **talk** about what had happened and what I was still going through.

Meanwhile, throughout the paddling community, garbled stories of my **near-drowning** were circulating. Most of those stories put me in a very bad light. I had been paddling a river beyond my abilities, they said; the river was at flood stage and I shouldn't have been on it; I didn't put enough power on when I went over the drop and didn't make it through the hole. Those were the tales that got back to me through fellow paddlers, curious to hear my side of the story. Hearing these things hurt terribly at the time, and served to erode my already weakened self-confidence, even though I knew they weren't true. I wondered why some people were so determined to find fault in my skills as a cause of the accident.

I now believe that people often are scared by the implications of a **near-drowning** that happened due to mere chance. It is disconcerting to be confronted by the knowledge that terrible things can happen on the river even if you **don't** make any mistakes. But paddling whitewater is a risk sport, just as Life is a risk sport. And sometimes bad things happen that are simply beyond one's control.

All the while I kept paddling. I felt that I had been set back a year in my paddling **abilities**, so I paddled whenever and wherever I could. And **this** is where my paddling friends were of great help, as they supported my efforts to regain my **skills** and my **self-confidence**, and more importantly, to recapture the joy in the sport, which now so painfully eluded me.

A month had gone by, and I felt that I was recovering fairly well. The nightmares weren't as frequent, and I was sleeping maybe five hours a night. My roll had come back, and some of my self-confidence. I decided to go on a trip to the Mongaup. There was a scheduled release, but the amount of water in the stream that day was a joke. This was fortunate, as it was there that I had my first flashback.

I don't know what precipitated the flashback. I was sitting in an eddy at the time it happened. **All** of a sudden it was as if I were on the **Loyalsock** again, being recirculated. The image lasted only a moment, but it nearly destroyed me. It was **all** I could do to get down the rest of the river. What self-confidence I had regained disappeared completely. I was devastated. How could I paddle even intermediate whitewater if another flashback could happen without warning at any time?

But I suppressed my growing fears and kept on paddling whenever I could. However, in my subconscious, things were rapidly coming to a head. My self-confidence was nonexistent, I lacked faith in my **skills**, my fear of the water was increasing. I was exhausted from lack of sleep, and I burst into tears at odd moments. I felt isolated from my **family** and my friends. The emotional pain was almost unbearable. Then things got worse.

I was totally unprepared for the rage that surfaced one morning in May. I'm not **speaking** of anger, but of rage. Unbridled, murderous rage. Rage that had neither logic nor direction. I was furious at everyone and everything. I was furious at the Universe for letting this happen to me, furious at my friends for seemingly not understanding, furious that the joy of paddling was gone, furious that I was alone and isolated, furious that I was still alive and in unbearable pain.

Life was rapidly unraveling, and I felt totally out of control. I couldn't sleep, I couldn't eat, I couldn't work, I couldn't paddle. I felt estranged from everyone and everything I loved, and I could not think of one good reason to stay alive. Worse yet, suicide seemed like a reasonable solution to end my torment, and I no longer even cared that those who loved me would be hurt by my death. Terrified by the trend of my thoughts, I sought counseling as quickly as I could.

In counseling I learned, much to my relief, that all of what I was going through was a typical response to a neardeath experience. That it had a name, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, and that all that I was experiencing—the nightmares, flashbacks, rage, alienation, and an inability to trust people—were merely symptoms of the disease. And that I had instinctively done the healthiest thing I could do to lessen the length and the severity of the post-traumatic stress by never having stopped paddling. I realized that, much as I wished to protect my family and friends, that keeping the knowledge of what was happening to me from them was not healthy. And I began to open up to people.

I also learned that I had not been giving myself credit for my own part in my rescue. While I was being recirculated in that hole, had I not remained **calm**, had I not been determined to not give up even though I believed I was dying, had I not taken action to flush myself out of the hole, I surely would have drowned. The realization that I could

handle myself well in an emergency was empowering.

Counseling helped to resolve many issues, but the sleep disturbances continued. And before and/or after every river trip, I was still having the nightmares. Nightmares more terrifying than any I've ever had in my life. Nightmares of the stuff that Stephen King novels are made up of. Would things ever get back to normal for me, I wondered.

In July I began to think that I wanted to paddle the New River for the first time. The New had been my dream before I ever started to kayak. And I found myself thinking about it a great deal. I wasn't sure that I was ready for it, but the desire was intense and became more so as I thought about it. I asked Bob if he thought I had the skills, and when he said that in his opinion I did, I asked him if he would take me down the river for my first time. He agreed, so we planned a trip for August.

My anxiety level rose as it got nearer to the date of the trip. In my mind this trip was equivalent to an exorcism. That one way or another, the fate of my paddling would be decided. Would I have the skills to do solid class IV water? Could I handle my fears? Everything was heightened in my mind. The importance of this trip was way over a normal river trip. The New symbolized everything for me; it would settle once and for all if I were capable of paddling whitewater.

On the day of the trip it was all I could do to get into the car and drive to meet Bob. I think I had about ten anxiety attacks in the space of forty minutes. I kept talking to myself, calming myself down, and then within a few minutes, my anxiety level would be sky-high again. Bob knew that I was terribly anxious, for I was even quieter than is my norm, and he commented about it. I wonder how worried my companions were about me.

But once we got on the river, I quickly calmed down. Our trip leader, Cahill, advised me to work out my river nerves by doing some intense playing. And in Upper Railroad we did just that. I was amazed at how much tension I was able to work off just striving to surf a wave, and how much my confidence level rose in the process.

I was amazed at how much tension I was able to work off just striving to surf a wave, and how much my confidence level rose in the process.


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The following week my sleeping pattern finally re-established itself, and for the first time in five months I was sleeping normally.

I was calm ~~until~~ the Keeneys. Then the fear came back. I got through Upper and Middle Keeney without incident. Then I requested that we scout Lower Keeney before running it. We looked at it, and Cahill told me what I needed to do. As I got into my boat, I checked my fear level by whistling. I could whistle, so I wasn't too afraid to ~~run~~ the rapid. Bob offered to lead me down, but I knew that he really wanted to do some intense playing. And I knew what I needed to do to ~~run~~ the rapid. So I declined his offer.

But typical of what **first-time** runners do in rapids, in order to avoid the hole in the middle, I **over-compensated** and got ~~too~~ far left. I **flipped** over. The current was **strong** and I couldn't get my paddle into position. I held out for a bit and tried to get it above water, but it wasn't right. I **hip-snapped** anyway, and the next thing I knew I was up. I was ~~still~~ in the middle of the rapid and I paddled furiously to the shore. I couldn't believe that I had actually rolled in the middle of all that turbulence. And it took awhile for it to sink in what I had done.

After that roll the rest of the river was shear joy. There was some fear mixed with it, but it was good fear, manageable fear. The kind of fear that heightens your senses and forces you to concentrate fully on the task of putting your boat where you want it to be. Nothing felt so good as coming to the **take-out**, knowing I had successfully paddled the New. I wanted to do it all over again, exhausted as I was. That night, camping out, there were no nightmares to disturb my sleep. The following week my sleeping pattern **finally** reestablished itself, and for the first time in five months I was sleeping normally. The nightmares were vanquished, I could sleep through the night, and my life was returning to **normal**. And on whitewater I was back, better than ever, and so was the joy in paddling.

Editor's Note:

Nancy Peteraf's, **A PLANT CALLED SPOT**, a book for children aged 4-7, with illustrations by Lilian Hoban, was recently published by Doubleday. ■

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And Now For Something Completely Different

Kayaking the Tidal Bores and Reversing Falls of Canada's Maritime Provinces

Wedding vows to "Love, Honor and Obey" are often made "Until the Rivers Run Upstream". But how many newlyweds take their honeymoon at the Bay of Fundy???

*story by Steve Courmoyer, a.k.a. Duke Wavewalker
photos by Angela Caporelli*

My friends started to **worry** about me when I painted my Chevy Malibu to match the graphics on my new squirt boat.

"Did you see that car? That boy needs help! He needs..."
Something had to be done.

