



AMERICAN WHITEWATER

Conservation • Access • Events • Adventure • Safety

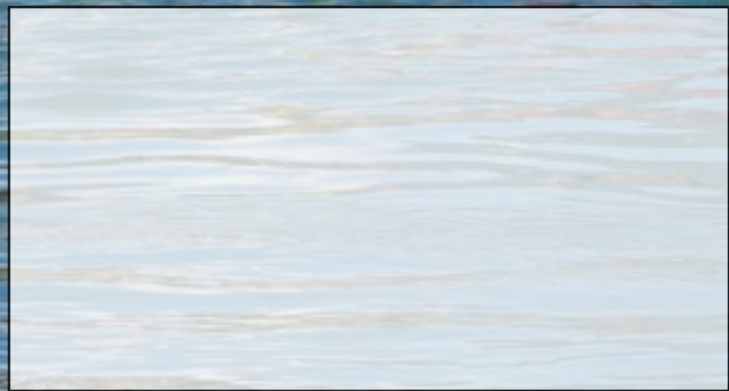
BY BOATERS FOR BOATERS
July/August 2010

ANNUAL REPORT

INTERNATIONAL PADDLING

STORIES FROM AROUND THE WORLD

Bhutan ... India ... China
Mexico ... Costa Rica
Ecuador ... Chile
Corsica





We make FUN! [We also make Heroes, Rockers, and Stars.]

jacksonkayak.com



AMERICAN WHITEWATER

A VOLUNTEER PUBLICATION PROMOTING RIVER CONSERVATION, ACCESS AND SAFETY

American Whitewater Journal July/August 2010 – Volume 50 – Issue 4

COLUMNS

- 5 The Journey Ahead by **Mark Singleton**
- 6 President's Message by **Don Kinser**
- 47 Annual Report
- 72 Remembering Marc Appling by **Tom Diegel**
- 73 Letters to the Editor

STEWARDSHIP UPDATES

- 7 Pacific Northwest by **Thomas O'Keefe**

INTERNATIONAL PADDLING

- 9 River of Dreams: Kali-Sarda River, India by **Stephen Cunliffe**
- 13 What Will He Do Now? by **Joe Greiner**
- 15 Memories of Bhutan by **Dick Sission**
- 18 High Water Down Under by **Matthew Hopkins**
- 26 A First Descent Fiesta on Río Huevachi by **Rocky Contos**
- 30 Fifty Pounds is the Limit by **Danny Doran**
- 32 Ecuadorian Adventures by **Geoff Jennings**
- 34 Bhutan, Land of Wonder by **Mary Deriemer**
- 38 Jalcomulco with Girls at Play by **Mary Frances Hansford**
- 42 Corsica: Paddler's Paradise by **Jess Stone**



A group of kayakers pause in front of the Punakha Dzong, located at the confluence of the Mo (Mother) and Po (Father) Rivers.

Photo by Phil DeRiemer



Publication Title: American Whitewater
Issue Date: July/August 2010
Statement of Frequency: Published Bimonthly
Authorized Organization's Name and Address:
American Whitewater
P.O. Box 1540
Cullowhee, NC 28723

PURPOSE

RIVER STEWARDSHIP: AN INTEGRATED APPROACH

OUR MISSION: "To conserve and restore America's whitewater resources and to enhance opportunities to enjoy them safely," is actively pursued through our conservation, access, safety and education efforts under the umbrella of River Stewardship. The only national organization representing the interest of all whitewater paddlers, American Whitewater is the national voice for thousands of individual whitewater enthusiasts, as well as over 100 local paddling club affiliates.

AW's River Stewardship program adheres to the four tenets of our mission statement:

CONSERVATION: AW's professional staff works closely with volunteers and partner organizations to protect the ecological and scenic values of all whitewater rivers. These goals are accomplished through direct participation in public decision-making processes,

grassroots advocacy, coalition building, empowerment of volunteers, public outreach and education, and, when necessary, legal action.

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, encourages equitable and responsible management of whitewater rivers on public lands, and works with government agencies and other river users to achieve these goals.

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 American Whitewater Safety Code.

EDUCATION: AW shares information with the general public and the paddling community

regarding whitewater rivers, as well as river recreation, conservation, access, and safety. This is accomplished through our bimonthly *AW Journal*, a monthly e-news, americanwhitewater.org, paddling events, educational events, and through direct communication with the press.

Together, AW staff, members, volunteers, and affiliate clubs can achieve our goals of conserving, protecting and restoring America's whitewater resources and enhancing opportunities to safely enjoy these wonderful rivers.

AW was incorporated under Missouri nonprofit corporation laws in 1961 and maintains its principal mailing address at PO Box 1540, Cullowhee, NC 28723; phone 1-866-BOAT-4-AW (1-866-262-8429). AW is tax exempt under Section 501 (c) (3) of the Internal Revenue Service.

American Whitewater Journal Staff

Editor Ambrose Tuscano
P.O. Box 913, Soda Springs, California 95728
e-mail: editor@americanwhitewater.org

Graphic Design/Production/Photo Editor Megan Seifert

Assistant Editors Erica J. Seifert, Barry Tuscano

Contributing Writers

Don Kinser, Mark Singleton, Thomas O'Keefe, Stephen Cunliffe, Joe Greiner, Dick Sission, Matthew Hopkins, Rocky Contos, Danny Doran, Geoff Jennings, Mary DeRiemer, Mary Frances Hansford, Jess Stone

Photo Contributors

Phil DeRiemer, Thomas O'Keefe, Stephen Cunliffe, Nancy Gilbert, Dick Sission, Dave Rugh, Andrew Oberhart, Matthew Hopkins, Rocky Contos, Danny Doran, Geoff Jennings, Cailyn Edwards, Jess Stone, Juerg Ruf

Events / Advertising Coordinator

Jeff Paine
P.O. Box 1540, Cullowhee, NC 28723
phone 860-331-8323
e-mail: jeff@amwhitewater.org

Safety Editor

Charlie Walbridge
Route 1, Box 329F, Bruceton Mills, WV 26525
e-mail: ccwalbridge@cs.com

Stewardship Reports Editor

Kevin Colburn, kevin@americanwhitewater.org

Missing Copies and Address Changes

Carla Miner, carla@americanwhitewater.org

American Whitewater is printed by Boyd Brothers Printing, Panama City, Florida.
All rights reserved.

EDITORIAL DISCLAIMER

The opinions expressed in the features and editorials of American Whitewater are those of the individual authors. They do not necessarily represent those of the Directors of American Whitewater or the editors of this publication. On occasion, American Whitewater publishes official organizational policy statements drafted and approved by the Board of Directors. These policy statements will be clearly identified.

Board of Directors & Staff

Chris Bell
chris@boatingbeta.com
Asheville, NC

Rich Bowers
rich@hydroreform.org
Bellingham, WA

Dave Cernicek
cernicek@cluemail.com
Jackson, WY

Adam Cramer
crameric@gmail.com
Bethesda, MD

Leland Davis
leland@brushmountainpublishing.com
Swannanoa, NC

Jennie Goldberg
jennie@nwwhitewater.org
Seattle, WA

Kristine Jackson
kristine@jacksonkayak.com
Rock Island, TN

Don Kinser
dkinser@ediltd.com
Marietta, GA

Evie Locke
evelynlocke@verizon.net
Charlemont, MA

Eric Nies
nies@runbox.com
New Paltz, NY

Aaron Pruzan
aaron@jacksonholekayak.com
Jackson Hole, WY

Norwood Scott
wns111@sbcglobal.com
San Francisco, CA

Charlie Walbridge
ccwalbridge@cs.com
Bruceton Mills, WV

BOARD OFFICERS

President: Don Kinser

Vice President: Norwood Scott

Secretary: Jennie Goldberg

Treasurer: Chris Bell

At Large: Dave Cernicek

AW STAFF

Laura Blalock
Finance Manager
Cullowhee, NC
laura@americanwhitewater.org

Kevin Colburn
National Stewardship Director
Missoula, MT
kevin@americanwhitewater.org

Nathan Fey
Colorado Stewardship Director
Longmont, CO
nathan@americanwhitewater.org

Carla Miner
Membership Manager
West Valley City, UT
carla@americanwhitewater.org

Jeff Paine
Outreach Director
Asheville, NC
jeff@americanwhitewater.org

Thomas O'Keefe
Pacific NW Stewardship Director
Seattle, WA
okeefe@americanwhitewater.org

Mark Singleton
Executive Director
Cullowhee, NC
mark@americanwhitewater.org

Dave Steindorf
California Stewardship Director
Chico, CA
dave@americanwhitewater.org



TOLL FREE NUMBER
1-866-262-8429

THE JOURNEY AHEAD

THE ISSUE OF the *American Whitewater Journal* that you now hold in your hand includes our 2009 Annual Report. While 2009 was certainly a very challenging year on the global economic front, the leadership of American Whitewater saw it coming and made several deliberate choices to be a little leaner and a little smarter in the way the organization was run. One of the simple things that helped reduce our expense footprint was an improved use of technology for communication, requiring fewer face-to-face meetings and thus less expensive travel. As a result of these choices, we not only survived the year, but we thrived. On both the financial side and on the stewardship side, American Whitewater experienced an outstanding year of success.

The staff of American Whitewater has taken the opportunity in the 2009 Annual Report to tell our story about the hallmarks of the American Whitewater River Stewardship Program. These are real places that are important to paddlers and river lovers where the stewardship program is making a difference through dam removal, protection of river flows and the unique tools that American Whitewater uses to build the case for river and watershed conservation benefits.

At the core of our stewardship program is the understanding that conservation and outdoor recreation are mutually dependent. Whether it is catching salamanders in streams as a child or paddling rivers as an adult, time spent interacting with nature forms the basis of the American conservation ethic. Paddlers appreciate natural landscapes, and those special places need stewardship-oriented paddlers to help preserve and protect our treasured natural resources. Paddlers know that you cannot love what you do not know. It is our love of whitewater that makes us paddlers such fierce defenders of rivers. This intimate connection to flowing water has made American Whitewater a force in river conservation for over fifty years.

Your membership support allows American Whitewater's River Stewardship Team to work on important projects in their respective regions. The River Stewardship Team consists of professional staff, board members and volunteers from communities across the country. American Whitewater's regional approach to project work is focused on our mission, "To conserve and restore America's whitewater resources and to enhance opportunities to enjoy them safely."

As we look to the future, we continue to appreciate the importance of rivers and their role in supporting the health and well being of the paddling community. At American Whitewater, we remain committed to giving back to these special places.

We have a great story to tell right now. Our stewardship projects are making a real difference to rivers and local communities, while providing flows for recreation and habitat. If you are reading this publication and you are not a member, please consider supporting this work. If you are a member, thanks for your support, pass this issue on to a friend and let them know what we are doing. There has never been a better time to support American Whitewater!

Take care of your rivers and your rivers will take care of you,



Mark Singleton
Executive Director

New England's Source for
**Whitewater
Boats and Gear**



Check out our online store at
www.zoaroutdoor.com/store

The latest designs from
Jack Kayaks, Dagger, Liquid
Logic, Wave Sport, Pyranha,
and Esquif. Demos daily on
the Deerfield River in
front of our shop.



