

american whitewater

July/August 1999



First Time ...
Nantahala, Upper Yough,
and Watauga



starts page 52

“The Palguine”



Page 43





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american whitewater

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Journal of the American Whitewater

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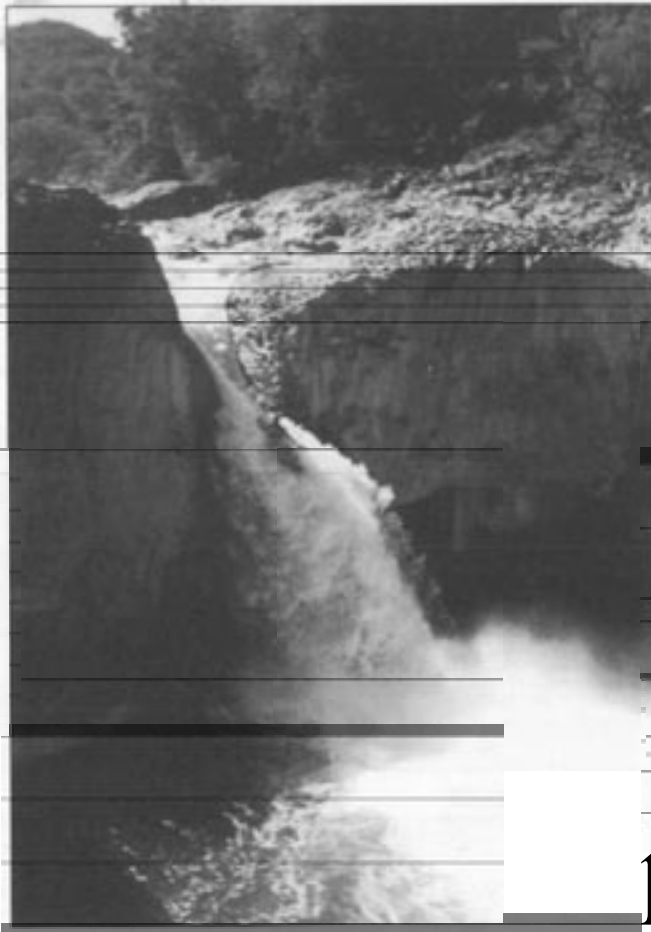
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- Cover Photo: The cover photo is Steve Barnard (the stranger Davison Collins Met after the incident, see Blackness on Bald Rock, page 04 in the March/April 1999 magazine. Photo by Davison Collins. Left inset from the Palguine. Photo by John Moran Right inset photo Dick Bertran at Hydro on the Watauga by Julie Keller©



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Dunbar Hardy's fateful plunge in Equador.
Photo by Polly Green^o

A 30+ foot falls in Mexico.
Photo by Joe hatcher

Before You Leap

When I got my first look at the contents of the envelope, my mouth fell open. The photo in my hand was magnificent: a sheer falls, at least sixty feet high, perfectly framed by dense vegetation and jagged rock; with a cobalt sky above and frothy whitepool below. A brightly clad kayaker, his paddle triumphantly positioned overhead, plummeted about a third of the way down the face of the cascade. My first thought was this would make a great American Whitewater cover.

But you have never seen this picture, at least in this magazine. That is because when I reviewed the information submitted with the picture, I discovered that the kayaker was only 15 years old. That gave me pause. I knew that the youngster had made a perfect landing and paddled away unscathed. No doubt grinning from ear to ear.

But I was left with a nagging thought. What if he hadn't been so lucky? What if he had landed poorly — rotated a bit to the left or the right, or perhaps a bit too flat? What if he had crushed his vertebrae, severed his spinal cord and destined himself to life in a wheelchair?

It would have been easy to say; well, that

didn't happen—so why worry about it? And to have put the photo on the cover. But the more I thought about, the more hesitant I became. I could remember what it was like to be 15 and ten feet tall and bulletproof. When accepting a dare and outdoing up with my buddies seemed like the most important thing in the world. And I thought about all the other 14, 15 and 16 year-olds who read *American Whitewater*. And I wondered how many of them might decide that they would like to see their picture on the cover of *American Whitewater*, too. If that meant running a falls a few feet higher than the one on the cover of the last issue, so be it. And I asked myself, how long will it be before one of these kids winds up floating in a pool with a crushed spine?

So after some soul-searching and some discussion with other AW board members, I decided I would no longer publish photos of minors attempting inherently dangerous whitewater stunts. Especially when those stunts required more bravado than skill... like running incredibly high waterfalls. I decided that we would continue to run articles and photos of youngsters running dif-

ficult Class V water; but only if I was convinced that the youngsters in question had the requisite ability and experience to safely paddle water that challenging. And I would only print the material if the photo or article emphasized that skill and experience.

Of course, we treat adults differently. They can (or should be able to) make up their own minds about the risks they are willing to take. In fact, we subsequently published a photo of an adult running the very falls mentioned above. But lately the "competition" to run the highest falls seems to be heating up and I find it a little disturbing. I suspect that the widespread availability of video cameras has a lot to do with this; many boaters apparently want to "star" in the latest extreme whitewater production. I suspect the "herd mentality" has a little to do with it too; if three or four boaters have dropped over a falls and popped up smiling, it must be safe, right?

I'll be the first to admit that running waterfalls can be a lot of fun. Especially if the falls in question is a few feet higher than falls you have tackled before. Just this January I sailed off a 30 plus foot cascade on the Verde River in Mexico. I feel juvenile admitting it; but it was a real kick and one of the highlights of my trip...even though I was more than a little scared and landed like a sack of s....

But one of the low points of that same Mexican vacation involved another falls, this one nearly a 100 feet high. Two of my best friends, both fearless experts in their mid 20s, came very close to attempting it. In fact, I'm sure they would have if I hadn't thrown a fit. I don't usually do that. I believe that adults should make up their own minds about such things. But, looking at that falls on that day, I had a strong premonition that something terrible was about to occur. I just couldn't let it happen without stating my

objections.

"We are in a third-world country in the middle of nowhere," I argued. "We don't even speak the language. If you break your backs it won't just spoil your vacation, it could ruin the rest of your life. Who is going to call home and tell your family?" My buddies listened to me and reluctantly acquiesced to my wishes. Afterwards, I felt like a jerk. These guys are really hot boaters. They know what they are doing. Had I let my own limitations and fear stand in their way?

I was still asking myself that same question six months later, when I received the article by Polly Green that is included in this issue. In that article Ms. Green, an accomplished boater who has paddled around the world, recounts an equally accomplished friend's ill-fated run of a towering waterfall in Ecuador. In that incident Dunbar Hardy suffered a serious spinal injury which necessitated an epic and miserable evacuation and major surgery in Quito. Fortunately, Dunbar is back in the States and is expected to regain full function. There is no doubt that as bad as his ordeal was, it could have been worse. But it is hard to think of Dunbar as lucky.

In her article, Polly Green mentions certain premonitions that she had before the accident. That brought to mind the feelings that I had that day in Mexico. As I read her report for the first time I thought, "That could have been us. I could have been writing an article just like this." Of course we'll never really know.

Dunbar Hardy is not the first expert kayaker to suffer a waterfall-related injury. I know of many others. There were several serious waterfall accidents in Mexico this winter alone. There is no doubt that paddling over waterfalls poses very real risks. Even falls that are "clean" — with a straight forward approach and a deep pool below. The higher the falls, the greater the impact and, consequently, the risk of serious injury. Even with a perfect landing in an optimally designed boat, there are limits to what a human body can withstand. I don't know exactly what those limits are, but by the sounds of recent accident reports, we may have reached them.

I'm not calling for an absolute moratorium on running falls. I still plan to run a few. But I think we all need to consider the possible consequences of pushing the limits. Remember that hair boating fame and glory has a very short half-life. And paralysis lasts forever.

I know the next time I decide to run a falls I'm going to take some time to look...and think...before I leap. I hope all of you will too.

Bob Gedekoh

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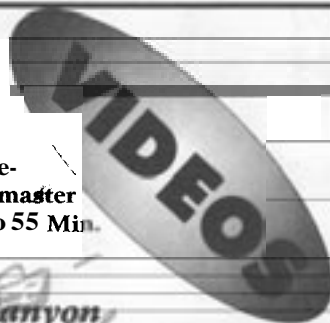
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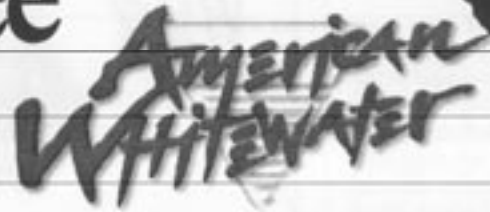
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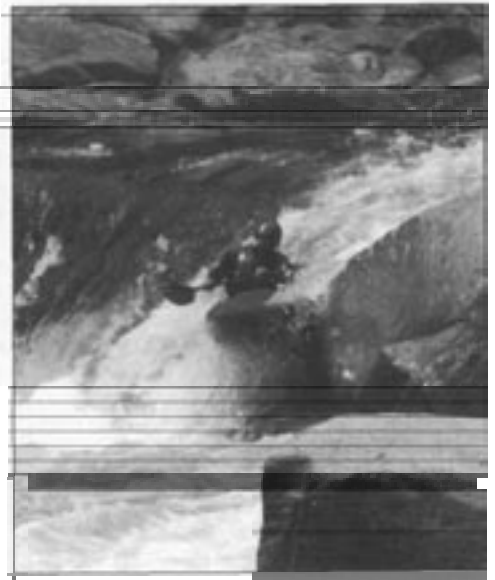
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Forks of the Kern. Photos by Nancy Gilbert. Clockwise: left to right, back row, Keith Beck, Joe Greiner, John Gangemi, Lee Belknp, Ken Ransford, Chuck Estes, Barry Tuscano, Jeff Pflueger, Front row, Jason Robertson, Mark White, Risa Shimoda Callaway



Joe Greiner on a good route.



Mark White at Carson's Falls.

Risa Shimoda Callaway lands it...Carson's Falls

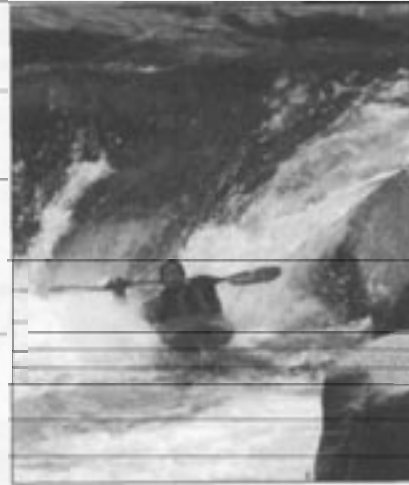
Directors Cut

By Rich Bowers

At the end of April, American Whitewater's Directors and Staff met in Kernville, California for our annual spring Board of Directors meeting. As usual, we traveled to Kernville because of the combination of local issues (fees, flows, multiple dam relicensing, etc.), good friends, and the town's proximity to outstanding whitewater. Unfortunately, the water decided to stay in the mountains as snow, rendering most of the lower Kern too low for great boating, and likewise reducing the prospects on the Upper Kern. Luckily, on a river with as much whitewater as this one, there is always something to paddle and so many of us headed for wilderness runs on the Forks of the Kern.

Now, there's never too much paddling during these meetings, and much of this one consisted of dealing with the business of running an organization; membership reports (now over 8,100 and growing), simple changes to our constitution (listed in this Journal for our membership), and planning for our next five-year Strategic Plan in the year 2000.

But for some, it was also a not-so-subtle eye opener regarding our conservation work in California. American Whitewater's current board is split evenly between those east of the Mississippi and those to the West. Many of our eastern Directors have been involved with dams in New England and the Southeast, but driving up the Lower Kern Valley brought a new perspective. As New York's Chis Koll commented, "Back home, they built power projects away from the public eye, often in the middle of the Adirondack woods. But here, they're right out front." Joe Greiner put it more directly,



driving from Bakersfield to Lake Isabella and breathing, "Wow, we have a lot of work to do!" The sheer size of the dams in California, as well as mile upon mile of de-watered rivers, was reinforced again as Conservation Director John Gangemi presented a report on the upcoming Controlled Flow study scheduled for the North Fork Feather River (six to eight hours north of the Kern).

One of the issues discussed in Kernville involved another dam, not located in California, but again "right out in front" for most paddlers. In April, American Whitewater voted unanimously to support the Glen Canyon Institute's effort to complete a full Environmental Impact Statement on the removal of Glen Canyon Dam. American Whitewater is on record as far back as 1960 in opposing this dam. This decision is important for our members since Glen Canyon is not a whitewater resource, and removal could impact whitewater opportunities in the Grand Canyon. We support the study of this issue because, as an organization, we believe it may improve the overall condition of the Colorado and may help support dam removal issues on other rivers.

Finally, the meeting provided us time to look over a copy of our very first *Journal of the American White Water Affiliation*, published in May 1955. A copy of the first Journal was sent to us by longtime member Jim Brenner (Thanks Jim!). Reading this first Journal also reinforced our decision to support the study regarding Glen Canyon Dam removal, as this issue focused on the exploits of Georgie White and her (then) ten trips through the Grand Canyon. In 1955, it was estimated that only 255 people had traveled through the Canyon. This first issue also established American Whitewater's conservation ethic and our long-term interest with dams, with the report "Echo Park Dam, Is It Needed Now?"

For American Whitewater, some things have changed in the last 44 years (annual membership was a full \$2 in 1955), but much remains the same. As then editor Joe Lacy of the Colorado White Water Association said in the cover letter that accompanied this first edition, "Membership in the AWWA is merely an indication that you are interested in learning all you can about boating on America's rivers."

Welcome to Idaho (But Please Be Careful)

Dear All,

After corresponding with CyberKayak regarding the recent death of the E. Fork S. Fork of the Salmon River, I thought I'd post a couple of thoughts for visitors to the state of Idaho this summer — locals should already know this stuff, but if they don't — well, they should take heed as well.

Idaho is a great state to paddle in. We have wilderness rivers unparalleled in the Lower 48, fed by dependable snowpack and unbelievable scenery. A lot of very good boating is also very accessible — at least the put-ins and take-outs are.

But there are some caveats that need to be restated — and I'm going to talk about the noncommercial runs.

1. The popular, famous runs (such as the M.F. Salmon, Main Salmon, and Snake River through Hell's Canyon) are NOT indicative of the difficulty of many of the kayakable runs. They are VASTLY easier — even though they are remote. And unless encountered at high water, they offer NO preview for the rest of Idaho whitewater. A boater, having enjoyed the M.F. Salmon in July and found themselves challenged, will be seriously taxed by the Lochsa in the spring. Both are rated Class III-IV.

2. The water in Idaho during the boating season for the "other" runs is always cold — in fact, it is some of the coldest water in the Lower 48. Most of the snow is very close, and rarely does one get to paddle in rivers where the water temperature exceeds 50 degrees. Very different from Colorado, where in the summer, the norm is 50 degrees, or in WV, the New is 80 degrees. Couple this with the unpredictability of Idaho's mountain/maritime weather, and hypothermia is a real threat in virtually ALL seasons save for late July-August (when the majority of the kayaking runs are not going anyway.)

3. Many of the hard runs in Idaho ARE ESSENTIALLY UNPADDLEABLE at high water. The death of the E.F.S.F. (the upper part, a solid Class V run) occurred at around 7 feet on the Krassel gauge — extremely high water. I can't even imagine what that looked like driving up the road — but a swirling, boiling maelstrom comes to mind. Mind you, I have run this run at 4 feet and under.

4. Idaho's rivers are made up of continuous and semi-continuous rapids. If you swim, you will swim in 45 degree water, often for miles — even on some of the easier runs.

There are few rivers with friendly rescue pools, especially at medium-high flows. I have had friends swim on the S. Payette, a Class III-IV run, for over two miles at medium-high flows before extrication. Swimming for two miles in 45 degree water can be lethal, needless to say, and both friends were pulled out of the water relatively senseless after their swims.

5. Though there are some runs roadside in Idaho, but because of the geology, many of the runs go through extremely wild regions, unlike others in the Lower 48. Lolo Creek, a run that is probably as the bird flies no more than 2 miles from a road, is 2000 feet down in a canyon that is at least a day hike to get out of — without a boat. An injured person would likely spend the night in the canyon before being reached. And Lolo Creek is one of the more accessible, "rural" runs!

6. Different parts of Idaho run off at different times (unlike Colorado, for instance). Because Idaho consists of several different geological (and altitudinal) parts, reasonable flows can be found on rivers where two drainages away, high flows keep one off rivers. But the reverse is also true — it is essentially impossible to "paddle the entire state" in a one-week or even two-week vacation. Each run must be evaluated for level and runnability.

YOUR LIFE depends on it.

Come visit my beautiful state — learn to love it, and fight for its protection. But it is a place to boat with caution. Regardless of how beautiful the country is, and how much you love the river, the river cares for you not.

Chuck Pezeshki
Clearwater Biodiversity Project
Troy, ID

Editor's note: This letter was originally posted on rec.boats.paddle and is reprinted with the author's permission at our request.

Dan Dixon Lives!

Dear Bob,

This morning I read in Charlie Walbridge's accident summary that my friend Dan Dixon had died. The paragraph was framed by words like "sketchy" and "apparently," but it twisted my gut nonetheless.

I stopped by NOC to ask for facts and found that, to borrow a phrase from Mark Twain, reports of Dan's death have been highly exaggerated. There was a drowning, and it was a friend of Dan's. Several indignant guides were spouting about canceling their AWA memberships in response to the poor report-



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ing, but the short list of AWA's accomplishments and missions was reminder enough of good work that needs support.

Still, if a report of someone's death is unsubstantiated, no name should be printed. Dan's father read that report. Considering how my heart seized when I read it, I can only imagine his feelings. We learn more from facts than from tallies and rumors. Please be kind; we have enough kindred spirits to bid farewell already.

Thanks,
Teresa Gryder
Long Creek, SC

Charlie Walbridge Replies

Ms. Grider is quite correct; Dan Dixon, also known as Greystoke, is very much alive. The error is entirely mine; I pulled the wrong name from an e-mail that was sent to me describing the accident! Dixon was on the river, but was not killed. I have apologized to Mr. Dixon's family, which they have graciously accepted. I have apologized to the paddling community through

Rec.Boats.Paddle, and wish to do the same to the readership of American Whitewater.

Not having worked at NOC for over 25 years, I did not connect the unremarkable name of Dan Dixon to Greystoke, the famous expedition paddler. Had Mr. Dixon been killed, it would have been the subject of much more than a single short posting to the Internet and I would have known to call friends at NOC for additional facts. I will continue to request more information on accident reports I consider sketchy, but will usually omit the names in the future. I also accept reports in which the writer asks that names be kept confidential.

Most of the time, but not always, I receive posts on each accident from several sources. AW does not have the resources to verify each one. It should be noted that even the Coast Guard's national network misses numerous accidents and gets poor reports on others. Normally the two to nine month lag time between the date of an accident and the publication of our reports provides reasonable protection for family and friends, who are in contact with or can reach the supposed victim easily. There are exceptions to every rule, and Mr. Dixon, who spends long periods of time in very remote areas, is out of contact for months at a time.

American Whitewater needs your help to improve our accident reporting. Please send any accident reports you encounter (hopefully not involving you or your friends) to me at cwal@compuserve.com.

Thanks!
Charlie Walbridge
AW Safety Editor

Oppose Yuba Dams!

Dear Editor,

I would like to make the paddling community aware that the Yuba County Water Agency has proposed several dam sites within the Yuba River watershed that would significantly impact a number of prime whitewater runs.

The Yuba River watershed is composed of three forks, the North, Middle and South Forks, that flow from the Sierra Nevadas down through the California foothills. The Yuba River watershed is a popular multiuse recreation area, used for camping, fishing, swimming, hiking and, of course, paddling. There are currently nearly sixty dams in the Yuba watershed. These dams are used for water storage, hydropower generation and flood control. The proposed dams are nominally for improved flood protection, but revenues would be anticipated from water sales and hydropower generation. Although additional flood protection for downstream communities is desirable, alternate flood protection measures such as watershed management are available and would be preferable.

Dam sites proposed by the Yuba County Water Agency would impact runs on the Middle and South Forks of the Yuba River. Threatened runs on the Middle Fork Yuba include Plumbago to Route 49 (Class IVN) and Route 49 to Englebright (Class IVN). Threatened runs on the South Fork Yuba include Washington to Edwards (Class IV), Edwards to Purdons (Class IV), Purdons to Route 49 (Class V) and Route 49 to Bridgeport (Class V). Significant portions of these runs would be flooded or de-watered.

For those of you who have traveled in California and paddled the Yuba drainage, you know that these runs are a delight for the intermediate to advanced paddler. Huge granite slabs coupled with cold water and pool-drop rapids make for a memorable experience. For those of us who live nearby, these runs are definitely something special. Luckily, in addition to water interests, we have a local group that has been working to protect the Yuba River. They are the South Yuba River Citizens League. Through their hard work, a bill to add a thirty-nine mile stretch of the South Yuba River to the California State Wild and Scenic River system was just passed in the California State Senate. This bill, SB 496, will prohibit these new dams and protect the recreational opportunities on this stretch of the South Fork Yuba River. The bill must now be approved by the California State Assembly before the end of September and be approved by Governor Davis by the end of October. Additional efforts will be required to prevent dam construction on the Middle Fork Yuba River.

If you want to help retain the excellent

paddling runs in the Yuba River watershed, there are a few things you can do. All California voters should write to their California State Assembly members (Assemblymember _____, State Capitol, Sacramento, CA 95814) and urge him or her to support SB 496, the bill for a Wild and Scenic South Yuba River. Remember that handwritten notes "count" more than typewritten or e-mail, but something is better than nothing. You can also write to Governor Davis (at the above address) and ask for his support as well. If you feel highly motivated, you can even meet with your Assembly member and ask for their support. If you live outside of California, a donation to the South Yuba River Citizens League would be the most direct method to make your voice heard. Further information about this nonprofit group may be found at www.syrcl.org or by calling (530)-265-5961. Donations may be sent to SYRCL, P.O. Box 841, Nevada City, CA 95959.

California has always been beset by various water issues and arguments. Hopefully, we have come to a time when we can use our combined efforts to prevent dam construction and keep our precious rivers flowing.

Best regards,
Pam Esmon
Nevada City, California

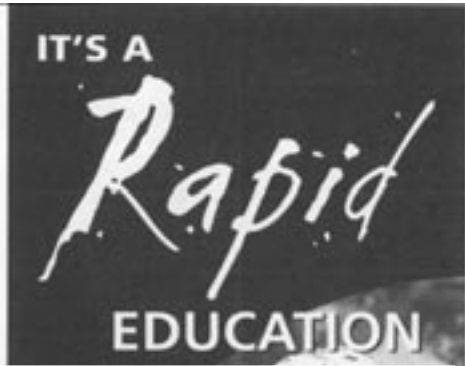
Say No to User Fees!!!

Dear Editor,

I disagree with the premise that if we charge enough user fees, we can raise enough money to replace logging fees, and therefore eliminate logging. That's wishful thinking. What we'll end up with are logging AND user fees.

Why are manufacturers like JayCo trailers and motorized outdoor equipment makers testifying before Congress in favor of user fees? Corporate America wants these fees as much as the government. The question is why. Climbing magazine recently had an article on user fees: the conclusion of that article was that corporate America will move into our recreation areas and improve campgrounds by adding laundromats, movie theaters, convenience stores etc. in order to turn the campgrounds into money machines. Since concessionaires don't start to make money until the average user spends \$40 a night, the end result will be concessionized wilderness areas that resemble Jellystone Park and cost far more than they currently do. Free and low-cost campgrounds will vanish.

I consider this an extremely important subject, and one which will impact all AW



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Editor's Note: For additional comments on user fees please see the access section of this issue.

Zero Logging on Public Lands

Dear Editor,

A few years ago, I would have agreed with the American Whitewater position against access fees. As a lifetime whitewater enthusiast I might even have placed it at the top of my list of concerns. However, my thinking changed when I was introduced to an alternative position which makes sense.

As we know, the U.S. Forest Service manages much of the land through which our Wild and Scenic Rivers run. The federal government expects this agency to manage these lands like a business and generate income. In the past, logging and ranching have been the major source of revenue for this agency de-

spite evidence that these operations are not cost efficient. While there is beginning to be a shift away from ranching on public lands, logging continues.

If recreation dollars begin to generate enough revenue, the Forest Service will be able to shift away from logging and ranching. Then possibly of zero logging on public lands may become a reality, and the Wild and Scenic rivers we love to boat will be healthier ecosystems. I hope next year American Whitewater will reconsider its position against access fees.

Dave Foster
 Tucson, Arizona

Editor's note: Please refer to Jason Robertson's article on AW's position on user fees in the Access Section of this issue.

Rafting Fatality Update

Dear Editor:

I read the Safety 1998 river fatality reports in the September/October issue. I'd like to update and correct the description of the death of Greg Malley on June 7. On the previous day a six boat trip lead by experi-

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enced commercial boatmen launched a 2-day trip. The level at Meral's Pool was 7,200 cfs with the Clavey River adding about 1,500 more.

At this water level it is standard procedure to run all oar boats, four would be oar/paddle assist with the guests. Greg was trip leader and was running an oar/paddle assist in the sweep boat position. It was your usual adrenaline rush first day on the "T" at this level.

It started to rain that evening and continued through the night, raising the river several feet. The guides estimated it came up to around 12,000. The rain had stopped by early morning. The guides decided to stay in camp, have lunch and then take off, giving the river several hours to drop. They left camp at 1 PM. The river had dropped to about the previous day's level, about 9,000.

Greg was running sweep boat. They flipped at the top of Greys Grindstone, an extremely long IV-V rapid, probably 1/2 mile or more. Two of the four passengers were picked up. The other two swam the whole rapid, shaken up but OK. A guide noticed that Greg seemed not to be trying to help himself. Greg was picked up at the bottom of the rapid, already unconscious. CPR was started immediately and continued for over an hour with no response.

An autopsy was done and no signs of trauma or medical problems were found that probably contributed to his death. They said it was a "dry drowning," which is usually caused by cold water. Greg was wearing a dry suit with polypro underneath, a helmet and a 15 112 lb. floatation jacket. All equipment was intact. Greg had swam big water many times, having started on Cataract Canyon where the passengers had no experience. The other passengers that swam the whole rapid were wearing 22 lb. type III-V jackets.

After evaluating the incident our conclusion includes: 1) the decisions made by an experienced crew at this water level were solid. 2) We look at the 15 112 lb. floatation jacket as possibly being a weak link. 15 1/2 vs. 22 is a big difference, especially on a larger person and big water. Maybe we all need to evaluate the jacket we're wearing vs. the water level. Giving up some comfort is a small price. 3) Another reminder of the relentless power and uncaring nature of rivers that gives us the adventure that we have chosen as part of our life.

Greg was a person who you wanted on your team when times got serious. He will be watching out for us on the "T".

It should be noted that there was no blood on his head indicating a possible cranial injury (as stated in your article). Thanks for the good job you have done over the years helping to educate paddlers.

Lannie Yaeger
CA/OR Manager, OARS
Angels Camp, CA.

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Gerry Marfurt flying over Spirit Falls, Little White Salmon River, WA. Photo: Charlie Murray • © Patagonia, Inc. 1999

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Read this carefully before sending your articles and photos! This is a volunteer publication, please cooperate and help us out. Do not send us your material without a release - signed by all authors and photographers (attached)!!!

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, special event announcements, 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, AW Briefs, River Voices, Conservation Currents, Safety Lines, Humor or End Notes sections. Exceptional photographs and whitewater cartoons are also welcomed.

If possible, articles should be submitted on a 3-inch computer cassette. (*Word Perfect* preferred - others accepted.) Please do not alter the margins or spacing parameters; use the standard default settings. Send a printed copy of the article as well.

Those without access to a word processor may submit their articles typed. Please double space.

Photos may be submitted as slides, black or white prints, or color prints. Keep your originals

and send us duplicates if possible; we cannot guarantee safe return of your pictures. If you want us to return your pictures, include a self-addressed stamped envelope with your submission. 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 flat water. 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. But we are also interested in well written, unusual articles pertaining to Class III and IV rivers as well. Feature stories do not have to be about a specific river. Articles about paddling techniques, the river environment and river personali-

ties are also accepted. Pieces that incorporate humor are especially welcome. Open boating and rafting stories are 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. *If you don't want us to edit your article, don't send it to us!* Because of our deadlines you will not be able to review the editorial changes we make prior to publication.

American Whitewater is nonprofit; the editors and contributors to American Whitewater are not reimbursed. On rare occasions, by prearrangement, professional writers receive a small honorarium when they submit stories at our request. Generally, our contributors do not expect payment, since most are members of AW, which is a volunteer conservation and safety organization.

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Purpose

American Whitewater

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

The American Whitewater (AW) is a national organization with a membership consisting of thousands of individual whitewater boating enthusiasts, and more than 100 local paddling club affiliates.

CONSERVATION: AW 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 other river users, and-- when necessary--

takes legal action to prevent river abuse.

RIVER ACCESS: To assure public access to whitewater rivers pursuant to the guidelines published in its official Access Policy, AW 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, resists unjustified restrictions on government managed whitewater rivers and works with government agencies and other river users to achieve these goals.

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

SAFETY: AW promotes paddling safely, publishes reports on whitewater accidents, maintains

a uniform national ranking system for whitewater rivers (the International Scale of Whitewater Difficulty) and publishes and disseminates the internationally recognized AW Whitewater Safety Code.

EVENTS: AW organizes sporting events, contests and festivals to raise funds for river conservation, including the Ocoee Whitewater Rodeo in Tennessee, the Gauley River Festival in West Virginia (the largest gathering of whitewater boaters in the nation), the Arkansas River Festival in Colorado, the Kennebec Festival in Maine and the Deerfield Festival in Massachusetts.