The wheels were put in motion with a simple, "I'd like you to meet a friend of mine", at a summer beach blowout. Three years later it led to the mutual recitation of "I dos!"

September, 1993. Honeymoon time.

Being a New Englander who kayaks in the surf when our creeks run dry, I scanned some maps and came up with a plan. To our north I spotted miles of coastline. Given the right weather conditions, namely anything blowing easterly, I knew that these shores should feature some big surf. Sounded like a good place to launch a **marriage** to me.

Individually each of us had traveled widely, but until our honeymoon we had not crossed any international borders together. My new wife, Angela, had been incredibly lucky. Until our marriage she had never even been asked to open a bag when passing through customs.


On the other hand, I would like to have a dollar for every hour that I have been detained and searched. Being the outdoor sports oriented **hippie**/ student type, I always manage to arouse the suspicions of border inspectors.

At the Canadian customs area Angela soon discovered that as man and wife we would share many interesting experiences to-



Top: Raft guide "Bore Meister" Bill Mackay and his cigar; Middle: Shubenacadie Tidal Bore; Bottom: Surfing "Pulse waves" in Main Flow eddy on the St. John

Kayaking the Tidal Bores and




gether. Long hair, duffel bags full of gear and boats tied on the roof of our very utilitarian vehicle, festooned with Greatful Dead stickers, triggered a panic in the conservative minds of the guards. The wheels of Provincial Protection began to spin... slowly.

The guards drew us aside and initiated a very thorough and intimate search of our vehicle, and of ourselves.

"Take off my clothes? You didn't even buy me dinner yet!!!"


In retrospect it all seems funny, but at the time Angela was not amused. That



night I had to buy her dinner in a fancy restaurant. But after that rocky start all went well; we spent the next two weeks touring and camping along the impressive coastline of Canada's Maritime Provinces, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

Of course, everyone wants to have nice weather on their honeymoon, and we did. Fortunately, as we cruised the outer coast, this nice weather provided us with plenty of spectacular ocean views. Unfortunately, it did not provide me with much surf.

Tidal, Yes..... Bore, No!!!



So with Canadian Country Western blaring from our truck radio, we headed for the Bay of Fundy to see the famous tides and the famous fishing boats stuck on the famous mud flats. Photos of this grace the pages of every junior high school geography text in the world... which may be the very reason why the Bay of Fundy is so famous.

The Bay of Fundy is 50 miles wide at its mouth, 150 miles long and far less deep than the ocean. As a result it acts as a funnel... hence its name. Responding to the gravitational pull of the moon, water rushes into this funnel twice a day creating tides as high as fifty feet.

The Shubenacadie River feeds into the Bay of Fundy at the booming metropolis of Maitland (Population 350, including livestock). Here the gigantic incoming tides rush upstream right over the river's outflow, like a Mack truck over a granny.

During our honeymoon we immersed

ourselves in the local culture and cuisine. Apparently some of the local culture (of the bacterial kind) had also immersed itself into the local cuisine, presumably some smoked mackerel with stone ground mustard. As a consequence we were forced to make an emergency stop at a tourist center, where a rafting brochure caught my eye.

"Tidal Bore Rafting on the World Famous Shubenacadie River!" Well, this merited some attention! The printed schedule called for a decent tide in just a few hours and we were close by. Who could resist?

Arriving at the put-in, we hooked up with Bill MacKay, the proprietor and sole guide of the aforementioned rafting company. There was space available on his outboard Avon raft, so Angela, a veteran of the **Zambezi**, climbed aboard. Two college coeds and a Japanese couple had also signed on for the voyage; none of them had rafted before.

I sat in my **Silon**, the Widdemore designed squirt boat that I had chosen for my honeymoon, on the steep bank of the river, surrounded by sneaker sucking red muck. I looked across the silt-laden river, which was at least 500 yards wide and featured fierce standing waves that were all of six inches high! I was more than a little skeptical.

I muttered something like, "Tidal Bore Ripoff" and "Eighteen miles of flat, muddy seawater", under my breath. All in all, things did not look very promising.

Then suddenly the tiny waves disappeared and the water started to rise. A big muddy rush whisked us along upstream. My attitude toward the excursion reversed itself 180 degrees as I glanced toward the shore and ascertained our speed. We were moving faster than a tax lawyer through a loophole!

I tried to stay clear of the raft. Although I had a fast hull underneath me, the distances were substantial. Bill, the guide, puffed his cigar and peered through his John Lennon sunglasses. At first, I saw little purpose to his maneuvers. His motor pattered and he seemed to lack any sense of direction.

Then the river made its first major

Reversing Falls of Canada's Maritime Provinces

bend and the tide showed its real strength as the banks closed in. Edgy sits around a midstream boulder expects me to get some gratifying stern squirts. The Silon is a big water squirt boat, but I had never paddled it on a river this size. My honest estimation was 25,000 cfs. Bill motored away and I gave chase. Things were moving fast and I experienced the rush of suddenly gained knowledge.

"Bill really knows this place... He hangs back until the tides built at a particular spot, then he moves on to the next. He's riding the bore itself!"

"Boremeister Bill" handled the raft like a paddle powered boat, eddying out, ferrying and surfing the big waves. All with great aplomb... his cigar never even got wet!

As the river narrowed surfing waves blossomed and, as the tidal bore grew in height, play spots formed. Some of these holes were quite unique, formed by water rushing over sand bars. I could side surf these holes along the bar for hundreds of feet in one direction, dry sand just a few feet in front of my bow. I would catch an eddy for a few seconds while the river rose, then surf back along the same line... on what was now a wave, formed as the sandbar was inundated and the hole washed out.

It is hard to visualize and even harder to describe, but it was great fun.

Eight foot high midstream waves, smooth and glassy, cried out "Surf me!" They lasted only a few minutes, then disappeared, but during their short lives they offered delightful rides. Whirlpools formed behind every shoreline obstruction, allowing me to stern squirt myself dizzy.

Bill knew where the action was. Under his guidance it took us five and a half hours to complete the eighteen mile upstream run to the take-out. The river featured rural scenery, much of it farmland, but Bill pointed out a slew of bald eagles. He has been monitoring some of their nests for years. We passed under a railroad bridge which spanned some fantastic eddy lines for squirting... Bill said that because of the tides it was one of the most difficult railroad bridges to build in the

world.

When we paused for a quick mid-voyage lunch, I queried Bill about the river's hydrography. Unfortunately, I failed to ask about the location of the take-out. Later I lost track of the raft and found myself alone on the river; they had ascended a small tributary to the take-out. I waited a while, realizing that I was now *not* to paddle *downstream* against the weird current to find them!

Finally I decided to hoof it, crossing swamps, hills and dales in search of my party. I got plenty of strange looks from the local farmers as I traversed their fields attired in my paddling gear with a hose on my shoulder, completely covered with mud.

I could imagine what they were saying. "Shoot, Henri, Shoot! It's headed for the sheep pen!"

When I finally located the shuttle vehicle I pumped Bill MacKay for additional information. He told me that he rates the Shubenacadie about one hundred times a year and that, to his knowledge, mine was the first descent...no, ascent...in a squirt boat.

Tidal...yes. Bore... definitely not!

On To The Reversing Falls

After a round of cold beers, hearty handshakes and promises to return, Angela and I said farewell the Bay of Fundy and drove off toward our next adventure. The Reversing Falls of St. John, located in New Brunswick.

Days later we pulled into the industrial seaport of St. John; home to Canada's largest petroleum refinery, a large paper mill and two renowned breweries... Moosehead and Labatt's. We camped in a city maintained campground high on a hill with a spectacular view of the city. The site was unique, like the city's main tourist attraction, the Reversing Falls.

Here the mighty St. John River collides with the Atlantic. I had visited the Reversing Falls a year before on a spur of the moment bachelor misadventure that involved squirt boats, beer and a fast car. This previous excursion had nearly caused me to re-



*I could imagine what they were saying.
"Shoot, Henri, Shoot! It's headed for the sheep pen!"*

Left page top down: Wave move on "Pulse waves" in Mainflow Eddy Reversing Falls St. John N.B. Shubenacadie Tidal Bore Nova Scotia. Riding high on the Bay of Fundy. Bow squirting the Silon on the Shubenacadie River Tidal Bore looking downstream at the inflow (note gradient of incoming water and river width).