Instruction clinics for all
levels including river rescue,
freestyle, and kids clinics.
Go to www.kayalession.com.

Mohawk Trail 
Charlemont MA
www.zoaroutdoor.com/store

ZOAR
OUTDOOR

800 532-7483

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

DEAR AW MEMBERS,
Summer is always a great time to enjoy our sport and the rivers we all love. Hopefully you are enjoying a great summer that includes some time on your favorite river with friends and family. It certainly has been a busy summer for the folks at AW as they continue to work hard to improve our whitewater futures. I invite you to read AW's Annual Report, included in this issue of the Journal, to learn about the wonderful accomplishments and ongoing efforts of the many volunteers and AW staff around the country. AW's successful stewardship of our whitewater resources is what makes the organization such a good investment and so easy to support. If, after reading the Annual Report, you agree that AW is a good investment, I invite you to make a donation to support our great work. This can be done easily at our website, www.americanwhitewater.org

Recently, AW's Board met in Golden, Colorado. Not only was this the first time the Board has met in person in over two years, it was our first meeting in Colorado since voting to make a significant investment

there and hiring Nathan Fey several years ago. Having been part of this decision, for me it was doubly rewarding to hear from Nathan firsthand about the success achieved so far and the many challenges ahead. Most of the meeting in Golden was devoted to a strategic review of AW's River Stewardship efforts in Colorado and around the country. While the successes are many and we should celebrate them loudly, there is no shortage of the need for better River Stewardship across the nation. AW's mission is more relevant today than ever before and there is much work to be done.

While the use of phone and web meeting technology has allowed American Whitewater to be frugal with its fiscal resources during the last two years, it was great to finally meet in person again. There is no substitute for the increased communication bandwidth that occurs when the Board gets together. The conversations are richer and the discussion of any given topic much deeper when we're all together in the same place. We also get to interact with the local member community, which is good for the organization. This was certainly the case in Golden. In the upcoming year,

we will continue to be good stewards of your investment in AW and will monitor our fiscal resources closely.

Our nominating committee is hard at work reviewing the responses to our recent call for Nominations. Thank you to all who responded to our call. Recent AW Past Presidents Kevin Lewis and Sutton Bacon join current Vice President Norwood Scott on the nominating committee. I want to thank Kevin and Sutton for helping AW in this effort. We hope that this fall's Board election will occur via an electronic ballot for the first time in AW history. There will be some proposed changes to the American Whitewater Constitution up for membership approval as well, so take a look at these proposed changes and please vote. Your participation is vital to AW's continued success.

See You on the River,



Don Kinser

President, American Whitewater Board of Directors



STEWARDSHIP

PACIFIC NORTHWEST UPDATES

BY THOMAS O'KEEFE

ANOTHER DAM SET FOR REMOVAL ON THE ROGUE RIVER

YEARS OF HARD work by our friends at WaterWatch are paying off. Late this spring the Jackson County Board of Commissioners voted to move forward with removing the 106-year-old Gold Ray Dam from the Rogue River this summer.

With a \$5 million grant from the American Recovery and Reinvestment Act, supported by American Whitewater, removal of the last outdated dam on the Rogue River will be completed.

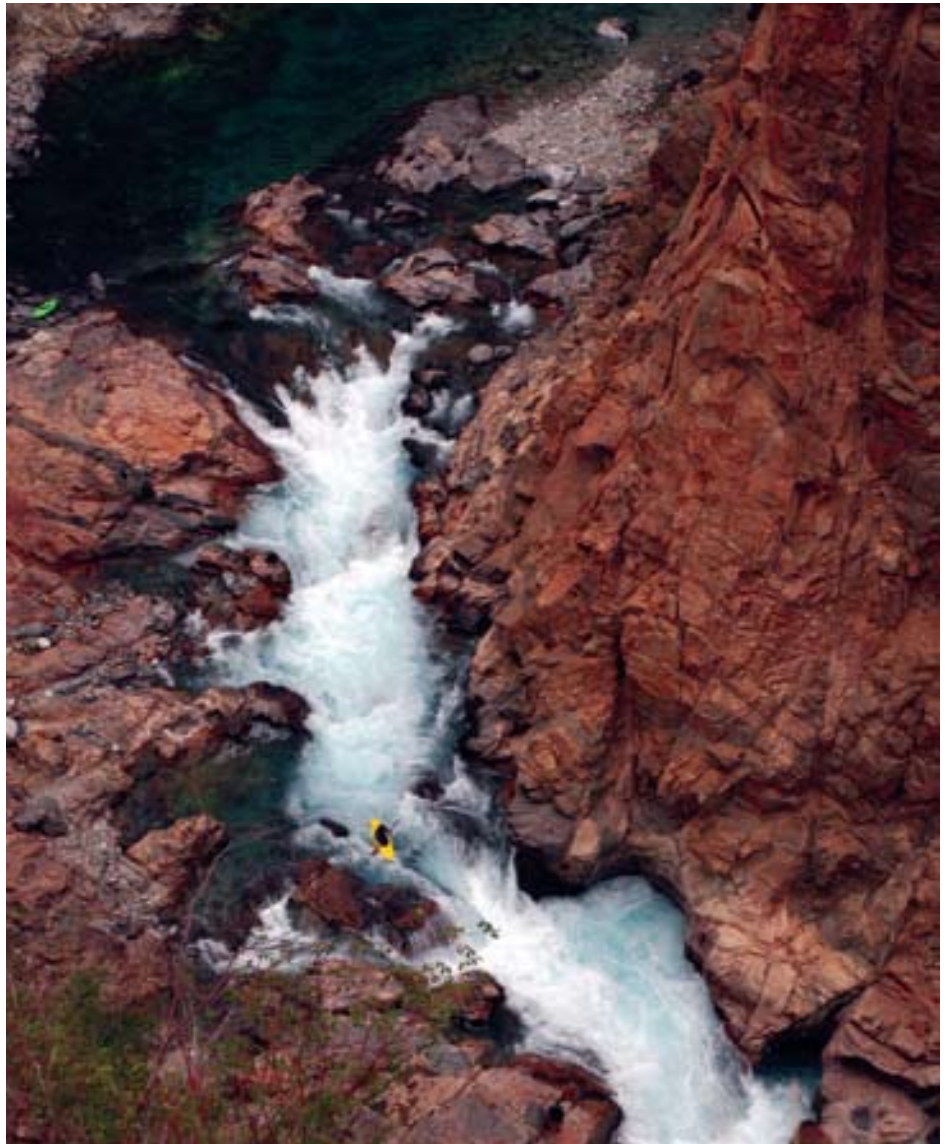
The 38-foot-high, 360-foot-long dam was a hydropower project but had not operated for many years and was a liability to the county, which owned the facility. When the removal is complete, the Rogue River will run wild and free for 157 miles to the Pacific Ocean—much to the advantage of both fish and paddlers

SECOND SUMMER OF WHITEWATER RECREATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES AT PACIFIC NORTHWEST HYDROPOWER PROJECTS

IN 2009 PADDLERS had the first opportunity to enjoy mid-summer whitewater recreation on the North Fork Rogue in Oregon and the Chelan Gorge in Washington. Both projects are federally licensed hydropower facilities where federal regulators are requiring an evaluation of public use of the rivers during weekends with restored flows.

Opposite: Amy Brown prepares to put on the Rogue River (OR) below Gold Ray Dam. The dam is slated for removal later this summer.

Photo by Thomas O'Keefe



In 2010 the Chelan Gorge is scheduled to be open to boating on July 10, 11, 24 & 25 and September 11, 12, 25 & 26. The North Fork Rogue is scheduled to be open to boating on July 31, August 1, 14, 15, September 5, 6, 11, 12. We encourage paddlers to take advantage of these opportunities. In both cases the utility is conducting surveys to gauge use and interest in the run. Reports on use will be filed at the end of the 2011 season that will include recommendations regarding future recreational opportunities on these rivers. If you get on these runs this summer please be sure to fill out the surveys so all users are counted. Most

Rob McKibben in Entrance Exam on the Chelan (WA).

Photo by Thomas O'Keefe

importantly, be safe on the river and set a good example.

PROTECTING NORTHWEST RIVERS FROM HYDROPOWER DEVELOPMENT

AS PUBLIC UTILITIES in the Pacific Northwest scan the landscape for new hydropower facilities, it becomes all the more important to pro-

STEWARDSHIP

actively protect our most valued whitewater resources. During the 2010 legislative session we were once again successful in preventing any changes to the renewable energy standard in Washington State that would count new hydropower development as renewable energy. Washington State receives more electricity from hydropower

than any other state in the nation and while this source of energy will continue to be important for the region, we are working to ensure that, in building a renewable energy portfolio for the region, we diversify beyond hydropower.

Our work on the legislative front is important but it is also critical that we

Opposite: The Kali delivers on every level: wilderness, wildlife, weather and whitewater.

engage in efforts to identify specific rivers for protection. The Forest Planning process is one opportunity we have to establish eligibility of rivers for Wild and Scenic designation, a key step in providing some administrative protections for a river and identifying the river for future legislative action by Congress.

While many rivers in Washington State were evaluated for Wild and Scenic designation in the late 1980s, the Wenatchee and Okanogan National Forests are reexamining this work as part of a revision to the Forest Plan. Two rivers that jumped out at us that were not recognized previously as having value for recreation are the Cooper and Little Wenatchee. Thanks to AW Board Member Leland Davis and his *River Gypsies' Guide to North America* we have been able to showcase these rivers as the national treasures they are. If you have been on a road trip to the Northwest and paddled these gems, you can help by writing to the Forest Service Plan Revision Team at: r6_ewzplanrevision@fs.fed.us or by filling out the web form at: www.fs.fed.us/r6/wenatchee/forest-plan/contact/index.shtml. If you do write, please note your personal experience on the Cooper and Little Wenatchee, their value as recreational resources of regional and national significance, and your view that you would like to see the Cooper and Little Wenatchee identified as eligible for Wild and Scenic designation.



Wall of Voodoo on the Cooper River (WA)

Photo by Leland Davis

INTERNATIONAL PADDLING

RIVER OF DREAMS – KALI-SARDA RIVER, UTTARAKHAND, INDIA.

STORY AND PHOTOS BY STEPHEN CUNLIFFE



AN EXPEDITION DOWN the Kali-Sarda can quite aptly be described as “a trip right out of *The Jungle Book*”: perfect weather, warm water, pristine wilderness, no roads, plentiful wildlife and big sandy beach campsites crisscrossed with fresh leopard tracks! I was expecting a fun-filled week dominated by aquatic adventures, but it was the beauty of the wilderness experience that took me completely by surprise.

The tone was set soon after we launched our rafts upstream of the uninspiring town of Jhulaghat, deep in the Kumaon region of north India. Almost immediately upon setting off, the river entered an attractive, steep-sided valley. Hundreds of tiny waterfalls cascaded down the lushly

vegetated cliffs in sheets of dripping water that nourished a dense covering of deep green moss, ferns and attractive phoenix palms. The vegetation clung precariously to the steep-sided valley walls. The juxtaposition of the river against the surrounding dark green hillsides, the protruding orange rocky outcrops and a deep blue sky, produced scenes of such extraordinary beauty.