AW was incorporated under Missouri nonprofit corporation laws in 1961 and maintains its principal mailing address at 1430 Fenwick Lane, Silver Spring, MD 20910 (301) 589-9453. AW is tax exempt under Section 501(c) (3) of the Internal Revenue Code.

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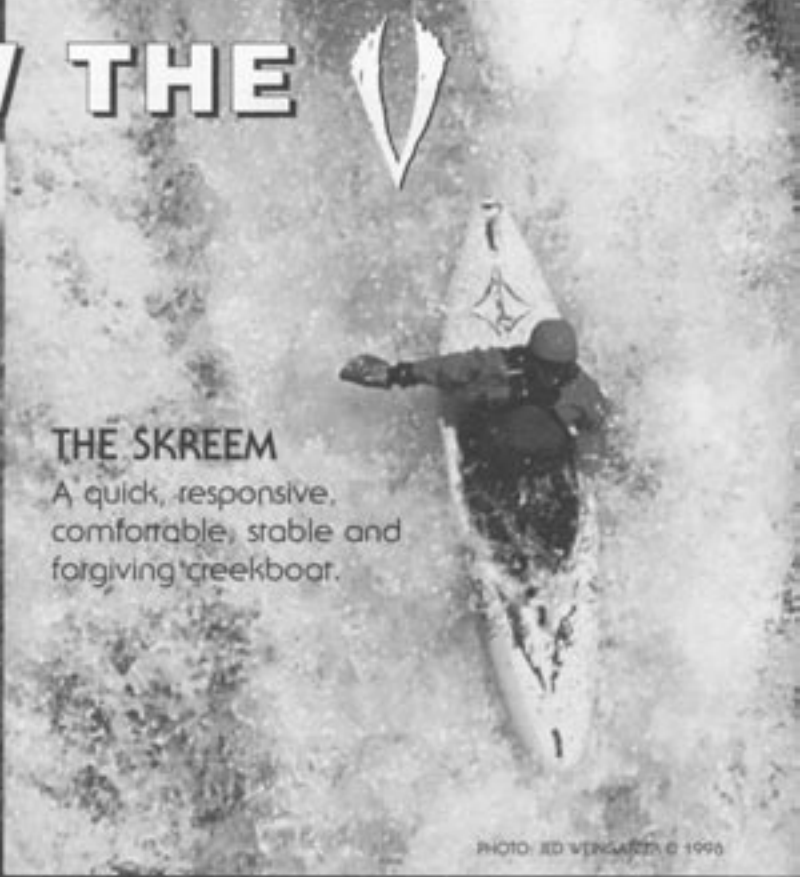


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All Dams Fail

Frederick Jackson Turner declared the western frontier closed in 1893. In 1979, I set out to prove Turner wrong by enrolling in a small college on the front range of Colorado. My vision of the West was stereotypically naive, but the allure was unstoppable. I've remained a Westerner since that date. I'd even argue that I was a Westerner mistakenly born into an Easterner's body.

Right off the bat, I enrolled in a freshman geology course. The class introduced me to the Western landscape and the physical processes that shaped it. That class and the professor had a lasting impression on me.

Being a geology class, we went on countless field trips. Each time we drove by a dam the professor would exclaim, "All dams fail!" It was like his mantra. In fact, simply writing "All dams fail" on each exam or field report counted for bonus points. We all assumed the professor was speaking within the context of geologic time. After all, who could deny the truth of this statement on such a time scale? But was this professor in fact implying dams outlive their function on a contemporary time scale?

This issue of *American Whitewater* contains two guest articles exploring the environmental, economic, and political issues associated with removing Glen Canyon Dam and the four dams on the lower Snake River. Glen Canyon Institute explains the issues associated with Glen Canyon Dam and the process associated with their citizen-driven environmental assessment of dam removal. American Rivers presents a case for removing the four lower dams on the Snake River. Both dam removal cases contain distinctly different processes and restoration goals. One thing the two dam removal proposals have in common is the awareness raised regarding the life expectancy of

these dams and others across the country. The proposals raise the following questions:

- When do we re-examine the purpose and viability of these water storage and hydro generation projects?
- *What type of restoration is required once a project has outlived its original function?
- *Will new dam proposals include post-dam ecological restoration as part of construction costs?

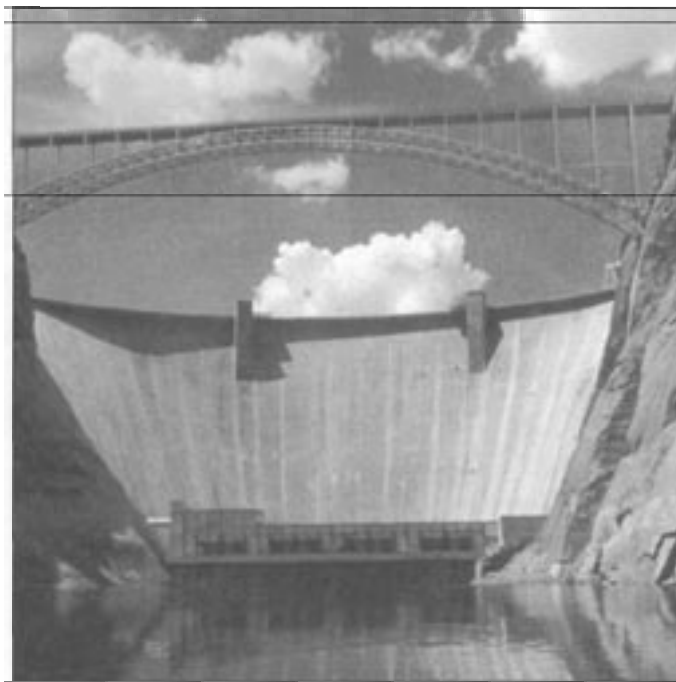
American Whitewater invited these articles from the Glen Canyon Institute and American Rivers to foster awareness about factors to balance when considering dam decommissioning and the restoration required following removal. These articles are not an endorsement for either proposal. However, American Whitewater supports the study of dam removal. From this study we can gain a better understanding of the steps necessary for removal and restoration of the landscape. American Whitewater advocates dam removal on a case by case basis and only after thorough scientific and public policy analysis. Eventually all dams fail by laws of nature or by design. As builders of these structures we must exercise the wisdom of knowing which course of action should preside.

John Gangemi
Conservation Director

A Declaration of Independence for the Colorado River

Richard Ingebretsen and Steve Hannon

It was an amazing meeting, really. In October 1996 leading scientists, engineers, Bureau of Reclamation officials, and environmentalists gathered at the invitation of the Glen Canyon Institute in Salt Lake City to discuss the draining of Lake Powell. The river had been enslaved for over 30 years and now, for the first time, serious discussions were underway to free the river and its canyon. What emerged from that meeting was stunning. Data given to us by the Bureau made it clear that replacing the reservoir with a free-flowing river, uncovering Glen Canyon, would make water delivery more efficient downstream. Furthermore, we discovered that the artificial floods created by the Bureau in 1996 in an effort to rebuild sandbars and beaches from material in the river channel had failed. The very next year natural flood flow releases from the res-



ervoir washed away all that had been artificially created. In order to save the Grand Canyon, one highly placed Bureau official told us — unequivocally — that the river would have to run free. We were also told that the reservoir wasted to evaporation and seepage nearly 1,000,000 acre feet of water annually. Such a loss is intolerable in a desert environment.

Armed with this information, we announced plans to formulate a scientific and comprehensive plan for decommissioning the dam and restoring Glen Canyon. Less than two weeks later, the Board of Directors of the Sierra Club voted to "advocate the draining of the reservoir behind Glen Canyon Dam." The movement to restore the Colorado River had begun.

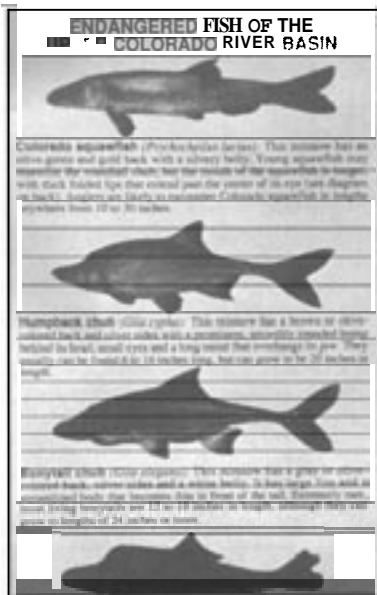
Some History In 1922, the seven states that share the Colo-

rado River agreed to the allocation of its waters. Forty-one years later, Lake Powell was created because (1) the Compact contained a fundamental mistake, and (2) the Upper Basin states (Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming, and Utah) had guaranteed the fruits of the mistake to the Lower Basin states (California, Arizona, and Nevada).

The mistake. In deciding how much water the river had to give, the negotiators used data from a 20 year period that later studies of historical data have proven was significantly "wetter" than average. Instead of the assumed 15 million acre-feet per year, based on a ten-year running average, the Colorado actually only produces about 13. But rather than simply and equitably recognizing the mistake, and correcting it, the river is considered to have a "deficit" flow—like it did something wrong.

The guarantee. Notwithstanding reality, the 1922 Compact decrees that the Upper Basin must deliver one-half of the assumed average to the Lower Basin every year. Adding in the Upper Basin's share of the 1.5 MAF that must be delivered to Mexico under a 1944 treaty, but subtracting credit for the average flow of the Paria River, results in the Upper Basin's obligation to deliver 8.23 MAF at Lee's Ferry, Arizona, the dividing point for the Basins' water accounting guaranteed water delivery to the desert states in the Lower Basin. A heck of a deal.

Then in 1956 the Compact absurdity was augmented by the Colorado River Storage Project Act. The Bureau of Reclamation and the involved western politicians reasoned that since the Upper Basin owed the guarantee, more reservoirs would have to be built within the



Upper Basin, including Navajo Reservoir on the San Juan, three impoundments on the Gunnison, and two on the Green. But the last two were to be located in Dinosaur National Park, a situation strongly opposed by a consortium of conservation groups including the Sierra Club. The consortium ultimately defeated the Green River reservoirs but compromised on a substitute that would flood a remote and largely unknown reach of the river: Glen Canyon.

A reservoir at Glen Canyon would in no way provide stored water for use in the Upper Basin, unless the water was pumped hundreds of miles back upstream where it could be put to "beneficial use." Other than watching it evaporate, the Upper Basin can make no (consumptive) use of Lake Powell water. No, the only water-consumption-related function of the reservoir is to provide the Compact's erroneous deficit-flow guarantee to the Lower Basin.

According to a study by a non-governmental organization, the Upper Basin's guarantee to the Lower Basin could be satisfied 99 years out of every 100 by using water impounded in other reservoirs in the Upper Basin and in Lake Mead, which was built in 1936 principally to control flooding on the Lower Colorado. Yes, the entire need for Lake Powell—every year, including the one severe drought year out of a hundred—would vanish by (1) permitting the Upper Basin to use Lake Mead for its Compact obligations, and (2) correcting the long-recognized mistake in the Compact. California cannot care where its water is stored above its diversion points, Nevada takes its share from Lake Mead, and Grand Canyon National Park occupies nearly all the area between Glen Canyon and Lake

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Mead, negating any need for water in this area by Arizona.

A final word on the subject of the Compact windfall for the Lower Basin. Of the 8.23 MAF sent downriver every year, 3.0 is delivered to approximately 600 agribusinessmen in California's Imperial Valley. These powerful, well-connected megafarmers pay exactly \$0 (!) for the water and the majority of it is not used to grow food crops but to water grass in the desert to feed cattle. In the final analysis, beautiful Glen Canyon was sacrificed for the cow.

Environmental concerns. Besides the obvious loss of the environmental heart of the Colorado Plateau that was Glen Canyon, there is the matter of the reservoir's impact on the well-being of 225 miles of river through Grand Canyon NP. Our government recently spent about ten years and a lot of money to study the downstream effects of the dam in Glen Canyon. Although the Bureau of Reclamation is loathe to admit it, the punchline of the EIS is simple: the river through our national park is dying — starved of its life giving sediments and nutrients, sterilized by the fourteen-degrees-above-freezing water released from the bottom of the reservoir, and denied the annual floods that restore and invigorate all the riparian life in the canyon bottom.

Although it is principally the concern of the Republic of Mexico, we must also lament the fact that the river no longer runs to the sea. The delta of the Southwest's only major river is dead. Just the million acre feet a year lost from evaporation and "bank storage" at Powell Reservoir would go a long way to restoring the river's delta and its community of life.



Glen Canyon Dam was authorized before the National Environmental Policy Act and the Endangered Species Act were enacted. Accordingly, the public was not involved in the decision to build the dam. This was entirely understandable at the time: our federal government had just engineered the winning of a world war and the citizenry widely believed that the government always acted in the best interests of the people as a whole. We at the Glen Canyon Institute believe that the public now wants to be involved in a reevaluation of the purpose and need for Lake Powell.

What the Glen Canyon Institute plans to do. We have begun a citizen-led Environmental Assessment to provide the scientific basis for alternate uses of the Colorado River and to begin the restoration of its damaged ecosystems. Since the dam is a federal facility, we must initiate a federal action to restore the Colorado River. We intend to produce a scientifically-supportable document, with our objective to show that the proposal to drain Lake Powell has merit, is based on sound information, and is in the best interest

of the public. The C.E.A. will follow guidelines established by the Council on Environmental Quality and will be in the format of a NEPA environmental assessment.

We firmly believe that the river must again flow wildly in its great canyon — as befits a national park. The citizens environmental assessment is a Declaration of Independence for the Colorado River; a Bill of Rights for life that now has no committed advocate. We ask for your support in the campaign to restore Glen Canyon and the Colorado River heart of the Grand Canyon.

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Some frequently asked questions
*** Don't we need the water stored in Lake Powell?** This is one of the biggest misconceptions. Even with the worst drought situation, water from Lake Powell would only be required one year out of 100 to meet the Lower Basin's needs. Every year, however, one million acre feet are lost to evaporation and seepage into the reservoir's sandstone banks.

*** Hasn't Lake Powell protected the Grand Canyon from erratic flows and floods?** Unlike Hoover Dam, Glen Canyon Dam is not a flood control structure. If the water is available, the Bureau is required to fill the reservoir so that power production may be maximized. The flood in 1983 that threatened the dam was caused because the reservoir was nearly full when the unexpected spring rains arrived. Some recreation interests want a controlled river through the park, but doesn't that idea strike at the heart of the reason for a park?

*** How would we make up the lost power from the dam? Wouldn't peaking power be lost if we drained Lake Powell?** The generators at Glen Canyon Dam produce, on average, 1.4% of the electrical energy administered by the Western Area Power Administration. Currently there is a surplus of power on the grid. Surplus power means power so cheap that Las Vegas businessmen can afford to have their casinos visible from outer space. Power so cheap that Phoenix area farmers can afford to have water pumped across 200 miles of Sonoran Desert mountain ranges to grow cotton. Only a very few energy saving measures would quickly make up for production lost at the dam. These facts are not disputed by power officials. Most of the peaking power capability at Glen Canyon Dam was lost with the passage of the Grand Canyon Protection Act of 1992.

*** The Bureau of Reclamation states that the reservoir won't silt in for another seven hundred years. Shouldn't we use it while it lasts?** More recent studies have predicted the life of the reservoir at 250 to 300 years. More to the point, isn't it just a bit arrogant to plan water storage and power production facilities 300 years into the future? No rational person can believe that we will be generating electrical power with mechanical turbines in 300 years. With Powell Reservoir now actually producing a net loss of water to the Colorado River and further considering the relatively insignificant amount of power produced at the dam, it is past time to rethink the trade-off between profligate electrical power usage in the Southwest and the loss of Glen Canyon and the damage to the river through a national park.

We should mention that another purpose for building Glen Canyon Dam was to create a sacrificial reservoir: to store mud that would shorten Lake Mead's productive life from 600 years to 200-300. As to this we must again ask if it is reasonable to make such a sacrifice to protect a resource 300 years into the future. Only a fool would predict what our country's water and power needs will be at the end of the next century, much less in 300 years.

*** Isn't Glen Canyon already destroyed? Won't it be a mess if it's drained? Can it be restored?** A better question to ask is where the reservoir is headed if we don't drain it. Year after year the incoming river deltas create more mud flats and the lake surface shrinks. Pollution, including bacteriological contamination, of the stagnant trapped water steadily increases. The heads of many of the backwater canyons already look like cesspools. Thousands of two-stroke engines have spilled millions of gallons of oil. The deep reservoir is used as a convenient trash dump. But a drained Glen Canyon would go through the following metamorphoses. (1) The impounded soils and sediments would flush out quickly. Fluctuations in reservoir levels in the Escalante River arm have proven this conclusively. Annual floods

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would soon deposit the material down the Grand Canyon where it is so desperately needed. (2) The layer of underwater slime and sediment would quickly dry and flake off. Beneath this, the oxide-pigmented thin layer that has been leached white would also slough off, but more slowly. Evidence of the process is visible all around the top of the reservoir that has been exposed for several years. The pigmented layer and the tapestries would not return within the human time frame, but within two generations the canyon would display largely clean walls of the tan Navajo sandstone. (3) In the hundreds of miles of canyon and side canyon bottoms—a breathtaking burst of life! The estimated 15 million acre feet of water that have been forced back into the sandstone over the past 35 years would trickle back—and more slowly since it would not be under as much

pressure. From seeps and trickles and small waterfalls it would return to nourish the canyon, creating hanging gardens profused with ferns and mosses. A botanist's wildflower dream would ensue. Cottonwoods, hackberry trees, box elders, mesquite, and acacia would quickly populate the rich soil. Oaks would sprout and spread their crowns within two generations. With the abundance of water, year around, Glen Canyon would be more luxuriant than it was when it was flooded. In perhaps a hundred years the canyon bottoms would slowly return to their historic condition as the bank storage is exhausted.

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* **Nearly three million people visit Lake Powell each year. Won't draining the reservoir prevent many people from seeing at least part of that area?** Glen Canyon is the only long, uninterrupted section in the Colorado River's 700-mile route through the canyon country that does not have any rapids, only a couple of mild riffles. Unlike the situation in Grand Canyon, and the canyons above Glen, highly experienced amateur or professional boatmen with specialized and expensive equipment would not be needed to transport people down the canyon. A restored Glen Canyon would open hundreds of miles of deep mysterious side canyons, filled with verdant life, that could not be fully explored in a lifetime. Tree shaded and open beaches on the main channel would extend for miles. In sum, visitors would have a spectrum of experiences vastly greater than what is available in a motor boat on the sterile surface of Lake Powell. Boaters will still have Lake Mead, but those who desire a more profound experience will delight in easily accessible Glen Canyon.

* **Won't the Navajo Generating Station east of Page have to be shut down?** No. The water for its steam turbines and for cooling can be drawn directly from the river and from a small off-channel reservoir during low-flow times of the year.

* **What will happen to the Town of Page when the reservoir is drained?** According to the Page Chamber of Commerce, over 30% of the town's population is Navajo, with many employed at the power station. More than likely, power station work will increase when the dam is decommissioned. Page is not a retirement community. The average age of its residents is 21, and a young population is a flexible population. As it stands now, Page only serves one of the five marinas on the lake. The other four are not accessible from the town. Page will continue to serve the rafting community in Grand Canyon and new rafting and backcountry related enterprises will be needed to serve a restoring Glen Canyon. With its gentle, rapids-free, 180-mile-long reach of river, many upstream excursions will depart from the river

at Lee's Ferry near Page.

The experience at Mount St. Helens after the eruption is instructive. Since the event of May 1980, visitation at the devastated monument remains six to seven times what it was when it was merely the home of the most beautiful mountain in the Pacific Northwest. Yellowstone has experienced the same reaction from the public since the fires. And so it will be with Glen Canyon. The Canyon was, and is, world famous. A Glen Canyon on the mend will present a tourist draw from the world over, as will the spectacle of the dam with a free river flowing through its base. It is likely that at least as many people as are now employed by the Bureau of Reclamation at the dam would be working on restoration activities in the Bureau's same Department of Interior.

Inspired by his view of Grand Canyon in 1903, Theodore Roosevelt's said: "I want to ask you to do one thing in connection with it in your own interest and in the interest of the country... Leave it as it is. You cannot improve on it. The ages have been at work on it, and man can only mar it." With Glen Canyon we have so terribly violated the commandment of our greatest conservation president. But we can honor both his teaching and his spirit by trying to make it right. Politics, arrogance, and ignorance put a dam in one of the world's treasures. The Glen Canyon Institute believes that politics, humility, and enlightenment can remove it.

For more information visit the Glen Canyon Institute's website at www.dencanyon.org. Or contact the Glen Canyon Institute office at 520-556-9311.



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Remove Dams, Restore Salmon

By Amy Souers

When Lewis and Clark encountered the Snake River—the largest tributary of the Columbia—in 1805, five to eight million wild adult salmon returned from the Pacific Ocean to the Snake each year. Today, as we near the 200th anniversary of that famous expedition, a mere five thousand wild salmon are returning to the river. All species of Snake River salmon are listed under the Endangered Species Act and headed toward extinction. The primary reason for this precipitous decline are four dams and reservoirs which lie between the inland streams where the fish are born and the ocean where they spend much of their lives.

These dams, built by the Army Corps of Engineers in the years from 1964 to 1976, destroyed important spawning habitat and now pose deadly hurdles to salmon and steelhead migrating both upstream and downstream. The slackwater reservoirs, slowed river flows, and elevated water temperatures created by the dams run directly counter to a salmon's basic needs: cold, clean, fast-flowing water. Following the construction of the dams, wild salmon and steelhead runs have declined by nearly 90 percent.

Adult fish swimming up river often cannot find the ladders constructed to get them over the dams and are exhausted by the unnaturally warm temperatures in the reservoirs. Young fish (called smolts) swimming down river to the ocean succumb to predators and disease in the reservoirs and many are beaten to death by the dams' turbines.

Over 20 years ago, the Corps of Engineers began an experimental system of barging and trucking to help move ocean-bound smolts around the dams. This process of siphoning fish from the river, piping

them into barges and trucks, driving them past the dams, and dumping them back into the river below the last dam has cost hundreds of millions of dollars and has failed to recover salmon populations. It has failed to even halt their decline.

Today, of every 1000 smolts that now head for the ocean from the Columbia/Snake River, less than five adult salmon return two to three years later. This return rate is eight times below the rate needed to stop the decline, and far less than the four percent rate of return (last recorded in the 1960s) needed to restore salmon.

As the dams harm salmon, they also violate national laws and treaties. Under the Endangered Species Act, it is illegal for federal agencies to "jeopardize the continued existence" of the salmon—yet that is exactly what the Corps of Engineers is doing by operating these dams. Further, the high water temperatures caused by the dams violate the Clean Water Act. And because they prevent healthy, harvestable salmon populations, the dams also violate numerous treaties the United States has signed with Native American tribes and Canada.

In December of 1999 the Clinton/Gore Administration is obligated to decide on a long-term recovery plan for Snake River salmon. It is considering three main alternatives:

Continue the status quo of barging and trucking

*Increase barging and trucking

*Partially remove the four lower Snake dams to recreate 140 miles of natural river

Every independent scientific analysis on this subject has concluded that the barging and trucking system is ineffective and that



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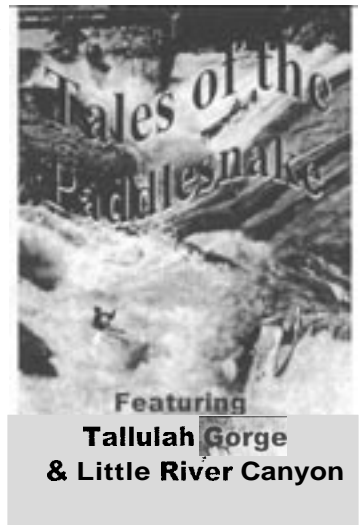
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the surest way to restore the salmon is to restore the natural river.

The Idaho Department of Fish and Game calls the natural river option "the best biological choice for recovering salmon and steelhead in Idaho," saying it is "logical, biologically sound, has the highest certainty of success and lowest risk of failure, and is consistent with the preponderance of scientific data." Oregon Governor John Kitzhaber has called dam removal "a biological no-brainer."

Two hundred scientists recently signed a letter to President Clinton stating, "The weight of scientific evidence clearly shows that wild Snake River salmon and steelhead runs cannot be recovered under existing river conditions. Enough time remains to restore them, but only if the failed practices of the past are abandoned and we move quickly to restore the normative river conditions under which these fish evolved."

Removing the four dams would, from an engineering standpoint, be simpler than many people believe. Each dam has both a concrete and earthen portion. To restore the natural river flow, only the earthen portions need to come out. The process would require basic excavation equipment, bulldozers, and dump trucks. The concrete structure would remain in the river, with the water flowing around it. The drawdown of the reservoirs would expose new land that would be restored to create new habitat as well as riverside parks with boat access.

Removing the dams and restoring the river would not only save the salmon, but it would benefit local economies. According to a preliminary study by the Corps of Engineers, a restored Snake River would bring in up to \$300 million every year from recreational activities, including rafting and sport fishing. Restoring the river and its salmon would help revitalize Native American fisheries, businesses, and culture.

If the dams are removed, the power they produce can be easily and affordably replaced. The dams produce less than 5 percent of the region's electricity. Shutting down the dams would increase the average residential electricity bill by only \$1 to \$5 per month—and the Northwest region would still enjoy the lowest-cost power in the nation.

Currently, the dams and reservoirs make barge transportation possible on the river. But if the dams are removed, this form of transportation can be replaced by practical, affordable alternatives such as railroads and trucks. In fact, the river barge navigation system on the Snake River is a money sinkhole, requiring taxpayer subsidies of \$35 million a year to operate.

Finally, if we don't remove the four lower Snake dams and allow the salmon to go extinct, the federal government could face a string of billion-dollar lawsuits. One study estimates that compensating Native American tribes for lost fish could cost the federal treasury between \$6 and \$12 billion.

Salmon are the icon of the Northwest. They sustain the entire ecosystem, infusing the forests with nutrients from the ocean and feeding bears, eagles, and a host of other animals. Removing the four lower Snake dams will ensure that salmon remain a vital strand in the web of life.

The fate of the salmon lies in the Administration's hands. Removing these dams is an environmental decision of unprecedented significance—and the only option if we want to save this legendary fish for future generations.

For More Information, visit: www.removedams.org. You can also contact Justin Hayes, American Rivers, 202-347-7550 jhayes@amrivers.org.

PowerBar Supports American Whitewater's Restoration

Efforts on the North Fork Feather

By Al Staats, Development Director

On May 17th, PowerBar's Direct Impact on Rivers and Trails (D.I.R.T.) program awarded American Whitewater \$3,000 to help in our conservation work on California's North Fork Feather River. PowerBar is a company of active outdoor enthusiasts who've seen and experienced firsthand the many threats to our public lands and waterways. They are committed to protect, preserve and restore such places for responsible recreational enjoyment. The D.I.R.T. Program is a nationwide outdoors recreational grant program which supports organizations that are directly working to preserve outdoor areas for recreational use. It provides funds to complete trail maintenance and restoration, support river conservation projects, and institute citizen outreach programs.

This marks the second consecutive year that PowerBar has recognized American Whitewater's efforts to restore damaged waterways to their more natural, accessible state. Since the inception of the grant program in 1996, PowerBar has donated over \$200,000 in D.I.R.T. grants to more than 70 different organizations across the country. PowerBar supports D.I.R.T. by donating a portion of all proceeds from its Harvest bar to the fund. Harvest, launched last February, just recently came out with two new flavors, Blueberry and Chocolate Chip.

In addition to providing crucial financial support, PowerBar helps build public awareness about the important work of recipient organizations like American Whitewater through their grant-recipient scrapbook which is shown at various trade shows and events, and to the many friends and guests of PowerBar. You can learn more about the important philanthropic efforts of PowerBar and see the scrapbook on their website at <http://www.powerbar.com/whowear/>.

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Chattooga SECTION 0, 00, and 1

By: Jason Robertson

The upper reaches of the Chattooga—Sections 1, 0 & 00 are reputedly some of the most beautiful, pristine, and remote canyons in the Southeast. They are the home of blue-ribbon trout and some of the most incredible creeking in a region known for awesome whitewater creeks. These sections have also been illegal to run since the Forest Service decided that they were essentially impassible and resewed them solely for the fishermen.

Contrary to the Forest Service's expressed beliefs, Section 00 contains much challenging Class V whitewater that is runnable except for a bad sieve and a truly strange 25-foot waterfall with a pot hole that may spiral through the falls. Section 0 has one Class V and a lot of III-IV run-outs, while Section 1 is reminiscent of Overflow. Furthermore, like many fisheries nationwide, boaters would be inclined to run these sections at high water periods when fishermen don't tend to frequent the river, so user conflicts are unlikely.

As we head to press, American Whitewater is participating in developing the new Forest Service plan and working to open these river segments for some reasonable level of use.

I could use help on this issue and am searching for a regional volunteer to help coordinate our activities. If you would like to help or want more current information on access to these sections please call me at 301-589-9453 or send an e-mail to access@amwhitewater.org.

Special thanks to Risa and Milt for ringing my bell on this one!

Legislative Update on North Carolina Boater Tax (SB 499)

By: Bob Brueckner, President of the Carolina Canoe Club

North Carolina—SB 499—stripped of the controversial provisions to register canoes and kayaks—received a favorable recommendation June 2 from the Senate Finance Committee. It now moves to the full Senate.

"The canoe sank; the kayak turned over, so we pulled that out," Sen. David Hoyle, the bill's sponsor, said in reference to the provisions opposed by paddlers in North Carolina and other states.

Hoyle told me in early May that he was not going to move the bill forward. However, he had the bill rewritten and removed regulations that would have required canoes and kayak registration and numbering with the N.C. Wildlife Resources Commission. Charles Fullwood, the Commission's executive director, asked the senator to remove those provisions.