Kayaking the Tidal Bores and

... it produces a mile long explosion of turbulence the likes of which you have never seen. The "pulse waves" in the eddies average four feet in height.

main a bachelor.

"So this is what you ran off chasing last summer?" Angela observed, **staring** at the river. "I thought it was some bimbo!"

The last eighty miles of the 450 mile long St. John River are tidal. In the city of St. John this massive river passes through a huge gorge spanned by a forty foot ledge. Both above and below this ledge the river forms pools which are nearly 200 feet deep.

The tides here reach 28 feet, modest by the **standards** of the Bay of Fundy. But the sheer volume of the flow, 150,000cfs,

makes up for the diminished gradient and funneling. When this volume passes through two channels, around three islands and over a huge ledge... it produces a mile long explosion of turbulence the likes of which you have never seen. The "pulse waves" in the eddies average four feet in height.

At low tide the river flows out, over the ledge and through the gorge, forming big rapids and whirlpools. Later, the tide **starts** to move in and, for a brief time, it stops the **outflow**. It is during this stalemate, which lasts only a few minutes, that

commercial river traffic can make the passage.

Finally, as the tide continues to rise, the sea flows inland through the gorge, forming rapids and whirlpool that are even larger than those **formed** during the outflow. Thanks to the gravitational pull of the moon, all of this happens twice a day!

The Reversing Falls of the St. John is probably the largest tidal rapid in the western hemisphere, if not the world.

During my first outing here I came equipped with a tiny New Wave Pro Jet and a cavalier attitude. Arriving in the middle of the night, I was only able to scout the area near the highway bridge.

"No big deal," I thought.

Early the next day, ignoring the sheer immensity of the place and misjudging the height of the tide, I paddled out into the first eddy line to do some squirting. I was immediately engulfed by a whirlpool, disappearing completely... drawn down fifteen feet or more!

Not satisfied with this near **miss**, I preceded to run the main flow through the center channel and over the ledge into the maw of the falls. Other boaters, locals who were just arriving to surf the excellent waves that formed in the side cut channel, realized immediately that I wasn't familiar with the place.

"Never been here before, eh? I can tell. You put in where? You did what?!?"

Later they fed me into a very large hole... as a joke!

"Oh...yeah! You can surf that hole. I did... just last week."

After the show they mumbled something about closing the border to those without proof of good sense!

But this time would be different. **This** time I was **armed** with my Sion, bigger in volume and faster than my Pro Jet.

I made my way across the swift incoming flow and bounced about on the three foot high brain waves and boils. I even paid a visit to my old nemesis, the **whirl-**

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Reversing Falls of Canada's Maritime Provinces

pool at Split Rock.

Even with the larger volume boat I was drawn into some serious *mystery* moves, but they were not as deep... or as terrifying as the year before.

Bus tours stop frequently at the Reversing Falls Visitors' Center. So while I paddled and played, Angela was obliged to explain *kayaking* to the vacationing geriatrics.

"Yes... that's my husband out there. Yes... there is something *wrong* with his brain. Life insurance... yes..."

Adventures in Strange Places

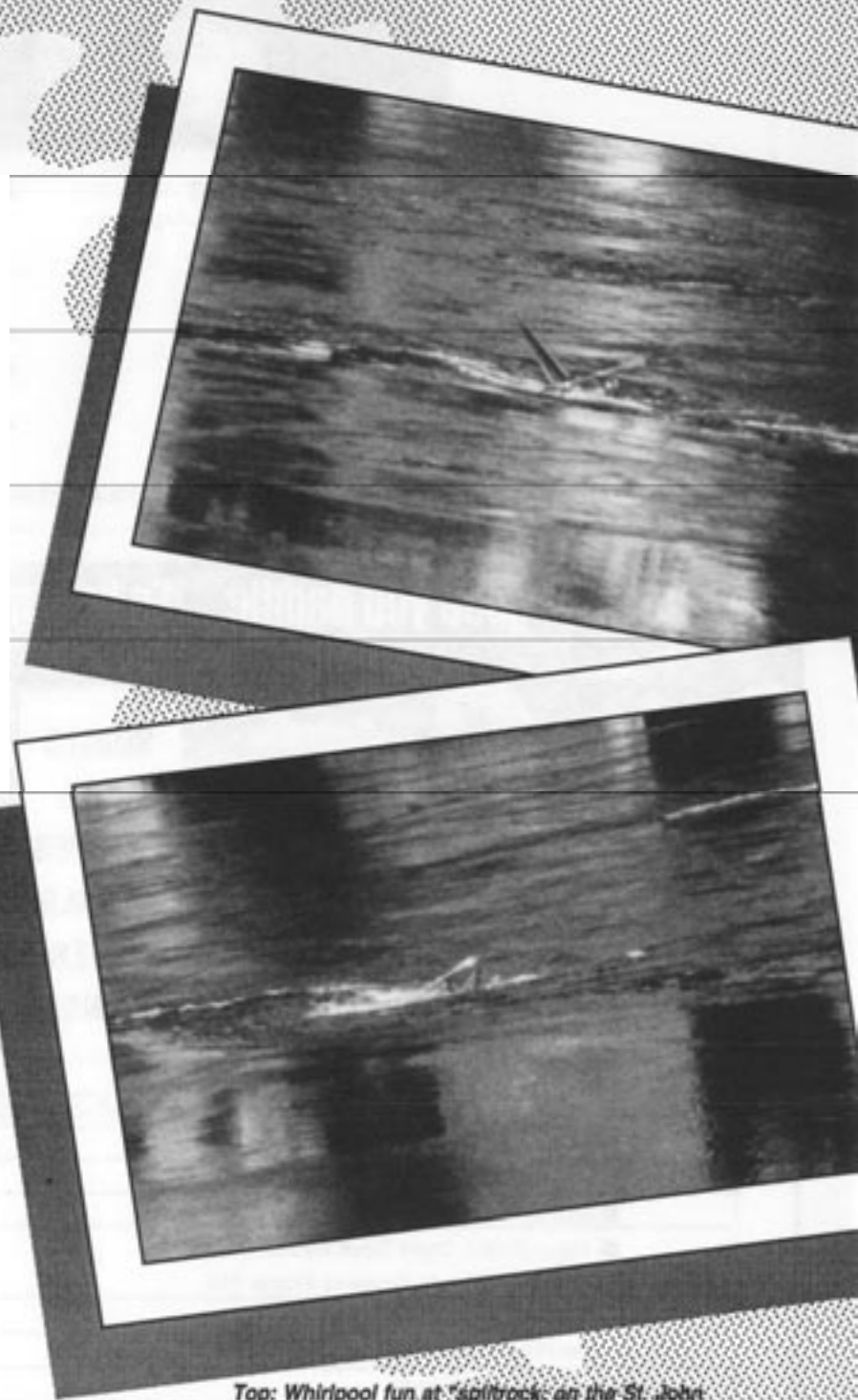
Admittedly the Tidal Bore at the Bay of Fundy and the Reversing Falls of the St. John are a bit off the beaten path for boaters. And they surely offer something very different from the usual river fun. But with a little research you can find plenty of opportunities to raft, canoe and kayak during an excursion through the Maritime Provinces.

It's a beautiful area, a great place to visit... just don't forget to bring your boat.

Anyone interested in visiting these unique whitewater sites can get a packet of information, including tidal flows, dates, and maps, by sending a large SASE manila envelope with a couple of dollars to cover handling (and the price of a beer) to Duke Wavewalker, a.k.a. Steve Cournoyer, p.o. box 27, Jamestown, Rhode Island 02835.

Tidal Bore Rafting Ltd. can be reached at p.o. box 893, Stellarton, Nova Scotia, Canada BOK ISO (902) 752-0899 or 755 5560.

Offices of Economic Development and Tourism: New Brunswick, 1-800 561-0123/ Nova Scotia, 1-800 341-6096.