As we stared up, flabbergasted by the rocky overhangs proudly displaying their calcified stalactites, troops of monkeys eyed us warily and skittish deer lurked in the shadows along the forest edge. Canadian raft guide Kim Hartlin eventually broke the silence. “This river has some decent whitewater in the days ahead, but the gob-

smacking scenery and pristine wilderness setting adds a whole different dimension to the trip. The Kali must surely be India’s most underrated river.”

In its upper reaches the Kali forms the international border between India and Nepal. Known as the Mahakali by the Nepalese, the Indians refer to it as the Kali-Sarda. Our Indian expedition was following a 110-kilometre stretch of the river where it cuts a swathe through thick tropical jungle, revealing a remote wilderness area interspersed with the terraced farms of occasional Kumaoni and Nepali villages. The combination of attractive scenery, wildlife, beaches and mild whitewater over the first few days makes this an ideal trip

INTERNATIONAL PADDLING

TRIP PLANNER

Flights and Visas: All major airlines connect US cities to Delhi. Visas are required by US passport holders and must be obtained in advance. The standard visa is a six-month tourist visa and you should allow up to two weeks for processing. Consult the Trivisa website (www.trivisa.com) for how to apply.

Getting there: The Kali Sarda River is located in the Kumaon region of Uttarakhand. The easiest option for getting there is to take the overnight Ranikhet Express from Old Delhi station to Kathgodam (AC III fares: Rs584 o/w). At Kathgodam, transfer to the service provider's vehicles for an eight-hour drive via Bhimtal (breakfast stop) and Almora to Pithoragarh, which lies 35 kilometers from the usual put-in point at Jhulaghat.

What to do: Whitewater rafting is the premier attraction of an expedition down the Kali. However, day hikes (the Niddle Village hike provides picturesque views across the Kumaon region towards the distant snow-capped Himalayan peaks), mahseer fishing, bird watching, wildlife spotting and relaxing on white sand beaches all add to the trip's attraction.

Rafting seasons: The Kali Sarda can be rafted from October to March with Oct/Nov and Feb/March offering the best weather. The rapids are biggest during the high water month of October. However, first time rafters might prefer a more tranquil low water run during February or March.

Recommended operators: Aquaterra Adventures (www.aquaterra.in) and Himalayan River Runners (www.hr-rindia.com). Further information at: www.treknraft.com/river_rafting_india.htm.



These Kumaoni children from Niddle Village represent the total schoolgoing contingent in this sparsely populated region of India.

for anyone with a sense of adventure and a love of nature.

Possibly more than any other Indian river, the Kali eases the novice into rafting. In the initial stages of the trip, easy half days allowed us to familiarize ourselves with the equipment and learn the important paddle commands of our guides. While we spent much of the first day drifting in awe of the picturesque surroundings, we also ran a series of smallish, easy-to-negotiate Class II rapids. These baby runs provided an inkling of the excitement that lay in store over the days ahead. Towards mid-afternoon we landed the rafts below a small rapid at the idyllic Matola Beach Campsite. It was barely the end of day one, but I was already stunned by what the Kali River had to offer.

Ahead of taking on the solid Class III+ whitewater on the Kali's bigger rapids, our guides recommended we beach our rafts on the Nepali bank and take a short walk to

CAMPMOR
WWW.CAMPMOR.COM
**CANOE AND KAYAK
OUTFITTERS**
• DRY BAGS • PFDs • INFLATABLES
• NEOPRENE CLOTHING
• CAR RACKS • ACCESSORIES
PLUS:
• BACKPACKING
• CLIMBING
• FAMILY CAMPING
• RUGGED CLOTHING
& FOOTWEAR
**NAME BRANDS AT
THE LOWEST PRICES**
AOL
keyword:
CAMPMOR
CALL FOR OUR FREE CATALOG
1-(800) 230-2151
Or Write to Us at:
PO BOX 700-AW0,
SADDLE RIVER, N.J.
07458-0700

the tiny riverside Dev Tal temple. Far from the nearest road access and not important enough for a resident priest, we paid our respects at the rustic shrine and requested safe passage down the Kali-Sarda.

In retrospect, maybe we should have sought safe passage to the Niddle village. When we stopped to enjoy a rest day at the picture-perfect Kheth Beach, the more energetic members of our group decided to tackle a steep hike up to the hamlet. It was a long, sweaty climb, two-and-a-half tiring hours of relentless uphill. But the fruits were sweet: We finally crested the valley rim to be greeted by breathtaking views north towards the snowy Himalayan peaks, punctuated in the foreground by terraced fields and scattered villages, while the Kali snaked far below to the east.

The spectacular views persisted into the second half of our Kali descent. But as the frequency and intensity of the rapids escalated during the course of days four

to six, appreciation of our surroundings was temporarily put on hold. The river had become steadily more demanding and engaging and by the time we tackled the solid Class III+ whitewater of the Kali's three biggest rapids—Dimberghat, Chookha and Arjun—everyone was pumped up and ready for action.

Although most of the members of our Kali expedition were riding in rafts, we did have one duckie with us on the trip. Thrill-seeking addict that I am, I opted to trade my place in the relative comfort and safety of a big self-bailing raft for the front seat of a small unstable duckie as we prepared to run the mighty Chookha rapid. Under the direction of our guide, Little Sanjay Rana, I was full of confidence and ready to take on the biggest of the Kali's infamous rapids.

"This is a very, very good rapid," began Sanjay. I was feeling excited and full of

confidence until he added, "Are you ready for swimming?"

I wasn't sure if I had heard him correctly, but as the noise of angry whitewater grew louder, I began to wonder what I had gotten myself into. "Are we going into that?" I asked in disbelief. "Are you serious!" I was feeling decidedly nervous and the adrenalin was pumping as we entered the ferocious mayhem of the rapid and steered around some nasty looking holes.

Sanjay was the consummate professional: focused and determined. He barked commands loudly in quick succession, "Hard forward; stop; brace; balance." I did my best to obey. However, when I saw the size of the curling wave looming ahead, my paddle froze mid-stroke. I was in shock. "Come on paddle; hard forward," yelled Sanjay as a massive wall of water broadsided our little boat.

A rising sun warms the Pari Beach campsite, dissipating an eerie early morning fog.



INTERNATIONAL PADDLING

The power of Chookha effortlessly flipped our tiny craft and we ended up swimming through the remainder of the whitewater. I emerged spluttering at the end of the rapid just in time to see a huge smile spread across Sanjay's face. He burst out laughing and threw me a high five as we pulled ourselves back into the duckie. "Very, very good swimming in the angry Chookha!" He announced with a big grin spread across his face. It wasn't hard to see that even our guides were having fun on the Kali.

An expedition down the Kali Sarda is a week long, action-packed adventure with the bonus of warm water and exciting (rather than terrifying) Class III whitewater to keep you suitably entertained along your journey. The trip is perfectly suited to first-

time rafters and experienced whitewater addicts alike. However, be warned, the mighty Chookha will not hesitate to show you what happens to those who let the scenery take precedence over the river.

The Kali is without doubt the most underrated river trip on offer in the Himalayas; India's best kept secret delivered on every level: weather, wilderness, wildlife, and whitewater!

Stephen Cunliffe is a Delhi-based adventure sports photojournalist and co-author of the soon-to-be-released book India Whitewater. Scheduled to hit the shelves by early 2011, this inspirational book showcases some of the finest multi-day whitewater expeditions available on the planet. With extensive coverage of India's Himalayan rivers, it is a must-read for whitewater enthusiasts the world over. For more information on the author, or to keep track of the book's progress, please consult www.stevecunliffe.com.

Aquaterra safety kayaker Harendra "Gappu" Rawat remains focused and alert in the midst of the white-water action of Chookha Rapid on the Kali River.



“WHAT WILL HE DO NOW?”

BY JOE GREINER

COSTA RICA, FALL 1986. It was 5:00 AM and raining. We didn't care. We were leaving San Jose and going to the Rio Reventazon. Mary DeReimer, Randy Riddle, Frank from Texas, and I were going to meet three others and run from Turrialba (Angostura bridge) to Peralta. Spirits were high. This particular run had only recently been pioneered and it contained a lot of unknowns.

We met Tom Visnius, Paul Mason, and George Snelling at the American Hotel in Turrialba. They had succeeded in getting a self-bailing raft to the hotel and were happily anticipating an exploratory run down the river to find out if the nine-mile run was commercially viable. We loaded the raft, had some of that wonderfully stimulating Central American coffee and away we went.

We wanted an early start. Only Mary and Randy had run the river before. This was their sophomore run. While we had a shuttle driver to the put-in, there were no roads back from our take-out. Mary had to call ahead the day before and be sure that there would be a boxcar on the 2:00 PM train through Peralta. We would ride the train while our boats and gear rode the boxcar back to Turrialba. It was all arranged. Now all we had to do was get there on time. The next train? The next day.

The gauge on the bridge read 1.80 meters.

“Mary, what's the river like?”

“It's kind of like the lower Gauley.”

No sooner said than the rain started in earnest. After the first few rapids, I knew that I didn't recognize any of this as analogous to the Lower Gauley. In fact, it felt more like the Upper Gauley at a flow higher than I had ever run it before.

It was almost like an elevator going up. You could feel the river rise. About four miles into the trip, tired, psyched-out and sleep-

deprived, I asked Randy how much more we had to go.

“Not much. The rapids get a little farther apart. But we do need to watch out for a big, bad ledge-hole down here on the right someplace.”

The rafters were having a ball. Every so often, they would stop and George would take out a notebook. They would talk about the last few rapids and try to think up descriptive names that would help them remember the rapids later.

We came to a slot. The kayakers ahead of me were waiting in an eddy. I flipped. I rolled...almost. I almost rolled again. Again. I ran out of patience, breath, and cool all at the same time.

I punched out half expecting to find myself on an eddy line. Instead, I was in current, heavy current.

“Oh well...feet up...breathe...Where am I??? Which way should I swim?? Where are the others?? Why aren't they right here??”

My feet hit something hard and shallow in front of me.

“A rock? Good, I can just slip behind it into the eddy. Wait! It's just a shallow spot. Hmm. Feels smooth. Maybe I can stand. Ahhh. Yes. That's better. Standing now. Thigh deep. Wait—what's this?? Oh S---!!”

About five feet in front of me was a nine-foot drop with an awesome hole and formidable, hungry backwash at the bottom, like Woodall Shoals on steroids! I was standing on the ledge that formed the hole that Randy had warned me about earlier. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Randy go by the ledge on river left.

Still standing. Thigh deep. My feet started to slip. My right foot moved forward six inches. My left foot joined it seconds later.

“If only I can stand still here...someone can get me a rope. Nooooo!!! My legs are moving again!”

My legs felt like they were encased in water filled waders. But worse, someone else (not

Kōkatat

watersports wear

www.kokatat.com



► **GORE-TEX® Meridian Dry Suit with relief zipper and socks (GMER)**

Specifically designed with paddlers in mind, the GMER incorporates an adjustable overskirt which layers with a spray skirt tunnel. Punch-through neoprene covers protect latex gaskets from the elements, and built-in drains flush water quickly.



► **Seeker**

An ultra light, flexible and low profile shoe designed to fit well in low volume whitewater and touring boats.