The bill raises the registration fee for owners of motor boats and large sailboats that use state waters. Money is used to build and maintain access areas, pay for safety programs and provide waterway marking.

Small sailboats, canoes, kayaks and other non-motorized watercraft remain exempted. Also, boats registered and numbered in

another state don't have to be registered.

American Whitewater, the ACA, and Carolina Canoe Club opposed the bill because of the burdensome registration process, problems with placing registration decals and numbers on boats, the probability that it would stifle the paddle sport industry in North Carolina and hurt tourism, and, most importantly, questions about whether the Wildlife Commission could responsibly serve the needs of canoeists and kayakers.

Despite our success, we need to remain vigilant as canoe and kayak provisions could be returned to the bill after it reaches the Senate floor.

For more information, please contact Bob at ribbrueckner@mindspring.com.

California Senate Approves Yuba Wild & Scenic Bill

By: Steve Evans, Friends of the River

California—SB 496, a bill to add 39 miles of the South Yuba River's exciting Class III, IV, and V whitewater to the California Wild & Scenic Rivers System, passed the California State Senate on May 25. The primary author of the bill, Senator Byron Sher, noted SB 496 as the most important environmental bill in the California Legislature in 1999.

Attempts to draw labor unions into opposition to SB 496 failed. The State Council of Laborers withdrew its initial opposition upon learning that levee improvements would create more jobs than would building new dams. The Stationary Engineers Union came out in support of the bill. The Army Corps, who stated their preference for improvement of existing levees rather than construction of new dams, repudiated claims that protection for the Yuba would increase flood danger.

An amendment to preserve existing water facilities and rights was endorsed by Placer County Water Agency. The agency joined a wide variety of supporters, including the Nevada County Board of Supervisors, local businesses, 70 percent of riverside landowners, and more than 30 conservation, angling, and boating organizations.

SB 496 now heads to the California Assembly for a vote. American Whitewater members in California should write to their Assembly member today and urge their support of SB 496. The address is Assembly member, State Capitol, Sacramento, CA 95814.

For more information, contact Steve Evans of Friends of the River at 916-442-3155 x221 or Shawn Garvey of South Yuba River Citizens League at (530) 265-5961.

Fees on the Upper Yough?

By: Jason Robertson

Maryland—The Upper Yough is one of those mystical places where water, nature, and people converge in harmony and where boaters can experience wilderness in a truly social setting among purely

playful Class III-V rapids. For the last several years, since environmental groups acquired the put-in and donated the land to the State Department of Natural Resources (DNR) our greatest fear has been getting a shuttle back to our cars at the put-in. Unfortunately there's an apple in Eden, the DNR has taken a bite, and everyone is suffering.

In May, the DNR posted a fee collection box charging a \$2 vehicle fee or \$50 annual fee. This action was taken without public comment, without notice, and without any consideration for the impacts to the town of Friendsville, boaters, fishermen, or other people in the region.

The cold reality is that this fee is being ignored by boaters that have used this site freely for years, and that more vehicles are being left at the take-out than ever before. The fees have led to an increase in parking problems within Friendsville, and a deep suspicion of the local DNR employees.

American Whitewater and local boaters such as Jesse Whittemore (a council member in Friendsville), have spoken with DNR officials and proposed that the State temporarily suspend the fees, describe their purpose, solicit public comment, and consider alternatives to the fees such as entering into a partnership with the Upper Yough race to collect a donation contributing to site maintenance.

The imposition of fees on the Upper Yough is symptomatic of a national problem that is receiving increasing attention from recreationists, environmentalist, and politicians. Stay tuned for more information regarding fees. American Whitewater will be featuring this serious access issue in the next Journal.

American Whitewater Intern Researching Grand Canyon Wilderness Management Plan

By: Bryant McCulley

Washington — The Colorado River run through the Grand Canyon is the ultimate multi-day whitewater trip in the United States. Unfortunately, private boaters currently have to endure a maze of paperwork and wait an average of 23 years to reach the put-in of this majestic run. The Colorado River Management Plan (CRMP) and the Grand Canyon Wilderness Management Plan (GCWMP) are currently being evaluated by the National Park Service (NPS) and Congress. This process of evaluation provides private boaters with a tremendous opportunity to change the inequities present in the permit system, and to secure the future protection of the Grand Canyon and the river corridor as a federally designated wilderness area.

This summer I will be working with American Whitewater to complete my Master's thesis in Environmental Studies. My thesis will argue that the backcountry, including the Colorado River of Grand Canyon National Park should receive full Federal Wilderness Designation under the guidelines set forth in the Wilderness and Organic Acts. This designation will hopefully protect the Park's fragile ecosystem from further degradation, and also alleviate the current discrepancies in the management of boating on the Colorado.


Bryant McCulley graduated with a B.A. in English from Hampden-

Sydney College in Virginia. He is currently finishing his MscEnv from the Graduate School of Environmental Studies at the University of Strathclyde in Glasgow, Scotland. He will be attending law school at Washington & Lee University in the fall.

National River Inventory

The Nationwide Rivers Inventory (NRI) is a listing of more than 3000 free-flowing river segments in the United States that are believed to possess one or more "outstandingly remarkable" natural or cultural values judged to be of more than local or regional significance. Under a 1980 presidential directive, all federal agencies must seek to avoid or mitigate actions that would adversely affect one or more NRI segments. The NRI is a source of information for statewide river assessments and federal agencies involved with stream-related projects. For any group concerned with ecosystem management, the inventory can provide the location of the nearest naturally-functioning system which might serve as a reference for monitoring activities. It also serves as a listing of plant and animal species for restoration efforts on a similar section of river. For the recreationalist, it provides a listing of free-flowing, relatively undisturbed river segments.

You can check it out at <http://www.ncrc.nps.gov/rtca/nri>.



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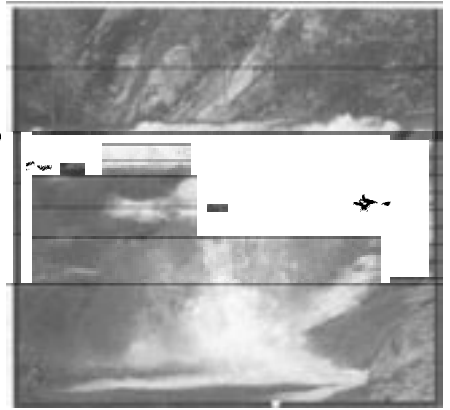
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Applications for the 1999 Tallulah Fall Releases Accepted Through August 31, 1999



The November, 1997, and the April and November 1998, and the April 1999 Releases for the Tallulah Gorge releases have taken place with great enthusiasm and excitement! The town hosted a successful festival during the first weekend of April 1998, and repeated the party on April 3-4, 1999. Great cooperation among Georgia State Parks, Georgia Power Company, American Whitewater, local boating groups, and the boaters ensures the agreement over a 30-year period will continue in effect.

Tallulah Gorge is an advanced/expert whitewater run involving Class IV and V rapids. In addition, it has severely limited access in and out of the canyon in case of accident, and is further restricted due to the fragile nature of the gorge and the existence of several federally endangered species, including "Persistent Trillium."

If you are unsure of your whitewater skill, do not attempt the Gorge. Boating accidents are always unwelcome, but are even more unwelcome during such limited releases. Besides hurting yourself, you may jeopardize future whitewater releases in this incredibly beautiful canyon.

Tallulah Gorge State Park is administered by the Georgia Department of Natural Resources (DNR). Access is limited to 120 boaters per day, in groups of no more than three. The permit system has been changed slightly to better serve the needs of the boaters. Please follow all instructions exactly when making your application. Call American Whitewater at 301-589-9453 for further information.

PLEASE READ AND FOLLOW ALL OF THE INSTRUCTIONS.

FAILURE TO COMPLY MAY RESULT IN DISQUALIFICATION OF THE APPLICANT'S PERMIT REQUEST.

- 1 Only persons paddling qualified whitewater craft will be permitted to paddle Tallulah Gorge. Qualified whitewater craft are defined as follows: Kayaks (one or two person); whitewater canoes or open hard boats; decked canoes, including C-1s and C-2s; and qualified inflatables. Per Georgia Parks, qualified inflatables means a craft that has a manufacturer's rated maximum occupancy of 1-2 persons and is owned (not rented or borrowed) by the applicant or a boater on that permit. Determination of eligibility will be made by American Whitewater's representatives, according to established DNR guidelines.
- 2 Permits allow access for both days of the release weekend. Each permit holder, or one of two alternates listed on the application, must check in by 12:00 noon on Saturday, or the permit will be released to those on the waiting list. If the permit holder does not check in by noon on Saturday, the permit is cancelled for both Saturday and Sunday. A permit allows a maximum of three people paddling qualified whitewater craft.
- 3 An applicant may apply for a permit for each of the scheduled release weekends. The dates for autumn of 1999 are November 6-7, November 13-14, and November 20-21. A separate request must be submitted for each scheduled release weekend.
- 4 Requests may be submitted after January 1, 1999 for the 1999 season. The drawing for April 1999 permits was held on Monday, February 1, 1999. The drawing for November 1999 permits will be held on Wednesday, September 1, 1999. Mail your requests at least ten days before the drawing.
- 5 Permit holders will be notified of a successful draw by mail from Tallulah Gorge State Park. You are encouraged to confirm that the scheduled release has not been postponed or cancelled due to adverse or emergency conditions. Call 1-888-GPC-LAKE to note whether a postponement or cancellation message has been added to the recording.
- 6 Camping for boaters is available at the state park campground. The charge is \$3 per person per night, including showers, instead of the regular \$12. Call the Park at 1-706-754-7970 and identify yourself as a boater to obtain the special rate; you will be directed to the special boater camping area. Boaters arriving in RVs or motorhomes will be required to pay the regular overnight fee of \$12 per night; call ahead for reservations.
- 7 The Boater Parking Area is not a campground. The area will be blocked off at night and overnight parking will not be permitted. Dispose of trash properly. Be discreet about your choice of beverage.
- 8 Each group and boater must check in by noon on each day of the release at the Boater Registration Table. This table is also used for sharing reminders, rules, lost and found articles, and so on.
- 9 Walk-ons: The rules allow 20 walk-ons each day of the release. Additionally, boaters can get on the wait list for cancelled permits. Names for the walk-ons and the wait list will be done by lottery each day. Names will be taken between 8:00 and 9:00 am, at the Boater Registration Table. At 9:00 am, a lottery will determine the order for the 20 walk-on slots and for the wait list order. Wait list boaters will then be assigned permits as they become available. This means that all 120 slots can be filled each day.
- 10 Boaters are reminded that much of Tallulah Gorge State Park is extremely rugged and potentially hazardous. It is also an environmentally sensitive area. To protect the visitor from the gorge, and more importantly, the gorge from the visitor, all regulations and laws are strictly enforced. Remember that polite, **responsible** and safe behavior is expected.

PERMIT INSTRUCTIONS

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>I All permit requests must be mailed in a legal-size envelope.</p> <p>II The outside of the envelope must contain the following:</p> <p>A The applicant's name and return address in the upper left corner.</p> <p>B The date of the permit requested and the number of people in the group, including yourself (maximum of three), in the lower right corner.</p> <p>C Adequate U.S. Postage for First Class Mail. The correct address: Tallulah Gorge State Park Boating Permits, P.O. Box 248, Tallulah Falls, GA 30573.</p> <p>III The envelope must contain:</p> <p>A A legal size return envelope bearing the applicant's name and return address, and adequate U.S. postage for first class mail.</p> | <p>B A 3 x 5 inch index card containing the following information:</p> <p>i the applicant's name, address, and daytime phone number;</p> <p>ii the name and daytime phone number of another member on the permit.</p> <p>iii the date of the scheduled weekend release being requested; and</p> <p>iv the number of people in the applicant's group (not to exceed three, including the applicant).</p> <p>IV A person may apply for one permit for each weekend, but each request must be made separately.</p> |
|---|---|

Changes!

American Whitewater has four volunteer interns in the Silver Spring office this summer, working on projects ranging from fund-raising to the Grand Canyon. Bryant McCulley is from Birmingham, AL. He is currently finishing his Master's of Environmental Studies from the Graduate School of Environmental Studies at the University of Strathclyde in Glasgow, Scotland. He will attend law school at Washington & Lee University in the fall. His Master's thesis will argue that the backcountry, including the Colorado River of Grand Canyon National Park, should receive full Federal Wilderness Designation under the guidelines set forth in the Wilderness and Organic Acts. This designation will hopefully protect the Park's fragile ecosystem from further degradation, and also alleviate the current discrepancies in the management of boating on the Colorado.



Jason Robertson welcomes new staff and interns

Right to left: back row: Maureen Phelan, Bryant McCulley, Laura Wittman, Al Staats; front row: Jason Robertson, Steve Ledbetter, Adam Mayo, and Sam McLamb

Steve Ledbetter is originally from Fort Lauderdale, FL, and will continue his studies in the fall at Northwestern School of Law of Lewis and Clark College in Portland, OR. He is working on the access liability handbook. Adam Mayo is from Nashville, TN and will be a senior at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville. He is working on the membership survey, analyzing the results to better understand American Whitewater's members and their concerns. Maureen Phelan is

originally from Ohio and completed her Bachelor's Degree in Geology from Youngstown State, OH. She is assisting Al Staats, the Development Director, in his fund-raising projects. Adam and Bryant were instrumental in assisting Jayne Abbot, Events Manager, at the Ocoee and the Potomac Whitewater Festivals. All of these interns are active members of American Whitewater and avid boaters.

In addition to these interns, American Whitewater welcomes

Sam McLamb, from Chapel Hill, NC as the new Executive Assistant. Sam recently graduated from the University of the South in Seawee, TN. His previous office experience includes three years in the Office of the Registrar. He has boated for the last seven years, preferring low-volume creeks and playboating. Kate Gribbskov, the former Executive Assistant, has moved to Boise, ID and is working for Idaho Rivers United, joining Board member Bill Sedivy, the new Executive Director of IRU.

Our office is quite full for the summer months, and we are accomplishing many tasks in river conservation, access, safety, events, and development. We are currently accepting applications for interns on an ongoing basis. If interested, please send a resume and a letter of interest to: Internship, 1430 Fenwick Lane, Silver Spring, MD 20910 or e-mail: sam@amwhitewater.org/

Trouble on the Waters

If you had trouble getting to the river, let us know. Use this form to report access problems so that AW can convince legislators and government authorities where and when river access is a problem. If you have met an irate landowner, noticed signs forbidding access, or were stopped by a landowner, barbed wire fence or a locked gate, tell us about it on this form. If several boaters are arrested or involved, only one form should be filled out per incident naming a boater available for future contact.

River _____ State _____

Date of incident _____

Access code categories: List below or circle the categories, multiple categories are ok.

Brief description of incident:

Boater contact

Address _____

City etc. _____

Phone _____
 e-mail _____

Landowner/Agency/Sheriff contact (if known)

Name _____

Address _____

City etc. _____
 Phone _____
 e-mail _____

1. Trespass. Ticket, warning or arrest for:

- 1.01 Trespass on private property
- 1.02 Trespass on public property
- 1.03 Criminal trespass
- 1.04 Civil trespass

2. Public Access Closure

- 2.01 Denied by federal law
- 2.01.01 Denied by BLM
- 2.01.02 Denied by Forest Service
- 2.01.03 Denied by Nat'l Park Service
- 2.02 Denied by state
- 2.03 Denied by local authority
- 2.04 Denied by administrative edict

3. Injury from man-made obstacles

- 3.01 Barbed wire or fence
- 3.02 Low head dam

4. Obstacles running river, scouting or portaging

- 4.01 Fence or chain on land blocking access
- 4.02 Fence, wire, or tree on river blocking access
- 4.03 Posted no trespassing sign
- 4.04 Vehicle towed, ticketed, or vandalized
- 4.05 Threats or acts of violence

5. Closures: Rivers closed that were once open

- 5.01 Closed by private landowner
- 5.02 Closed by government agency
- 5.02.01 Federal
- 5.02.02 State
- 5.02.03 Local
- 5.03 High water closure

New access fees

- 6.01 Charged by private landowner
- 6.02 Charged by government agency
- 6.02.01 Federal
- 6.02.02 State
- 6.02.03 Local

Dam controlled rivers

- 7.01 Water turned off
- 7.02 Inconsistent flow: too much or too little
- 7.03 No notice of releases

Send to Ken Ransford, 475 Sierra Vista, Carbondale, CO 81623, 970-963-6800, FAX 970-963-6700. ransford@csn.net

Access is a constant struggle. The AW Access Committee needs your help.

By Jayne H. Abbot, Events Manager

The season is in full swing and it's sure turning out to be a wild ride. Spring has brought with it a plethora of rodeos from the West Coast to the East Coast. Read below for details on the early rodeos. Due to space restrictions, only partial results are printed here. For full results, check our web site at www.nowr.org or contact the events office at 828-645-5299.

Thank you to Lotus Designs for providing a beautiful set of bibs for American Whitewater's use at our many events. The bibs debuted at the Ocoee Rodeo and were highly praised for their fit and stylish looks. Thanks Lotus!

Kern River Festival / April 16-18

Starting off the rodeo season in style was the Kern River Festival where competitors came from all over the country to begin their 1999 rodeo journey. Competition was tough as always with the cream of the crop coming out on top.

Results

Pro/Elite K-1 Men

- 1 Brandon Knapp
- 2 Brett Valle
- 3 Clay Wright

Pro/Elite K-1 Women

- 1 Nicola Kelly
- 2 Kim Jordan
- 3 Brooke Shickendanz

Pro/Elite K-1 Junior

- 1 Brad Ludden
- 2 Charlie Center
- 3 Andrew Holcombe

Pro/Elite C-1

- 1 Allen Braswell
- 2 Norwood Scott
- 3 Shane Benedict

Pro/Elite OC-1

- 1 Eli Helbert
- 2 Frankie Hubbard
- 3 Roger Kuiken

Gillman Falls Rodeo / April 17

The second annual Gillman Falls rodeo went off without a hitch. Great competition made the site rock even with low water and subsequent smaller hole than anticipated.

Results

Pro/Elite K-1 Men

- 1 Brad Sutton
- 2 Corran Addison
- 3 Tom McKee

Pro/Elite K-1 Women

- 1 Julie Dixon
- 2 Roxanne Belise
- 3 Anna Levesque

Pro/Elite K-1 Junior

- 1 Dustin Urban
- 2 Sean Brabant
- 3 Karl Moser

New River Rodeo / April 16-18

Celebrating its 12th year, the New River Rodeo organizers have logistics down. One of the smoothest running rodeos around, competitors and spectators sure have a great time at this event.

Results

Pro/Elite K-1 Men

- 1 Eric Jackson
- 2 Daniel DelaVergne
- 3 Brad Sutton

Pro/Elite K-1 Women

- 1 Aleta Miller
- 2 Nicola Kelly
- 3 Deb Ruehle

Pro/Elite C-1

- 1 Chris Manderson
- 2 Luke Hopkins
- 3 Eric Jackson

Pro/Elite K-1 Junior

- 1 Brendan Mark
- 2 Pat Methany
- 3 Andre Spino-Smith

The Oregon Cup

This year the busy organizers in Oregon put on five separate events (Maupin Daze Rodeo, Big Ocean Surf Off, Canyon Creek Race, Sunset Falls Boof Contest and Bob's Hole Rodeo) covering seven days over a nine-day period. Sounds pretty exhausting but the results are in and everyone had a great time.

Maupin Daze Rodeo

Pro/Elite K-1 Men

- 1 Ken Whiting
- 2 Jay Kincaid
- 3 Dan Gavere

Pro/Elite K-1 Women

- 1 Jamie Simon
- 2 Brooke Winger
- 3 Erin Miller

Pro/Elite C-1

- 1 Allen Braswell
- 2 Shane Benedict
- 3 Cody Boger

Pro/Elite Junior

- 1 Brad Ludden
- 2 Nathan McDade
- 3 Jesse Murphy

Bob's Hole Rodeo

Pro/Elite K-1 Men

- 1 Steve Fisher
- 2 Brandon Knapp
- 3 Jimmy Blakeney

Pro/Elite K-1 Women

- 1 Brooke Winger
- 2 Jamie Simon
- 3 Polly Green

Pro/Elite Junior

- 1 Andrew Holcombe
- 2 Brad Ludden
- 3 Derek Beitler

15th Annual Ocoee Whitewater Rodeo

May 21-23

Beginning its next evolution, The Ocoee Rodeo was held at the Ocoee Whitewater Center Olympic Course to cheers of thousands. Highly praised for ample parking and accessible viewing, the new venue was a welcomed move by all. The Ocoee kicked off the

AMERICAN WHITewater

Featuring -

- Music by Foxtrot Zulu 8:00 p.m. to midnight
- The Famous Gauley Fest Marketplace
- Outrageous Silent Auction and Raffle
- Non-Stop Whitewater Videos
- Food Vendors
- On-Site Camping
- Remote Parking with Free Shuttle by North American River Runners —
- 7:00 p.m. to midnight from WalMart Parking Lot on Route 19, just south of Festival Site

Other Weekend Highlights

- Friday Night, September 24
Music by Blue Hound
8:00 p.m. to midnight at
Festival Pavillion
\$5.00 Admission/FREE
FOR ONSITE
CAMPERS!
- Saturday and Sunday Mornings
Breakfast served by the
Ruritan Club
7:00 a.m. to 10:00 a.m. at
On-Site Dining Hall

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For further information,
call Phyllis Horowitz at
(914) 586-2355

GAULEY FESTIVAL '99

September 25, 1999
5:00 p.m. to midnight

- Nicholas County Veterans
Memorial Park
- Route 19 North -
Summersville, West Virginia

1999 North American Cup tour in style with competitors from all over the country and the world attending this event. A welcome addition to the rodeo was the first ever women's Junior class! Congratulations to all the winners of the event. An article on the making of the Ocoee Rodeo will provide lots of details on this event in the next issue of the journal. Watch for it!

Results

Pro/Elite K-1 Men

- 1 Brad Sutton
- 2 Eric Jackson
- 3 Brandon Knapp

Pro/Elite K-1 Women

- 1 Deb Ruehle
- 2 Erica Mitchell
- 3 Jamie Simon

Pro/Elite C-1

- 1 Alan Braswell
- 2 Eric Jackson
- 3 Luke Hopkins

Pro/Elite K-1 Junior

- 1 Jeff Owens
- 2 Shane Groves
- 3 Andre-Spino-Smith

Pro/Elite OC-1

- 1 Frankie Hubbard
- 2 Joe Langman
- 3 Darren McDonald

Advanced K-1 Men

- 1 Mathew Thorton
- 2 David Mackintosh
- 3 Aaron Land

Advanced K-1 Women

- 1 Jen Kafsky
- 2 Katie Herzog
- 3 Mindy Freeman

Intermediate K-1 Men

- 1 Mark Branch
- 2 Shannon Morris
- 3 Wade Harris

Intermediate K-1 Junior Men

- 1 Pat Keller
- 2 Hill Harman
- 3 Andrew Slover

Intermediate K-1 Junior Women

- 1 Becca Red
- 2 Margaret Miller
- 3 Kneely O'Brian

Advanced K-1 Junior Men

- 1 James Burris
- 2 Joe harper
- 3 Andy Grizzell

National Squirt Championship

Pro K-1 Squirt

- 1 Nathan Mills
- 2 Nathan Helms
- 3 Jamey Casson

Advanced K-1 Squirt

- 1 Kirk Williams
- 2 Eli Putnam
- 3 Dan Guthrie

Raft Race

- 1 Fat Boys / Ocoee Outdoors
- 2 Let's Get It / Ocoee Outdoors (tie)
Otter / Wildwater (tie)
4. Outlaws / Ocoee Outdoors
5. Ocoee Adventure Center (tie)
Wildwater (tie)

Free Riding Results

Pro/Elite K-1 Men Free Riding

- 1 Eric Jackson
- 2 B.J. Johnson
- 3 Craig Hefflin

Pro/Elite K-1 Women Free Riding

- 1 Deb Ruehle
- 2 Jamie Simon
- 3 Kelly Murphy

Pro/Elite C-1 Free Riding

- 1 Allen Braswell
- 2 Barry Kennon
- 3 Eric Jackson

Pro/Elite Junior Free Riding

- 1 Patrick Metheny
- 2 Lane Rankin
- 3 Andre-Spino-Smith

Pro/Elite OC-1 Free Riding

- 1 Eli Helbert
- 2 Frankie Hubbard
- 3 Joe Langman

Combined Hole/Free Riding

K-1 Men Combined

- 1 Eric Jackson
- 2 Brandon Knapp
- 3 Brad Sutton

K-1 Women Combined

- 1 Deb Ruehle
- 2 Jamie Simon
- 3 Eric Mitchell

C-1 Combined

- 1 Allen Braswell
- 2 Eric Jackson
- 3 Barry Kennon

OC-1 Combined

- 1 Frankie Hubbard
- 2 Joe Langman
- 3 Eli Helbert

Junior Combined

- 1 Pat Metheny
- 2 Shane Groves
- 3 Andre Spino-Smith

Wicked Whitewater Raffle

Help send our US Whitewater Rodeo team to the World's and raise money for American Whitewater's River Conservation fund by participating in the 2nd annual Wicked Whitewater Raffle. Boats, paddling gear, eyewear, and even snowboards will be raffled on July 15th in Hood River, OR at the Gorge Games. For information on how to purchase your tickets, check out the web page at www.lclark.edu/~drevo or e-mail Sam Drevo at drevo@lclark.edu.

1999 SCHEDULE OF RIVER EVENTS

Come join American Whitewater in 1999 as we celebrate whitewater rivers across country through our world famous festivals, races and rodeos. Hope to see you there!

AMERICAN WHITEWATER EVENTS

Black River Festival	July 24-25	Watertown, NY	Chris Koll	315-652-8397	cko111234@aol.com
Deerfield Festival	July 31	Charlemont, MA	Mike Coleman	781-646-6744	colemanm@beaconarch.com
"Don't call this a Festival River Rendezvous"	Sept. 4-6	Belfort, NY/Beaver River	Chris Koll	315-652-8397	ckoll1234@aol.com
Gauley Festival	September 25	Summersville, WV	Phyllis Horowitz	914-586-2355	whiteh2o@catskill.net
Russell Fork Rendezvous	October 1-3	Haysi, VA	Brent Austin	606-278-2011	surfin@kymtnnet.org
Moose River Festival	October 16	Old Forge, NY	Chris Koll	315-652-8397	cko111234@aol.com

AMERICAN WHITEWATER CASCADE SERIES

a series of American Whitewater premier level races from mild(er) to wilder held across the country

Black River Race	July 24	Watertown, NY	Chris Koll	315-652-8397	cko111234@aol.com
Upper Yough Race	July 29	Friendsville, MD	Jess Whittemore	301-746-5389	
Gore Canyon Downriver Race	August 21-22	Kremmling, CO	Paul Tefft	970-923-3955	enviro@rof.net
Russell Fork Race	October 2	Haysi, VA	Brent Austin	606-278-2011	surfin@kymtnnet.org
Gauley River Race	October 4	Summersville, WV	Donnie Hudspeth	304-658-5016	
Moose River Race	October 16	Old Forge, NY	Chris Koll	315-652-8397	ckoll1234@aol.com

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF WHITEWATER RODEOS (NOWR) CIRCUIT

Gorge Games – WW Rodeo	July 11	Hood River, OR	John Trujillo (Tree)	541-386-4286	tree@gorge.net
■ Wausau Whitewater Rodeo ▼	August 28-29	Wausau, WI	Julie Walraven	715-845-5664	design@dwave.net
Ottawa River Rodeo ▼	September 4-6	Bryson, QB	Paul Sevcik	416-222-2223	paul@equinosadventures.com
Outer Banks Surf/Kayak Rodeo	October 1-3	Nags Head, NC	Pam Malec	252-441-6800	pam@khsports.com

■ Animas, Ocoee and Wausau comprise the North American Cup competition within the NOWR event schedule.

▼ Kern, Gillman, New, Maupin, Bob's, Coosa, Ocoee, Potomac, Fibark, Animas, Wausau and Ottawa are events at which NOWR registered Pro/Elite athletes can earn points towards the 1999 NOWR Point Series Championship. Athletes top five event points earned will be counted to determine champion.

OTHER EVENTS

West Coast Team Trials	July 24-25	Eugene, OR	Brian Tooley	541-334-0696	btooley@compuserve.com
Kootenay Whitewater Festival	July 30-Aug 1	Castlegar, BC	Gerry Harrmon	250-362-7259	
American River Festival (<i>corrected date</i>)		September 4-5	Placeville, CA	Susan Debret-Welter	530-626-3435
Export – A Whitewater Rodeo Challenge	October 9-10	Bryson, QB	Paul Sevcik	416-222-2223	equinox@globalsewe.net
World Freestyle Championship	Dec. 1-5	Rotorua, New Zealand	Andi Uhl	(No phone calls please)	NZFKC@clear.net.nz

Schedule subject to change. Updates provided bimonthly in the American Whitewater Journal and as soon as possible to www.awa.org and www.nowr.org



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Thirty Years on the T.U.O. L.U.M.N.E

By Jerry Meral * Photos by Marty McDonnell

"TUUOOLUUUMNEEEEE!" My delighted yell echoed in the midnight air all about the old Ward's Ferry Bridge. I think it was the excitement at seeing the fabled river for the first time, especially by starlight.

This is a river of legend. John Muir died of a broken heart when he could not save the Tuolumne's Hetch-Hetchy Valley from the City of San Francisco's dam. I didn't know that first night that we would soon be involved in another fight to save the rest of the Tuolumne from more proposed dams.

This was November 1968, when the Don Pedro Reservoir had not yet been raised and the Tuolumne was free flowing down to the now-submerged town of Jacksonville, several miles downstream of Ward's Ferry. I was meeting fellow East Coast transplant Dick Sunderland for what we thought was the first run of the Tuolumne from Lumsden Campground to Ward's Ferry. We later learned that whitewater pioneers using log rafts had run the river beginning in the 1920s, although our run was possibly the first, and no less than the second in kayak/C-1.