Top: Whirlpool fun at "splitrock" on the St. John (note the brainwaves in the foreground, it's almost 2 ft. high); Below: Carving in the "Split Rock" whirlpool. St. John N.B., note the size and turbulence of the background eddy

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A western boater reminisces about his buddy's rapid progression from novice to paddling the outer limits.

Evolution of a Hair Boater

by Larry Hays



I first met Ed Lucero at pool practice. I was trying to help someone learn to roll and during a break this compact redhead in a red Mirage paddled over. His boat was as long as an SSBN and as pointed as a church steeple. Obviously secondhand. Ed

said he'd been watching me teach and asked if would I show him, too? I tried to describe the weirdness of rolling, warning that it usually took quite a while to learn. I was pretty smug because after two years of swimming everything, I was beginning to get a river roll.

Halfway through my explanation Ed said, "Okay, I think I get it", and flipped

over. There was the expected thrashing, and then he bailed out. He didn't seem flustered though and he got back in the boat and, after listening to a only a few more words of advice, he flipped again. As Ed was setting up I was thinking "This guy will have a hard time — he doesn't listen, he just dives in."

But after a second or two of struggling and thrashing Ed rolled up, pretty as you please. You could have knocked me over with a Teva. Fifteen minutes later he was rolling offside, too.

I consoled myself with the thought that it probably wouldn't come that easy on the river. The next time we went paddling, I invited Ed. Yes, I was petty enough to want to witness the debacle. I justified it by telling myself that someone would no doubt have to rescue him and that I was looking out for his best interests.

To my great annoyance, Ed didn't seem to have any trouble with his river roll. It wasn't much later that season that he was rescuing me, not to mention giving me hints on surfing and ending.

I soon discovered that Ed's commitment to boating bordered on addiction. After a couple of seasons in the Mirage, he bought a new boat he couldn't afford and a fancy, lightweight paddle. I stuck to my heavier paddle for reasons of economy and durability — I use my paddle the way a mountaineer does an ice axe.

But Ed was not only constantly pushing himself technically, he was always lusting for a new river. When there was no interesting boating in local rivers, he'd head to the irrigation ditch on the edge of town and surf the wave created as it exited the tunnel under the highway.

We used to take epic road trips when we could get the time off, and it's thanks to Ed that I got to run great rivers like the Animas and the Arkansas. For our first trip to the Arkansas he was packed up and camped out on my front lawn when I got

Below: Ed Lucero goes for broke in Colorado; Above: Ed Lucerp...Hairboat Man



Evolution of a Hair Boater



Ed Lucero running Coolworld on the Big South

home at 3 AM. We left at 3:30.

Ed kept improving at the same incredible rate and soon passed me by. He ran Pine Creek, and after it failed to kill him two or three times, I finally got on it at low water. But that was near the end of our boating together. Neither of us has the time to do a run that's not fun, and the stuff I like is boring to **him**, while his stuff is terrifying to me.

Ed started running rivers that had been tackled only a handful of times. You know, the ones that have the guidebook entry that just says "We're omitting this run because an excellent paddler died on it recently and we want to discourage others from **taking** these risks".

He started doing creeks that were so narrow, shallow and choked that they could only be run at the height of the spring snowmelt, despite the fact that the water was dangerously cold and the season was so young none of us were really up to speed, not even Ed. One season he got a **headstart** by going paddling on New Year's Day. He joked that he was counting on the

water flowing slower because it was so cold.

One of the last times he talked me into a **hair** run was on the Guadalupe. At least that's what he called it — some folks have another name for it. It's an unlabeled, twisty creek on maps. It was my second or third trip of the season and I was feeling a bit shaky, but Ed had run it the weekend before, and he had that light in his eyes that said resistance would be pointless and there would be **no** Plan B. We scouted it from the road, and put in just below (thank God) a set of falls that cascaded down **30** feet in about **20** feet of choked boulder field. Just like a beer commercial, only bigger, and hungry for meat.

The first section seemed **narrow** but I later realized that this was my personal bias — it was the widest the river was going to be that day. This section was in a rock canyon, which **at** least kept the brush to a **minimum**. But it was steep and rocky. We paddled through class IV rapids that would have been fun had they not been so

continuous and pushy. I worried about being able to portage if I had **to**. I **probably** could have eddied out, but I had my hands full just paddling, and eddies were few and small. I kept on because we'd been able to scout this from the road and we knew what to expect. And indeed, it went pretty well.

As the canyon opened up, the river stopped dropping so fast and brush started crowding us from the banks. The stream split and I followed a disappearing Ed to the right — he'd warned me about a logjam he'd spotted on the left branch the week before. Just as I was beginning to calm down it got really tight and brushy and that old tension in the gut started coiling up again. Ed was somewhere ahead of me, lost in the **twisties** as I ducked and held my paddle parallel to the boat to avoid the brush.

I was beginning to wonder about Ed when I rounded a curve and saw him in the middle of the **stream**. I was relieved until I realized what I **wasn't** seeing — his boat. He wasn't moving forward, so I drew right to keep from running him over, and suddenly everything made sense as I washed up on top of the log that had him trapped.

Fortunately (for me), the creek was so small that Ed's boat and body blocked the hole under the log, and the water level had risen to the point where I could wash over it. Almost. His **arms** were wrapped over the log and his boat was pinned underneath almost sideways, threatening to roll him under the water. I was still teetering on top of the log when Ed grabbed me and hauled himself up and out of his boat against the current. We stepped across to an island and got our wits back together as we discussed the new log and watched his boat slowly bend more and more under the force of the water. We rigged a Z-drag off a bush and eventually extricated his boat.

We let his boat warm in the sun and jumped on it to straighten it out (don't you just love **tupperware**?). It was looking pretty good, except for one last dent, which we popped out with a flotation bag threaded under the seat and inflated. I was all for **taking** off the Guadalupe and **walking** to the truck, but Ed wasn't having any of that. We finally compromised by

scouting downstream until I was convinced the river was fuse together into a reasonable stream and play nice. We reached the truck with only psychological scarring.

Of course, most of that was mine; Ed wanted to head farther upstream and make a run down, taking out just upstream of the falls. By cajoling, pleading, and outright lying about the difficulty of the run he got me to reluctantly agree, provided we took it very easy and scouted everything.

I never scouted so much in my life. That one afternoon probably did more for my river reading and precision paddling skills than a whole average season, because suddenly it mattered. **Things** were going tensely but well until I missed my line coming out of an eddy and was swept over by a bush hanging over the river. It was a bad day for shrubbery.

Bouncing along the bottom knowing I was off my line was too much for me, so I popped out of my boat like a watermelon seed and headed for shore, towing the boat, but without a paddle. The swim wasn't too bad and just as I was hoping that Ed had gotten my paddle, he appeared, high-stepping through the riverside thorn bushes at Mach One, tearing a path upstream with pure momentum and determination.

We sat for a few minutes, me gathering my wits and Ed quietly bleeding from a million gouges. After searching downstream for the paddle for about an hour and finding only increasingly scary boating, we hiked out to the road and hitched to the truck.

Ed kept getting on harder and harder creeks, and I fell back to class III and IV 'play' water. He's run the Upper Box of the Rio Grande, the Embudo, the Rio Pueblo de Taos, the Upper Animas, and the Big South section of the Cache de la Poudre, including a couple of drops that had only been run once or twice. He decided to enter the Gore Canyon race two days before the deadline, threw his gear on the truck, and headed north, having never seen the river. He ran the race section once and entered the race the next day in his Crossfire. He finished the race (an achievement in itself) with a time of 22 minutes, not far off the pace set by the fiberglass boats.

Ed's something between a demi-god and a pariah to local boaters now- half of them are impressed, the other half think he's crazy.

There are other boaters who are as good as he is, or better, but nobody else got on the hair runs so quickly after starting out and nobody else does them with more savage glee. Ed doesn't seem to intend to stop, either- after several trips down the Embudo (class V), he decided it would be fun to run it in a squirt boat.