Taking a day off of kayak instruction and guiding, Sarah Rane drops into one of her old faithful stretches, Bridge to Bridge, on the Rio Futaleufu, Chile. Photo: ©Rane Photography



INTERNATIONAL PADDLING



Joe Greiner at Pillow Rock, Upper Gauley (WV), 2002.

Photo by Nancy Gilbert

me...definitely NOT ME!!) was moving my feet forward one at a time and about six inches at a time. I looked up quickly. Randy was in an eddy downstream in good rescue position but THE HOLE and its backwash was between him and me.

“What to do now, buckaroo? You can’t just fall off the ledge into that hole. Who knows how many times you will recirculate? Make up your mind! Quick! You’re at the

edge! One more slip and you’ll be off the ledge.”

Later, Randy described how he watched as I helplessly and inexorably was drawn to the edge of the ledge. He said that just as I reached the lip he thought to himself, “Hmmm. Bad spot. Wonder what he’ll do now?”

SHREDDER The first SELF-BAILING all inflatable cataract NO HARD PARTS!

BUILT SINCE 1986
The **SHREDDER** easily rolls up to a compact 18"x28"! The cross tubes & raised floor eliminate the need for a bulky frame.

Airtight Inflatables
724-329-8668
P.O. Box 36
Ohiopyle, PA 15470
Ask for Toni

I still don’t know where it came from, maybe my days as a competitive swimmer. As I felt that last slip, I squared up to the ledge looked out into the backwash and tried for a racing dive as loooong and as shallow as I could get. I hit the backwash stroking.

Thought Randy “Hmmm. Maybe that will play.”

Fortunately, it did. I was able to pierce the backwash and get to Randy’s eddy. The others managed to corral all my gear. The river continued to rise. We made the afternoon train.

On the train ride back, George, Tom, and Paul were huddled in the corner of the passenger car flipping through the notebook and laughing and talking about the run. I could hear them as they came up with name after name. They named one long rapid “Dos Kilometers” and the last rapid “The Land Of A Thousand Holes.” My racing dive must not have been as long and as shallow as I thought. The boys in the raft named the rapid “The Swan Dive”.

P.S. The gauge read about 3.5 meters when we took off. A rise of about 1.7 meters (6 feet!)

P.P.S. They suggested against commercial rafting on this section and I believe that it was never rafted commercially.

P.P.P.S. This section including “my” rapid is now underwater, the result of a downstream dam.

Moral: Even if you get a rapid named after you, whether because you tamed it or shamed it, the stretch of water containing it is never safe. Keep your membership and contributions coming to AW and other river stewardship organizations. And keep practicing those racing dives.

Opposite: A view of Punaka Dzong from the river.

MEMORIES OF BHUTAN

STORY AND PHOTOS BY DICK SITION

FOR DECADES I had dreamed of traveling to the Himalayas. Three successive trips were thwarted by logistics and personal obligations. But I so wanted to see the mountains, to experience the Buddhist culture, to do some adventuring and paddling, that I kept trying. It finally came together. I signed up with Tarkio Kayak Adventures and joined a Multi-sport and Culture Adventure in Bhutan.

November 2nd found me flying into Paro, Bhutan's only international airport. The airport is set in a valley between high mountains, where landing is an adventure in itself. Back on safe ground, the group checked into the Namsay Resort Hotel. At first glance, my room appeared to be decorated with intricate wallpaper. Upon further inspection, I realized it was actually finely-detailed, hand-painted, Bhutanese-style decorative art. The hotel staff was wearing Bhutanese traditional dress—men in ghos, a knee length robe with a broad belt, and women in kiras, a floor length dress worn with an open jacket. At first it

seemed like the Bhutan of centuries ago, but when the cell phones came out, it took on a Disney World feeling.

That afternoon our van took us to the trailhead to Taktsang, the Tiger's Nest Monastery. Taktsang is recognized as the place where Buddhism came to Bhutan, when the Guru Rinpoche flew to the site on the back of a tigress. It's quite a hike—about 8,500 feet to about 10,200 feet. Although I didn't do the last down-and-up to get to the monastery itself, I got quite a view. It was late in the day and I was one of a handful who returned to the bus before dark. While waiting in the bus, we were visited by Ugyen Chador Lingpa, the 26th incarnation of Guru Rinpoche. I received a blessing from him.

The next day was our first day of boating. We headed to the Paro Chhu, a pretty straightforward run, pool-drop with its share of Class III rapids. Land Heflin, Willy Kern, and Jed Weingarten were our river guides, and Chencho was our cultural guide (and also an excellent paddler.) Toward the end of the run, there was a Class IV portage. The only decent line was far left, requiring a tricky boof, with maybe 70 yards more rapids below. The guides

ran our boats through, but all the clients walked around. We entered a little gorge, into shade, and I was chilled by the time we saw the three chortens marking the take-out at Chhuzom. Each chorten was distinctly different—one Bhutanese, one Tibetan, and one Nepalese.

The next day we began our trek—three nights out on what is known as the Druk Path. We were up pretty early and headed to the National Museum trailhead at about 8,000 feet. Many donkeys and drivers were waiting for us there. In Bhutan, it is custom for animals to carry the loads. Up we went, relentlessly gaining elevation. The trail followed a dirt road for some distance before snaking off into piney woods. Eventually we made it to a saddle at about 11,500 feet, greeted by Jele Dzong up a ridge to the right and lots of prayer flags up the ridge to the left. We dropped down to our camp in a meadow below the dzong.

The next morning it was cold and frost was everywhere. We had a very nice visit at the dzong as we passed by. The monk came out to speak with us and left each of us with a blessed yellow cord for our necks. As we walked that day, we could see a whole



INTERNATIONAL PADDLING



Our group approaching the take-out at Chhuzom.

range of the Himalayas to the northwest, including Jhomolhari. At 24,000 feet, it is the highest peak in the region. Even at our modest elevation of 12,000 feet, I was breathing heavily. Continuing on, I found the trail reminiscent of my hikes on the north side of Oregon's Mt. Hood—up and down, through pines and rhododendrons. Eventually we made it to camp at Jangchhu Lakh, a large soggy meadow at about 12,500 feet that we shared with a yak herder. The view was terrific.

That night I had bad fever dreams, chills, and woke up feeling shot and with a noticeable fever. I took 500 mg of azithromycin and dragged myself out of my sleeping bag to head straight down the mountain. Fortunately it was a downhill trek. Land accompanied me, along with three Bhutanese and a donkey with a saddle. I never resorted to riding, but by the time we approached Tsaluna, my pace had slowed considerably. From the trailhead, I went straight to the Hotel Dragon Roots in Thimpu. Willy was already there, afflicted with the same thing. The Xplore Bhutan folks checked on us, bringing a doctor who diagnosed us both with respiratory infections. Fortunately, we were not afflicted with the H1N1 flu that we were concerned about. I crashed in the hotel for the entire next day.

Taktshang Monastery.

By November 8th I felt somewhat better. We headed out over the Dochu La for Punaka. At 10,007 feet, the view at Dochu La was magnificent. The air was clear and we could see a whole range of snow-capped peaks of the Himalaya spreading across the northern horizon. We took some time to explore the 108 chortens there to commemorate an important Bhutanese victory.

Our paddling destination that day was the Pho Chhu, a five-mile Class II run, with a marginally Class III rapid near the end beside the Punaka Dzong. The river itself was reminiscent of the Klickitat, both because it was milky from glacial runoff

and because it offered one big gravel bar riffle after another, but it was pretty easy paddling.

Although the original plan was to stay at a safari-style camp on the Mo Chhu, we headed to the Zangto Pelri Hotel to accommodate those of us who were feeling bad. Willy and I were still dragging; two others had coughs, but had not suffered the acute stage of the illness that I had experienced. We had our dinner at the camp, which was all set up for us, and the next day we headed for the Mo Chhu, the other tributary that joins the Pho Chhu at the Punaka Dzong to form the Puna Tsang Chhu.

Having heard Land's estimates of the difficulty of the rapids in the first part of the run, I opted for the paddle raft. It was a good thing I did. Bob and Dede started out in their kayaks, but Bob swam right away, losing his boat and paddle. The boat was soon recovered; the paddle was reclaimed a bit later. Led by Willy, Dede was more successful, but the river demanded a good line.

It was fun to be back in a paddle raft. I think the last time I paddled one was on the Kennebec way back in 1992. It was





Willy demonstrating the line at the little curler.

a heavy craft—a 16-foot raft with four thwarts, and 10 total passengers. Land expertly captained us through several Class IV drops. Right below an S-turn, we spotted our kayaks. After a lengthy stop, we were off again, me back in my kayak.

More challenging than the Pho Chhu, this section of the Mo Chhu had several solid and interesting Class III rapids. It was also just plain busier, with lots of big boulders. At one drop, we started down on the right, ferried across immediately behind an enormous boulder, and finished on the extreme left. Another drop had a big logjam on the left, so we carried across gravel and ran a tricky little curling bit right above a pillow rock to finish. One of the last drops featured a pillow on a mid-stream boulder, with the water dumping off to the left. Although I'd given the folks before me lots of room, I was surprised to find three boats, one upside down, in the middle of the line. This forced me into the nasty, boiling eddy on the left, which turned out to be good practice for big water bracing.

We took out at the safari camp and, after snacks and drinks, visited the Punaka Dzong. It was immense, arguably the most beautiful dzong in Bhutan, and well worth the visit. In the entrance courtyard, there was a bodhi tree, like the one under which Buddha was sitting when he recognized the Four Noble Truths. Continuing on, we saw the most fascinating Bhutanese art on the walls. Much of the art depicted the life of Buddha. The shrine area had recently been

re-done. It was spectacular. Like many Buddhist shrines, there were three Buddha figures, one representing the past Buddha, one the present Buddha, and one the future Buddha.

Our last day of boating was on the Wang Chhu, the stream that runs through Thimpu. After winding down a precarious road from the main highway, we were on the water pretty quickly. Willy told Bob, Dede, and me that we can find our own lines, although I seemed to be the only one who really enjoyed doing so. At home, I do a lot of leading and a lot of solo paddling, so I was really comfortable being out in front. The stream was really busy, mostly Class II/II+, with a few interesting Class IIIs from time to time. To our delight, we were observed by a big troop of monkeys who watched us from the steep hillside above.

Soon after that, Willy explained how to identify the take-out, which would be marked by three chortens at Chuzom. I took that as a go-ahead and simply headed down on my own. It was quite a bit further than I expected but it was relaxing to be paddling off on my own.

As soon as the rest of the group arrived, we headed back to the Namsay Resort in Paro. Still weak from the infection, I crashed after dinner and missed the dancing that was presented as entertainment. Judging from the pictures, it was a shame to miss this event. Morning dawned with low overcast skies and we all wondered whether our plane would be able to land! Fortunately, patches of blue began to show, and the plane landed right on time.

Boarding the plane after a tiring but fulfilling trip, I knew that I was ready to get on to the next part of my life, now rich with memories of Bhutan, the tiny Buddhist country in the Himalayas.