Our run had all the potential of a boating disaster. The sun would be setting around 5 pm, we knew nothing about the 17 mile long river, and there were only two of us. Topographic maps gave us some idea of the terrain but not much. Fortunately the level was low, and we were careful, although we carried only Clavey Falls and a rapid now called "Stern." We met some miners

halfway down who put the fear of God into us by describing fearsome falls just downstream, but they were no big deal. The only real shock came when we approached the end and the Ward's Ferry Bridge came into sight.

Our relief at being almost at the end of the run turned briefly to terror when we dropped into Pinball, a Class



— Photos by Marty McDonnell —

IV rapid that today is usually inundated by New Don Pedro Reservoir. We survived the day and immediately began planning our next assault: the upper Tuolumne!

This was much more serious business. While the lower Tuolumne averages about 30 feet per mile, my quick analysis of the run from Cherry Creek to Lumsden Falls indicated an average of 80, with some sections over 100. But we had done well with the first trip, so we somewhat rashly decided to try the upper part two weeks later.

It was now late November, with daylight at a real premium. No problem: the upper river was only 6 miles long. So two weeks later we were heading down the shuttle road to the take-out

at Lumsden Falls, again around midnight.

Oops. A slide had closed the road. This required dozens of miles of late night backtracking, and a far longer shuttle. Of course all this nighttime activity meant a late morning put-on at Holm Powerhouse. Just before putting on, I looked at the topo map again. "Uh

Dick, I made a little mistake. The steepest part of the river is actually 200 feet per mile." (This is the section now known as the Miracle Mile). But it was too late to turn back, so off we went.

Wow! This was really intense stuff, especially for 1968, when 30 feet per mile was considered pretty steep. We ran down Cherry Creek to the junction of the Tuolumne where I missed a roll and swam. During the

swim one of my tennies came off. As I sat on a rock holding my boat, the missing tennie floated by, a fact that I didn't truly appreciate until later.

We carried several rapids (Lewis' Leap, Flat Rock Falls, and Mushroom), which are now commonly run. All this carrying slowed us down, and night quickly fell. Then we found ourselves faced with a decision: Stay on the river with no overnight gear (in late November), or climb up to the road, several hundred feet above, and access the shuttle vehicle with its sleeping bags? Not much question there: up we went. Now I was really glad I had found my tennie.

If you've never climbed in a pitch-black night through thick California

chaparral heavily dosed with poison oak, you just haven't lived. A few hours later, using our helmets to bull our way through while crawling on our hands and knees, we reached the road above.

We spent that night in the shuttle car at the take-out and hiked upstream along the river to the boats the next day. There we got back in our boats and ran the remaining Class IV-V section. By the time we reached the car it was again late afternoon. Using our throw lines, we painstakingly hauled Dick's boat up the steep slope. Just before we reached the road his tired bow loop broke and the boat shot like a rocket more than 100 feet back down to the river. It disappeared and we heard a thudding sound followed by a splash as it collided with my boat on the shore.

We were just upstream of Lumsden Falls, a Class V++, which would not be too friendly to an unmanned boat. I raced down the road, stopping below the falls, with hopes of salvaging any debris that floated through, while Dick tore down the hill to see what he could do. Fortunately, his boat had knocked mine clean across the river into an eddy, while his stopped just short of the water. He got into his boat and rescued mine, and thus the first descent of the Cherry Creek-Upper Tuolumne came to a successful conclusion.

Since those first fateful runs, I have had the pleasure of running the Tuolumne more than 50 times. The Tuolumne is still a beautiful river, not to mention one of the best one-day runs in California.

But this story has a moral, too. A few years after our first runs on the Tuolumne brought it to the attention of the boating community, the City of San Francisco joined forces with two local irrigation districts to completely dam and develop the Tuolumne for hydroelectric power. I was privileged to host a meeting in my living room forming the Tuolumne River Preservation Trust, a tremen-

Naming the Tuolumne Rapids

Meral's Pool: Not many rapids are named after boating heroes and this one is no exception. In 1969 a group of Bay Area boaters decided to try the Tuolumne at 12,000 cfs. The usual summer flow is 1,200. I blew the first drop, swam, and proceeded to walk out. Dave Kelsey, noting my lack of assertiveness, announced that the pool from which I regained the road (now used as the put-in) would henceforth be known as Meral's Pool, probably reflecting the type of water I could actually navigate.

I got the last laugh, however. Just downstream, former AWA Executive Director Jim Sindelar and former US National K-1 champion Walt Harvest, paddling a C-2, went

into a gigantic hole (now known as Harvest's Hole) where Walt was recycled three times without ever breaking the surface. Fortunately Walt could easily hold his breath for two minutes. After that, everyone else took out and had to climb uphill through the poison oak. When they got back to the put-in I was the only one laughing.

Nemesis: Used to be called Nameless, but the rafters wanted something scarier.

Sunderland's Chute: Another example of boating injustice. Dick, Jim Morehouse, and I ran the river at 8,000 in 1969. Dick scouted this 12 foot drop, and pointed at the best line. Jim went first. Well, maybe it

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



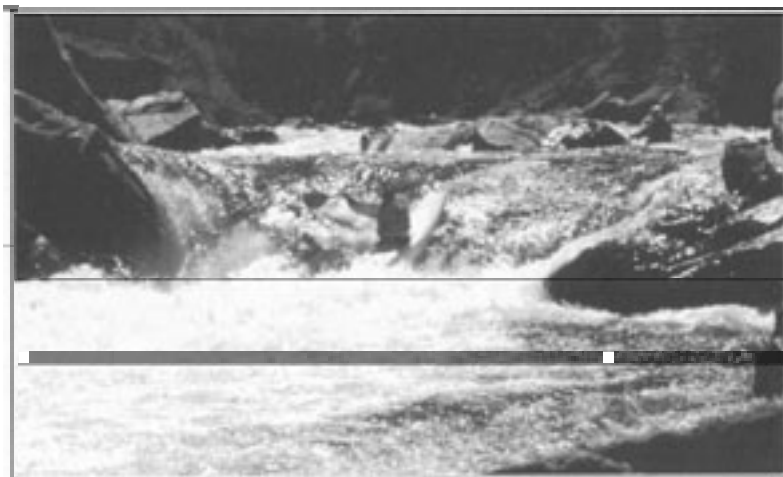
dously successful alliance between conservationists, kayakers, and commercial raft companies to preserve this tremendous river. It took more than four years of very hard work, but in

boaters, commercial raft companies, and conservationists in California river history. Previous successes were largely led by the angling community, which also played a large role in the

Tuolumne success story. The Tuolumne victory led to further conservationist victories on the Merced, Kern, American, and Kings Rivers. The Trust has since prevented dams on the Clavey River (a Class V Tuolumne tributary) and promoted salmon restoration on the lower Tuolumne near Modesto.

After 30 years of boating the Tuolumne, the river still holds a

special place in my heart. Not only is it one of the great boating experiences in America, but if you are involved in saving a river, you will never look on it the same way again. 🍷



Photos by Marty McDonnell

1984 the Tuolumne was added to the National Wild and Scenic River System.

The Trust was the first successful alliance between recreational whitewater

Thirty Years on the T·U·O·L·U·M·N·E

wasn't the best line, since Jim was entered in a big hole. But why is this rapid now called "Sunderland's Chute?" It doesn't seem fair to Morehouse.

Hackamack's Hole: Just downstream of Sunderland's, although the hole only appears at around 3,000 cfs. Named after Bob Hackamack, an engineer who did much of the work which proved that the San Francisco Dams did not make sense.

Ramshead: John Ramirez was totally wiped out in a giant hole at the bottom of this long rapid.

India: India Fleming was the first female down the T, at 4,000 cfs at the age of 13.

Stem: The rafters call it this because its easier to run backwards.

Evangelist: Holey, holey, holey.

X: In 1970 a rapid-naming expedition of several kayakers and rafts ran the river. This was long before hikers could reasonably expect to see anyone at the bottom of the Tuolumne Canyon, let alone boaters. Relying on this presumed solitude, a couple had hiked down from Sugarloaf Peak and were intensely enjoying themselves on a flat rock next to the river. Distracted as they were, they did not see me as I passed by. I quickly signaled to the rest of the party to be very quiet, and they floated past. The last raft, filled with raucous river guides, intentionally made their presence loudly known. The reaction of the couple, as they looked up, and then downstream to see the parade of boats that had already passed by, can only be imagined.

Clavey Falls: First run by Scott Fleming (India's father). This is where the Clavey River comes in. The rapids is a lower Class V.

Son of Clavey: And you thought you could take a break.

Gray's Grindstone: Named after the late Thorne Gray, a reporter from the Modesto Bee who helped write the milestone publication on the Tuolumne that led to its salvation.

Steamboat: Hole at the bottom could easily eat a steamboat.

Cabin: There used to be an old cabin here. Don't waste time looking for it, or you'll end up splattered across the rock on the right.

Hell's Kitchen: Doesn't every river have to have a rapid named after something on the dark side?

Pinball: If the reservoir is low, you will be the pinball as you bounce between the big rocks.

Jerry Meral is a former AWA Director, founded Friends of the River, and was Perception National River Conservervationist in 1984.

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Corran and Allison within the walls of civilisations first great accomplishment - the Parthenon.
Photo: Paul Villecourt

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ANDY HORTON AND THE ADVENTURE HIGH SCHOOL

By Ambrose Tuscano



Adventure High student at Moats Falls on the Tygart, WV.

Tucked away into the rugged terrain of northern West Virginia is a different kind of high school, a place where you have to know someone special to gain acceptance and even then must join a long waiting list of prospective students. But unlike the prestigious preparatory school that you're probably imagining, the Adventure High School in Morgantown caters to students who are familiar with counselors, psychiatrists, and even parole officers rather than CEOs and senators. The school is a tuition-free, nonprofit institution funded by the Monongalia County schools and conceived by whitewater enthusiast, Andy

Horton. Horton, who did his doctoral studies in Education at West Virginia University combined an alternative learning system that he discovered while doing research in his field with his own passion for outdoor adventure to form his unique school.

Now in its sixth year of operation, the Adventure High School is comprised of 19 students, deemed at risk by the public school system. Many of these adolescents have often had run-ins with the law, and have experienced physical or even emotional abuse. Though they come for a variety of reasons, they are alike in that they do not fit into the traditional mathematical-linguistic model of education.

"A lot of their interests fall into what I call a three-dimensional range of learning," Horton says. "My kids seem to thrive in a three-dimensional world and struggle in a two-dimensional one. Kayaking is a three-dimensional pursuit." He gives the example of a hypothetical Adventure High student who has difficulty in a structured learning system, yet is able to disassemble and reassemble an automobile engine in a single day.

While students of the Adventure High School might be considered out of the ordinary, the place where they go to learn is truly unique. The philosophy of

the school is something that Horton calls interest-based learning. There is no curriculum and no structured classes. In fact, a student is never forced, cajoled or even asked to do something. Instead, the entire school is run as a democracy. Students make and enforce their own rules, they organize and lead all outings, and even make the budget. Andy Horton's role is as a facilitator. His opinion is worth exactly one vote in all school decisions, and he only provides help when it is asked for. When asked if the school runs smoothly under such liberal governance, Horton claims that, in fact, it runs best when the students have full control of and interest in its operation.

Another facet of the school that contributes to its success is the focus on adventure sports. As its name implies, Adventure High School relies heavily on the interest that outdoor adventure sports can generate amongst teenagers. Students are allowed to focus their time and energy pursuing anything from welding and guitar playing to climbing, spelunking, and whitewater kayaking. Those students who invest their interest in whitewater have the advantage of learning from Andy Horton, an expert boater who frequents all of the hard-core creeks in Northern West Virginia. "When we go boating," jokes Horton, "I'm always saying 'Come on, you can do it!' When we go caving the kids are telling me 'Come on, you can make it!'"

But whether its a hiking or climbing expedition or a self-contained, multi-day kayak trip, Horton does his best to provide safe, exciting exercise for his students' "risk muscles." Horton explains that some of his students have, in the past, stolen cars simply for the thrill. Such students often thrive in adventure sports because such activities provide an alternate

outlet for risk-taking. He says that the school's only goals are "Live joyfully and respect others," and he encourages his students to become high on life, rather than on drugs or theft. "Once students can feel adventurous in other

stand that he is not the enemy, and further realize that they have no one to resist. Once the students grasp the idea that no one is holding them back, they can start to believe in themselves.

At this point most students begin to take interest in a specific area, often adventure-related. Many of the newer students get ideas from the older ones, while some derive their interests from personal experience. Those who chose to pursue an adrenaline-producing sport like kayaking, says Horton, are often the same students who, in the past, broke the law for thrills. Many such students begin kayaking, for instance, with a tough-guy attitude. "Mother Nature has a quick way of humbling these kids," Horton says. "No matter how tough you are on land, when you're sitting in a



Andy Horton on the left with Adventure High School Students

boat above a horizon line or getting worked in a hole, suddenly you're not so tough." He considers this a maturing process that occurs in concert with the soothing side of nature. "Sometimes," Horton remarks, "the flat water after the rapids can have as much of an effect as the whitewater."

Many Adventure High students experience both flat water and whitewater during multi-day river trips sponsored by the school. Horton has led students down the entire Cheat, Tygart and Youghiogheny Rivers, trips spanning seven to nine days and covering between 140 and 160 miles. Most recently he led one student down the entire Youghiogheny from its source to the confluence in Pittsburgh. The student is in this year's graduating class and did the Yough trip as his senior project—one of several graduation requirements.

The journey began where the river was no more than a two-foot-wide trickle, passed through the technical Class IV-V top and upper Yough and culminated where the river stretched

aspects of their lives, they don't have to steal cars for the chase. They can grow up and grow out of that if there is something to replace the excitement of stealing a car."

Horton tells of one former auto thief who is now the best spelunker at the school. "He can go places I wouldn't even dream of going. He can use his risk muscle in a positive way and feel good about himself because he is so good at caving." This sort of turnaround is common for Adventure High students. Horton explains that when many students arrive at the school they are of the mentality that they cannot be made to participate in anything. The technique that the school uses to overcome this resistance is a policy of absolute freedom. "One day we had a girl throw something through a window. I continued to read my book. We let the window stay broken until the winter, when the girl came to me and asked if I would show her how to replace a pane of glass." Because Horton refuses to play the role of the disciplinarian, students come to under-

stand that he is not the enemy, and further realize that they have no one to resist. Once the students grasp the idea that no one is holding them back, they can start to believe in themselves.

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boat above a horizon line or getting worked in a hole, suddenly you're not so tough." He considers this a maturing process that occurs in concert with the soothing side of nature. "Sometimes," Horton remarks, "the flat water after the rapids can have as much of an effect as the whitewater."

ANDY HORTON

THE ADVENTURE HIGH SCHOOL



Adventure High students on a multi-day trip.

more than 100 yards wide. What makes this, and the other top-to-bottom river trips undertaken by the Adventure High students extra special, is that there is no evidence of the journey having been done before or since. These high school kids may be the only people to have traveled the entire length of the Youghiogheny, Cheat and Tygart watersheds solely under human power. This is, understandably, a very special accomplishment, particularly for these youngsters. "To them, that's like climbing Everest."

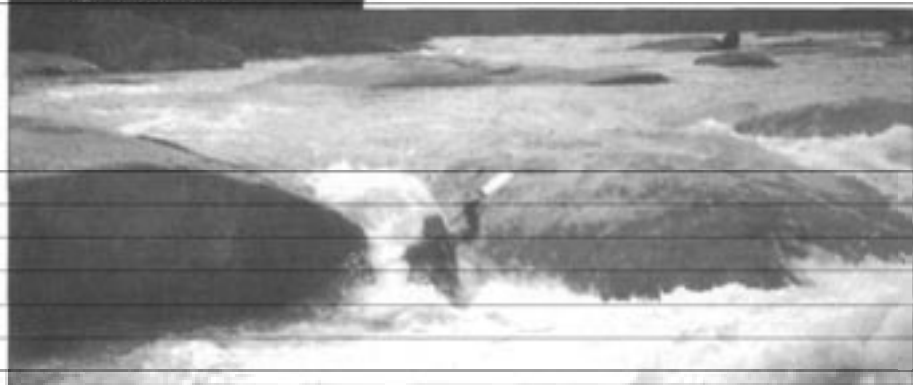
Helping his students develop such a sense of pride is one of the ways that Andy Horton ensures the success of Adventure High School. He has had thirteen students graduate to date, with

four more due set to depart at the end of the 1999 school year. Of the thirteen, Horton knows exactly where each is and what he or she is doing with their life. "Not because I track them," he says, "but because they return to the school." He says that most alumni of Adventure High School continue the activities that they became passionate about at his school. And none of his graduates have had legal trouble since they left Adventure High. "They leave as self-confident kids who don't need to get in trouble."

Despite the excellent record, the school's funding is not secure. The county school board has the power to decide the future of Adventure High School. While they might not always see the benefit of the school, Horton says there are clear, logical reasons for its existence. Students who attend Adventure High would otherwise be costing the county huge sums of money in the form of psychiatric and counseling bills, as well as home-bound education and law enforcement costs. And as we all know, there is more to be learned on a river than in endless hours of classroom lectures.

For now, Andy Horton is happy doing what he does. As long as the funding continues, he will help troubled young people find themselves, both on the river and in the world. In the future he hopes to hire another full-time employee to facilitate a larger student body, bringing the wonder of interest-based learning to more at-risk students. If all goes well, Adventure High School will continue to produce passionate young people who have the confidence to succeed at whatever they see fit.

Adventure High student running a drop in WV.



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“The Palguine”

By John Moran

We've been driving, boating and camping our way south from Santiago for more than a week. But Chile is not like California. There is no highway 49. You drive up the drainage to the divide and then drive all the way back to "Ruta Cinco." Then you head south to the next long bone-wrenching road. We've had great fun and games on the Miapo, Yeso, Maui, and the Bio. But it is time for a break.

Ahhh!!!! Pucon, a day of doing nothing. No driving on long, bumpy, dust-sucking, mind-numbing roads. No restless night sleeping on the ground. No pasta with tomato sauce. We pull into town and try to check into Ecole, but we are out of luck. Right around the corner we find a cabin with a set of

bunk beds and a "matramoial." Being cursed with a wall-rattling, 98 dB snore, I am forced to take the big bed because it is at the end of the house. These afflictions sometimes have their advantages.

Everyone decides that they want to run the Tranqura. I decide I need a day of rest. I force myself to wander down to the beach and supervise the scene. It is a good thing that I show up, because it is in total disorder. Within a half hour I had managed to get things organized so that there was nothing but a wall of bikini clad flesh in front of the bar. The boys who paddled out to the beach will appreciate my effort. That night we run into old friends, some traveling for the fun of it, others with a less reputable agenda.

One of these disreputables, Robbie, decides that we need to run the Palguine the next day. '(It's short and it's no sweat.' After the 2nd or 3rd liter of Gato Negro it sounds like a great idea to me. Of course by this time I have forgotten my first boating experience with Robbie. That involved his boat bouncing down the last 80 feet of a 400 foot gully, with Robbie jumping into a raging flood and disappearing down river chasing it. Once again the superior antioxidant characteristics of Chilean "vino tinto" clarify everything. We are to meet to do the Palguine at 12 noon. There will only be seven in the group. After spending a week on the road with these fine fellows I figure if we manage to pull out of town by 2 pm it will be right on schedule.

"The Palguine"

But the 7 swells to 10. Clark is all set to go, but he met a hot chica and has to be back by 4 pm to give her kayak lessons. (Right, Clark!) But being ever hopeful males, we say that makes sense. Jeff is waffling, "I'll go if Clark goes." So we pull out at 1 pm. On the

tion. Where are your papers for the car? How come you have tags on the car from Peru? Are you carrying any drugs?" The questions go on and on, the clock ticks by.

Clark gets nervous, looks at his watch. "I have to get out of here, I

Spanish and laughing like a mad man. The cops try to keep a straight face. After two minutes of Robbie's antics they break out laughing and we're down the road, minus Jeff and Clark. Back down to seven.

Those of us left are all smiles and ready to hit the river, except Tony. Nobody knew Tony till we met at the airport. A mutual friend told him we were going to be in Chile running Class V and that he should join us. Tony is the youngest guy on the trip; he likes to point out to us how old and decrepit we are on a regular basis. According to him he's an outstanding Class V boater. But Tony has been looking at what we've been running and declaring us out of our minds. He then walks back to the car to do our shuttle. We can't figure out what is bothering him, but it seems like a great arrangement to us. Last night he managed to sell his boat, paddle, and skirt with the agreement that he could use it one more time. This is his last chance to see if we are truly out of our minds. Tony is in. No doubt comforted by the thought that after today

he will never ever have to boat with us again.

Everybody's smiling, we're on the way to the river. Here it comes, hard right and on to the dirt again. It's a relatively short drive that suddenly starts climbing steeply, past the Chilean D.O.T. sign that shows a car driving up a steep incline with a kayak on its roof. We know we are getting close.

We stop just below a spectacular 50 foot saltos ("waterfall"). We all climb out of the car, stare at the falls and start getting ready. "Where's Robbie," Tony queries. We hear a shout and spot Robbie climbing around looking at the big falls. He turns, grins ear to ear, and points at the falls. Tony's jaw drops. "No way! You guys are trying to kill me."



•••Photos by John Moran •••

way through town, Gian Marko, our driver, spots about 150 of his close personal friends. Someone needs to go get some bread, bathroom, beer, vino tinto etc. It is 2 pm. Finally, we're all set. We're on the road out of town. All of a sudden three carabineros with their hands on their guns are waving us over to the side.

Clark is freaking. "She's the most beautiful woman I have ever met. We're going to get married right after I teach her how to roll. I'm going to move to Chile and have 4 or 5 kids with her and teach them all to kayak." Jeff says, "I'm not going unless Clark goes."

About this time the carabineros are at the window quizzing Gian Marko. "Are you running a commercial opera-

can't take a chance and miss her?" He's out the window climbing on top of the van. All the cops look up. One loosens the flap on his holster. Bill tells Clark to stop because the cops are really mad. Jeff says, "You are absolutely right. See ya later." Now Jeff's out the window and tearing his boat off the roof, too. I turn and look at the cops, no humor, but no guns drawn. Bill looks very nervous. Gian Marko is jabbering at the cops in Spanish a mile-a-minute. I turn and look at Robbie. He gives me a dangerous smile and jumps out of the van. He starts running around laughing and jabbering in horrible Spanish. The cops try to talk with him for several minutes. He starts blurting out gibberish in

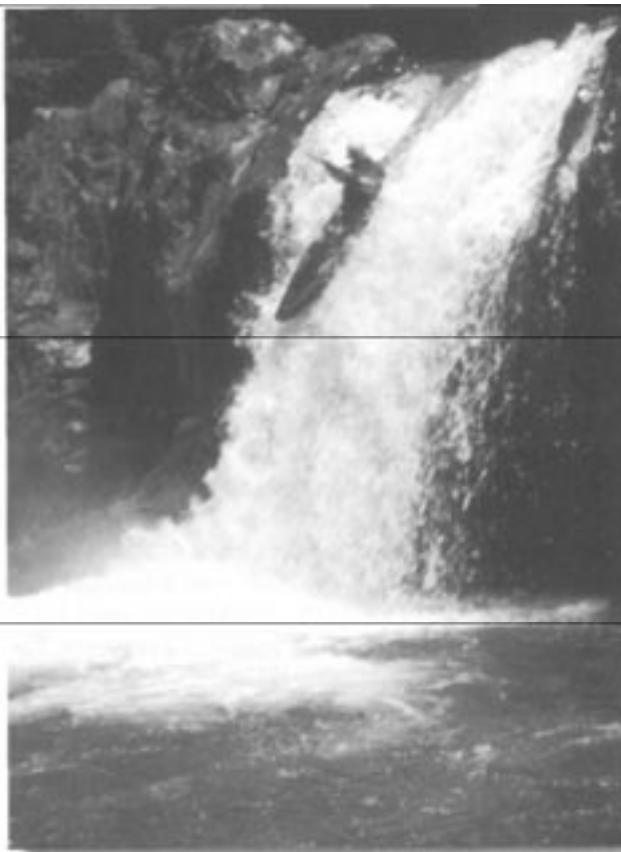
After promising Tony that we won't have to run anything *that* big we all head down. Robbie is out front, with that same dangerous smile. He shows me the seal launch put-in. I adjust my gear and hear a splash. I didn't see Robbie's launch but it is just a 15 foot drop from a mossy rock into a pool. No big deal. I climb into my boat, give myself a big shove, and start hurtling toward the edge, perfect speed, great angle. I hit a nubbin of rock at the edge. The boat stops dead just past the point of no return. Fortunately, the cliff face is undercut. This allows the boat to pivot cockpit down, enabling me to fully appreciate the sensation on falling 15 feet, face first. There is a loud snap, crackle and pop in my back. As I lay face down in the pool like a blast-damaged fish, I realize that I made the right call wearing my dry top. The water is frigid. After contemplating the problems of the planet and finding no solutions, I decide to roll up.



••• Photos by John Moran •••

The first thing I see after shaking the water out of my eyes is Tony. He has a pained look on his face and asks, "Are you hurt?" I give him a big smile and cheerfully lie, "No way." But these kids can smell fear.

••• Photos by John Moran •••



(You can portage the ones you don't want to run. can't you?" Tony asks. I want Tony to accompany us down one river. A river where portaging around drops might not be an option. We want to give Tony one last chance to see if he could keep up with Team Advil. The five old farts on the bus have over 100 years boating experience, and we have dragged hundreds of boaters down rivers tougher than they imagined. So we have all the answers. "Yeah, there's a portage around all of these." Translation "You will need a vey sharp machete and a long rope to do a 5.11

climb to get out of here." Finally we're all in the water. Nobody pulls off another face plant because I show them where not to go.

The canyon is steep, narrow, lush with mosses, flowers, vines, stickers, snakes, huge spiders, and overhanging walls. As we gather in the big pool above the first drop Robbie gives us the beta. "Well, it kinda goes down like this." Vague hand motions. "Then kind of goes ngznssss, pssyyttt, then a hard stroke right."

Armed with this vivid description of the next drop I watch Robbie enter and notice that he quickly disappears. After a few seconds (long enough to convince yourself that something dreadful has happened) I hear a loud whoop.

My turn. I paddle up to the edge of the first salto. I'm absolutely amazed. Robbie's vague hand signals and mumbled noises are right on. A pleasant little Class IV lead in, a 10 foot



"The Palguine"

drop into a nice pool. I paddle over to Robbie with a dangerous smile on my face; it's contagious. He's still got the dangerous look, the dangerous smile, and he's just acquired a dangerous giggle.

I paddle behind him, assessing the strange noises my back made when I came off the drop flat. It is a great spot to watch everybody else run. Tony is boating well. He looks confident. He is having fun. He fails to notice that we

are entering a part of the canyon where the portage potential rapidly diminishes.

The next drop is a pleasant 15 feet into a nice soft fluffy pool. Everybody runs it. No problems. Tony manages to pencil in and does a disappearing act. Randy is taking a lot of pictures; Robbie is still giving vivid descriptions with grunts and vague hand signals. I finally figure out that the only important part is falling off in the right spot. This pleasant pace and gradient continues.

We all gather in a pool above a drop that looks no higher than any of the previous ones. Robbie lays it out; two slots, the one on the left is perfect, lands you at the perfect angle. If you screw up in the right slot you do a face plant. Randy volunteers to run first so he can take pictures. He paddles to the left slot, hesitates in mid stroke, then disappears. Pretty standard fare. We hear him hooting below. Robbie and Tony are going to run the drops simultaneously. Robbie will go off the right one and Tony will do the left. Paul and I sit in the eddy and watch them paddle off.

Robbie and Tony paddle off together. I glance at Robbie, the dangerous eyes, smile and giggle are still strong. I glance at Tony. He's at the point where Randy hesitated in mid stroke. Tony just stops paddling. He glances back at us; it isn't a pretty sight. About the time

Tony disappears I heard a "OH SHIT." A cry of awakening. I think it is at this moment that Tony realizes that he made the right decision in selling his stuff. Unfortunately, he did not quit soon enough. Fortunately, gravity carries us out of the line of fire before Tony can pull a gun. Paul and I smile at one another.

"They come in proud and leave with their tail between their legs," he grins. Paul paddles up to the edge and off. As I float around waiting, I notice that my back sure could use an adjustment.

Randy yells that he's ready. I shout OK and paddle off. Down a small ramp to where the pool far below is revealed. Time slows to a crawl. I am totally alive. My senses are working overtime. I see Randy's blue Rocket pulled up on the rocks. In this moment of clarity I realize that Randy's boat looks really small. Out of the corner of my eye I notice a colorful flower floating on the edge of the pool. As time starts moving back to normal speed I recognize that the flower is a bunch of kayaks floating together.

I accelerate. My hat bill is turned up and there's a big goofy smile on my face; got to look good for the camera. My cheeks and face are getting pushed back on my skull from the acceleration. The pool at the bottom is not getting any closer.

I glance at Robbie and note that he is falling out of his boat because he's laughing so hard. I reach terminal velocity as the nose of my boat enters the water. "Eyes shut, check; mouth shut, check; nose blow hard, ch_" Fortunately I am exhaling vigorously through my nose when I hit the water. The water only fills half my sinuses. I am forcibly thrown against the back of my deck. Snap, crackle, POP. I paddle over to the other side of the pool trying to assess the effects of my latest hydraulic chiropractic adjustments. Everything works and there is no tingling. What more could you ask for?