Granted, it was a plastic squirt boat, which is fortunate because he was dragging the river bed for most of the trip. The Embudo has several closely spaced vertical drops and he spent a lot of time underwater, hoping his boat would surface before the next drop. One section of the river was a cartwheeling free-for-all, where he had no control and was just hanging on for survival. Ed was lucky.

This was the first time in a long time he'd been terrified in a kayak and he isn't planning to squirt the Embudo gain. But

he hasn't given up hair boating. I used to think that a big enough dose of fear would change him, but now I know it won't.

Recently Ed returned to the upper Guadalupe and finished the run that he and I bailed off two years ago. He says that it was just as well that we took off where we did because just downstream the river digs itself into a slot canyon, difficult to portage, then winds through a log jam to a two tiered falls with a half twist.

According to Ed a three foot drop in a narrow chute blasts straight into a rock face, forcing the water to spiral left over a 20-foot drop. In the middle of this aquatic ricochet, the water that has strained through the log jam slams in from the left side. Ed says the cascade that we saw and dodged downstream is easy by comparison, and I believe him.

This drop has never been run, and Ed's partners for the trip were all happy to leave it that way, but not Ed. He ran it. And he will again. He calls it 'Extreme Dream'.

I'll probably never see 'Extreme Dream' - I sure don't want to paddle it. But I'll toast Ed's success, wish him luck, and listen to his stories. And I'll defend Ed against the people who say he's crazy- he's not, just obsessed... and very, very good!.



Hairboat man in his natural environment

FLORIDA PADDLING FESTIVAL SLATED

The Governor and Cabinet of Florida have proclaimed October as FLORIDA RIVERS MONTH. This year, as for the past seven years, the Florida Canoeing and Kayaking Association will host the annual FLORIDA PADDLING FESTIVAL.

September 30, and October 1 & 2 are the dates for this year. It will be held at beautiful Gold Head Branch State Park near Gainesville. This outstanding facility has myriad hiking trails, miles of biking opportunities, four lakes, and the unique, Gold Head Branch ravine. There are furnished cottages as well as shady campsites. The scenic St. Johns River is nearby, as is Black Creek.

FCKA's Festival Committee has been hard at work to make this year's Festival one of Florida's most outstanding outdoor events. Nationally known paddlers will present clinics and workshops on all aspects of canoeing, kayaking, sea kayaking, and canoe sailing. A large exhibit area will feature the newest products available for

paddling, hiking and camping. The country's leading manufacturers of paddling craft, gear, and accessories will be on hand to demonstrate their wares, and a spacious waterfront demonstration area will enable participants to get on-water experience with boats and equipment.

Other activities include paddling trips, races, games, a used equipment sale and an auction and raffle.

Gold Head Branch State Park is centrally located off S.R.21, six miles north of Keystone Heights. It is approximately 460 miles from Key West and 415 miles from Pensacola. It is 45 miles south of Jacksonville, 50 miles west of St. Augustine, and 95 miles north of Orlando. I-75 and I-95 are near by.

FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL: Butch Horn (407)369-1983 or write to the Florida Canoeing and Kayaking Association, Inc. P.O. Box 20892, West Palm Beach, FL 33416

For Immediate Release

The 5th annual Great Falls Rapid Race is scheduled for 8:00-11:00a.m. on September 10, 1994. This year the race has been moved to early September so as not to coincide with the Champion International Slalom Series and to better guarantee the water level. This unique whitewater event pits expert boaters against the powerful currents of the Great Falls on the Potomac River. The spectacular "Spout", a vertical 22 foot drop provides a thrilling climax to the race. Each year there are wipeouts by racers who have misjudged the "Spout".

There are no gates or obstacles in rapid racing. The objective is raw speed over an intimidating section of rapids that drop 50 feet in a scant few hundred yards. Each competitor will get two runs over

the course with the best time counting for the final results. Paddlers from across the country are expected to compete, including some of the U.S. Olympic Team as well as other U.S. and International Team members. The boaters compete for the personal challenge as well as prizes donated by outdoor equipment manufacturers. The event is sanctioned and insured by the American Canoe Association and run under guidelines established by the National Park Service. In addition, all of the racers are registered with Maryland's Department of Natural Resources. The race can be viewed from the Virginia side of Great Falls Park. If the Potomac River is too high, the race may be postponed.

The race is limited to the first 90 competitors to enter. The entry fee is \$20 (\$25 for non-ACA members) and includes a custom race T-shirt and an awards brunch. The deadline for entries is September 5th. A late fee of \$10 will be charged for entries at the race.

To receive an entry form, call or write to:

American Whitewater Affiliation
8630 Fenton Street, Suite 910
Silver Spring, MD 20910
(301)589-9453 Fax (301)589-6121

Pacific Northwest Race Series Continues

Provided by the league of Northwest Whitewater Racers

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Guy Erb (406)587-7575

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July 16-17

Nugget Whitewater Rodeo and Mini Slalom
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Scott Larson (503)772-9743

July 23-24

Sauk River Race
Darrington, Washington
Jennie Goldberg (206)933-1178

July 30-31

White Salmon Downriver and Class 2 Slalom
Husum, Washington
Bill Bowie (503)281-7765

September 17-18

American River Festival
Sacramento, California
Susan Debret (916)626-3435

October 1-2

Clackamas Fall Classic
Estacada, Oregon
(503)281-5042

October 8-9

Nooksack Races
Glacier, Washington
Peter Koci (604)324-1401

Seeking a scientific solution to an age old problem...

I SMELL A RAT,,,,,

I have long held an interest in environmental issues affecting paddlers. My solution to the problem of air bag slime has received widespread praise, especially from the survivalist wing of the boating community.

Recently, a new issue came to my attention. A friend commented the other day, as we took off the Upper Yough, about how awful his wet suit booties smelled. I think the term "Toxic Waste Dump" was mentioned.

Now, this particular friend has an odor problem. On a two week trip to Idaho, he took only two shirts and no deodorant. He was not very popular, until we found a laundromat. He did well in the washer, but came out of the dryer a little wrinkled.

However, I cannot attribute his wet suit bootie problem to his bad grooming habits. All of us have smelly wet suit booties. If you don't, you don't paddle. It's as simple as that.

I decided to investigate this problem. I have a scientist friend I call upon in situations like this for expert advice. I phoned him the other day about the smelly wet suit booties.

"Bob, this is Bill Hay..."

I quickly redialed, cursing all the while the problems we've had with the phones since the breakup of AT&T, "Bob, sorry about that.

I'm having phone problems."

Bob sighed, "What can I do for you, Bill?"

"Well, I've got this problem with wet suit booties. They smell."

"Bill, what are wet suit booties and why shouldn't they smell?"

"Let me get back to you on that, Bob," I answered.

A couple of days later, I called Bob back. "Bob, I did some research and here's what I found. Wet suit booties are..."

In an uncharacteristically rude manner, Bob broke in, "Bill, I know what wet suit booties are and I know they smell bad. What do you want me to do about it?"

"Tell me how to cure the problem."

Bob's keen scientific mind went to work, "Have you tried baking soda?"

"Yes."

"Leaving them in the sunlight?"

"Sure."

"Soaking them in bleach?"

"Of course."

"Odor eaters?"

"Naturally."

"Right Guard?"

"Bob, I've tried everything," I replied.

"Hmmm." Bob seemed stumped. He investigated further. "Bill, how do these booties get so smelly?"

"On the Cheat, Yough, Tygart, New, Gauley, Russell Fork, White Sand Creek, Little

Salmon, Snake, Boise, Payette..."

I cursed the phone company and tried to re-establish connection with Bob. No luck. I called my Congressman instead to lobby for a telephone system like that one found in Russia

A few days later, however, I did reach Bob, "Bill, I think I've got a solution to your problem."

"Great," I answered. "What is it?"

Okay. Do the following:

First, take your booties off.

Second, place them in a large zip lock bag.

Third, fill a glass jar, a large one, with hydrochloric acid.

Fourth, place the zip lock in the jar containing the acid.

Then, wait thirty minutes.

Finally, pick up your telephone, call NOC, and order a new pair of booties."