GEAR SHOP
www.nocgearshop.com

- Gear
- Expertise
- World-Class Instruction



*For Paddlers,
by Paddlers*



NANTAHALA OUTDOOR CENTER

**GET READY FOR NOC'S 2010
KIDS & TEENS KAYAKING
PROGRAMS**



Kids + Kayaks = Big Boomin' Fun!
visit
noc.com for
full program details

INTERNATIONAL PADDLING

HIGH WATER DOWN UNDER: THE LONGEST DAY OF MY LIFE

BY MATTHEW HOPKINS

BACK IN DECEMBER of 2005, I traveled to New Zealand for the kayaking trip of a lifetime. On the South Island I met up with Americans Dave, Stratton, Stuart, and Chris for an extended paddling trip. About midway through the trip, for a variety of reasons, we decided to head far south to the elusive Waikaia River. The Waikaia isn't run much because it is far from the well-known and heavily concentrated runs of the West Coast. The flows were looking favorable on the Internet, but a lot can change during a 7-hour drive and a night's sleep. The guidebook, however, displayed images depicting mind-blowing boofs, and let me tell you, we are the type to travel long distances for a good boof or two.

Our transportation, a 1992 Mitsubishi L300 van named Jaime, actually became the 6th member of our team and kept the trip as entertaining as the whitewater. Jaime cost us a grand total of \$350 and was named such because of the words 'TRANSGENDER' written in big bold letters on the sides of her/him. The important things to know about our beloved van is that she/he was as temperamental as anyone confused about his/her identity, and she/he cost us about \$50 per person for a month's worth of transportation; therefore, we had no intention of recovering our investment. If it got us to where we needed to go for that time period, we would be thrilled. As the trip mechanic, it was my responsibility to make sure she lasted the duration and not a day more. Jaime also had a weak heart in the form of a bad alternator. Most of the crew was growing tired of push starting her in the rain every time we wanted to go somewhere, and the only open parts store with a replacement (it was the week of Christmas when the whole country shuts down) was conveniently near the Waikaia. Personally, I was against getting a new alternator. The part was going to cost one-



third of what we paid for the whole van, and the Olympic bobsled team push start sequence was still amusing me.

The Waikaia was close, and we needed rest. We had been driving for six hours or so and the night was growing late. As we entered the sleepy little town of Riversdale, the free camping radar picked up a small town park. Our soggy bones ached for the covered pavilion and elevated picnic tables, but the park was in the middle of this peaceful town and we needed to be discreet. Stratton, a man not known for his mechanical intuition, was given the late and thus low-traffic driving shift. He pulled into the parking lot and was about to shut the van down for the night when the copilot realized he was about to make a fatal error.

You see, I have not yet begun to describe the many quirks that gave Jaime her dynamic personality. Jaime was as confused about her fuel as her gender and could run on either gasoline or LPG (propane). The LPG was significantly cheaper (by about half) but made the van run awfully, so it was reserved for the open road. When the vehicle was to be turned off, the driver had to ensure that it was running on gasoline, because it was damn near impossible to get Jaime started on LPG. Considering that the alternator was kaput, a mistake like this could lead to a long night of bobsledding. To switch fuels the driver had to turn the knob off, burn all the fuel out of the line, and then

Jaime's good side (there's fungus on the inside too).

Photo by Dave Rugh

quickly switch to the other fuel. This was best done with the van in motion to prevent stalling, so Stratton headed back out onto Main Street. Instead of driving out of town to perform this ritual though, he decided to just drive circles in the middle of the town square. Given Stratton's finely honed driving skills, Jaime must have resembled a biker doing donuts on the White House lawn at 1:00 am.

It only took moments for our late night antics to arouse the notice of the town constable, who lived on the square. He came over to see if we needed help. Looking guilty, we conjured up some excuse for our antics and explained that we would be on our way shortly. To that he replied, "That's a shame because there is a camper-van in my driveway and it sleeps five." We quickly changed our story, gathered our things, and piled in. Kiwis have a reputation for being some of the most hospitable people on the planet. Prior to our host's departure for the house, he invited us to come inside for tea and biscuits in the morning. We explained that we had a full day ahead of us and needed to leave very early. He claimed that he didn't mind and wanted to visit with us anyway. We slept well that night. It was the first dry one in some time.

Unfortunately, the night was short. We had a long day of paddling ahead of us with no plan for a shuttle, and the van still needed to be fixed. The next morning we unanimously decided that 6:00 am was too early to disturb our host, so we wrote a note thanking him for his kindness, quietly pushed the van down the street, popped the clutch, and headed to the next town in search of a new heart for Jaime.

All things considered, the van repair went as smoothly. The parts store was closed, but a local mechanic just happened to know a

guy down the street who had piles of used parts lying around. He took us over there, along with the old alternator, to sift through the piles of parts. We found a close match buried on a shelf within the bowels of this indoor auto morgue. The mechanic was kind enough to lend us his tools and front curb for use as a ramp, and once the part was installed, he would not accept payment for his services. Unbelievable.

The retrofitted new used alternator seemed to be working fine, so it was time to go boating. As if our mechanical luck weren't enough, we happened upon some other kayakers near the take-out. The group consisted of four Austrians with two vehicles and they were willing to help us out with the shuttle. This was great news considering the put-in was on a ten mile dirt road to nowhere with zero chance of hitching a ride. They seemed to be moving slower than us so it was decided that we would head up and put on ahead of them, they would all drive up in one car, and drivers would be shuttled back after the run.

Up until this point, the day's weather consisted of intermittent rain, but by the time we snapped on our skirts, the rain had become constant and cold. The river water was a mysterious deep amber, and the sky was dark and heavy with moisture. Fingers of fog gently rose from the dark green hillsides, which were devoid of any trees and resembled the northern Irish coast. The water level appeared to be ideal, about 500 cfs, and despite the weather our spirits were high as we drifted into the remote dark canyon below.

Gentle Class I/II water led to the first rapid of the run, which alone was worth the seven-hour drive. The drop consisted of a gently sloping 20-foot slide through a cave with an 18-foot waterfall at the end. Let me reiterate from the perspective of the cockpit: imagine drifting toward a natural tunnel (a very large sieve, if you will) about four feet tall. Remember to duck as you

enter. Upon entry, you immediately start to pick up speed. Once you see light and a horizon line it's time to sit up, throw in a boof stroke, order a martini, and enjoy the flight. Deeevine. There was not an unhappy face among us. What a way to start a river!

Most of the following drops were either excellent or mediocre with a small handful falling into the "big steamy pile" category. The quality and quantity of the excellent drops made us feel at ease about our decisions to portage some of the chunkier ones. Regardless, the scenery and companionship was making for an excellent day of boating.

Soon we arrived at what has got to be the best drop of all time. It was a two-stager, totaling about 25 feet. The first drop was a right boof off a small spout and into a small s-turn pool. The second drop was a perfect 15-foot left boof onto a nice cushy pillow. What made this drop so great is how perfectly the sequence of the two boofs melded together. If you managed to hit the first boof well, your boat would land with left angle set up perfectly for the second.

Line up for the drop, left boof stroke, land on a right stroke, left stroke, right boof stroke, land on a left dufek. Pure poetry

to a technique obsessed nerd like me. The symmetry alone...

We spent a fair amount of time here, and despite the continuous rain and the lack of light, we even managed to snap off a couple of pictures. This drop needed to be well documented; few boaters get to witness such a work of art.

For some reason, after the break, group morale began to decline perceptibly. Maybe the canyon got more ominous, or maybe the perpetual twilight and the rain and cold were starting to get to us. We arrived at a drop worthy of the over-used title "Triple Drop." We have no idea what the name was or if it even had one, but this looked like it would be the first place in the canyon where portaging would be near impossible. House-sized black boulders on the sides funneled the river down the center and over three distinct drops. The first one involved going through a cave again. For some reason this maneuver had lost its charm by this point. The second drop involved a precise boof over a punchy hole. Not so bad right? Well, the hole funneled directly into an overhanging/undercut rock. The last drop was narrow and long but manageable. One by one each of us moved down this 100 yard dash as the rest of us observed.

Chris stirring his martini.

Photo by Dave Rugh



INTERNATIONAL PADDLING

Dave went first. Dave and I have been friends and boating partners for almost nine years. He's one of those mates you hope to have along when the stuff goes south. He's also the one who invited me along on the trip. We first met at Riversport School of Paddling in Confluence, PA when I was an instructor and he was a punk camper with a lot of attitude and the skills to back it up. Once he was old enough, he became an instructor and a talented boater. Just to keep him in his place, I would remind him, "Don't forget who taught you everything you know, rookie." To that he would usually reply "I knew more about boating than you before we ever met," or, "All I learned from you was how to get a proper ass whoopin'." Now, that's gratitude.

He cleaned the tunnel and lined up well for the powerful hole. A quick left boof stroke, a little right angle, and he was through untouched. Stratton went next

with similar results. Next up was Stuart. Stuart was the youngest of the bunch with a bright whitewater future ahead of him; however, he tended to feel unsure of his abilities due to his relatively short paddling history. Stuart came through the tunnel a little wide but quickly corrected his angle before the hole. The water seemed to push him around a little more than the others, the hole slowed him down and gave him a mouth full of water, but he emerged mostly unscathed. Next on deck was Chris. Chris seemed to get pushed around even more, but still passed the hole upright.

I was the last to enter the approach tunnel. As I emerged I realized that I had been pushed a lot wider than I would have liked. I scrambled to correct my position and angle. Breathing a sigh of relief, I felt like I had regained control as I descended into the hole. To my surprise the hole looked much angrier up close than it did

from shore. Before I had time to take a breath, my stern submerged and my bow exploded toward the black sky like a breaching whale. The hole typewritten me to the left toward the overhanging rock, all while maintaining a perfect stern stall. Just before the lights went out I saw my bow splat on the upstream side of the undercut rock. This resulted in what felt like an eternal ride upside down along the rock wall. Finally, I detected the unrestricted bob of a capsized kayak in turbulent water. My paddle had been ripped from my hands by the collision with the rock, so I frantically flailed my arms in search of something to grab. With an incredible stroke of luck, I felt the paddle bump against my boat. I quickly grabbed it as I flushed into the last hydraulic. I waited until I felt the calm pool at the bottom of the drop for a one-chance roll attempt. Dazed from the horrendous line and beating that followed, I rolled



**ADVENTURE.
UNLIMITED.**

Visit our new website today to check out our high-performance rafts, catarafts and kayaks.
www.aire.com • 800.247.3432



It doesn't get much better: Stuart on the double.

Photo by Andrew Oberhart

up to see Dave's Nikon in my face. Once he lowered the camera, I saw the humongous grin it concealed. Dave, always there for me to point out a bad line, loudly barked, "Don't you worry, don't you worry at all! I captured the whole thing in a series of 20-stop motion pictures!" What a friend.

I wasn't the only one subjected to heckling, though. Chris managed to swamp his boat as he got out onto shore, so he moved downstream to escape the embarrassment and scout the next drop. I was still in my boat so I decided to head down and join him in exile. I got out of my boat and approached Chris's scouting rock. The drop looked fairly simple, but not entirely clean. A large and steep rooster tail led into a flume about 30 feet long. The rooster tail was in the dead center of the drop and there was no good way to avoid it. Chris and I brainstormed the possibilities. I said, "I bet we can go right over the middle of that rooster tail. It looks like it's formed from two currents coming together and not from a piton rock." Chris replied, "No way man, there's a rock in there and it's nasty." Surprised at the confidence of his answer, I asked, "How the hell do you know?" He quickly answered, "Because I saw it." I was confused. There was no evidence of a rock anywhere near the rooster tail. So I asked in



little debate, the amber-colored water had been replaced with thick chocolate milk.