While I am contemplating my back, everyone paddles over a couple fun



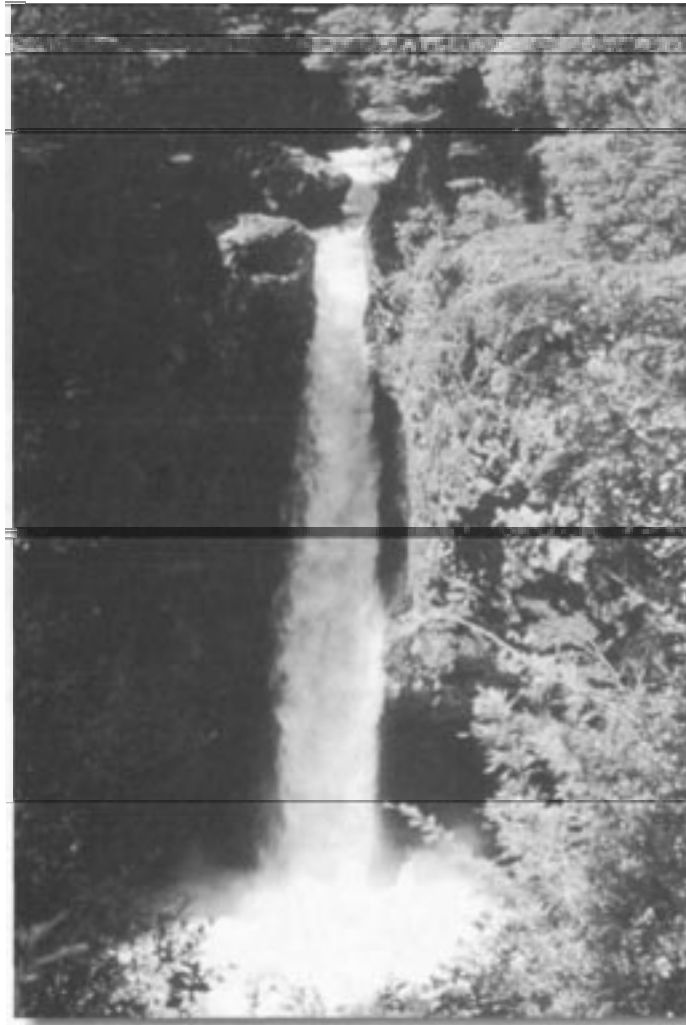
My sweet gentle mother would yell, "If Robbie ran up and jumped off a cliff, would you?" As I leap the answer comes to me. "YES!!!"

"The Palguine"

drops. I follow until I see everyone scrambling out of the boats. A portage around a 40+ foot falls. The climb away from the river is steep and slick so we hand the boats along. The path leads to a rocky outcropping overlooking the falls and the pool below. Robbie walks to the edge, sets his paddle down and looks up with that dangerous smile. He takes his boat and throws it off into space. He grabs his paddle and sends it flying. Then with a wild guffaw Robbie leaps off the cliff into the water. I watch him plummet into the white, aerated water. He flushes out of the bottom and bobs to the surface with an ear to ear smile. I look at his boat and point out that it seems to be accelerating toward the next drop.

Well, there's no arguing with logic like that. I grab my boat and head toward the edge. Tony shows up and asks, "Where's the portage." I smile and pitch my boat over the edge, launch my paddle, step up to the edge, and say, "Right here." The color drains from Tony's face. He slowly looks around and realizes that the only thing to do is jump off the cliff.

As I perch on the edge gathering the fortitude to jump my mind flashes back to my youth. Doing something stupid because one of my friends had done it. My sweet gentle mother would yell, "If Robbie ran up and jumped off a cliff, would you?" As I leap the answer comes to me. "Yes!!!" I find myself falling back first. I manage to tuck into a cannonball. I am glad



This is all a true story. All the last names have been omitted to protect the guilty.

that I will not be the last one off.

Randy, bless his heart, is recording all this for posterity. He catches great shots of us launching our equipment and selves into the pool. Paul launches his equipment, jumps, points his toes and receives a high speed enema that blows out the seams on his shorts. Randy leaps, now only Tony is left. Tony spends a long time looking for a portage before conceding that he is

screwed. We all yell up helpful advice. "Don't do a belly flop. Don't land on your back. Hey, I bet you can land in your boat." Tony finally jumps. His legs kicking, his body rotating forward parallel to the water, a quarter twist, his face a resigned mask of terror. SLAP!!! A perfect sideways belly flop. Silence fills the air. "Damn! He missed the boat."

Tony slowly starts swimming toward his boat. "How far is it to the take-out?" Robbie's face lights up in the most dangerous smile of the trip. "Less than a kilometer." Tony looks relieved. "But the gradient starts to pick up a bit." Robbie could smell the fear.

As it turns out, it's all pleasant Class III-IV, but Tony still manages to pin and broach a couple of times. We reach the take-out. Tony is the first one out and jumps for joy. He no longer has to worry about getting onto a river with us again. He's so overjoyed he starts giving away all the gear he hasn't sold. "I'm going to Colombia and take pictures of drug lords. This kayaking stuff is too dangerous!"

On the way back to town we spot Clark sitting by the side of the road with his boat, still waiting for Miss Perfect to show up.

God, it's great to be a beau up old boater.

Author's note: This is all a true story. At least from my point of view. I'm sure others may not share that view. All the last names have been omitted to protect the guilty.



***A Near Disaster
in Ecuador
Big Drop =
Big Consequences!***

Text and photos by Polly Green

“I think one of the hardest things in life is having the person you love the most be **seriously hurt** while you are watching.”

This story begins the night before Dunbar Hardy and I left for Ecuador. The travel insurance application was already filled out for the both of us and I was getting ready to FAX it in to the company. Dunbar had just bought a new camera lens for the trip, put a deposit down on a squirt boat, and felt financially stressed. So the travel insurance got the boot at the final hour. (Lesson number one: always get insurance)

We had paddled all the rivers in Ecuador we wanted to paddle at least once and our trip was winding down. Earlier we had looked at the 50 foot waterfall above the put-in to the Hollin River and decided we would come back later, save it for last, in case anything bad happened. (Omen number one)

The day came and we had a group of four that wanted to go run the falls. After breakfast, Dunbar said to me, "I'm pretty clear with why I'm going to the falls and that's to take pictures." (Omen number two)

The four of us (Dunbar, Land Heflin, Seth Warren, and I) loaded up the four door pickup truck taxi and began the hour and a half drive to the falls. As we were approaching the turn off for the falls Land said, "Are you guys sure you don't want to just go paddle the Upper Jondachi instead?" (Omen number three)

We arrive at the falls and look at it from below. It looks big. We walk around and scout the top; we pick out visual markers and where we want to take off. It looks doable. We walk back to the taxi and decide the order. I know I definitely don't want to go first. I let the boys duke it out. The three of them ro-sham-bo to see who goes first. Land wins. But after a few seconds he decides he doesn't want to go first, he

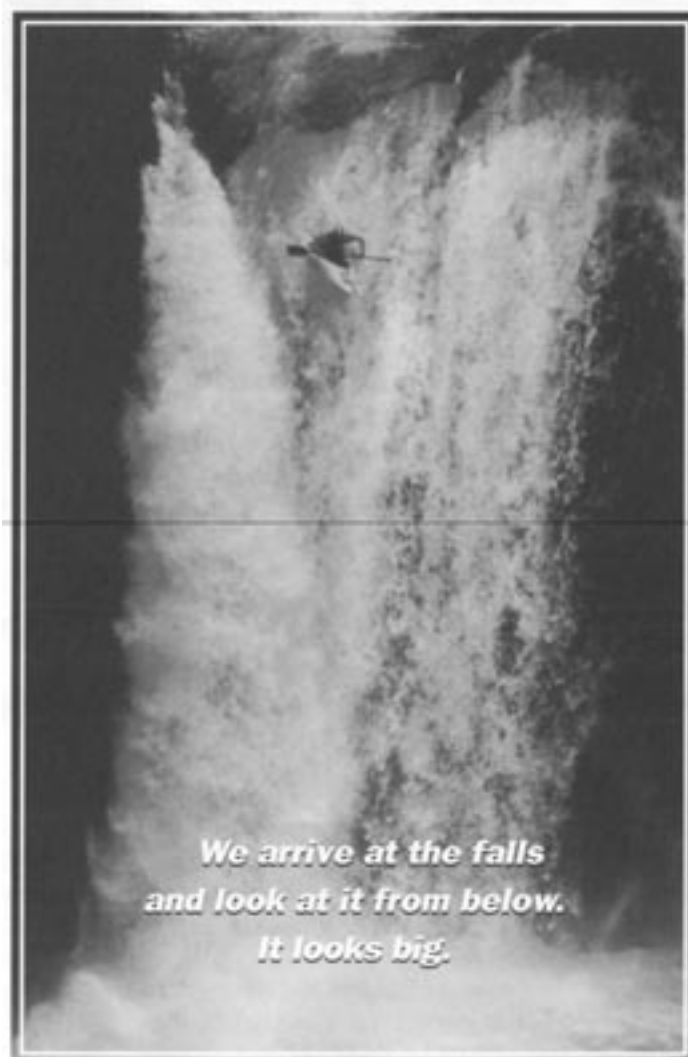
chooses to go third. Now it's down to Seth and Dunbar. Seth had been the most enthusiastic about running the falls so I'm thinking Seth should go first, but they ro-sham-bo. Dunbar wins, he decides to go first.

We unload the gear and discuss the plan. We decide that only one person will be at the top at a time. Two people will be at the bottom setting safety and one halfway up the trail taking photos.

Land gets in a boat and waits in the eddy below the falls. Seth holds a rope on shore and I photo. It takes us fifteen minutes to set up. All this time Dunbar is ready to go. He has a lot of time to think; too much time. We give him the thumbs up signal and he goes and climbs into his boat. My stomach is tight and nervous, but I have confidence in him.

I check the camera five times to make sure it's turned on and the lens cap is off. I see him at the lip of the falls, click, click, I take two shots before he takes the plunge. I am watching him through the viewfinder and think to myself he's right on line, how awesome it looks and I hope these photos turn out.

Then he lands. I know right away something's wrong. He lands flat, totally flat. He slumps forward in his boat and the current pushes him into the eddy on river left. He isn't moving. Land paddles over to



A Near Disaster in Ecuador

Dunbar in the eddy and gets out of his boat to check Dunbar's back. He takes off Dunbar's life jacket and feels his spine. My mind is saying, "He's hurt, he's hurt, something's wrong!"

As I bolt down the trail, I am praying he's okay. We help him out of his boat and lay him on the ground. The wind at the base of the falls is amazingly strong; we are getting wet and Dunbar is getting cold. First Aid training kicks in and all of those practice scenarios come to life. I wish this was pretend, but it couldn't be more real. I am holding Dunbar's head in traction while Land does a secondary survey and Seth runs up the hill to get a wooden bench and manpower from the store where we parked. Dunbar has pinpointed the pain to his middle back. Our plan is to immobilize, evacuate, and get him to the hospital. We pad the bench with our paddling clothes, lift him onto the bench and tie him on with a throw rope. Six of us hoist the bench up and begin the treacherous slog up the steep trail to the road. We move slowly and take several breaks, but eventually get him to the waiting taxi. After untying him, cutting off his wet clothes, and wrapping him in dry clothes, we slide him in the back of the taxi. Still holding traction on his head, I see the pain on his face as we drive the bumpy road an hour and a half back to Tena.

As we pull into the hospital I have a brief wave of relief. The orderlies get Dunbar on the stretcher and wheel him into XRAY. The hospital is definitely third world. Dirty, dark, and primitive, I hope Dunbar doesn't have to stay here. They take three x-rays. The doctor initially tells me that everything looks OK. I let out a deep breath but a few minutes later I walk by the doctor looking at the second x-ray. As limited as my Spanish is I could tell it was bad. The doctor is scared. I see the x-ray plain as day – one of the vertebrae is half the size of the others. The doctor tells me Dunbar needs to get to Quito ASAP, any movement could lead to pa-

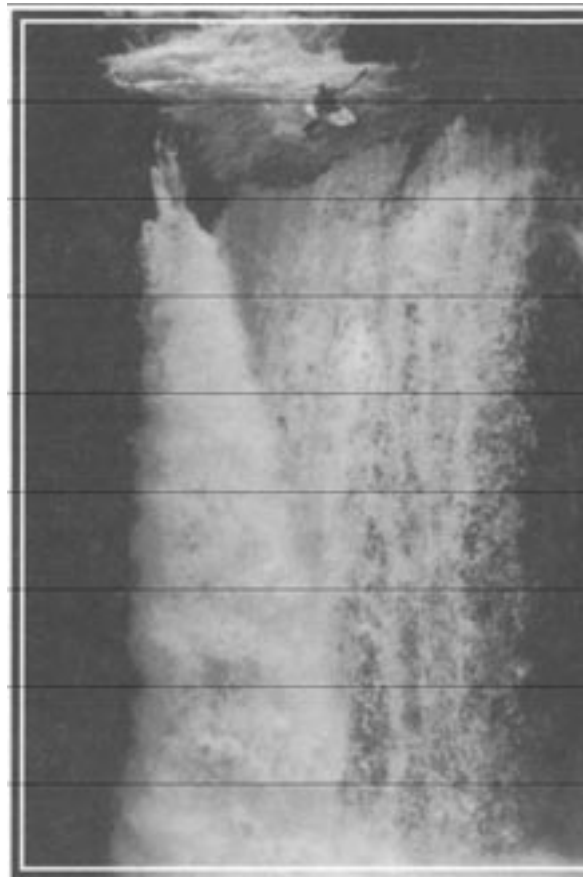
ralysis. An ambulance is called and I run back to our hotel and pack up our stuff. The doctor hands me his medical report and tells me to run across the street and make copies.

The ambulance and crew do not instill confidence. One window is missing and it makes a loud rattling sound as it pulls up. The attendants seem to have less first aid training than we do, so we take over strapping Dunbar into the old army issue body brace. Someone says, "Don't worry, Polly, all they need to know is how to drive." Dunbar is loaded into the ambulance and we begin the six hour journey to Quito. The road is narrow and bumpy. We hold Dunbar's stretcher up during the really bad parts to lessen the blows. Every now and then the ambulance stalls and the attendants have to get out and push start it. Halfway through the ride the attendant in the back, who is supposed to be watching Dunbar's IV, falls asleep. Please let us make it to Quito, I say over and over again.

At 2 am we pull into the Metropolitano Hospital in Quito. Right away I know this hospital is legitimate. The doctors and nurses are all wearing hospital white, the place is clean and bright and they speak some English. They whisk Dunbar into X-ray and tell me its going to take awhile. I slide down in the dark hallway, sitting on the floor with my back against the wall. I start to cry and pray and think about how fast this all happened. How fast our lives can change. Will Dunbar be okay? Will he be paralyzed? I am scared, in shock, and at the same time know I need to keep it together. I am grateful for my six days of Spanish school and ask "Es Malo?" The orderly replies, "Es mucho malo."

X-rays are finished and the resident on duty explains the situation. Dunbar was very lucky, there has been no neu-

rological damage. He has compressed his T-9 vertebrae 45% and fractured two others. He will most likely need surgery. His doctor will be in at 7 am and she will have the final call. Dunbar spends the remainder of the night laying on a wooden backboard with a cer-



***"He's hurt, he's hurt
something's wrong!"***

vical collar and I sleep on the floor next to his bed. In the same room is a screaming sick baby who cries all night. Luckily Dunbar is getting some serious IV drugs, which makes sleep a little easier.

I anxiously await the morning arrival of the doctor and moving into a

Big Drop – Big Consequences!

private room. Both happen. The doctor doesn't want to make any quick decisions, so we wait three days in the hospital, wondering. At least we have cable TV. Dunbar is flat on his back with a cervical collar. Eating is a big challenge. I feed him, trying not to spill soup down his collar. Straws come in really handy, but in just three days he loses a lot of weight.

After an MRI and more x-rays, surgery is scheduled. Metal rods will be inserted on either side of Dunbar's spine. The doctor assures me it is a simple procedure and should take two hours. The day of his surgery is the longest of my life. I walk along as Dunbar is wheeled into the OR. I go as far as they allow and tell him, on the verge of tears, how much I love him and that he is going to be OK. The worst part is waiting. He went in at 1 pm. It is now 7 pm and I can't stand not knowing. I ask the nurse "Quando Dunbar regresso?" She says (in Spanish), "Everything went well and he will be back soon, he's not in intensive care." Thank God.

He gets wheeled back in the room about 8 pm. He is groggy. The first thing I ask is, "Can you feel everything." He says, "Yes, but there is some tingling in my left arm." The doctor assures us this will go away in time. "I feel broken," is the last thing Dunbar says before falling asleep.

A day after surgery, Dunbar was able to sit up and stand. On the fourth day after surgery he was allowed to check out. We flew home on our regularly scheduled flight. I was relieved to be back on home soil. He can walk now and eventually will be able to paddle again.

I am still not clear about the moral of this story. All I can say is that 50 feet, ten seconds of adrenaline and some good photos definitely is not worth what we've been through. We are so lucky that we can learn from this and have a second chance at life.

When bad things happen sometimes

good things come out of it. This experience has made me realize how much I take for granted and how precious life is. Truly we don't know what is going to happen and how quickly life can change. A lot of our friends who were in Ecuador came to the hospital, showed their concern, gave us money, proving that we do really have a strong community. It isn't in one place like I thought, it is everywhere we go. We have friends all around the world. It took something like this for me to see how much they care.

Sitting next to Dunbar in the hospital, all I wanted was a regular life with a house of our own, a dog, and a chance to make a life together. Traveling around the world paddling almost everyday lost its appeal. At that moment I wanted the chance to try again. Seeing Dunbar lying there totally helpless made me aware of how fragile life is. Paddling and traveling is all we have been doing the past few years. I value all of our experiences, but Dunbar's accident has put a lot in perspective. I will still paddle, of course, and there are still places I want to go. I could never give up this life-style completely, but I think there could be more balance. Dunbar will have no choice but to sit for a few months.

The question remains. Is the risk involved of running big drops worth the consequences? In this case, definitely not. And Dunbar was relatively lucky. True, other people have run this same falls without serious injury. But the same drop broke Dunbar's back. Unaccounted for updraft, too much speed, small boat. How many times have we been inches away from disaster and not even known? This experience has raised a lot of questions and made me think about the consequences of my life-style. Watching Dunbar break his back and not knowing if he could ever walk again was one of the more difficult times in my life. I never want to see the one I love the most in that much pain again, or that close to having his life changed forever.

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When you are

a beginner,
the Nantahala

By Gary Mitchell

Ken Kastorff and his wife Juliet own and operate Endless River Adventures in the shadow of the Great Smoky Mountains in western North Carolina. Ken, with more than 20 years experience as a whitewater kayak instructor, is arguably the best mentor on the Nantahala River. During his workshop one spring morning he led me through the winding Class II rapids and down the Nantahala Gorge. Ignoring the ice water, conditions were ideal. The sun filtered through the poplar trees and scattered diamonds on the river.

Ken led me to spots along the eight mile run where I could practice eddy turns, ferry maneuvers and inadvertent rolls. After lunch on the river bank at the "Roper's Bar-be-que," we continued until we reached Nantahala Falls.

Some experts consider a drop of ten feet or more as meeting the true definition of a "falls." If true, the Nantahala Falls are only mini-falls, since they are not more than five feet. But the section is tricky for the uninitiated. There are boulders on each side above the drop. They create two v-shaped waves that converge into a diagonal wave and a hole that can be a keeper at the bottom. Behind the boulders are turbulent aerated micro and macro eddies. The local fun hogs play under the falls, squirting, pirouetting, surfing and doing enders and 360s. Just above the falls we pulled into Bus Stop, my kind of eddy, and looked down river to where it disappeared between the rocks in a boiling cauldron of whitewater.

In truth, this is perhaps the first true Class III rapid on this entire section of the river. I am accustomed to a 17-foot sea kayak, and the sub-10-foot plastic encasement molded around my body

made me feel like I was in a bathtub filled with screaming adolescents.

"Follow closely behind me. Get as close as you can to the hole on the right, but don't fall into it," Ken yelled over the raging river. Off he went. I was so close behind that we looked like one tandem kayak. The playboaters moved aside when they saw us coming. I don't know if they moved as a courtesy or because they sensed I was out of control. The words "when in doubt be aggressive" came to mind; so, as we rapidly approached the falls, I pulled on a couple of deep hard strokes and shot over the hole at the bottom. Cascading water clouded my vision and the river roared in my ears as we slipped into an eddy. Thrilled with having survived, I forgot to tilt the boat upstream and nearly capsized. After congratulations from Ken, we prepared to head down river. "The paddle to the take-out is 'twoseys'," he shouted.

"Twoseys?"

"Class II," and off he went. I was just a little relieved that the easiest part was downstream.

Back at ERA I urged Ken to agree that I was now qualified to run the Class III section alone. "How else am I going to improve?" I whined.

"If you go alone, repeat the falls as we ran them until you feel comfortable. And don't go into the eddy above Billboard. There are a series of eddies in the river beginning about 100 yards above the falls. The first huge boulder on the left is Billboard. It's undercut. The other eddies are okay except for the fallen tree

that is submerged a little beyond Billboard. Get caught in that strainer and you may stay there for awhile."

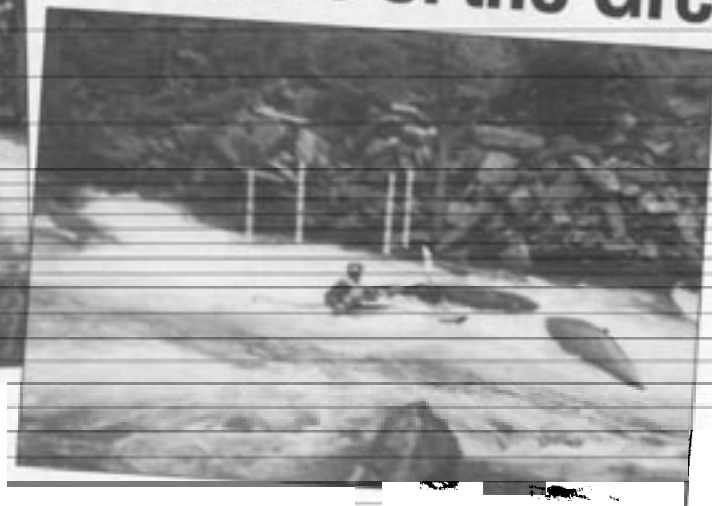
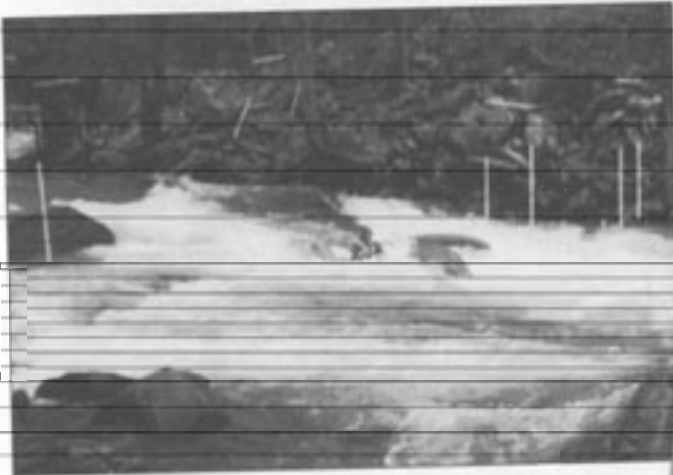
"Wow! I didn't see all of that when we went down together."

Ken smiled. "That's why we went down together. Have fun."

The next day I was off to meet the challenge. I didn't bother with the upper eight miles of river. I wanted to practice in the falls and the eddies just upstream. At the put-in I started talking with some guys who play there regularly. They kindly pointed to Billboard and told me that it is the first eddy stop. I mentioned Ken's admonition; they assured me that the eddy was behind Billboard, not above it, and that they turn in there all the time. "Just don't hit the boulder. You won't have any trouble," and they were off.

As Billboard approached I ran through a mental check list: "Line up well in advance at about a 45 degree angle; enter high with a last strong downstream stroke; keep the lean of the boat downstream until entering the eddy, then shift upstream..." My thoughts were interrupted as my bow plowed into the edge of Billboard (exactly where I was looking, consistent with the cardinal rule that says you hit exactly what you look at). This resulted in the boat going backwards downstream outside the eddy. With a strong sweep I managed to get the bow into the quiet water just as I bashed sideways into another boulder at the rear of the eddy. My upstream hull was sucked under and so was I.

can be every bit as exciting as the Narrows of the Green.



"I thought the first boulder, Billboard, was undercut; I didn't know about this one!" I struggled to roll on both sides, but the force was stronger than my so-called "combat roll." I pulled the skirt and popped to the surface with a gasp. Naturally, no one was nearby to toss a rope. "Keep calm and grab the upstream end of the boat," a voice said. "Now where's the damn paddle?" I spotted it bobbing beside a nearby bank and set out to rescue it.

That first swim was awkward, but with great effort I was able to grab an exposed tree root and drag all the loose parts up on the sharply angled bank. Fortunately, there were air bags stuffed in the rear section of the kayak. After a brief rest, I reinserted myself and was ready to go. I exaggerated the downstream tilt of the boat and held my paddle ready to brace as I peeled out into the current and headed for Bus Stop.

My confidence grew as I twisted away from a big rooster tail that squirted over the top of an angry looking rock and skirted the faces of some jagged ones that wore sinister expressions. Bus Stop loomed ahead. "Now remember, angle early—and for God's sake don't blow the entry," I commanded. With a very uneconomical flurry of strokes I spun into Bus Stop and congratulated myself for not going over the falls backwards.

With professional assuredness I stuck the bow across the eddy line to spin the boat so I could better view THE FALLS. "It's all downhill from here!" I took a

deep breath, pinched on my nose clip (not that I was going to roll), spun around, and peeled across the eddy line.

"Boulder to right, cross the V-shaped surf line, keep out of the boiling eddy behind the boulder, now follow the tongue of dark water to the right. Oh no! Don't slide over the falls sideways!!! Too late. Lean the boat out over the surf. Now just how do I stop side-surfing this boiler-maker? Maybe a left sweep to turn the bow downstream...Oh my!!!" The stern plunged under the falls, the bow pointed skyward; then the boat arced out of the water and landed softly in the current—a perfect squirt. There was a cheer from bystanders and playboaters and I felt the thrill of victory. "Oh my, they think I actually did that on purpose!"

Then, just as I broke into an "aw, it was nuthin'" grin and raised my paddle in triumph, the up river edge of my boat was caught by the current and I was belly up and being thrown about under water like a wet mop. Before I even thought of getting in the tuck position, I heard a grinding, as if something was trying to gouge through my helmet. I instantly tucked hard, reached, swept, hip flicked to the surface and took a deep breath of fresh mountain air as the river poured out of my helmet. I thought I heard another cheer, but I was too preoccupied with missing the next boulder to ac-

Above, a group runs the falls of the Nantahala for their first time. Melissa leads and Booger and Sammy follow. The last names have been withheld to protect their eons.

knowledge.

I pulled into an eddy at the concrete take-out ramp where I lowered my head to my chest and closed my eyes, trying to regain my composure. Suddenly, an eight person raft loaded with people screaming, "We can't stop!" bore down and plowed into the side of my hull. Fortunately my boat's hull was pressed firmly against the concrete ramp. The raft lumbered awkwardly away.

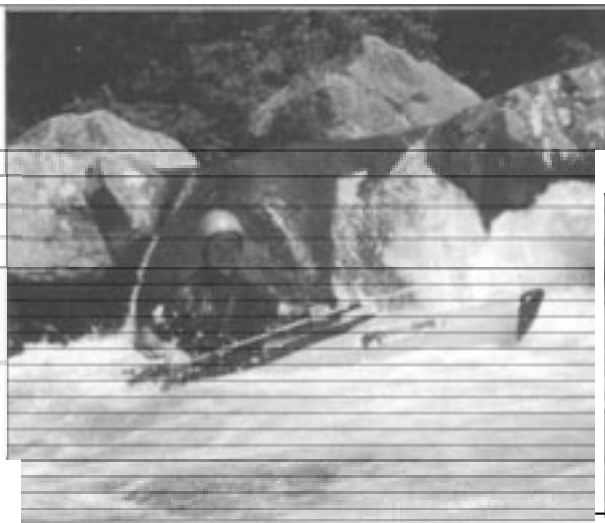
After pulling the kayak on the ramp I stood inspecting the first scratch on my new helmet. One of the girls from the raft came over and apologized. One look at the helmet and she gasped, "Oh no, did we do that?"

"Nah, I just did a roll and found a rock on the bottom that I tried to pulverize with my helmet. I'm okay," feigning a "happens all the time" attitude. I could almost read her thoughts as she smiled hesitantly and hurried away.

Today there are a few more scratches on that old helmet, but every once in a while I still inspect the scar from that day, not so long ago, and I have to smile. I'm reminded of all the valuable lessons I learned the day I went alone and undaunted over Nantahala Falls.



First Time on the Upper Yough



If the hot pepper omelet doesn't get, you the river will!

By Paul Lange

Photos by **Bob Gedekoh**

Top: Riding the pillow at Heinzerling

Above: Troy Dyke...did this cat just eat the canory?

For years my paddling mentor, Rex Dalrymple, had encouraged my wife and I to run Upper Youghioghney River in Friendsville, MD, with him. We got our chance the first Friday and Saturday in August last summer.

My wife Karen and I arrived the day before and set up camp, nervously waiting for Rex. The nice day turned sour when the sun went behind a cloud. Down came sheets of rain, loud thunder and lightning. We thought "Oh shoot! If the river goes too high we won't be able to paddle. Or, maybe that's a good thing!" Karen and I sat in our tent reading a guidebook on the Upper Yough until I fell asleep at the description of Meatcleaver Rapid. Friday rose with a bright sun and we headed into Friendsville to Twila's restaurant for breakfast. I was worried that I had not finished the guidebook. Rex assured us we would forget everything we read anyway, including where all the undercuts are located. I ordered the same thing as Rex, a Twila's special omelet with hot peppers. Rex mentioned that this



Another day at the office for Scott Stough.