I was suspicious. This sounded like too simple a solution to a problem that has vexed boaters for years. "Bob, are you sure this will work?"

"Of course," he replied a little too testily for my taste. "Why shouldn't it?"

"Well, what about the acid?"

"Oh, I forgot, Bill. Then, you drink it."

I'm not sure I'll try this one. Science has its limitations..

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HUMOR

River Trip

by Jonathan Katz

Editor's *note*: The American Whitewater *Affiliation* does not advocate gluttony, *smoking*, drinking, *drug* taking, *sexual* intercourse, *sadism*, masochism, Maoism, *Marxism*, *Darwinism*, bed wetting, thumb sucking, speeding, running red lights or failing to put one's trash in the bin at McDonald's.

Playing *badminton*, being politically *correct*, going to church and eating bran cereal is okay.

We allow Jonathan Katz to report the *exploits* of his band of *renegade*, hooligan boating friends only because we want to *make* the rest of the boating *community* aware of their *deplorable* behavior. (The fact that Jonathan Katz always sends his articles in on time, unlike certain other contributors that we won't mention here, has nothing to do with it... really!!!)

We must, however, advise our *more sensitive* readers that the following *article* contains *material* that is decidedly adolescent in nature.

READ ON AT YOUR OWN RISK

"Two hundred thousand c.f.s. One hundred sixty-two feet straight down. Probably Class Six. But you can't let the numbers scare you."

Kenny Omaha, leering and blasted, leaned on the scarred oak bar of the Depot, a half killed liter of Crown Royal clenched in his fist, commanding rapt silence. A packed house of boaters, bikers, drinkers, physicists, wetsuit models, factory workers, chemists and tourists hung on his words, waiting for answers to the unanswered looming questions... Why and How. Why had Omaha paddled a canoe over Niagara Falls? How had he survived? Only Yvonne, the giant blonde goddess freshly liberated from Ontario, knew the answers. But she had healed Omaha's broken heart, and she had kept his secrets. The rest of us knew only that he was speaking here and now, at the party McBride was throwing to celebrate Omaha's incredible return from the dead.

Omaha believed in lubrication: he'd gotten all bonged up in his van early that evening, then guzzled Keystones, Molsons and Canadian whisky all night, tamping down the juice with the Depot's high calorie, high fat, high salt, high spice bar food. He careened around the room, slapping backs, pinching butts, celebrating to the electric country and hard-driven rock 'n' roll of Boof Boys, the house band. Finally, after grabbing the mike to join the group in a spirited, thoroughly raunchy rendition of "Fat Bottom Girls", he told his tale.

"I was just letting Arden use me for my body," he said. "But it crushed me when she left me for a kayaker, even one as big and screwed up as Chopper. If she'd dumped me for another open boater I wouldn't have cared."

"I decided to kill myself, but I couldn't figure out how. Shoot myself and die like a rat in the dump? Overdose and waste good drugs? Exhaust gas wouldn't work—my van kept stalling. But Niagara Falls—what a way to go!"

"The ad manager from Molson was desperate to film someone—anyone—going over the falls. He'd asked Hardsell, U'Rine, DeGecko, Largebill—all the hotshot boaters had turned him down. I was his last hope. And when he offered me a hundred grand a year for ten years it was all I could do to say no. But I told him I wanted C. O. D.—cash or death: the money he promised plus a million more in small bills, waiting for me in a dry bag at the takeout."

The ad man didn't flinch. "You want Canadian or U.S.?" he asked.

"American money for the American Falls," I told him. "If I died, good. If I lived, I'd be rich. A win-win situation."

Omaha disappeared for a month before his descent of Niagara Falls.

"I dropped out to focus on the run. Boxers know that sex is bad for your legs, and I figured if I paddled horny I might live: I'd have something to look forward to. So I quit women, went up to the Taureau and shot some trees."

"I never scouted the Falls."

The actual run was surprisingly straightforward. "Niagara Falls is an easy rapid. Just paddle up to the edge and launch. But the hole at the bottom is the mother of all holes."

Omaha's body took a savage pounding in the hydraulic at the base of the Falls. But this was whitewater abuse, and he'd taken plenty of that before.

"I recirculated for ten minutes or so, and when I finally got free I was in a cave behind the falls. I crawled up onto a rock and passed out. When I came to my Timex was working: I'd been asleep half an hour. Near as I could figure, I was alive. I lost my boat and my favorite Smith & Wesson. I broke a couple ribs and a couple fingers, and earned two million dollars. Not bad for five minutes paddling. So I crawled out the end of the Falls, onto the Canadian side. As soon as I stood up the Park Police saw me."

"The big cop pulled his gun. "Je vous arrete!" he said. The little cop pulled his gun. "You're under arrest!" he said.

"Then the big cop said "Pas un geste!" and the little cop told me to "freeze."

"Then the big cop said "Haut les mains!" and the little cop said "Put your hands up!"

"I'd had enough of this, so I said in English, "If I freeze I can't put my hands up, and if I put my hands up I can't freeze. So make up your damn minds. I just ran Niagara Falls and I'm in no mood for your garbage."

"I guess I pissed them off. They kicked the crap out of me."

Omaha's body took a savage pounding at the hands of the Canadian Park Police. But this was physical abuse, and he had taken plenty of that before.

"After they beat me up they told me it was a park rule to stomp anyone who was stupid enough to go over the Falls in a barrel. When I told them I'd open boated it they said their policy didn't cover canoes. They were sorry, but they wouldn't let me go to the take out to get my money. They got me loaded on codeine and whiskey and tossed my ass in jail."

In the morning the Park Police presented Omaha to the magistrate. He declared Omaha crazy and committed him to Penatanguishine Mental Health Center in Ontario until he was sane enough to stand trial. At the asylum the warden saw Omaha's bumps and bruises and immediately sent him to the infirmary for medical attention. The duty nurse was Yvonne Dellameure, a voluptuous six foot blonde who was skilled in subduing violent inmates. Omaha, long unlaidd, took one look at her and melted.

"She walked into my room and our eyes met. She smiled. I smiled. She said, 'You're the most beautiful man in the madhouse.' Then in one smooth motion like a flower opening she pulled her dress up over her head. Underneath she was naked."

Omaha's body took a savage pounding at the hands of Yvonne. But this was sexual abuse, and he could take all he could get.

Everybody in the bar listened as Omaha described the details of the physical therapy Yvonne lavished on him—including Yvonne, who sipped her Keystone and glowed. Nobody was ready when a dozen Rabid Dogs roared up on their Harley hogs, kayaks strapped to their roof racks, and crashed through the front door of the Depot. They had come for business, not pleasure, and they took the party by storm.

Ax, leader of the Dogs, was resplendent in a floor length tooled leather overcoat and red cravat. He strode up to McBride, flanked by his large and greasy henchmen. The tall biker next to Ax had a cross shaped scar on his forehead. Ax introduced him. "McBride, this is Phillips. We call him Phillips because he's no ordinary flat-headed screw. Phillips has a problem and he needs your help. Come with us, please."

Refusal was out of the question. McBride took Chopper, Gunsmith and me for backup. We followed Ax and his entourage out into the parking lot, and down the winding five mile road to McBride-Omaha Headquarters. In the boardroom, Phillips was concise. "The NYPD is holding my brother Ron on a bad drug rap. We want revenge. Cops drink city water in the station house. Esopus Creek is part of New York City's water supply. There is a release scheduled tomorrow. I want you to help me dump a barrel of acid into the Esopus."

"It goes totally against my grain to pollute a river," said McBride.

"We're not going to pollute the Esopus. We're going to enhance it."

"Besides," McBride continued, "Nitric is the strongest acid you can buy without a prescription. Even a big barrel of nitric will be diluted to nothing by the time it gets to Midtown Manhattan."

"Forget nitric," said Phillips, "We're talking lysergic here."

"Lysergic?" asked Chopper. "Never heard of it."

"Yes you have," said Ax, smiling. "Lysergic acid diethylamide. Orange sunshine. LSD. We're going to send eight million New Yorkers on a river trip."