We looked upstream for the rest of our crew and noticed a small side stream in the background...almost doubling the river's flow. Stratton was the first to come down. He eddied out behind a rock just upstream of us. The rock was easily two feet out of the water and made for a good boat-scouting eddy. Chris and I yelled for him to get to shore, but he couldn't hear us. As he waited in the eddy for the others, the rock began to shrink before our eyes. By the time Stratton noticed, the rock was underwater and had

someone had just changed the laws of physics on him. The remainder of the crew made their way down to us one by one. We pulled the boats high up on shore and contemplated our fate.

Our situation was this: We were on a seldom-run Class V creek in a remote canyon somewhere in the Southland region of New Zealand, and it was flash flooding in a way none of us had ever witnessed before. The canyon walls were steep and rocky, and the road was some 600 feet up on the rim above. Hiking out was a remote possibility but would be strenuous and time consuming. The day was getting late and the time was probably nearing six o'clock or so. One thing on our side was our proximity to the winter solstice and the far southern latitudes, which translated to a sunset around ten o'clock. We may have had four hours of sunlight left, but we were all ravenous. We had all been so

excited to get the van fixed and get on the river that we forgot to eat or take along food (This would prove to be our biggest mistake). We also had no idea how much more whitewater was left. The run was roughly eight miles long, and we had been making good time for about four hours. We estimated that we were close to the end and our best option was heads-up assault boating; paddle or be crushed. The plan was to take advantage of any easy portages, leap frog scouts, keep the train moving, be strong in our decisions, keep track of the

AS HE WAITED IN THE EDDY FOR THE OTHERS, THE ROCK BEGAN TO SHRINK BEFORE OUR EYES. BY THE TIME STRATTON NOTICED, THE ROCK WAS UNDERWATER AND HAD GIVEN BIRTH TO A NEWLY CREATED HYDRAULIC THAT HE WAS NOW SURFING.

a sarcastic tone, "Do you see it now smart guy?" Now he looked as confused as I did. "Come to think of it I don't, but I swear I saw a rock right there under the rooster tail. I bet we could see it if the water wasn't... so muddy." Simultaneously we realized what was happening. Our confused facial expression turned to horror. During our

given birth to a newly created hydraulic that he was now surfing. Within seconds all evidence of the rock was gone, and the fast current was flushing him toward the rooster tail drop. Fortunately, he was able to scramble to shore confused and tired. He had a bewildered look on his face as if

guy behind you, and get off the river as fast as possible.

The rooster tail drop had an easy portage on the left so we put in below it. The river was a boiling, angry, seething, cauldron of vile. The manageable 500 cfs had almost tripled in volume in less than 15 minutes. Dave was the first to gonad-up and push

INTERNATIONAL PADDLING

off into the unknown. The next drop at hand appeared to be a hydraulic of some sort next to a rock wall on the left, a river wide boil and pour over in the middle, and a smooth tongue on the right. Portaging was not an option. Dave, convinced that the boil was too strong to ferry across, decided to take his chances with the unknown hole. He disappeared over the horizon and did not reappear. Just as we all went into panic mode, his white helmet popped out from behind the ledge. He had taken a wicked ride in the hole but managed to fight his way out. The water was visibly rising up the banks, and decisions had to be concise. I decided to pioneer the ferry line across the boil. Once on the other side of the river, the line was a sure bet, but blowing the ferry meant getting swept into a terminal pour over. I took one last look at the boils and whirlpools, trying to anticipate the ever-changing flow directions. I launched and paddled like I had a higher purpose. Despite the unpredictable currents, I was able to hack my way to the other side of the river. The others followed my line with their own variations of success.

Around the next bend, the river funneled into a narrow, steep, crashing falls approximately 100 yards long. There was a line, but it was beefcake squared. Stratton considered running it, but as

soon as he would have his line dialed in, it would change. We watched the rapid oscillate from runnable on the left, to unrunnable, to a good boof on the right, back to unrunnable, and then to good down the middle, all in a matter of five minutes. We were wasting valuable time and the portage on the left looked unpleasant but possible. Consistent with our prediction, the portage was a tangled mess of tightly woven shrubs and large boulders. Dave slipped on a rock and managed to procure a nasty puncture wound to his leg. The bleeding was moderate and the unrelenting rain kept the wound from clotting. We had first aid kits, but stopping to apply a proper bandage in those conditions would have taken time, and every minute that passed added 100 cfs to an already angry river. Dave ripped off a sleeve from his polypro, wrapped it around his leg, and continued on with teeth clenched.

Once back in our boats we were happy to see a couple of river bends pass by without much scouting or portaging. The flow must have been about 7,000 cfs by this point. There were few rocks to be seen and the narrow gorge was filled with standing waves and exploding haystacks. Occasionally a tree caught in the current would rise up out of the water like a prehistoric sea serpent and then disappear back into the deep.

We arrived at what would be the last rapid. It was my turn to scout and what I saw was a huge river-wide terminal ledge with a possible must-make water boof at the high point in the middle. There was no room for error; the hydraulic would not release a recirculation body. Plus, the water was very squirrely at the lip making the line difficult to nail. By this time everyone else was out of their boats and taking a look. The general consensus from the group was that the drop was a bad idea. I don't know if it was because I was sick of portaging, or I was feeling inspired by how well the group had pulled together in the face of adversity, but I felt like I owned this drop and it was my duty to break it for the crew. The thought "what if" flashed through my mind as I lined up for my swirling reference mark on top of the boil. The whirlpools all seemed to line up in my favor, allowing the current to give me more speed than I expected toward the lip as if my grab loops were connected to an imaginary zip line suspended over the water. A well-timed boof stroke projected me far out beyond the backwash. My success inspired several others to attempt the drop with even better results. We owned this river. It tried to defeat us but it failed.

The canyon opened up offering us a wider view of the dark sky above. It was obvious that the worst was behind us and the take-out must be close. Sunset was nearing as we drifted down the fast but calm river. We told stories of close calls hidden from our colleagues by the enormous waves, and made dinner requests for when we got off the river. As if struck by lightning, a moment of realization simultaneously occurred to all of us, a realization that poisoned our euphoria and feelings of triumph: We were not the only group on the river. Somewhere up in that deep canyon in the middle of the exploding mayhem was a team of four Austrians.

Within the course of a day's time the scene at the take-out had changed dramatically. Dusk, along with the rain, had consumed

Dave dropping the first of the double.

Photo by Matthew Hopkins



us. The river had doubled in width and came very close to the road in places. Small side streams, once dry, now had boulders tumbling down them. The eerie muffled sound of submerged colliding rocks was as omnipresent as the fog. Stratton just happened to be a marathon runner, so he laced up his shoes, stretched out his cold muscles, and disappeared up the long shuttle road. The rest of us took turns huddling together in a rank port-a-potty, sometimes four dudes deep.

I was feeling especially nervous about the Austrians, so Chris and I headed up the road to see if we could spot them. We waited at the last bend in the road before it ascended to the canyon rim, watching intently upstream. Our worries were many. One member of the Austrian team was new to creaking and was nervous about the run at normal flows. Also, the river flashed on us just after we passed "Triple Drop." This was very fortunate for us, because this rapid was extremely channelized and would be a very difficult portage. The Austrians would not have been as lucky.

The rain seemed to fall harder and harder, and the water began to lap at our feet on the road. Minutes felt like hours. Finally I got a glimpse of a boat coming around the bend, far off in the distance. We both thought, "They've made it!" But as the boat drew closer our worst fears were realized: the boat was empty. Chris and I were in agreement. An empty boat in a flooded river at dark in the continuing rain was justification for calling a rescue. We ran back down the road calling for Dave and Stuart to get in their boats. They filed out of the port-a-potty like clowns out of a Mini. They spotted the swamped boat and quickly jumped into action to recover it.

At the same time an old man just happened to be driving up the road in his beat up pickup, checking out the flood. Chris and I flagged him down and explained what had happened. He calmly replied that he knew the local search and rescuers and could have them there in a matter of minutes. The situation was no longer in our hands we thought, so we headed for the

The author getting jacked (again) in "Triple Drop."

Photo by Dave Rugh

port-a-potty to take our shift out of the torturous rain.

The searchers showed up like a bunch of cowboys in black Land Rovers. For the most part they were overweight and overbearing, and it was hard to take them seriously as they interrogated us. We told them what we knew and they tore off up the road. Soon after the cavalry had disappeared into the dark, a police truck pulled up. We approached the driver as the window came down. "You didn't come in for tea and biscuits this morning," the officer exclaimed, "not like Americans to be bloody polite." It was Jacob, our host from the night before, and he seemed more concerned with our lack of etiquette than our four missing persons and one personless boat. We filled him in on the details, and he made his way upstream to the action.

The crusade to find the missing paddlers was underway, and suddenly Stratton arrived with the van.

We had just changed into dry clothes and piled into the leaky van to contemplate how we were going to make food when, above the overbearing sound of rain pounding the roof of the van, we heard a growing whine. The whine turned into a pounding sound that got louder and louder. "What now," I thought, "Can't we just eat in peace?" A spotlight from the sky whipped by the van and disappeared up the canyon. Seconds later the spotlight came back and hovered over the van. It was a search helicopter and it landed not more than 50 feet from the van. The pilot jumped out, ran over to us, and knocked on the window. "Can you tell me what's going on?" the pilot asked, "My bloody radio is on the fritz and I'm not sure where I'm suppose to go." We relayed to him all the pertinent information and quickly rolled up the window. Seconds later the helicopter vanished up the canyon, flying just feet above the water.



We took a quick inventory of the pantry and determined the fastest food we could make in volume would be ramen noodles with a side of Chris's homemade rum, but the van was too crowded for cooking. A scouting party was deployed to find an unlocked (or easily unlocked) cabin. We figured the situation was desperate enough to justify temporarily "borrowing" somebody's roof for dinner or a possible dry place to lie down. During our quest for shelter two shadows rose from the river bank dragging kayaks.

It was the Austrians, or at least half of them. We were quick to get as many details out of them as possible. Apparently, as they were scouting a rapid, one party member neglected to pull his kayak out of the reach of the rising water. As they told the story they didn't seem too pleased with their friend. It turns out that he had done the same thing earlier in the trip, but that first time someone grabbed the boat before it floated off. Even worse, the lost kayak contained the group's plane tickets, IDs, credit cards, and passports. We resisted the urge to ask why they thought a kayak would be a good place to keep their most important documents, and pointed toward the recovered boat. Incredibly relieved,

INTERNATIONAL PADDLING

they tore into the bowels of the recovered vessel like a five-year-old on Christmas Day, and found all of the documents intact. They appeared to be in a much better mood after that, but they told us that the fourth member of their team had had a couple of bad swims and was pretty shaken up, so two of them decided to hike out with her boat.

It was almost midnight and our needs were getting pretty simple. We needed food, the absence of water falling from the sky, and for this day to be over. We managed to find a cramped and cluttered shed without a lock on it. Sitting space consisted of a dirt floor, a bucket, and a 1975 fiberglass kayak. It didn't matter, we were happy to be dry with a possibility of food in the near future. As we waited for the water to boil, we played rock/paper/scissors to determine who would have the luxury of using the kayak for a bed that night.