So why was I so nervous? Was it the concern about National Falls, the undercuts, or the steep gradient, and WHY DID I EAT THE TWILLA'S SPECIAL WITH HOT PEPPERS?

was a great breakfast choice. Not only would it be filling, but my churning stomach would be paired with a NICE SPICY AFTERTASTE!!!

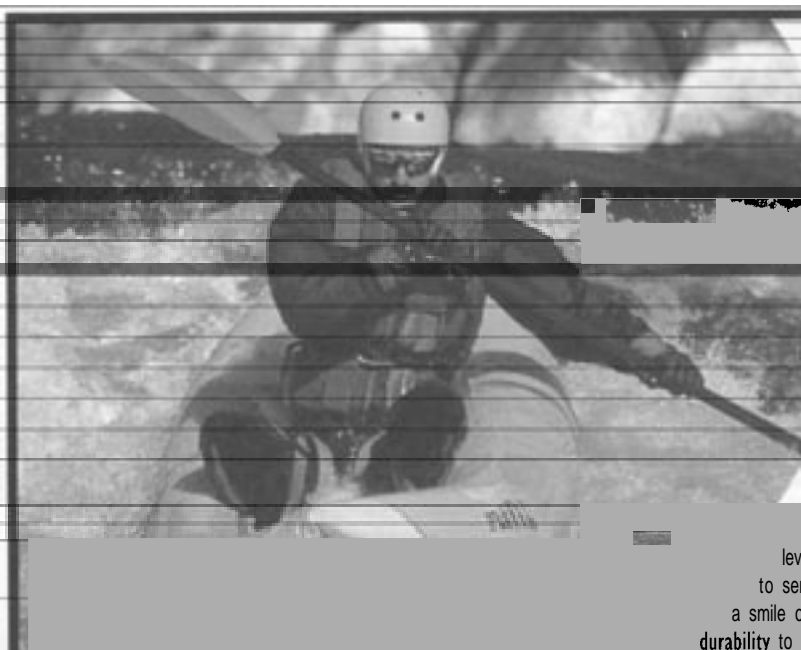
We pulled into the put-in parking lot at Sang Run. It was full of colorful Suburbans, Explorers, vans, and pick-ups. Someone had "Life is a Highway" playing on their stereo, and the atmo-

sphere was festive. So why was I so nervous? Was it the concern about National Falls, the undercuts, or the steep gradient, and WHY DID I EAT THE TWILLA'S SPECIAL WITH HOT PEPPERS?

After stretching and rechecking our gear, I decided to leave my break-apart paddle in the car. Rex had a partially

completed 'homemade' take apart in his Dagger Crossfire. I began picking out the clothing du jour and made a final stop to the outhouse. As we loaded up and walked our boats to the river, Rex asked if I noticed that the port-potty was clean and non-odorous. He explained that by the time you are good enough to do the Upper Yough your sh#t doesn't stink. We had a good chuckle at that.

The bridge gauge read 2 feet. Rex said that was a good first time level, enough water to cover the rocks and not too much push. Twila's omelet re-



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Above left: Safely through Meat Cleaver.
Above right: 16 year old Zack Davis hot dogging at the Donut Maker.

sponded with a mighty twang. We chatted and floated down to 'wait rock' until it was show time. We ran Gap Falls and the first mile of Class III-IV 'boogie water' without damage. We made the boof at Bastard Falls and worked our way to Charlie's Choice (we chose the easier left route). We continued on to National Falls and a large galley of on-lookers. We ran the blind drop on the left side and pulled off to eat a quick lunch. While sitting river left watching

the intense river flow by I didn't notice that I had eaten my bagel or drank my water. I was on automatic pilot. We watched one unlucky fellow who didn't clear the backwash of the falls. He was violently window shaded numerous times. He hung in, continued to roll, and on about his sixth recycle, he spit out upright to a chorus of cheers. Rex asked if we were ready to get back in our boats and run the rest of the river. Right.

We paddled a little more 'boogie water' and then we hit Zinger. Rex showed us a neat ferry move above a

pour-over on river left. Unfortunately, when Karen was ferrying back to river center, she hit a few rocks in the back of the eddy which spit her sideways. She flipped and hit a massive vertical rock. I saw a pillow develop on the boat and then the boat began to go UNDER the rock upside down. The boat rocked a little and surfaced with an empty cockpit. Rex took off downstream after the boat and I slowly eddy-hopped down the left side. Karen was on a shallow island midstream, she asked if I saw any blood on her chin or nose.

She said she had been forced on her

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back deck and felt the boat settle on the rock. Fighting the force of the river she popped her skirt and hit her face as the current ripped her out of the boat. She was a little shaky (so was I!) without visible injury. We couldn't find her paddle. Karen and her boat were reunited on river left just below and we gave her the option of my hand paddles or Rex's break-apart. Rex assembled his partially glassed paddle as I asked the numerous helpful paddlers if they had seen her paddle floating along. The general opinion was that it was lost forever, probably stuck under 'the Zinger rock.' We were told the river had a reputation for eating paddles and other floating equipment.

After Karen's 'brush with the undercut' our lines became conservative. All of us ran the pillow move at Heinzerling well, although my boat wanted to stay on the pillow longer than I wanted. We scouted Meatcleaver Rapid. Karen had a clean run going river right straight between the Cleaver rocks as Rex took pictures. Just as I was to leave the river right eddy, an open boat paddler signaled to wait as a small group ran the center route. My line was fine and I smiled for the camera all the way. Rex informed me his film had run out on the last picture.

The final rapids were approaching and I was still feeling very apprehensive. We chose the "easy" lines through Cheeseburger and Dancer. Too soon the slack water slowed and we were at the take-out in Friendsville.

We had survived the Upper Yough and only lost a paddle. Ah, what to do about the paddle? I had repaired, re-glassed and re-coated Karen's Schlegel at least three times, so she was probably due for a new one. Roger Zbel of Precision Rafting just happened to have a new Schlegel paddle in vibrant green and red! It was the right feather, the grip felt good, so I purchased Karen an early birthday present! I have to admit that I spent some time on the Friendsville bridge waiting to see if any equipment might be floating out to Yough Lake.

On Saturday morning we met again at Twila's for breakfast. (NO Twila's special this time!) I noticed the population of Friendsville, MD. had doubled overnight with paddlers! We picked up our buddy, Oren, and headed off to the put-in. We ran into paddlers we had seen on other rivers, and more than one had their own interesting story to tell about Zinger Rapid. We headed down river and Rex led the group again. As we passed the bridge pillar (2 feet on the gauge again) a paddler

came up and asked about my wife's Jofa helmet.

I kept trying to remember the lines from Friday. I asked Oren, who had run this river at least five times, about the lines and he said couldn't remember specifics about the river. Above Bastard Falls, the second big rapid, Rex stopped. Oren dropped in our eddy and asked, "Is this Meatcleaver?" I told him it was Bastard and Rex told us to make a mandatory boof. Oren followed me (big mistake usually) but we all negotiated the rapid well. As we picked our way down the Upper Yough above every big drop Oren would ask, "Is this Meatcleaver Rapid?" We stopped below National Falls (NO. Oren, this is not Meatcleaver) for lunch. Then Rex ran the river right move; We wisely kept to the left side. I couldn't touch my lunch. My saliva factor was at an all time low and apprehension factor at an all time high. Zinger was coming up and I knew what happened there yesterday! We saw an unmanned boat negotiate the drop, submerge, and flush out. The paddler had swam above Charlie's Choice and had only just gotten out of the water just above the National Falls. The boat rescuer said,

Another clean Upper Yough run for expert open boater Lynn Alcock Spangler of Virginia.





Above: Mike McQuade... "Ain't nuttin' to it!"
Below: Why the long boat? AW Associate Editor Ambrose Tuscano says he's going to win the Upper Yough Race!

"Don't worry he swims this rapid all the time."

Soon we were at the approach to the Zinger (NO Oren this is not Meatcleaver). Rex offered a sneak route down the river right which Karen, Oren and I gladly ran without incident. I showed Karen the river left eddy where she got back in her boat without her paddle. Unbelievably, one rock down, just above the waterline, sat Karen's paddle. We were ecstatic at finding the paddle, but how were we going to get it down the river? Oren mentioned that he had a small saw and could cut it in half to put it in a boat. But weren't ready to sacrifice the paddle yet. Unbelievably, Steve Frazier, an open boater I had met the day before, paddled by. We explained our predicament and he was more than willing to carry Karen's new found paddle in the bottom of his canoe! Disappointed, Oren put the saw back in his dry bag.

When we ran the 'rifle barrel' slot above Heinzerling, Oren did not have

enough momentum. He flipped and began to slowly recirculate toward an undercut rock river on the right. After a couple of unsuccessful rolls he finally popped up and we lined up for the pillow move. I aimed toward the center of the pillowed rock, expecting the current to pull me off to the left. I



hit the rock, rode the pillow and stalled. I side surfed on the top of the Heinzerling rock for what seemed like an hour. The current finally grabbed my stern and I executed the tail end of the 'splat' move. Rex and Karen were very impressed when I whipped into the downstream eddy stern-first. I would have liked to have said it was intentional, but only an unsettled

mumble came out of my mouth.

We followed Rex until Powerful Popper. I love to do enders in my Dagger Outburst and I asked Rex to show me the sweet spot. He mumbled that it varies with water levels but, and I could try it if I wanted. I surfed the hole, dropped the bow and, *BAM*, I was vertical. I followed with an unintentional nose to stern flip. I got up on my second roll in some highly-aerated water with strange cross currents. Oren and Karen seemed content to rest in a downstream eddy and watch the carnage while Rex sat in the eddy near the hole. Rex said, "Go ahead, I'll just watch." On my third ender, I felt my boat go vertical past, tip to tail. I set up to roll onside, couldn't clear my hands, switched to offside, couldn't clear, switched to onside again, and still hadn't cleared. What was going on? I attempted an incomplete roll just to see if I still was in the hole. I saw Rex bearing in for a bow Eskimo rescue. When people are swarming to rescue you with fear in THEIR eyes, it is a time to worry. Upside down again I did a strong set-up and snap and up I rolled.

The rest of the river flew by: Lost and Found, Cheeseburger Falls, Dancer, Wright's Hole and Double Pencil Sharpener. Rex related us with stories of trashings, thrashings, and

Below: Over the Rooster's tail at the Top of Charlie's Choice.



dynamic swims. At the end of the river Rex gave us a high five and told us he wasn't sure what the cutoff on the water level would have been. He said whatever the level he would have said, "that's a good level for a first time." I'm just glad he took us down. We went to look for Karen's paddle. Steve had left it at Mountain Surf Kayak Shop. Unfortunately, he wasn't around for us to thank (we owe you, sir).

A few days later, I came out of my 'daze' and realized that I really enjoyed the Upper Yough. It is a difficult river and if you let your guard down, bad things can happen. I hope my next Upper Yough experience will be less harrowing. I know next time I'll pass on Twila's hot pepper omelet.



Above: Friendsville native Scott Stough surfing it up.

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First Time

First Time on the Watauga



*Background: Steve Frazier at Watauga Falls
Left: Steve Frazier at Edge of the World
Right: Steve Frazier at Ass Kicker*





An Open Boat Boogie

Story and Photos by Julie Keller©

I sat this morning in the hot tub listening to the birds chirp. I'm still high from my last paddling trip—a most amazing day on the Watauga Gorge, North Carolina, USA.

There are a number of rivers that I've wanted to paddle for years. The Chauga Gorge, Goshen Pass on the Maury, Citico Creek and the Selway. The Watauga Gorge has never been on the list. It is the hardest run in Monte Smith's *Southeastern Whitewater*. I always assumed the Watauga Gorge would be one of the last rivers in my quest to paddle all 50 rivers in *Southeastern Whitewater*.

After three great days of paddling on the Tellico River, the Big South Fork of the Cumberland, and Clear Creek on the Cumberland Plateau, I was hoping that our group would decide to go to the Nolichucky. But the talk turned to the Watauga on Monday and the Nolichucky on Tuesday. I discussed the river with three open boaters who had all paddled the Watauga. I was still hoping for a change of plans. Bob O came home with the water level graph predicting 200 cfs for Monday. The guys were ready to go; I was unsure.

I thought about it for a long time before I went to sleep, I would have to make my decision in the morning. In the morning I decided to go for it, with lots of portaging. Hydro, Heavywater, and Stateline Falls for sure.

I knew that I was getting on a dangerous, boulder choked, undercut river. I wondered if I was really ready to accept the risks posed by this river.

For me the bottom line is about challenges and opportunities. I couldn't pass up the opportunity to run the Watauga Gorge

with two very fine open boaters. I knew they would do a wonderful job of helping me: showing the lines; setting safety; and rescuing me.

We put-on and, right away, the river started to drop. Slowly for the first half-mile, then Cabin appeared. Steve introduced me to Boogie Water; non-stop Class III drops with lots of eddies.

We stopped to scout Bump & Grind. I didn't like the looks of a large rock in the middle of the river with water spraying straight up in the air. Steve and Dirk went first. The essential right to left move looked a lot easier than I thought it would be. I started into the rapid and made the move. Actually, I thought that I was too far left and corrected a little. But it was a little too much correction, I went straight up in the air along with the water on the rock. I slipped down backward and had a fight with a paddlesnake. The snake won and kept the paddle. My boat (without me) ran the bottom drop just fine. I made a great self-rescue and didn't swim the bottom drop. I sat on the rock and took photos of Steve and Dirk's rescue of my boat and the rock upstream that nailed me.

I got back in my boat for more Boogie Water down to Hydro. I already decided that I was going to portage this Class V rapid. The bottom reminded me of Charlie's Hole at the Great Falls of the Potomac. I thought about Scott Bristow and built a rock cairn near the top of the drop. He would have loved this river.

There was another great

stretch of Boogie Water down to Heavywater; I portaged again. Then more Boogie Water down to UAWMF. I missed my line and fell off a little ledge above the wall sideways. I threw a solid brace and recovered.

Lots and lots of Boogie Water. I portaged something with no name and a nasty looking rapid called Knuckles. It was time to deal with Stateline Falls, a Class V rapid with a 16-foot drop. Steve was the only boater to take the leap. I took a great photo!

More Boogie Water down to the new American Whitewater take-out. (Join AWA!) Boy, do I like Boogie Water!

I was talking with my Mother the day after the trip. I told her the Watauga was the most difficult and dangerous river I had ever paddled. She had no sympathy for the paddle I lost, but was glad that I didn't lose more. I explained how I made my decision to attempt it, but conceded that if I had died on the Watauga that day a lot of people would have said I did not belong there. But I argued that only I could make that decision and that I knew the possible consequences and had been willing to accept them.

For me the consequences were a lost paddle and a most memorable day on a wonderful river. It was a trip that I will never forget!

Editors Note: Julie Keller is an open boater and whitewater photographer whose photo of the late Scott Bristow was the cover of our May issue.

Top: Entrance to Bump and Grind
Bottom: Heavy water scout





Silent Thunder: The Legend of Team C Reviewed

By Greg Akins

Imagine if the producers of the timeless "Vacation" movie series filmed a kayaking video. Maybe a few clips of Chevy Chase getting maytagged in a hole, some sophomoric sexual innuendo, driving cross country only to find your favorite creek ends in a 5-foot wide drainage tunnel. Apparently Rick Gusic had just finished watching a 24 hour National Lampoon film marathon when he was inspired to produce his first commercial video offering.

Rick has been producing amateur videos for a few years. The success of his first public offering is evident, having won the Paddler's Choice Award and Best of Show at the 1999 National Paddler's Film Festival. Rick's filming mixes steep creek paddling, rodeo footage and some rehearsed and unrehearsed comedic routines. The comedy skits are a welcome addition to the usual recipe of steep drop, big hole, rock 360. But what really makes this video unique is its inclination to show paddlers performing frequently unsuccessful, and usually unsafe, boating maneuvers. The video satirizes of the rodeo/hair boating genre that has dominated paddling films recently.

The result of Rick's efforts is pure fun. The steep creeks and big drop footage provide the whitewater fix demanded of a paddling video. Featured creeks include; Clear Creek, Gore Canyon, Cache La Poudre - The Narrows, Deckers Creek, etc... The music is typical—mostly edgy alternative tunes. The skits add an element not found in other videos. In fact,

the moment that sets this video above and beyond all other videos is a hairy, overweight Floyd Turbott performing an "interpretive quietwater routine" in a too-small lycra top and bikini bottoms.

But don't think this video is too light-hearted to be taken seriously. The rapids are some of the finest in the country and the camera angles are excellent. This video doesn't just mock the paddling scene. It gives great footage of creeks that up and coming hair boaters can aspire towards. This video, though, might make an overly eager inexperienced boater think twice before following first descenders down a 450 fpm steep creek. The guys in Gusic's video get hammered, get hammered again—then get laughed at by their friends.

Take, for instance, Martin's initiation. Egged on by the "Don't let 'im back in the car 'til he runs it" threat, Martin gets in a little over his head. After a solid beating and the loss of a fine Norse paddle, his friends are there to make fun of him. Or, after Jeff takes a particularly risky line and ends up swimming out of a huge hole, his friends exclaim, "I told that dumb *ss not to go left!"

Silent Thunder probably should not be viewed by small children. Because it includes "mature" subject matter and language. And, anyone with a queasy stomach should fast forward past the footage of a kayakers getting run over by rafts at Pillow Rock.

Silent Thunder: The Legend of Team C is one of the most innovative paddling videos to date. It launches paddling videos into a different realm, much as Floyd Turbott pushes the weight restriction of a flatwater canoe. If you are bored with most paddling videos you will probably enjoy **Buzzlemania Production's Silent Thunder: The Legend of Team C.**

Check www.immersionresearch.com or call 814.395.9191 for information about obtaining copy.





The Last Drop

By Dr. Gary Muskett

It's more dramatic when they arrive by helicopter. The call came across early in the afternoon of a bright spring day. Maximum runoff.

The guy had been pinned on the first descent of a branch of some steep creek. Bystander CPR. Fairly close to a road and a rural EMT continued CPR until the helicopter arrived. He was intubated by the flight nurse and the first round of drugs given. Brief agonal rhythm on the monitor.

Chest compressions as they came down the hall from the helipad — never a good sign. Flight nurse sweaty from doing compressions and her blonde hair sporting Class IV helmet head.

"Blue when they got him out," she started her report. "Down for about 45 minutes before our arrival. Occasionally some wide ugly EKG complexes, but otherwise nothing."

Primary survey. Tube in the right place. No pulse — unless some big guy was pumping on the chest. Belly distended. Pupils dull and dilated. Game Over.

"Let's do another round of drugs and see what we got." Stalling a little. Secondary survey. No evidence of trauma. The dry top had been split with trauma scissors to expose the chest. Extremities cyanotic. And, oh sh.t! A wedding band.

"Family?"

"Yes" said helmet head. "Buddy at the scene said he was married. Sheriff is going to call her."

Everyone in the room got smaller. Group exhalation. "Dumb f.k." said the trauma nurse. Refocus. "Have we got anything?" New attention to the monitors. Nothing.

"Let's do another round of drugs and externally pace him." Purposeful but futile. No pulse. No nothing. Blood gas comes back. Beyond dismal.

Call it. "Thanks everybody." The respiratory techs slowly gather their gear. Somber group.

"Family is here," the charge nurse says, popping his head in the door. "Need Henry?"

he asks, glancing at the body.

"Yeah." "Who's here?"

"Esposa," he says, dropping into Spanish. Twenty years in a LA trauma center slips out. "Uno nino. Wife and small child. Great. Just f..king great. She looks embrazada."

Pregnant.

"You're hurting me, Sam."

"I'll call Henry." He ducks out.

Turn back to the body. Twenty-something. The nurses are doing inventory and bagging the belongings. Putting shredded clothes into a plastic bag. Some car keys fall onto the floor. Must have been the shuttle driver and not trusted the left front wheel.

Henry arrives. Takes a look. "S..t". Henry is the Chaplain. "Family is in the quiet room." I can tell by his voice that they don't know.

It's called the quiet room or sometimes the grieving room. Death room. Grieving comes later. Grieving is a lifetime without.

This is death. A body lying naked in a sterile room of strangers who do this as a job.

No warm-up band. She is on the phone to her mother when I come in the room. Her three year old daughter is crying because mommy is crying. I tell her as gently as possible that I am sorry that Paul is dead, but I see the words smash into her unprotected face. A widow's death mask of anguish. Her hand drops pitifully down to her pregnant womb in a frail attempt to shield her fetus from the ripping agony in her chest. Henry sits beside her and says nothing, but holds her as only a father knows how. She sobs uncontrollably, but no sound comes. Suddenly, in one racking sob, she screams and clutches her daughter to her chest as though some unseen demon might snatch her too.

Knock on the door. I'm hoping it's one of the nurses calling me back into the ER. I hate to leave you Henry, but, you know, duty calls.

No such luck. It's the kayaking buddies. I

resist the first temptation to ask how high the creek was. Well, it is runoff. The three year old perks up. When Dad's friends are around it is always a good time. The Trust of the innocent.

The widow stands and they group hug. They will no doubt do that again at the funeral and later at "the gathering." Then drop some of his ashes at the put-in.

As she is calling her mother, one of the buddies wants to talk to me in the hallway. Priest time. A familiar moment. He needs to tell me what happened and at the same time ask for absolution. To tell him he did everything he could. I listen. I tell him.

He tells me that the run was a Class V steep creek.

"Paul was a great boater," he tells me. He goes on to describe in detail the series of drops they were going to run. His story and others like his all have the same punchline. I know what is coming. I almost cringe. He looks down and shuffles his feet a little.

"Well, I guess he died doing what he loved."

The classic line of the self indulgent. The bull riders, the hang gliders, the motorcycle guys, the heroin addicts.

I talk again with Susan. She has a name and a face now. Sarah is the little girl's name. Susan is trying hard to be brave and composed. She thanks us for everything and tells me that her baby is due in two months. The ultrasound was done yesterday and showed that it was going to be a boy. She barely gets that out and dissolves again in tears.

The coroner comes to make his report. He brings some slightly stale chocolate chip cookies, which are immediately wolfed down. Chocolate is an excellent sedative.

More of the river running community descends on the ER. I doubt Susan will ever let Sarah or Paul Jr. get near a river. I doubt they will want to. They will grieve. They will do without.

Editors's note: Gary Muskett has been a specialist in emergency medicine for 14 years. He currently practices in Missoula, Montana. Dr. Muskett has a wife and two small children.



Over the Edge Reviewed

By Greg Akins

Paddlers buy kayaking videos, in part, because there is a margin between what the average boater will experience and what the hair boaters featured in these films paddle. For just a few minutes an aspiring extreme sports junkie can imagine themselves free-falling off a 70 foot waterfall, dropping into a house sized hydraulic, or catching that last eddy before an endless horizon. Over the Edge is aptly named because it captures this margin of experience and gives the armchair adrenaline addict a chance to peer, for 30 minutes, into another level of the sport.

For their third offering the gang from **Falling Down Productions** embarks on another epic vacation. With only occasional stops to do some surfing, the main focus is on cutting edge whitewater. This is reminiscent of the first video, *Falling Down*. BJ Johnson and Katie Neitert do well at weaving a theme throughout their videos. The theme of this video, first descents and seldom descended runs, revisits the elements that made their first video so successful.

The beginning of *Over the Edge* insists that "There are some who live on the edge, then there are those who choose to go 'Over the Edge'." To prove the point these Fayetteville, WV paddlers drop over the edge of everything from Kathadin Creek in Maine to the North Fork Slate River, just outside of Crested Butte, Colorado.

The highlights of this video are a first descent of the aforementioned North Fork Slate River and a couple of waterfall firsts. The North Fork footage is interesting not only for its whitewater, but also because it shows BJ scouting some blind drops hanging from a rope on the edge of the deep canyon. Most of the run takes place in a steep gorge with few opportunities to bank scout and no margin for error. This adventure obviously took some pre-trip planning. That planning pays off with continuous whitewater and heart stopping suspense.

Once in the canyon, Shannon Carroll's heart probably skipped a few beats when she almost lost her paddle dropping through a kayak wide slot. She rolls up just before floating, upside down, through the next drop.

Then, with true expert's poise, she finishes the rest of the rapid cleanly.

Shannon Carroll is also the main figure in the final suspenseful moments of this video. Sahalie Falls is a 78 feet plus waterfall on the McKenzie River in Oregon. This tourist attraction yielded a world record descent for Carroll. The camera work at this drop is excellent. Two shots, one from the back as she disappears, and the other from the base of the waterfall, as she reappears, capture an ethereal, lingering moment of uncertainty. She drops off and disappears; reappearing in the mist, dwarfed by the giant column of water.

Tao Berman also shows his stuff with a first and second descent of a 100 feet plus cascade on the Rio El Salto in Mexico.

In between these exciting moments are plenty of classic whitewater runs and classic play spots. The Upper Catawba is featured at the beginning of the film. There is a long section of highlighted creeks with weird

names like "Nesowadnehunk" and the "Dosewallips." Some footage of the Bottom Moose is included. The New River

Gorge and the Upper Gauley appear as proof that being 'Stuck in West Virginia' is pretty good.

But play rivers, even Class V, are not the principle theme that *Falling Down* has developed through this video. As promised by the title and delivered by the action, this video describes a playground where most paddlers would not feel comfortable. The shallow cascades, steep waterfalls, and remote canyons are the heart of this film. These fantastic drops form the edge of the whitewater frontier. They create a new limit, and demand a new level of expertise. For paddlers who like to take big, deep breaths before pushing into the current, these drops grant an opportunity to go Over the Edge.

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North, Over Idaho Two Kayakers Creep Toward Canada In Half Hour Increments

By Mark H. White

It has been a particularly cold, wet winter and was warming up to be a particularly warm spring. Ironically, it was even warmer—and wetter to our north in Idaho. So, the timing of his call was ideal. Jeff had taken up boating with great enthusiasm several years earlier and possessed the requisite positive attitude for a kayaking and travel partner.

Like me, he was eager to get out on the water. Jeff talked about the Weber, the Ogden and the Price Rivers. I listened with lukewarm enthusiasm—most of Utah's water was still in the form of snow on the mountains. Besides, I had run these rather featureless "hometown" rivers countless times.

"Jeff," I said, "it's been raining in Idaho and the Payettes are pumping. We could zip up there tomorrow night, boat Saturday and Sunday, and be home for work on Monday morning." Jeff was skeptical, but intrigued. He mentioned the Payette Rivers were seven hours away.

I reminded Jeff how responsible guys like us deserved an adventure and how fantastic the Play Wave would be at this particular water level. Front and back surfs, spins and endos were just waiting for us. We could easily enjoy the entire weekend parked at the wave. Jeff conceded the Play Wave was indeed a truly beautiful thing and finally agreed that the drive was an investment worth making.

We departed Salt Lake City after work, made the arduous journey across the southern Idaho flatlands and rolled up to Tim's house in Boise at 10:00. He was just leaving for a party—a party which would save rivers he claimed, a party complete with a popular local band. Being the semiprofessional athletes that we were, Jeff and I told Tim we would rather get some sleep prior to our big weekend of paddling. Tim however, was Idaho's self-appointed Social Director and refused to unlock his front door.

We were soon at a bar packed with a cast of local characters who had gathered to rally against the threat of hydropower development on the North Fork Payette. Jeff and I tossed a few dollars into the contribution jar, sipped a beer or two and made some new friends. Around 1 am, we convinced Tim to leave and were heading out the door. It appeared we would get a decent night's sleep after all. Then, we ran into Grant.

"Mark...Jeff...dudes! What are you doing

up here?"

"Thought we'd come up for the weekend; play on the wave; maybe run the Canyon."

A disappointed look crossed Grant's face—the same 'you can do better' look my mother used to give at report card time. "How many times have you run the Canyon?"

"I don't know" I confessed, "dozens?"

Grant was even more disgusted. "How many hours have you spent on that wave?"

"Uh, hundreds? I don't know."

Grant perked up. "How many times have you run the South Fork Clearwater?"

"Never."

"Never?"

"Never."

Grant's voice deepened, taking on a tone of authority. "Dude...it's totally worth the extra drive."

The South Fork Clearwater was far beyond our current location, Boise. Grant, however, was insistent that we pass up the perfectly excellent Payette drainage and extend our range into northern Idaho. Grant rallied Tim's persuasive efforts and against all common sense, Jeff and I eventually agreed to accompany them.

As outlined by our new traveling companions, Jeff and I got up at 6 am, ate breakfast, and loaded Tim's van. Around 8:00, and after a second breakfast, Grant finally arrived. As we headed north on Scenic Highway 55, I sensed the 'Law of Compounding Complications' was taking effect. This phenomenon is common to outdoor adventures and in layman's terms states that once things go wrong, they will likely continue to get worse.

I mentally assessed our situation. Jeff and I were tired; we had surrendered our vehicle and were now hostages to the recreational whims of Grant and Tim. The look on Jeff's face indicated he too was aware of the emerging phenomenon.

"Exactly how far is the Clearwater?" inquired Jeff.

"Only about four hours," Grant casually replied.

"Four hours!?"

"Yeah, but it's a really short four hours,"

Tim observed, attempting to ease our apprehension. Of course our concern were not diminished in the least.

A 'short' four hours later, we crested the summit and peered into the stunning green

valley (ironically called Golden Canyon) through which flowed the South Fork Clearwater. It had been raining for days and the entire area looked like an enormous waterlogged sponge. The steep, winding road down to the river was silvery wet and in spots had sloughed away due to the excessive sog-giness of the hillside.

When we finally reached the river's edge it was mid afternoon, but felt much later due to the dark clouds and incessant rain. The Clearwater was anything but clear. Driftwood and an incredible amount of silt were being carried toward the Pacific by the vastly swollen river. Of course, the debris would never actually leave Idaho, let alone reach the ocean. Instead, the wood and dirt would settle and continue to fill in the next man-made reservoir.