McBride was shaken. He knew he owed the Dogs a blood favor, but—spike a river with hallucinogens? So, feebly, he resisted. "Where the hell am I supposed to get a barrel of LSD?"

Gunsmith tapped some keys on a computer terminal and spoke. "Don't worry, Bam Bam. It's in stock. Fifty gallons, Bay 14."

"This is a terrible idea," McBride sputtered, but Ax cut him off, motioning to another one of the Dogs. "Mr. McBride, this is Slits. He will explain the death of a thousand cuts."

Slits was a cheerful, dapper man. His colors were clean and pressed. He stepped forward, hand outstretched, smiling, a twinkle in his eye. His rap was smooth, convincing, like a used car dealer talking up a late model. "Yes, sir. Helluva way to go. Nothing like it. An old fashioned razor blade works best. We start with the little toe. Shallow cuts, real superficial, don't want to nick an artery. Sicksicksicksicksick." He waved his right hand back and forth, slicing motions.

"Then longer cuts down the sole. Sssick. Sssick. Sssick. Not too fast. Pacing is everything. Remember, it's a marathon, not a sprint. You don't want to overwhelm the senses. Most people stay awake through the whole thing. We lavish attention on the sensitive parts, the tip of the nose, the tip of almost anything. You'll only scream for the first couple of days, and probably die of thirst. Yes sir. Helluva way to go. Nothing like it."

McBride raised his hand. He looked pale, but his voice was positive. "You're right, Ax. Its a great plan. And the sooner the better. Anybody want to go tonight?"

The next morning was beautiful, warm and clear. Chopper lifted the cold gray barrel into the back of Ax's van. I read the label: McBride's Own 100% Pure Extra Virgin LSD-25, Vintage 1969. Ax told McBride, Omaha and me to ride with him. He was driving. A platinum blonde biker babe named Holly Davidson would ride shotgun. He motioned to the barrel. "Lets taste it," he said.

McBride was incredulous. "You want

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to take LSD and go **kayaking**???"

"Sure. Why not?"

"Sounds like a good idea to me," said Omaha, showing no ill effects from the Party.

Holly gave us an electric smile. "Ax likes to party. You should humor him. After all, he helped save your friend."

I shuddered, remembering the rescue of Omaha, the insane midnight run down the flooded Petawawa, the brutal swim I'd taken, the overwhelming firepower the Dogs commanded and the shock of seeing Omaha alive and in love **after** his plunge over Niagara Falls. "Do we have a choice?"

"Ask Slits," said Ax, pulling a **micropipette** from his pocket. That was not a choice. He twisted open the bung on the barrel. "Five hundred micrograms **seems** about right."

This woke up the chemist in McBride. "Five hundred!!"

Timothy Leary was blowing minds with three hundred. Hell, that's all the Beatles ever took!"

"The Beatles didn't paddle," Ax explained. "Stick out your tongue."

Ax dosed each of us with a tiny droplet of tasteless clear liquid. He did the same for his troops. Ten minutes later we'd forgotten **all** about it, as our **caravan** roared off toward the put in, a two hour ride away.

It was just **Like** any other river trip. We talked of rivers and rapids and paddling adventures past and future as we drove into the **Catskills**, toward the put-in at **Allaben**. But when we approached Phoenicia Ax became agitated. He gave McBride a dirty look and mumbled to Holly. I asked her what was wrong. She gave me that ten **kilowatt** smile and explained.

"Ax dropped the acid two **hours** ago and he doesn't feel it yet. He hates **bad drugs**, thinks they're a waste of his time, and he's getting mad at McBride. He told me there's a yellow jackets nest in the ground near his back porch. **If** he doesn't get high he'll stake **Bam Bam** out naked on top of it."

I glanced at McBride. He was staring out the window. I was sure he did not want to be staked out. "Tell Ax that McBride is a Professor of Recreational Chemistry at Yale. He knows what he's doing."

Ten minutes later we rolled up to the put in. It wasn't crowded. I hopped out of the **van**. I could hear the water rushing out of the aqueduct into **Esopus** Creek, and see the glimmer of boaters changing in the woods. "Ax," I said, "there's movement in the trees."

Ax looked long and slow, and a huge grin spread across his face, "Yes. I see it. I see it quite clearly. Its going to be a beautiful day."

We unstrapped our boats from the vehicles as the acid took hold. The gray granite pattern in the plastic of my new Minuet **S** looked complex and beautiful. The dew on the hull gleamed in the bright morning. Everyone's spirits rose like the **sun**. "We all paddle naked today," Ax declared.

His body was lean and hard and not **tan**, but the **skintones** pulsed and blurred. He wore the black **sprayskirt** like a giant codpiece. Holly's tattoos were outrageous: a **hairy** gray rat, head buried in her navel, and over her left breast, an open boater riding a torrent of whitewater, bow buried in her cleavage. She turned to me so I could see the detail, the **fine** lines of the canoeist's face, the shoulder holster over the PFD. . . . Omaha!

"**Kenny**," she sighed, touching herself, "He's wonderful." Traffic slowed to stare at her. The rest of the Dogs scampered naked as babies and nobody cared.

Suddenly **rock'n' roll** shattered the morning quiet. It was Creedence Clearwater Revival, "Green River" coming from the put-in eddy. I ran over, toward the sound, a strange, floating run. Chopper was **surfing** the aqueduct wave in his orange and blue **Lossfire**, and the music was coming from him. Then I noticed the four round cutouts in the deck of his boat, two in front of the footbraces, two behind the cockpit. Loudspeakers. Chopper had a stereo in his boat! He smiled and waved.

"Battery powered CD player and high efficiency amp. Good for four hours. Totally waterproof. Weighs three pounds, fully charged. Kicks ass, doesn't it?" I could see the waves of music rising from the speakers, converging in midair and spreading toward me, enveloping me. "Come on," he said. "Let's paddle."

I'm an open boater with a pool roll. I'd paddled a kayak three times before, and all the reviews said the Minuet was a hot and edgy boat. It was also rated for

150 pound paddlers and I hadn't weighed 150 since I was 12. But Deception hadn't bothered to include "Do not paddle under the influence of LSD" on the warning decal so I figured it was **O.K.** I sealed down the **sprayskirt**, picked up my paddle and peeled out into the Class 2 section.

A **half** mile down river I was totally locked in. The boat became **my** body. The paddle fused to my hands and **my** nerves grew **into** the spoon blades. The water flowed across the hull in a rainbow of colors and a delirious rush of feeling, like showering under a waterfall of warm oil and honey. I hit a roll for **kicks** and came up like a big bass hitting a frog on a lily pad. The river parted in my path and I knew I had spent many past lives in a kayak. As the shore flowed by, the acid took me down the river like Poseidon's chariot. Instant Perfection. **Ultrabliss**.

There was a slalom race at Railroad and they'd strung the gates in the fat part of the rapid. They just waved us on, and threading the gates through the heavy water and the wall of Pink Floyd from



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Chopper's kayak was like boating in **Sherwood** forest. I dipped down, punched the big midstream hydraulic and coasted through the drop on a rush that was only part adrenaline. At the bottom we popped skirts and sat on the **warm** rocks in the sunshine, grooving on the racers and the pretty girls in **bikinis** on rented inner tubes. They swirled and flashed in the sun and their smiles and squeals were delightful. And Ax was right. It was great to be naked under the **skirt**, paddling high and alive in every fiber and cell of being.

We ran the harder **section** in a tight group, everybody uncannily accurate in the Zone, surfing, playing tag, paddles swinging like scimitars, giggling and partying, dissecting the river **with** our boats, reveling in the day. We hopped eddies and avoided the big boulders in Elmer's, the last rapid. When it was done we eddied left to take out and I leaned back in my boat and stared into the unfathomable blue depths of the sky. The moon was bright in the daylight and I could see the craters and **starbursts** of the lunar volca-

noes, and the chasms on its surface where eons ago the great rivers had flowed before they boiled off into space. And when I brought my gaze down to the bow of my boat for reference I laughed till my tears splashed the river, because the blue of the water blended perfectly with the green of the shore and I could no longer tell where the one ended and the other began

We wound out the day on hash and wine, savoring the long slide down, and **af**ter midnight crawled into our tents or crashed under the stars, exhausted. In the morning we gorged on camp breakfast, pancakes with huge blueberries, fresh fruit, bagels and coffee. Then we packed our gear and shuttled back to the top of the run, to Ax's van for the journey home.