The ramen was in the pot when Jacob the constable located our position in the shed. The two missing Austrians had apparently been found. They were almost hypothermic, but they were going to be fine. Jacob said we had to leave the area immediately, because the road was already flooded and the river was still rising fast. We were relieved that he seemed none too concerned with our breaking-and-entering, but we still maintained that we were just about to eat and weren't going anywhere. "If you don't leave right now, you will be stranded up here for a week," he replied. Before us was a five-pound steamy pile of warm salty noodles. A week of being stranded seemed like a small price to pay for five minutes alone with that pot. "Our van will never make it down a flooded road," we explained. We had learned early on in the trip that Jaime's low engine position made her choke in the smallest of puddles. "Then we'll tow you," he snapped back. "This is not a debate. You're coming with us now."

The convoy consisted of us, Jacob, three or four Land Rovers, and the Austrians in their two trucks. As expected, not more than 100 yards down the road Jaime died at the first stream crossing. One of the cowboys was

quick to jump out of his Land Rover and lasso our bumper. Soon we were being dragged down the river with water lapping at the grill. As the miles went by, the water got deeper and deeper. Soon water was flooding through the doors. We quickly reorganized our gear with the sleeping bags on top and the sacrificial gear on the bottom. We rode the next ten miles with six inches of water on the floor, our feet on the seat in front of us, and a pot of hot ramen revolving through the van. Chris was busy at the helm keeping the barge true, so the navigator spoon fed him each time the pot passed by. Every now and then we would lift our heads from the feeding trough to notice what was happening around us. Outside the window was a vast ocean of brown boiling water. How our tugboat captain knew where the road was is still beyond me. Sometimes there would be an exceptionally strong current going perpendicular to the theoretical direction of the road. The van would rock and sway in these forceful tides, which seemed dangerous, but it didn't matter. We had no say in this. Our fate was in the hands of the man at the other end of the rope.

After almost an hour of being pulled through up to waist deep water, the land began to resurface as the road veered away from the river valley. The water slowly drained from the passenger compartment, and we decided to check if the engine would start after being submerged for the better part of a Sunday sermon. Sure enough, our good old reliable Jaime fired right up. "Maybe we should signal our tow truck driver and let him know we can make it on our own," Chris suggested. "Hell no," Dave replied "Our fuel economy is currently unlimited-miles-per-gallon, and Rambo looks like he's having the time of his life up there." It was settled. The S & R guys were happy being in charge. We would let them tow us for as long as we could stay awake.

It was approaching one in the morning and we had been awake for almost 20 hours, but it felt like a week. The caravan pulled into a driveway. Jaime followed like a stubborn donkey yanked by the rains. We had no idea what we were doing at this house, but everyone filed inside so we followed.

(Authors note: I stopped paying attention to the difference between reality and fantasy at this point, so the remaining details are speculative.)

The inside of the house had a surreal warm glow about it, like grandma's house at Christmas time. The rooms were comfortably cluttered with mementos decorating every book shelf and end table. The two missing Austrians were covered in blankets and curled up next to the fireplace, which had red and white stockings hung along the mantle with care. A sweet little old lady approached us and asked if we would like some warm tea to drink. Most of us said yes, because it was easier than declining.

For the first time, Jacob adopted a tone of authority as he stood in front of us and began to speak. We sipped tea and fantasized about slipping out the back door as he debriefed his entourage on the day's events. He started by talking about the dangers of kayaking and how a man died on the Waikaia a couple years back. He explained kayaking to us as if Dan Quail were teaching us how to spell. Next he began to criticize the Austrians for their lack of planning and responsibility. He prefaced this by saying, "This doesn't pertain to you Americans. You didn't need our services today." Only one Austrian spoke English, so this all had to be translated to the other three. I felt awful. The Austrians didn't ask for help. We called the rescue, and the result of the day's events was a matter of chance not planning. The Austrians were just as qualified as us. I wanted to say something, but staying quiet meant going to bed sooner. The Austrians actually seemed to be humbled by this speech and not nearly as irritated as I was. Afterward the English-speaking Austrian approached us and thanked us for all our help.

The meeting was adjourned and the Austrians were invited to spend the night at grandma's house, but there was only room for those most in need. We were starting to wonder how we were going to live out the final hours of the morning. I was fantasizing about Jacob's

Opposite: This rock was completely underwater on "the longest day."

Photo by Dave Rugh

camper as if it were a palace. Maybe, just maybe, he would offer it to us again. Jacob approached us and explained that someone had borrowed his camper van for the weekend. Our spirits sank. However...he could open up the community center in town for us.

Oh-my-god! The whole building was ours to hang up gear and sprawl about. Some of us even had our own rooms. The roof didn't leak, the floor was carpeted, and there was a bathroom—with a shower! Since it was two in the morning there wasn't much time for us to enjoy the night, but we were damn sure to make the best of it. Before Jacob tucked us in and headed off to the house, he said, "Now you better come in for tea and biscuits in the morning this time." The day was finally over!

The next morning we woke up at the crack of noon and you better believe we headed over to the constable's house. Jacob's wife made us an excellent breakfast, and we shared stories and pictures with our new friend. With the new day came an appreciation for what the rescuers had done for us and the Austrians. We checked the flow graph on the internet and discovered that the river had gone from 500 to 10,000cfs during our adventure. (If you're counting on your fingers right now, that's 20 times the recommended flow.) We helped him to understand what it was like to be a kayaker and why we do what we do, and he helped us understand what it was like to be constable in a sleepy town

who, from time to time, needs to come to our aid. (Don't feel too bad for him or the S & R guys; they secretly enjoyed every minute of the rescue.)

A week later, after Rob and Andrew had flown down to join us and we had explored some classic West Coast heli runs, we couldn't help dragging them back to the Waikaia. The flows looked good again (I swear it's hard to catch) and we wanted to see what the whole river was like at a normal level.


At the put-in, deep green flowering hillsides were accented by the bright blue sky. We snapped on our spray skirts as the sun warmed our shoulders. All of our favorite drops were even better with the addition of sunlight and without the worry of an impending wall of water. The Triple Drop kicked my ass again, and Dave loved it like a dog loves rolling in road-kill; so much for my "rising water" alibi. It turns out that some of the lower drops that we charged through like an army of Trojans ended up being unrunable or just plain trashy at normal flows.

Most of the lower half of the run was completely unfamiliar to those of us who had passed through on the first trip. We were playing follow the leader through a lazy maze of truck sized boulders when the thought of something familiar finally struck me. I took a long hard look at one particular boulder that rested smack dab in

the center of the river. I had never seen this rock before, but I recognized it. I paddled up to the back side of the massive rock and held my 204-cm paddle by the tip with my thumb and forefinger and projected the other end into the sky. The other end of the paddle was almost level with the apex of the monolith. Dave had just pasted by unaware of my symbolic display. I called out, "Hey punk, I think I know where we are." He turned, looking at me puzzled because I was measuring a rock with my paddle like a moron. Suddenly he broke out laughing. "Oh-my-god," he coughed out, "that's the last drop, where we did a do-or-die water boof off the middle." He quickly snapped a photo. Most of these boulders weren't even a concept on our epic first run. We finished up our day, still in the sunshine. There happened to be some flat-water at the end that we didn't notice before. Go figure.



**OTTER
BAR
LODGE**
kayak school
Forks of Salmon, CA



unparalleled lodging
unequaled instruction
unbelievable experience

530.462.4772
www.otterbar.com

INTERNATIONAL PADDLING

A FIRST DESCENT FIESTA ON RÍO HUEVACHI

STORY AND PHOTOS BY ROCKY CONTOS



MARIJUANA. WEED. MOTA. Ganja. Pot. Cannabis. Call it what you will. We are standing in a huge plot of it in the northern Sierra Madre Occidental of Mexico. The plants are very healthy—with verdant, sticky buds—and stand up to 6 feet tall. Aaron grabs a leaf, amused. We are the only ones around, a group of four kayakers in the middle of a 9-day first descent near the Copper Canyon.

This trip is perhaps of interest to those of you inclined to find that particular patch of mota (as it is colloquially referred to in Mexico). The fact that Río Huevachi is full of extreme Class V-VI whitewater might only pique your interest more. Just to give you a few stats, here are a few lines I used to advertise this trip: “Río Huevachi-Charuyvo-Chínipas in northwest Mexico. First descent of 126 miles; from 6700 ft elevation to 600 ft elevation; beautiful canyon; clean water; remote country; approximately 9 days; average 2500 cfs midway. There will be portages.” A simple

gradient calculated from those numbers is somewhat misleading, since 3400 ft of the drop is in the initial 24 miles. That is, the Río Huevachi-Charuyvo part averages 138 ft/mile, just like one of California’s high Sierra Nevada streams.

So let me describe the goods. On day one you’ll have to confront Cascada Bustamante, an 80-foot clean waterfall located three miles downstream of the put-in. If a high waterfall descent is not to your liking, there’s a steep wooded slope that facilitates portaging. This is a beautiful pine forest area reminiscent of Sedona, with great paddling for several miles upstream and downstream of the waterfall. There are also fine camping opportunities.

After Bustamante, the whitewater gets really “sick.” From miles six through 12, the river is often in a narrow, boulder-choked chasm dropping 150-200 ft/mile. Optimistically, I’ll say there are a few nice rapids in between the boulders and falls, and the scenery is special with some ancient pictographs to admire. However,

the portages are long, hard and time-consuming. Going through this section on our trip, we covered only three miles on our second day, 1.7 miles on our third day, and 2.5 miles on our fourth day. At such a pace, you might start wondering if the whole trip is going to take 40 days instead of 9. Your muscles will ache, you’ll have sores on your skin, and those pesky *jejenes* (biting gnats) may start getting the better of you. Morale in the group will probably get really low. People will complain about the weight of the food they’re carrying. Somewhere in the midst of the 25 or so portages, one of your buddies might mutter: “Ah, now I get it. Why didn’t you say the *fiesta* on this trip was going to be a portage-*FIESTA*.” At least you won’t have to deal with the psychological terror of coming upon an unknown, boxed-in, inescapable, must-run Class VI (something our first descent group was getting nervous about). On the bright side, you’ll still have that real *fiesta* to look forward to.

On our trip, Tom Diegel, frustrated with all the portages, poked fun at one of my

Opposite: A classic Huevachi rapid after Presa La Trinidad.

mutterings, saying, “This is going to be not only a *first* descent, but also a *last* descent.” He was confident that no other paddlers would want to tackle this river due to the portages. I actually agree with him, but only regarding that section of Río Huevachi. However, you might think differently. Perhaps you’d rather listen to Aaron Stable, who later ran the Middle Fork of the Kings and commented: “It was like *déjà vu* of Río Huevachi all over again...”

After a short runnable stretch of river, you’ll get to the end of that “sick” section (mile 12), where there’s a final major portage that is unforgettable, one that I refer to as “Zionesque.” Río Huevachi goes down out of sight under boulders for several hundred meters in a gorge. On the scout, you’ll trudge along without seeing what happens to the river below, soon to be perplexed by the sight of water flowing the wrong way! Actually, the water you see will be Río Basogachi, a tributary of approximately the same size as Río Huevachi. The two rivers meet head on in the gorge and turn 90-degrees into a slot in a 100-foot high wall (with all the water under boulders, of course). After managing to make it up above the slot gorge to an amazing flat bedrock



A helicopter could land here and take us to safety.” Fortunately, you will have the foresight that this portage is the last tough one, which should convince your partners to trudge onward. But please—don’t slip off the logs!