Jeff was not particularly amused by the unexpected high water at Coyote Falls and expressed his good judgement by offering to drive the shuttle. Tim's flat decked fiberglass boat, he explained, was not meant for this big water, and soon, he too was driving shuttle.

Through the mist and pounding rain, Grant and I observed the crashing Clearwater, which continued its downstream mayhem for as far as we could see. "Well" said Grant, "I've run this at high water before....I don't have anything to prove." I sensed Grant's tone of voice was suggesting that maybe I did. "By the way," he added, "see the crux move? That's where a guy pinned and died last Spring." I could see exactly where he perished and realized it would be an easy feat to duplicate—especially at this impressive flow.

"Dammit" I mumbled. I hadn't boated since the prior September and had driven over ten hours to do so. Now my buddies were abandoning the river—and me. I continued to watch the freight train of water and debris rush by, until deciding it really was too risky to solo such troubled waters.

We all drove downstream and put on for a several mile section of 'easier' Class V. The greater-than-usual water level and accompanying flotsam had bumped the river's difficulty factor up a notch. The run was big and meaty. Waves rolled and exploded, offering a great introduction to what would likely be another adventurous season of kayaking. We waded each other into increasingly deeper holes where rides were violent, even a little



desperate, but never truly out of control. At one point, I couldn't see any of my fellow paddlers — they had all descended into monstrous holes.

When the Clearwater's gradient eased, we decided it was time to exit the river and warm our chilled bodies. Dusk was just around the corner and the van was still parked far upstream. While Tim walked back, the rest of us sat in the mud. On a steep hillside directly across the river a herd of elk casually grazed; aware, but unconcerned about the human voyeurs. As they moved high up the precarious hill, it seemed they would slip off and plunge into the river.

We soon found ourselves in the tiny hamlet of Lowell recounting tales of whitewater heroism in a dingy pizzeria. It had turned out to be a pretty decent day. Maybe my concerns about traveling too far north with Tim and Grant had been unjustified. "So," I said, "we should probably head back south and camp near (the town of) Banks.the play wave should be awesome tomorrow." Jeff nodded in agreement.

Grant spoke up. "Tim and I've been thinking....we're too tired to drive that far. Besides, it's raining and I don't want to camp out." Before I could interrupt, Grant continued. "There's a little gem I just discovered called Lolo Creek and it's only half

an hour north of here." Jeff's smile was gone and he was now shaking his head and mouthing the words "No...no...no."

Grant had been obsessively seeking new runs under the guise of 'research' for a guidebook, which he later published. With a rising anxiety level, I pointed out that South, not North was the direction in which my Monday morning employment was located. "Dude," Grant continued, as if not hearing anything I had just said, "Lolo Creek is unbelievably awesome. I guarantee it's totally worth losing your job over." I wondered if Grant had ever held a job that was worth not losing, but didn't bother asking. Tim jingled his keys; "Besides, you're with us."

An hour and a half further north we stood on a small trestle bridge which spanned Lolo Creek. Through the darkness and perpetual heavy rain, we could see the swollen creek had invaded the bushy banks and was transporting some very large logs. Collectively, we quickly decided Lolo Creek would have to wait for another visit. "I know a place where we can stay tonight offered Grant, "it's just another half hour north."

Two hours later, we located the vacant house of Grant's acquaintances. Desperate to retreat from the rain, we jiggled windows until one cooperated and then basically broke in. As we laid out our sleeping bags, Jeff

offered a suggestion which I hoped would be well received. "Tomorrow" he said, "we can head back to Boise and have some dinner together. Then Mark and I'll drive home."

Grant chuckled, looking somewhat demonic in the pale light. "Tim and I have been thinking. There's a run called Big Bear Creek that is totally rain fed. It's only been run once and the guys said they portaged some pretty big falls. It's just half an hour from here." Jeff and I sighed in unison.

The following morning we gave our damp paddling gear a tumble in the dryer while decimating our unknowing hosts' supply of pancake mix, syrup and coffee. To our credit, a thank-you note and a few dollars were left as evidence of our encampment.

A circuitous hundred-mile drive eventually brought us to Big Bear Creek, which was definitely a rain fed river. In many places, we could see green grass growing on the recently covered riverbed. The Big Bear was actually quite small. Several times we were forced to portage due to barbed wire fences that stretched across the water.

We reached the falls and immediately saw why they had been portaged by our predecessors. The several hundred cfs of water dropped ten feet vertically onto a rock shelf, slammed right into an undercut wall, onto another ledge, then into a deep pool. We quickly determined there were no clean lines through the drop, but to the group's great amusement, I chose to run the falls anyway. After all, we had come a long way and it seemed appropriate to explore the possibilities. My run was even uglier than anticipated. Fortunately, the only injury was to my pride by hysterical laughter from the safety of the right bank.

The Big Bear Creek had turned out to be a great find and once at the take-out, I vowed to return someday. But, at the moment, it was four o'clock on Sunday afternoon. We were a stone's throw from the Canadian border and our workday would begin in 15 hours. In between us and our employment was a 14 hour drive.

We reached Boise at midnight, divorced ourselves from Tim and Grant, loaded up kayaks and stepped on the gas. At 5 am we were an hour from home and it was beginning to get light.

"I am never boating with you again." mumbled Jeff.

"Never?" I asked, "We had a pretty good time."

"Well, maybe."

"How about next weekend, there's a river just a half hour north of here..."

Editor's note: Mark White is a member of the AW Board and a regular contributor to this magazine. Grant Amaral eventually finished his classic guide to Idaho Whitewater.

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The Most Beautiful Angel

I had suspected that this would be a first descent. I'd read no reports on this creek, and the villagers at the put-in had never seen a kayak. The best *topo* map I could find showed altitude lines of 100 meters, which was too large a scale to be anything better than sketchy. However, it looked like a manageable descent. I'd done a lot of other creeks in the region and while they'd had their share of Class V, they'd all been doable. Mostly they averaged in the 60-meter per click range. This one seemed no different except for a kilo-long canyon, with straight vertical walls. It would have been great to have scouted via airplane but I didn't have the cash. I figured I could do it, though. It was an approximation, but I reckoned it only dropped about 50 meters—quite a bit less gradient than the rest of the creek.

I would have liked to have had a companion, but my partner at the mission didn't know a paddle from an oar, and we were situated so deep in the boonies that it was rare we even saw anyone other than the native Indians. So there I was, soloing an unnamed creek, and digging the whole scene in the middle of the jungle.

I'd just set up my video camera to record my run of this really fine 30-footer into a deep pool when out of the blue this kayak came boofing over the edge without so much as scouting it. He did a perfect 45-degree entry—no spinal compression, no deep dive bouncing off the bottom. I doubt he even got water in his eyes.

When "he" paddled up to me I noticed right away that it wasn't a "he" at all. She gave me a great big smile and a howdy-do.

"Where in hell did you come from?" I asked incredulously as I gazed into deep, violet-black eyes.

"I've been working in the uplands, just upstream from here," she replied. "I'm kind of a nurse . . . you hear about the cholera outbreak on the VaChama Rancheros? Damn, it's horrible, and I'm smack dab in the middle of it. I had to take a few days off, get away and boat my favorite river before I lost my mind. It's getting really depressing up there. We ran completely out of medical supplies a few weeks ago and we couldn't get anymore. There's just simply nothing left for me to do at this point. Most have already died, and those who haven't, don't need my services."

"Wow, sounds terrible," I sympathized. "So you've done this creek before," I asked, wanting to change the subject.

"Sure, quite a few times," she laughed, as a little "first descent" sign in my brainsprouted wings and flew away.

"Did you arrange a shuttle?" I asked.

"Never worry about it. I usually find a way to get to where I'm going, I know a lot of people."

"Well, you can share my shuttle," I offered. "I've got a driver going to meet me at the take-out tomorrow and I wouldn't mind tagging along with someone who knows the river."

"You got a deal," she replied. "Let's go."

The next few hours were extraordinary. I'd never seen anyone paddle as well as she did, and she had the lines cold. On the rare occasions we scouted, mostly for my sake. She'd go ahead and do the rapid to demonstrate the line and then get out to set up safety for me. I can't say it helped my ego much. I'd always thought of myself as an upper echelon boater. Back in the states it was usually me doing the lead and looking out for everyone else. . . but that's how it goes. You get to thinking you're really hot, and along comes someone who just blows your doors off and plants you right back in reality.

We ate lunch on a large flat rock, in the shade of the jungle canopy. Up river roared the tail end of an extended Class V+ that I had scouted, gotten dry-in-the-mouth, knee-shaking nervous, and walked. She had pulled off the most inspiring run I think I've ever seen. The rapid started with a must-make 10 foot drop that you had to boof to literally fall into a one boat eddy on river right. From there the river raced down a 40 foot slide, angled about 45 degrees, all pouring violently into an undercut wall on river right.

She did a perfect boof and then popped out of that eddy paddling like mad, trying to ferry left as she entered the slide. The current was too strong and it became obvious that she was going to get sucked into the undercut. She continued her ferry, pointing slightly upstream, and left as the stern of her boat actually disappeared under the ledge. She rode 10 or 15 meters like this, back to the wall, as her bow slowly rose higher and her stern was sucked deeper into the undercut. Suddenly she did a purposeful upstream flip

while reaching out with her paddle to catch downstream current. Holding her breath, she rode the next 10 meters under the ledge, got spit out at the bottom and rolled up. Her only comment was: "Shoot! I have to do that every time. Just once I'd like to run that rapid upright!"

I had just stood there with my mouth gaping. It had been, bar-none, the most intimidating run I'd ever seen in my life and she acted like it was nothing.

During the rest of lunch I soon discovered that she'd not only been boating most of her life, but she'd also missed very few countries in the world. She was multilingual, and seemed to be on friendly terms with the locals wherever she went. She spoke animatedly about her favorite rivers—some of which I'd never heard of. I was so fascinated that I was a bit disappointed when it was time to hit the river again.

For the rest of the day I was in boating heaven, and all my cylinders were firing. We were on a warm, isolated, jungle creek and the rapids were all Class IV. With her in the lead, scouting was unnecessary. We just did a lot of eddy-hopping, surfing and playing down long, continuous boulder gardens. Big lizards sunned themselves on boulders while monkeys chattered from the trees. Sloths were everywhere, and we often startled groups of parrots, sending them squawking and flapping away. The stinging flies that had bothered me so much in the morning were gone. There even seemed to be a cool breeze blowing downstream; how could it get any better?

By late afternoon we came to the start of the gorge. All I could see was a horizon line beyond which steep, perfectly smooth perpendicular walls rose up on either side of the river. I got out of my boat and peered over the edge. I threw a few rocks in the pool and it looked deep enough, but even still I was considering roping my boat down when I heard her come up beside me.

"This is an easy 40-footer into a deep pool. All you have to do is punch out just a little so you don't get caught in the backwash and you'll be ok. Just below is a perfect campsite where we can spend the night."

I really liked the way she said "we." It was either the thought of us camping together or the horizon line in front of me, but some hormone was pumping. I was stoked. For the



first time all day I went first, solely on her advice. I went right down the middle, popped that final big stroke on the power side, buried my paddle in the current to control my angle of flight and totally screwed up. My paddle hit a rock on the lip and I literally fell over the edge. I crashed into the water 40 feet below with a thud, face stinging from the slap. The current escorted me to the bottom of the where I was then introduced to various rocks and debris. My paddle was ripped from my hands and I bounced along through the blackness for far too long. I pulled my rip cord and bailed out almost too late. My lungs were bursting.

The next thing I remembered I was laying in blessed sunlight! I was in the pool, lazily floating with various gear strewn all about. My boat was doing rodeo in the falls until it blew an airbag, sunk and came up downstream. I only barely looked up in time to see her fly.

She was an angel, silhouetted in the evening sun; her boat seemed to drift down through the spray, well beyond the waterfall. Her near side paddle swept through the air in a perfect arc, the spray catching the setting sunlight to form a very distinct rainbow, which literally followed her down to the water. She landed softly, surrounded by all this color and spray. She popped up immediately and laughed with her pleasure. She helped

me round up my gear and pulled me onto a sandy shore, nestled against the cliff walls, next to the pool. I couldn't help but notice that we were in a cauldron. There was no way out without full climbing gear. We were now committed to running the canyon.

"What will we be facing tomorrow?" I asked trying not to betray my nervousness, looking pensively down the narrow gorge, hearing the roar it made as it dropped down and disappeared around an un-scoutable corner.

"Not much actually," she said. "Two Class V's and all the rest III and IV. After what you did today, you won't have any trouble with it."

I breathed a sigh of relief.

She had me stow the dry food I'd brought. She had a steak large enough to share, and two bottles of vino from Chile. Once out of her gear I could see she was absolutely stunning. I know it's a cliché but I actually pinched myself.

The steaks were medium rare, the wine at its peak from a very good year. The sun was setting and the stars were already starting to pierce the royal blue blanket of the deepening sky. An ominous rumble, barely audible, reverberated from somewhere far up river, a jungle squall too far away to deserve even a second's attention. How could I possibly have noticed? I was entranced. She was talking

about her favorite rapids on the Gaulley: Lost Paddle, Insignificant, and the cool surfing wave above Initiation. On the Ocoee she liked Diamond splitter and Grumpy's . . . Maze on the Russell Fork . . . Crack in the Rock on the Chatooga . . . Home Sweet Jesus on the Lower Meadow.

I'm not familiar with that many western rivers, but I remember her saying she liked Sunshine in the Royal Gorge, and Pine Creek. She reeled off rapids on the American and the Crystal, and several Washington and Idaho rivers.

Then she mentioned paddling the S. Fork of the Payette with Walt. . . .

I've never been accused of being fast on the uptake, but at this point something began to click; my other brain cell started firing.

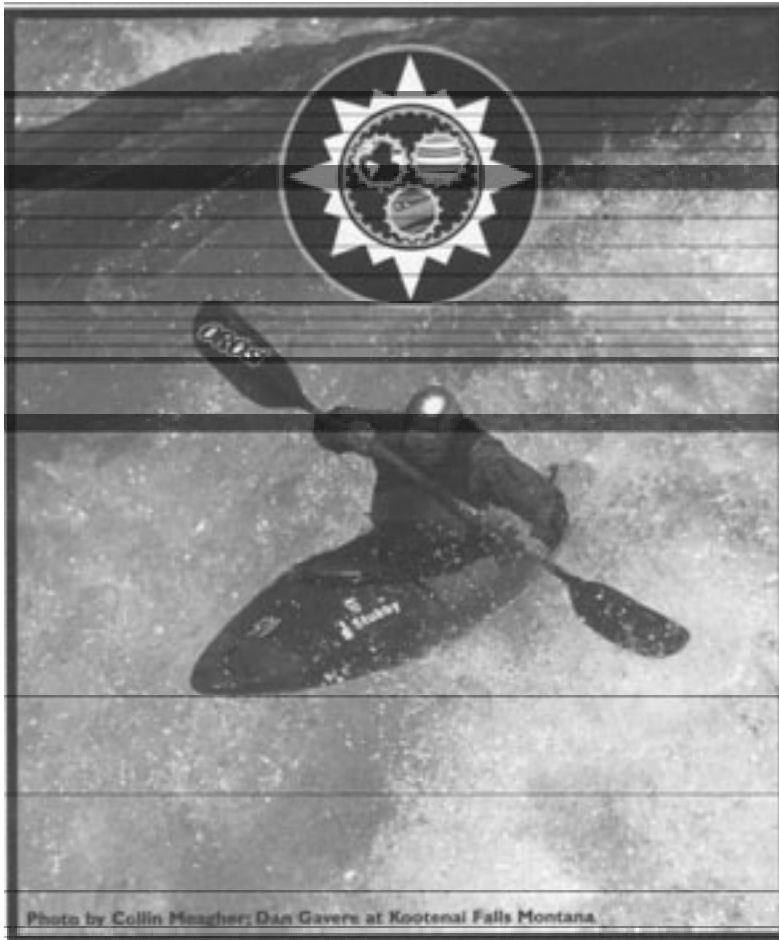
"That was a long time ago. How old are you?"

"That's not a question you ask a lady," she giggled, almost coyly, "but I'm much older than I look." (There was that rumble from up river again.)

I was beginning to see that all of her favorite rapids had one thing in common. . .

"Have you ever done Niagara Falls?" I asked with a grimace.

"Only once, with a C-1er. That silly boy wasn't even wearing a life jacket," she replied



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Photo by Collin Maisher; Dan Gavers at Kootenai Falls Montana



laughing, eyes sparkling with nostalgic spark.

There was a whirling, sucking vacuum of blackness in my mind. I felt faint and dizzy and I don't know where it came from but I just blurted out "You paddle like an angel."

She laughed again and looking at me sideways said, "Before daddy kicked me out of the house, he used to call me his most beautiful angel."

The rumble up river again, slightly louder.

I was weak, my brain felt liked it had popped. I was thinking in fifty directions at once and there was that damn rumble again.

"Do you know what that rumbling is?" I asked.

"Of course, it's a cloudburst," She replied vibrantly. "The water will reach here by the morning. It's going to be really exciting tomorrow!" She tossed her hair back in her joy and giggled.

"What happens down there?" I asked, pointing downstream into the gorge.

"Ooooooh, Class VI," she said with a frown, "unboatable . . . all that water in this tiny canyon. You don't even want to start thinking about what 5 meters of water is going to do in there."

"What are we going to do?" I asked, "we can't climb out of here!"

"Oh, I'll probably get a good trashing tomorrow, but I know I'll be able to paddle out," she said, looking at me with just a hint of pity,

"but I don't think you're going to be able to manage it"

I stared at her for long moments. My brain just didn't want to believe what she'd just said. "The most beautiful angel," I thought to myself. "For god's sake, I'm a missionary. Why can't I remember my bible? Michael? St. Peter? Gabriel?" Then it came to me.

"You ever meet a guy named Ezekial?" I asked.

"Now there's an old fogey if I ever met one," she said. "You can't imagine some of the awful things that old lecher wanted me to do."

As she was saying this it was like the moon shifted in its orbit just a split second and showed her face in a different light. I saw an unguarded, indescribable expression. There was hopelessness, despair, and terror. And then a moment later she was all smiles and sweetness again, and nothing seemed to matter, and all these impressions just seemed to melt away, and they just didn't seem important anymore. The only residual effect was a faint smell of sulfur on the wind and goose bumps on a warm jungle night.

I looked across the campfire, into those deep, velvet eyes. She raised her wineglass in a toast and then suddenly pouted. "Oh, you're going to have trouble sleeping tonight, aren't you? You know I can help you. I can make the night pass quickly. I can make you forget

about everything — and I can do it all night."

I looked up river as the thunder peeled again. This time I could see a tiny sliver of sky illuminate. I thought of her offer and found myself fighting the urge to accept it. "Wouldn't that be called consorting," I asked.

She laughed that vibrant, heavenly laugh, tipped her glass to me, then sipped wine with luscious, delicate lips. "You're trapped in one dilly of a philosophical corner now aren't you?" she said. "I can tell you that I have absolutely no reason to lie to you, and that it's not consorting, but would you allow yourself to believe me?"

She was right — it was a pointless question.

"You lured me into this didn't you?" I asked.

"No, that's not how it works." She replied. "If I hadn't come along, would you have done anything differently? All I did was show up at the right time to boat with you. Plus, if I remember right, it was you who wanted to boat with me"

I thought about it. She was right. I'd planned before to camp at the head of the gorge. If she hadn't come along I probably would have camped on this very spot.

"I can't directly intervene or make decisions," She said. "I can't make anyone do anything they don't want to do. And even if I could, there wouldn't be any point to it.

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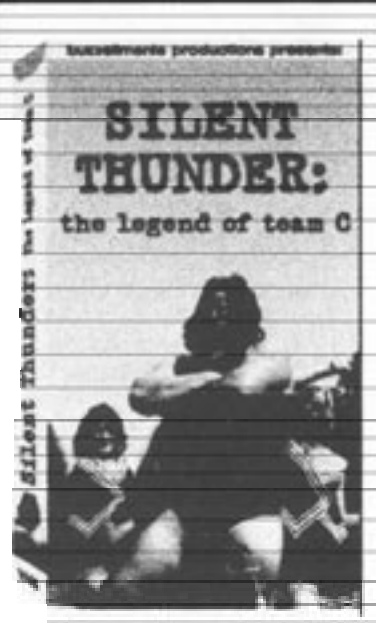
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Sometimes, however, I make the things people wouldn't normally do become very, very attractive. That's kind of my job. It's really the artistry that makes it all so interesting don't you agree?"

"Okay, I understand that. So far I've been totally accountable for everything I've done but what happens tomorrow? Can you help me?" Despite my best effort, my voice was trembling. "If I'm swimming, can I accept a tow to shore? If you offer me your hand or a rope, can I take it?" I almost pleaded.

"Of course you can. We're partners on this river and I'll do everything humanly possible to help you. You may have some awful, pre-conceived ideas about me and how I operate, but I wouldn't just let you drown! But, of course, you just asked another pointless question with an answer you won't allow yourself to believe?" she said, laughing again. She paused a moment, looking conspiratorially serious, as if she was letting me in on a little secret that only we could share. "We both know that I can totally save you. I can arrange it so that you paddle out of this gorge feeling downwind of daisies — but it involves certain obligations."

"So if you save me, I'm going to owe you quite a bit, aren't I?"

"That's the way daddy says it has to work," she replied, her eyes sparkling with pleasant, happy, all-is-well joy. "But you're really a nice guy. I just deep-down hope it doesn't come to that."

So now I sit at the campfire, staring across it at the most alluring woman I've ever seen. Lightening intensifies and the smell of warm jungle rain is in the air. I can't help but imagine how she'll look wet. Looking downriver the lightening flashes and illuminates the gaping maw of the gorge. Looking at her smile, at those eyes I get so lost in, at the wine on her lips, admiring every breath that she takes, I see her laugh and open the second bottle of wine, and refill my glass.

I think of tomorrow and how this little patch of sand will disappear under the rising river. I think of my mortal destiny coming tomorrow in the shape of a 5-meter wall of water. I think of how I'll get into my boat to face a gorge I can't possibly survive. I think of things at the mission that won't get done. I think of the shuttle driver who will wonder what happened. I think of how the wine is in my head and why I'm trying to convince myself that consorting isn't that serious a sin. Mostly I think of her. She IS the most beautiful angel, and she can make the night pass quickly... .

As If It Were Nothing

Come on...

laughing and having fun
I want to see you
run some waterfalls
for me
while I ride
this little wave
I want to see you
coming
over the edge
flying
through the air
wet and glistening
in the sun
while I ride
this little wave
an eighteen or twenty foot
drop will do
on the river
and rushing
it's all up to you
I want to see you
splash down
and go deep
all the way under
and come
back up again
smiling
as if it were
nothing,
nothing at all.

Amanda Selvy,
Oak Ridge, Tennessee

It's time to Shred Colorado!



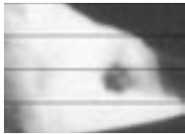
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When Mom and Dad agreed to my wild idea I was stoked. But when I started to pack for twenty-one days, it hit me. Three weeks was a long time to be the only kid on a trip with six adults, and to be away from my home and family. For three whole weeks, I'd have to do school without any of my Mom's help. As I got ready, packing every little thing comfortable, I felt more comfortable. By the time I was done I was ready for the adventure.

October 9, 1998 my family drove me to Joe's to load gear. After that was done the three of us, Joe, Nate Wilcoxin (TP Natey) and I packed into Joe's Toyota pickup to drive five hours to Dillon, MT. to meet another friend, Tim Maxwell. Five hours wasn't too long to be cramped because we knew that the next morning one of us could jump into Tim's jeep for the rest of the drive to Arizona. But when we met Tim we discovered his jeep was broke down. So we made a bed in the back of Joe's truck (that was already so loaded the max speed was 45 mph). We had to shuffle gear onto the trailer (whose suspension had already been blocked with wood blocks between the two spring: because of the weight). In the new spot we made, the rider had to lay horizontally. It was pretty crazy; every time we hit a bump the person's head would hit the raft frame. It became the preferred spot, however, because only the one there could sleep comfortably and stretch out.

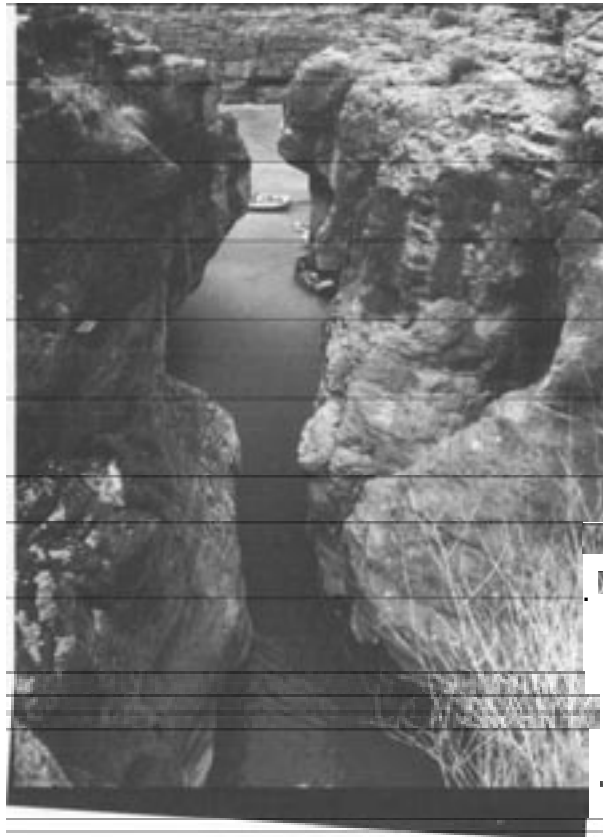
We met Kevin Lorio and Sarah Smickrath at the launch the next afternoon. That evening was my first day of school. I wasn't ready to start, but I reasoned that I might as well get my mandatory days over with so that at the end of the trip I wouldn't have any school. I could just play.

The next day we began our seventeen day river quest. Early in the morning we started loading boats. The Forest Service River Ranger Dude came and searched our gear. After he said, "I think that you guys might make it down this canyon alive," he showed us a prep slide show. The massive rapids in the slide show got me stoked for what we were about to run. Finally we set out! Only one commercial group launched with us that day. They were going to do the Canyon in fourteen days, so they would be ahead of us. We wouldn't see them. The guy at the slide show said that about 50 groups a day launch at peak season. We were pretty thankful that we didn't have to mess around with all those people. With that good news, I got into my Wavesport X. I was so hot and so stoked that I rolled to cool off, than cartwheeled to tune up after the long drive. I couldn't believe it was over. I was amazed the truck had pulled that huge load the whole



Above: The Grand Canyon

Below: looking out from Havasu
Previous page: James studying in the canyon



day. I couldn't believe that I was going down the Grand Canyon just like John Wesley Powell. Little did I know that this would be the most exciting trip of my life.

That day I opened the first page of a long book of adventure. A world of discovery unfolded before me. Around every river bend was a new hole, a new cliff to climb, a new wave, a new place to hike or camp.

But I knew I still had to do school. I eventually worked into a routine, usually studying by the fire at night. Some nights we wouldn't get to camp until late, then I'd have to buckle down. It was very hard to concentrate. It was like your friends inviting you to go skiing when you have chores to do. I tried to make it fun. If I didn't understand something I would trivia the adults. There were a lot of smart people on the trip. That was nice.

On the third day, we came to Red Wall Cavern. It was so neat! We played a game of ultimate frisbee, rockclimbed, and ate lunch; all in a cavern that was the size of two football fields. Five days into the trip, we came to Phantom Ranch. Here we waited for a friend, Scott Roberts. It was odd to see people again. Phantom Ranch is the only place the Colorado can be accessed from the rim. Scott didn't arrive until 5 pm; he was supposed to meet us there at noon. We still had to float three miles to get to camp. On the way was Horn Creek rapid, a "9" on a 1 to 10 scale. We scouted it at dusk. By the time we ran it, it was dark. I thought "Hey, this is pretty cool, running a class 9 rapid in the dark." I chose river left for a more exciting run, but really didn't see how big it was when I scouted it.

When I actually got into the meat of it, it was much bigger than what I saw on shore, and it demanded a tough move. As I passed this huge hole I looked over to see Sarah off her line. She hit this huge stuff on the far right side. She got worked and swam [at dark!]. As I paddled up to her she yelled, "Look for my paddle!" I eddied out and waited for it. I barely saw it floating towards me. I reached out and grabbed it. Kevin helped Sarah and her boat get to shore.

Feeling scared, yet relieved, we found our campsite by flashlight. Our camp was so tiny you could spit across it. We unpacked only the bare essentials, cooked dinner, and went to bed.

The next day we hit Hermit Rapid. It had massive waves and was very fun. A day later we came upon the mighty Crystal Rapid. Nate and I kayaked right through the meat of it. It was so great that we carried our boats up and did it twice more.

Later into the trip we did some beautiful hikes into side canyons. Havasu Creek was like a jungle. We cliffjumped into warm misty-blue waters. The contrast was like night and



day between Havasu and the regular landscape. Matkatamiba has magical rock formations that we climbed on. Elve's Chasm was like a big moist, lush garden. We were little bugs that tried to soak up all the beauty. We rowed really far one day, so we could do a layover at Tapeat's Creek. Nate and I kayaked it. It was really fun. Then we climbed up the creek bed to a waterfall. We climbed to where the water shot out of the rock. Later, we got to see the magnificent 100 foot Deer Creek Falls.