Phillips, who was strangely mellow, opened the tailgate and saw the big gray barrel where Chopper had left it. He tried to rock it with his **hands** but it didn't budge. Full. A **quarter** gram down for the pleasures of yesterday. **Undumped**. That big slug of Esopus water sliding down the hundred mile ramp to One Police Plaza in

Manhattan pure as the driven snow from which it had melted, uncontaminated with LSD or anything else. For in our haste to get onto the river we had forgotten why we had come. And now it was too late. The release had been and gone.

Now only a bare trickle flowing through the aqueduct.

I thought Phillips might explode. Chopper slid over and put his arm around his shoulders, gently, like the anaconda eases the first loop around a goat. And Phillips just smiled and shook his head and said, "Boy, am I glad we didn't waste **all** that! Can I have a pint for my head?"

Ax smiled at **McBride**, shook his hand, **kissed** him and thanked him. Then he hopped up the tailgate ladder and stood on the roof of his van and spoke. "**From** now and evermore this stream **shall** be known as Acid Creek. And we shall meet here a year from now and do this **again**, and every year thereafter."

Omaha yelled, "Why not?" and gave the thumbs-up to Yvonne.

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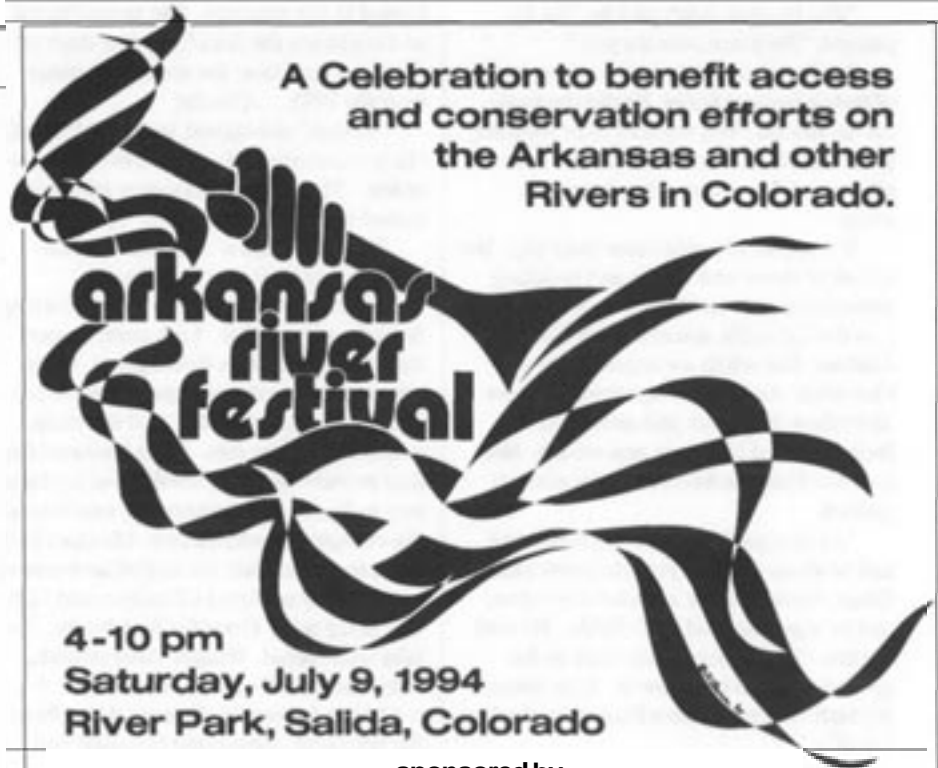
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Left: AWA Directors Pope Barrow and Bob Glanville discuss the 5 year strategic plan of the AWA Director's Meeting.



Right: ACA Directors Joe Greiner and Tom Christopher strategize at the AWA Director's Meeting held in May.

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 difficult, 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.

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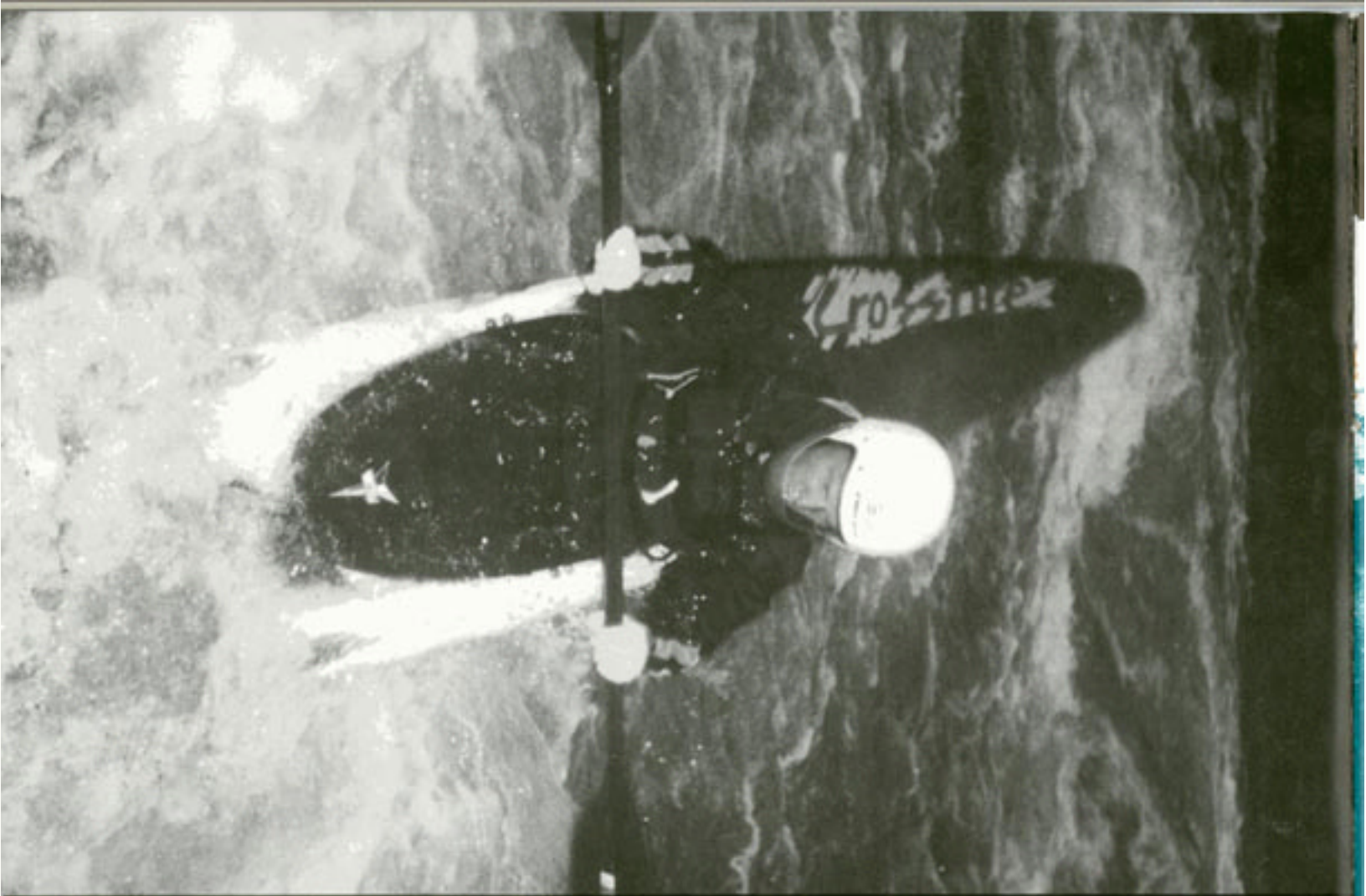
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