The last big rapid was the biggest of all; Lava Falls. The night before our "Lava Day" we stayed at Cove Canyon. It stormed really hard during the night. When I woke up and popped my head out of the tent to look at the fire, I saw through a drizzle that, Joe-our main oarsman, captain, and the chief-in charge-that we needed most, was sitting by the fire, bent over, holding his stomach. Joe was very sick but said he would be fine by the time we needed him to row the rafts. By the time we got the rafts loaded, another storm hit. I climbed into my dry suit and jumped into my kayak. We began the slow paddle towards the rapid. Not much was said until we reached Vulcan's Anvil, a huge boulder of lava jutting 50 feet up into the air from the middle of the river a mile above Lava Falls. We stopped here and left a necklace. Legend has it that if you toss a penny on the rock and it sticks you will stay in your boat going down Lava. If not, you will fall out of your raft like the penny! So we left our trinkets in hope that we would have a good ride!

Before long we came around a corner where we heard the roar of Lava Falls. But we still couldn't see it. We pulled out on the left to scout. I jumped out of my kayak and ran to where I could see. I let out a war cry and climbed up onto a big rock to get a view of the whole thing. What I saw was an immense amount of cocoa-colored water rushing down a class 10+ rapid!

As I tried to decide which line I would take, Nate jumped into his kayak. He headed for the right side yelling at the top of his

Above left to right: Camp before Lava, Joe and Nate eddied out at Havasu.

lungs. I watched him disappear into the huge hydraulics, just getting smothered. Man, it was brutal. As he was coming up (he'd been upside down this whole time) Sarah looked

at me and said, "that's where he's going to get worked." And when he hit it, he just went down. By this time, TP had enough and pulled his skirt. He got out before the lava sieve, but his boat didn't. It came out in the eddy below. I couldn't believe it; he made a total self-rescue! That made Kevin and Sarah choose the left line, which was about as



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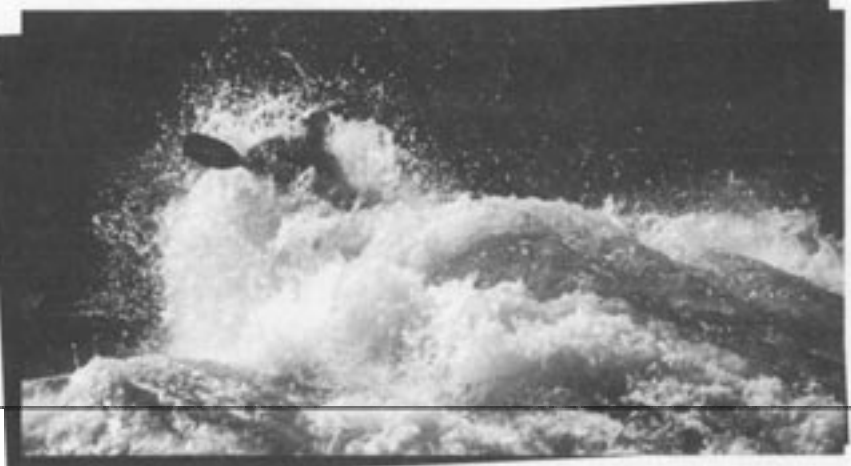
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big as most of the stuff I'd ever done before I came on the canyon. They came out just fine!

I thought of how I'd feel on my death bed knowing I had had one chance to run the largest rapid on the Colorado and had taken the sneak route. I didn't want that. So I chose to run just left of the ledge hole skirting some other big holes. I jumped into my kayak and started paddling out towards the line that I had so clearly mapped out in my mind. But sitting in the water gave a totally different perspective. I knew I had to be far enough right to miss two holes and get far enough left to miss the famous ledge hole. But I couldn't even see my line until I rose to the top of a wave. From my new vantage point I started



paddling hard. I needed speed to break through the diagonal wave that wanted to push me into the Ledge Hole. When I reached this diagonal wave I positioned my WaveSport X so that I could punch through it. After I did that I was set up for the next hole. I paddled really hard and busted through it. This pointed towards another huge hole. I quickly turned my boat and tried to ferry out of its way, but I hit the edge of it. It bit me up for a second and then let me go. I eddied out at the bottom happy as a bug and waited for the rafts to come down.

Joe and Scott were first with the Avon. They were going to do my line, but they weren't far enough left and went into the meat of the famous Ledge Hole. They got tossed around like a play toy. Joe and Scott were high-siding and fighting oars. It was so remarkable: when I saw that raft released from that hole, I couldn't believe it! Not everything was fine; Scott was flung right into the hole and it sucked one of his booties off. I went over and pulled him to shore. He had bumped his knee, but other than that he had survived the Lava Ledge Hole! All we lost was an oar, a bootie, and our cockiness! Joe still had to row the other raft down, so he and Tim ran up to do it again. This time he rowed a perfect line!

After that we stopped for lunch and told and retold our stories about our runs through Lava. We all had plenty of respect for the mile 179 rapid, Lava Falls.

We had a great Lava Day!
The Colorado taught me a lot. Spending 62 hours in my kayak, I learned a bag of new whitewater tricks. I learned to read and navigate muddy, Class V water.

The Grand Canyon was a giant science lab. I learned to identify different desert plants and wildlife. I saw some of the oldest rock on the face of the earth.

The Grand Canyon taught me lifelong lessons. I learned how to get along with new people in close quarters for three weeks straight. I missed my family terribly, but after 21 days I became pretty tight with my new friends. Without my parents along, I learned to think independently. I made big decisions on my own, like choosing the more technical routes of the river. I learned self-discipline from doing schoolwork when I was totally tired, or wanted to go hiking or kayaking. The Grand Canyon was definitely the best classroom I've ever had. It made up for every moment I was away from my family. I would highly recommend it for all of you outdoor enthusiasts! If I ever get the chance to do it again, I would drop everything and go!

Editors note: James Byrd is a 14 year old paddler from Montana. According to AWA's conservation Director John Gangemi, James is an awesome boater and all around good kid.

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Johnny Kern (dropping gear)
Bow Falls, N. Yuba River

National Paddling Film Festival

For the 1999 National Paddling film Festival, it was a sweet 16 birthday party.

We raised more money for waterway conservation in 1999 than in all 15 previous festivals.

Companies, services, and businesses from the paddlesport industry generously gave more this year than in any other. The filmmakers, videographers and image artists contributed some of the most moving, exciting, hilarious, and innovative entries in the history of the NPF. The audience, the volunteers, and the judges salute the artists for creating posters, images, and videos that allowed us to laugh, be amazed, and ponder the consequences of our sport as never before. The NPF wishes to honor and reward the talent, creativity, and enhancement of paddlesports by the artists because without their entries there can be no show. And so the winners are...



It was a "Sweet 16" birthday party.



Silent Thunder - The Legend of Team C

Winner Best of NPF Amateur Division 1 Winner Humor Category

An in-depth look at a team of boaters the corporate kayak world wouldn't sponsor in a million years. A group that checked their egos at the door long, long ago. The result? A few laughs, a couple of interviews and an elite group of skilled and moderately-skilled boaters taking their shot at fame and unfortunately (or fortunately, depending on your view) getting pummeled on some of the country's best whitewater.

Ric Gusic along with the boys and girls of Buzzlemania Productions, of Aspinwall, PA totally booted the competition in 1999. The audience and judges couldn't remain silent and thundered their approval by overwhelming voting it their favorite of the festival. Taking a sometimes brilliant, hilarious look at big time professional paddling, Ric and his cast of wanna-be rodeo stars and the "human highlight machine" have created a can't miss video for whitewater paddlers. There wasn't a dry eye in the house from laughter when the newly created paddling diva Floyd Turbo displayed his ample physic and talents in an outrageous spoof of freestyle canoeing. When

the video ended at the festival an overwhelmed audience member leapt to his feet and begged Floyd, who was sitting in the audience, for his autograph. Floyd graciously complied. A star is born. "Average Joe Boater" rules! Great job Ric. Eight out of 14 amateur and professional judges picked it as their favorite of the fest. Here's some of their comments: "It actually had a story line. The carnage shots were right on the money - just enough."; ""The video had a personality with real, instead of surreal boaters."; "Good special effects. Liked seeing older paddlers."; "Very honest. Good wound shots."; "Hip with the audience."; "Very original - lots of laughs. Do more next year!"

Significant Consequences: the image of paddling from both sides of the lens

Winner Best of NPF Professional Division/Winner Pro Open Category

A gripping editorial/documentary that looks at whitewater paddling in 1998, the

increased deaths of paddlers, river accidents, and the documentation of this. Includes a spellbinding segment of a near death experience of a kayaker in Western Quebec. The video is meant to be both enlightening and thought provoking. The tone is sincere and quite somber.

In posthumously awarding Lynn Clark Best of Festival honors, the audience and judges confirmed that this gifted and talented videographer who so shockingly lost her life on the Ottawa River a scant three weeks before the film festival will continue to touch paddlers with her work. In this, her final creation, Lynn probes territory that will affect paddlers on all levels and leave them reflecting upon their own responsibility to be safe. Truly a lasting testament to her talent and an incredibly timely and powerful video. Judge comments included:

"Well told story. Had the complete attention of the audience."; "A message that needs to be discussed...touched on issues of safety, group size on rivers, access and mortality."; "What can I say? Across the board excellent."

Whitewater Self Defense

Winner Safety/Instructional Category

Whitewater Self Defense helps kayakers avoid trouble and deal with unexpected problems. The emphasis is "everyday" river safety and rescue, including fundamental skills every whitewater paddler should know. Includes new and proven safety techniques. Contributors include Charlie Walbridge, Ellen Decuir, Kent Ford and over a hundred other paddlers.

Once again the dynamic partnership of Kent Ford, John Davis and Performance Video of Durango, CO have established their place among the leaders in the production of instructional paddlesport videos. This comprehensive video is so packed with usable safety information that it should belong in every whitewater paddler's library. Destined to be mandatory viewing for beginning boaters, even the wizened veterans of whitewater will benefit. The NPFJ paddling club representative judges wrote in their comments: "short, sweet, effective demos"; "a valuable asset to clubs for safety clinic showings, meetings, etc..."; "A truly professional production dealing with an important topic in an excellent manner."; "good use of today's technology to produce an interesting and informative video"

"La Grande Canyon

Whitewater"

Winner Conservation Category

An interesting and entertaining look at Washington State's La Grande Canyon of the Nisqually River. The Nisqually is one of several runs around the country that has been opened to boating through the American Whitewater's intervention into the Federal hydroelectric relicensing procedure. This informal video details La Grande's Class IV and V rapids in the depths of a spectacular vertical walled canyon while providing a brief background on the project.

Randolph Pierce and Wildside Images of Seattle WA brings his considerable and fully developed talents to bear in a video that helps to open up and thereby conserve another River for paddlers.

In this, his second NPFJ entry ("Bob's Hole

Video" 1994) Randolph continues to work hard for the Rivers by producing this outstanding, informative entry that will serve as an excellent template and tool in the important quest for paddling stream access. The NPFJ Judges sum it up:

"One of the best videos taking all judging criteria into consideration. Not a single weak point."; "Good background info. Excellent description of rapids. Serious and respectful attitude, but with a humorous wink where appropriate."

Code Red. Team D Freestyle

Winner Promotional Category

Your mission: Watch. Failure to perform this duty will result in your deportation to some flat county made of sand. Above all, DO NOT show this video to people who suffer from a fear of heights, wussiness or any other condition which may preclude them from living through Team D's Freestyle operatives in action!

A video from Dagger and Mike Steck of Harriman, TN, this video topped the hottest and closest competition of the 99 NPFJ in a show that easily makes you forget it's trying to sell you something. Dagger scored well with the judges who wrote:

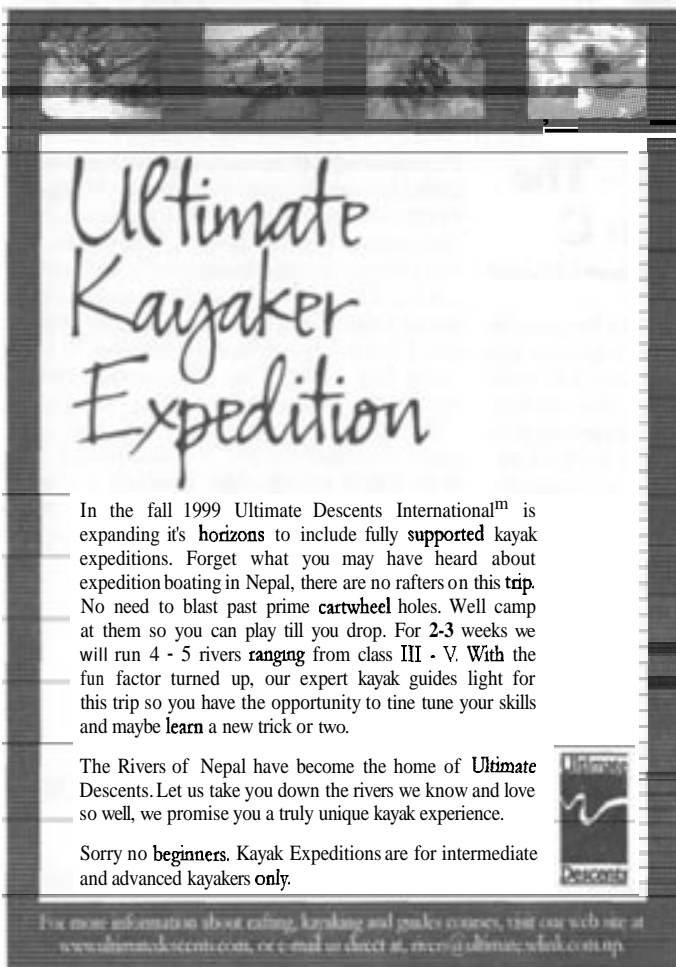
"A pleasure to watch, technically brilliant."; "Good lead with a focus on responsibility needed now!"; "Didn't go on forever with terminal cartwheelin!"; "An excellent set of sequenced stills and musical interface."; "Well done."

SavageV Follow The V

Runner-up Promotional Category

From calmest current to most vertical drop the is the language of flowing water. The downstream is a sweet, fine line that points the way down the river. The upstream is a perfect vortex, folding and swirling, waiting to play. This is Class V whitewater where dedicated, expert paddlers continue to test equipment to the limits of man and machine. This is the essence of our vision: A team of paddlers and designers creating innovative craft of the very highest quality to transform the way people paddle. Follow the V. Presented by SavageV, Inc. a video by Chuck Waynick with production by Tom Fredricks.

On the Sunday following the NPFJ's competition and awards party Chuck Waynick and the folks of SavageV went home to NC thinking they had won the competition. So did all of those present at the announcement of the winning entries. Through an unfortunate and inadvertent mistake by a volunteer tabulating the judges scores from the competition, Chuck's excellent production was mistakenly identified as the winner. Having scored so high with the judges and been voted on by several in the audience as their



Ultimate Kayaker Expedition

In the fall 1999 Ultimate Descents International™ is expanding its horizons to include fully supported kayak expeditions. Forget what you may have heard about expedition boating in Nepal, there are no rafters on this trip. No need to blast past prime cartwheel holes. Well camp at them so you can play till you drop. For 2-3 weeks we will run 4 - 5 rivers ranging from class III - V. With the fun factor turned up, our expert kayak guides light for this trip so you have the opportunity to fine tune your skills and maybe learn a new trick or two.

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"paddler's choice" SavageV's apparent win seemed no surprise. In a routine check of the judges scores just before the final press release the error was discovered. Savage and Chuck were immediately notified of the sorry news. Much to his credit, Chuck remained calm, and measured in his response to the information so obviously causing considerable disappointment. We hope that Chuck and the folks at Savage will again accept our most humble and heartfelt apology for, the tough emotional roller coaster ride that the volunteers of the NPFf have given them. While it is not gold, it is the opinion of the NPFf that the score was so close as to justify the awarding of the silver for the Promotional Category. I'm sure the judges would agree. Some wrote:

"Creative shots... good shots from the top of drops."; "Outstanding camera and boat skills displayed in a responsible format promotional [not only] of Savage but also the sport."; "Very creative presentation."

The judges agree writing: "Good job overall."; "I thought the computer-generated transitions were groovy."; "Good bloopers...loved the pirate raft!"; "Some fun stuff in here!"; "Keep up the good work."



**Best Paddling Image 1999
Winner 35mm Slide:
"Scott Bristow in Great Falls"**

Julie Keller, Tucker, GA

Virml Creek

Winner Digital Category

"VirmlCreek" is a three-dimensional computer-generated run down a whitewater slalom course. The graphical world is implemented in VRML (Virtual Reality Modeling Language) making it suitable for viewing and exploration on the web. In addition to free-form exploration of the virtual course, "HelmetCam" and "CableCam" views used to produce the images track an animated run down the course.

Mike McGurrin of Vienna, VA creates history at the 1999 NPFf with this win in computer-generated digital motion image format. In perhaps a glimpse of the future of paddlesport depiction Mike has performed a "first descent" and brought us closer to virtual paddling via moving images than possible with standard video. The judges write: "Cool graphics."; "Great idea. Can you do it for rodeo?"



**1999 Best Digital Image:
"Surf the Universe"**

Keith Aitken, Black Mountain, NC

Keith also won the 5770 Lexmark printer generously donated by Lexmark, Inc. of Lexington, KY

**Best River Safety Poster
age 16-adult:**

Gary Hoagland, Newcastle, KY

**Best River Safety Poster
age 9-15:**

Daniel Grimes, Richmond, KY

**Best River Safety Poster
age 8 and under:**

Brooks Hester, Smithfield Elementary, Smithfield, NC

In addition to these winning artists the National Paddling Film Festival committee wishes to acknowledge the contributions of our generous sponsors and donors:

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Rivers Run Through

Us

Winner Amateur: Open

"Rivers Run Through Us" is a video about River Enthusiasts of all nature. The audience will encounter images of pristine wildlife, rafters, kayakers plus other exciting well known places and people. It is a fun to watch, good feel'n and entertaining video that any whitewater enthusiast is sure to enjoy! It starts out in the West coast, Montana, Idaho, and Colorado, just to name a few places, and then finishes in West Virginia. All-in-all it is a "riverdiverse" video!

Tony Beardall of Bozeman, MT in his NPFf debut comes away with a win for a fine effort.



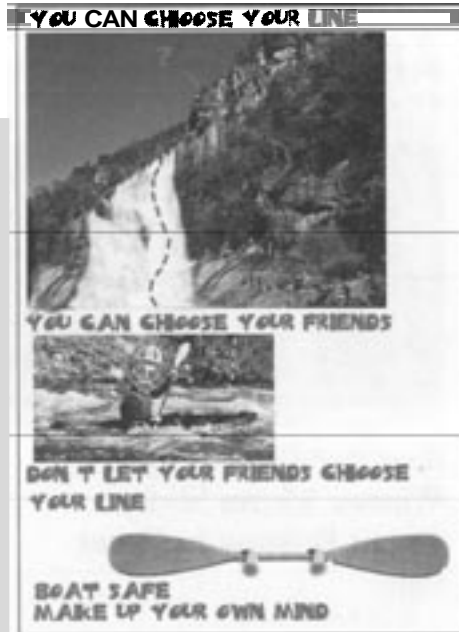
Best River Safety Poster age 8 and under: Brooks Hester, Smithfield Elementary, Smithfield, NC

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Best River Safety Poster age 16-adult:
Gary Hoagland, Newcastle, KY



Best River Safety Poster age 9-15:
Daniel Grimes, Richmond, KY

Thanks again to all of you who have participated this year and in the past. Be aware that by sharing your work and passion with the festival you are directly contributing to the enhancement and conservation of paddlesports. Your help and generosity in allowing your posters, videos and images to be shared works in perfect harmony alongside your brothers and sisters who have volunteered their sweat, time and enthusiasm to make this festival the incredibly enduring and creative event it is. May the River Gods smile on us all.

Barry Grimes
1999 NPPF coordinator

Watch for the NPPFRoadshow coming to a town near you!

For more information about the National Paddling Film Festival please write:

NPPF, 120 Victory Ave., Lexington, KY 40502

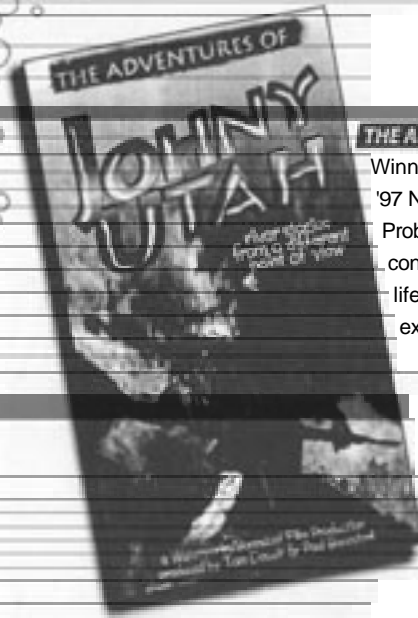
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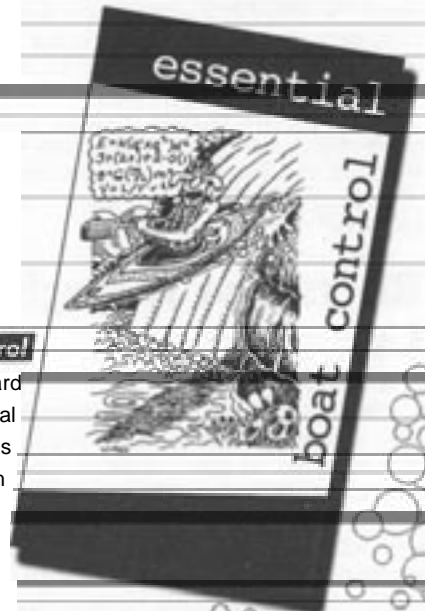
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'97 National Paddling Film Festival
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Winner • "Best Instructional Video" Award
'98 National Paddling Film Festival
Created for the intermediate to expert, this dynamic instruction video includes topics from balance, navigation and timing to boofing drops, linking moves and river strategy.

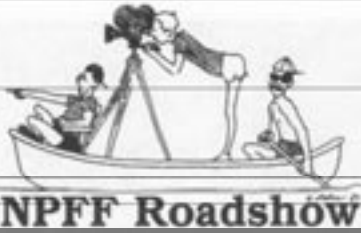
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See National Paddling Film Festival videos at the "NPFF Roadshow" near you!

The "NPFF Roadshow" has been developed to expand the NPFF's "outreach" to the public, make more money for American Whitewater, American Canoe Association, and other River conservation efforts. Even if you cannot make the actual NPFF competition in Lexington, KY don't worry - the best of that innovative festival may be coming to you!

The Roadshows work like this: A paddling club, waterway conservation organization or commercial outdoor enterprise donates a fee to the NPFF in return for several hours of videos. These videos may be selected from the NPFF's extensive paddlesport library covering amateur and professional entries from 16 years of National Paddling Film Festivals. The NPFF, with the permission of the individual video artists, will provide copies of the chosen videos, return shipping, and national advertisement for the event. In addition, the NPFF will make available to the Roadshow organizers copies of videos from the NPFF video sales to be sold during the Roadshow - with the profits from any videos sold going to the individual Roadshow's conservation effort.

The volunteers of the National Paddling Film Festival are sure you will agree that the "NPFF Roadshow" is a winning situation for all involved:

* More paddlers will have the opportunity to view the latest and best in paddlesport videos.

* Clubs and organizations can generate local conservation effort funds from the NPFF Roadshow, or add a video show to an established event plus gain free national advertisement from the NPFF.

* Video artists have an opportunity to expose and market their work to targeted audiences.

*The NPFF can continue contributing money to American Whitewater, American Canoe Association, and waterway conservation efforts beyond the festival.

Please consider hosting an NPFF Roadshow in your area soon!

To find out more information please contact:

Zog Aitken
NPFF Roadshow Coordinator
111 Hill St.
Black Mountain, NC 28711
phone: 828-669-3851
e-mail: tsuga@bellsouth.net
or visit the NPFF website: <http://www.surfbwa.org/npff>

Amendments to American Whitewater Constitution

The American Whitewater Board of Directors voted to make some minor changes to the organizations constitution and bylaws during our Kernville spring meeting. In addition to some editing changes there are two changes (existing language in brackets to be deleted; proposed new language underlined>]:

American Whitewater's Constitution -

8. OFFICERS

The Board of Directors shall elect the following officers of the organization from the members of the Board; a President, Vice-President, Treasurer, and Secretary. The Board shall likewise appoint from the general dues-paying membership, the following additional officers, an Executive Director, an Editor of the official journal, [a Treasurer,] and such other officers, committee chairmen, and agents of the organization as the Board deems advisable.

Purpose - add Treasurer to Executive Committee

American Whitewater Bylaws -

8. PROCEDURE ON NEW MEMBERSHIP

When a new member or affiliate is enrolled, the dues shall be sent to the Treasurer or his/her designee. The Executive Director shall see that (1) the name and address of the new member or affiliate is promptly placed on the list of new members and affiliates, (2) the next issue of the journal is sent to the new member or affiliate, and (3) the new member of affiliate receives any new membership materials which may be available.

Purpose - As American Whitewater continues to grow, the procedure for collecting and recording memberships has shifted to membership staff. This change better reflects our current membership management.

For copies of American Whitewater's Constitution and Bylaws, visit our Web Site at www.awa.org or call the Silver Spring, Md. Office at (301) 589-9453.

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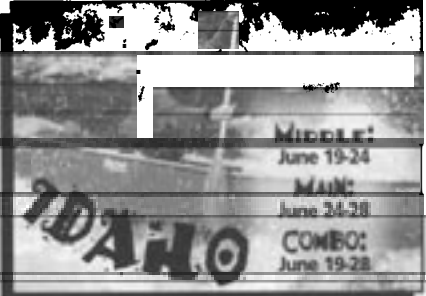
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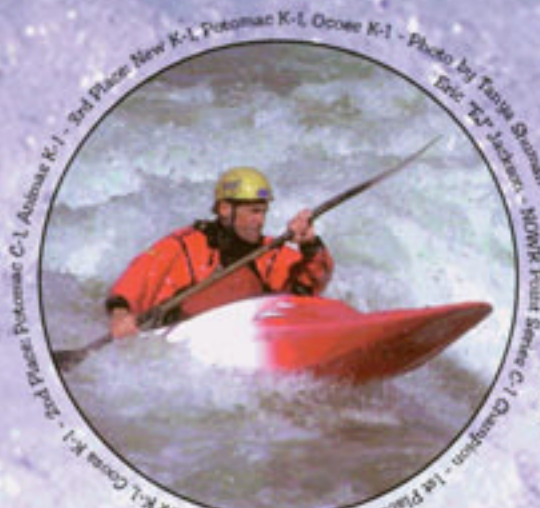
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1st Place: Potomac K-1, Albouze K-1, 3rd Place New K-1, Potomac K-1, Ocoee K-1 - Photo by Tanya Stuman
2nd Place: Potomac K-1, Albouze K-1, 3rd Place New K-1, Potomac K-1, Ocoee K-1 - Photo by Tanya Stuman



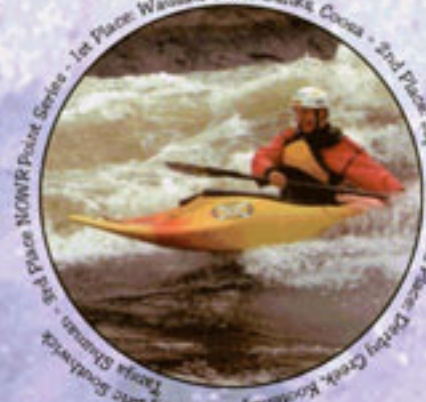
1999 NOWR Point Series Champion



1st Place: Santa Cruz Surf Site - 2nd Place Kanawha Kayakers
2nd Place: Bob's Hole - Photo by Tanya Stuman



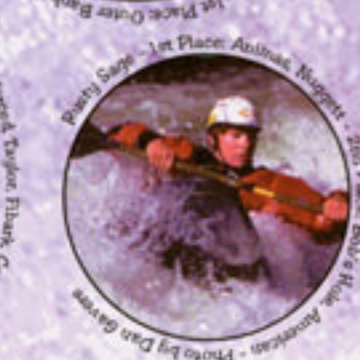
1st Place: Merced Dams - Photo by Tanya Stuman
2nd Place: Merced Dams - Photo by Tanya Stuman



1st Place: Wauna Outer Banks Course - 2nd Place: Japan Open - 3rd Place: Derby Creek, Kootenay - Photo by Eric Goodrich
1st Place: Wauna Outer Banks Course - 2nd Place: Japan Open - 3rd Place: Derby Creek, Kootenay - Photo by Eric Goodrich



1st Place: Kananakis, Kootenay Wauna - 2nd Place: Merced Taylor Fibank Course, Japan Open - Photo by Henry George
1st Place: Kananakis, Kootenay Wauna - 2nd Place: Merced Taylor Fibank Course, Japan Open - Photo by Henry George



1st Place: Anahuac Nuggett - 2nd Place: Bob's Hole, American - Photo by Dan Gamba
1st Place: Anahuac Nuggett - 2nd Place: Bob's Hole, American - Photo by Dan Gamba



1st Place: Bigfork Jackson Hole - 2nd Place: Canyon Creek - 3rd Place: Santa Cruz Surf Kiers - Photo by Fred Price
1st Place: Bigfork Jackson Hole - 2nd Place: Canyon Creek - 3rd Place: Santa Cruz Surf Kiers - Photo by Fred Price



1st Place: Kern American Reddicks - 2nd Place: Jackson Hole - Photo by Mark Gamba
1st Place: Kern American Reddicks - 2nd Place: Jackson Hole - Photo by Mark Gamba



1st Place: Anahuac Nuggett - 2nd Place: Merced Taylor Fibank Course, Japan Open - Photo by Mark Gamba
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1st Place: Merced Taylor Fibank Course, Japan Open - Photo by Mark Gamba
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Congratulations to all of Team Wave Sport for a rippin' '98 season. WS results include a clean sweep of the top three places in both Men's & Women's NOWR Point Series Championships. Individual rodeo wins: 42 first places, 33 second places, 26 third places. For more about Wave Sport, call (970)736-0080 or surf www.wavesport.com

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