The Zionesque Chasm lies just past the confluence of Ríos Huevachi and Basigochi. On topo maps, the resultant stream is labeled Río Charuyvo. Although the gradient remains steep for the next several miles (about 150 ft/mile), nearly all the whitewater is runnable. Tom Diegel even commented that there were so many “high

The put-in valley by Huevachi.

any stoners out there looking for GPS coordinates to an easily accessible patch of weed. [But at least it may have prompted you to read this far!] I certainly don’t advise floating this river—or any other—with such intentions. That would make such a trip particularly perilous. As for the fiesta, we actually had not only one, but several. Each night after those tough portages, we lightened our load by eating up the food we were carrying. Particularly memorable were the Tasty Bites, pre-cooked sumptuous Indian dishes that were the source of complaints during the portages. Yet precisely because they were *soooo* heavy, as well as *soooo* delectable, our group cheered heartily on those nights when we ate them. Now those dinners *were* worthy *fiestas*!

Although you can take out at the village, I recommend pressing onward. The last six miles of Río Charuyvo continue to have an impressive gradient (130 ft/mile) with completely runnable Class IV-V rapids. If you go at our pace, it’ll be 6 days by the time you make it to the end of Río Charuyvo, where you can set up camp across from Río Maguarichic or Río Oteros. Ahead, you can contemplate running the 102 miles of Río Chínipas, a much bigger, beautiful, lower gradient Class IV river (see article in the November/December 2009 issue of *American Whitewater*).

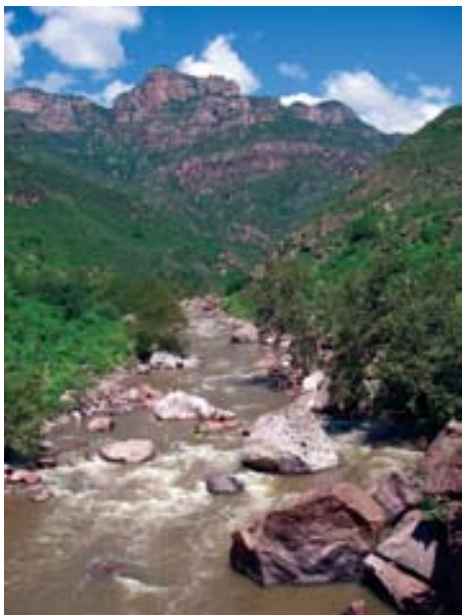
IF YOU’RE LUCKY, YOU MIGHT FIND A FEW RICKETY LOGS SPANNING THE 15-FOOT GAP. HOWEVER, A SLIP WOULD MEAN DROPPING 80 FEET, PROBABLY TO YOUR DEATH. AGAIN, YOUR GROUP WILL FACE ANOTHER NADIR IN MORALE.

area, you’ll be able to look way down to the water. I refer to the chasm as “Zionesque” since it’s like something you’d see in Zion National Park. Unfortunately, you’ll face another dilemma: crossing the chasm. It’s a necessary prerequisite to descend back down to the river. If you’re lucky, you might find a few rickety logs spanning the 15-foot gap. However, a slip would mean dropping 80 feet, probably to your death. Again, your group will face another nadir in morale. They might look at that flat bedrock and say: “This is our escape!

qual” rapids. Tom Meinholz can be seen on the video grinning from ear to ear. After six miles of outrageous runnable Class IV-V, you’ll reach a more open area of river. Here, some of your group might feel so relieved that they’ll throw their arms in the air and thank God for no more claustrophobic gorges. You’ll also find a footbridge at a village called Río Las Animas where a dirt road descends to the river, allowing a take-out.

So what about that patch of *mota* and the *fiesta*? I apologize if I’m letting down

INTERNATIONAL PADDLING



A view of the river by the village of Río Las Animas.

MEXICO, PADDLING, AND DRUGS

REALIZE THAT DISCUSSING drugs like marijuana can be a “sticky” issue. Your response to the Río Huevachi images and article probably will lie somewhere on a continuum between two polar extremes. At one end there will be those thinking, “Dude—you must have had some awesome fiestas on that trip! I’d love to be able to get in there myself and sample some of the goods.” Alternatively, there will be others at the opposite extreme, thinking, “Great, that’s just what we need, paddlers promoting drug use.” Well, rather than take sides, as an author I’m just going to discuss the issue here, objectively.

Marijuana and other drugs have particular relevance to paddlers, especially international paddlers. That’s *not* because we are all users. It is because, as explorers in the wilderness, finding drug plants is not uncommon. On my Mexico journeys, I’ve stumbled upon plots of marijuana about two dozen times. Paddlers in other parts of the world will sometimes find themselves in similar situations. Just last weekend at the Kern River Festival (California), an organizer related to me how there was a plot of weed on the upper part of Brush Creek, where one of the event races was going to

be held. What should you do about such a discovery? There can be repercussions, and you should be informed before making any rash decisions.

Fear is a common response to finding illicit plants. You might think, “These guys don’t want anyone to know about their plants. If they find me here, they might shoot me.” Probably the best advice to you if you have fear is to act calmly, get out of that spot ASAP and just forget about it. Your fear might be exacerbated (justifiably) on either side of the opinion spectrum if you’re considering either (a) reporting the plants to the authorities or (b) trying to snag a little bit without anyone noticing. In either of those cases, you are likely to piss off the owners. If they realize a paddler was responsible, they might employ intimidation tactics to keep you and other paddlers away in the future. Regarding the plants on Brush Creek, somebody did report them, and the authorities removed the plants days before the race. In that case, however, I doubt paddlers will be harassed in the future, since whoever planted the weed will just select another place to plant.

Marijuana use has plenty of political and legal ramifications. Being caught with it in can land you in prison in most countries. Prohibition laws that have been in effect for over half a century are intended to protect society. Irresponsible and addictive use leads to increased accident rates, less general productivity, and family breakdown. All users who smoke face detrimental health effects. However, attitudes seem to be changing. Many believe responsible recreational use should be permitted. In the US during the past 40 years, there has been a marked increase in support of legalization, up from 12% of the US populace in 1970 to 44% in 2009 (according to Gallup polls; see www.gallup.com). Although about a dozen states allow limited possession/use for medical purposes only, federal laws still prohibit possession and trafficking. Later this year, Californians will vote on an initiative bill

**MENS FINALS
2009 WORLDS THUN**
Congratulations
Nick, EJ, Stephen, Joel
& all our Keeners

24 Keeners competed & 7 ascended the podium. Pretty good for a small kayak program whose real mission is youth development. O.K.S. offers high quality programs for kids, teens & adults on Canada's Ottawa River!

O.K.S.
Ottawa Kayak School

O.K.S. Resort Center
Pool, hot tubs, great food, cozy cabins, beautiful beach and of course, warm water and play perfect waves all summer

Important Dates
Adult Keeners June 13
Kids Weeks July 6, August 2
Teen "Beginner to Intermediate in two weeks" July 11, August 9
Ed Week July 16
Ed 3-day Weekend, July 15-23

Best River
Best Resort
Best Programs
Best Instructors

Ottawa Kayak School
Worth the Journey!

1.888.723.8669

that would legalize possession of up to 1 ounce of marijuana for all residents over age 21. The substance would be regulated and taxed similar to alcohol. Recent polls show an outright majority of Californians supporting the bill (56%), suggesting the measure will pass.

Although California may be at the forefront of states considering legalization of cannabis, it actually is trailing behind other countries. The Netherlands has long tolerated possession, use, and cultivation, with legal sale of small quantities in special "coffee shops." Other northern European countries (as well as India and Nepal) have tolerance codes for small quantities. Canada allows possession for medical use, similar to California. Mexico passed one of the boldest laws in April 2009 when it decriminalized the possession of small amounts of marijuana and other drugs, including cocaine, heroin, ecstasy and methamphetamine. Now, if caught with up to 5 grams of marijuana (about 10 joints), you cannot be arrested or prosecuted. This doesn't mean all police officers in Mexico will just let you go if you're caught – some will capitalize on your fear and attempt to extract a hefty *mordida* (bribe). The law is controversial. Many question the irony of decriminalizing the use of drugs

The tight gorge of Río Huevachi was runnable in some places, but boulder-choked in others.

(i.e., demand) while continuing to condemn and fight the supply.

Regardless of the laws, drug violence continues, especially in Mexico. In the news we hear things like: "Six Police Officers Killed in Ciudad Juárez; Police Chief Steps Down," "12 Bodies Found Near Tijuana School," "13 people found shot to death with hands tied behind their backs in Sinaloa." The war on drugs is in full force there, stepped up in the last two years since the current President, Felipe Calderón, took office. The drug cartels have responded with more violence against their enemies: other drug traffickers and government officials. There were over 12,000 drug-related deaths in Mexico in 2008 and 2009, with concentrations in border areas. Ciudad Juárez alone has had approximately 2000 such homicides each year, giving it the notorious honor of the "most dangerous city in the world." So, you might well ask, "Is it safe to travel in Mexico?" In my experience, having run nearly every river



in the country over the last 10 years (that's about 150 rivers and 7300 miles), I have never run into problems. The violence is targeted at others with involvement in the drug trade, and not at tourists. While you might think that tourism has severely declined due to the drug violence, in fact visits and spending by tourists actually increased in 2008 and 2009 compared to previous years (according to Mexico's Tourism Board).

As boaters, you should know that traveling and running rivers in Mexico generally will not put you in the crossfire of the drug war. However, if you go there (or anywhere) hoping to pilfer a secluded plot of *mota*, you'd better be prepared to deal with the *narcotraficantes* and their rage.

For more information on Río Huevachi (additional photos, video, guidebook), see: www.sierrarios.org, or contact rocky@sierrarios.org.

Aaron Stabel in a hidden mota field on Río Huevachi.



INTERNATIONAL PADDLING

FIFTY POUNDS IS THE LIMIT

STORY AND PHOTOS BY DANNY DORAN

WHEN I FIRST heard that I could only take 50 pounds of luggage and a boat I was a little nervous. How does one travel to another country with everything he needs to live—and play—along with his textbooks and fit it all into one Bill's Bag? The first time it was tough, but now it is just a way of life.

At 17, I have been fortunate enough to be able to complete my high school studies on the side of a river. I spent the winter/spring of 2008 in Chile and on the west coast and the winter/spring of 2009 in China and on the west coast travelling with World Class Kayak Academy. The experience of seeing a different part of the world up close, kayaking on amazing rivers, and living with the locals has changed my life.

Chile

Our first stop in Chile was an hour outside of Santiago. The Rio Maipo is set in a beautiful valley surrounded by huge mountains on both sides. The river was cold and dirty, but it had some great whitewater. After a week at the Maipo, we headed to Argentina. Before we crossed the border, we went up the Maipo Valley to stay a night with our cook's family. At his family's house we hiked to the glacier from which the Maipo flows and had a large *asado*, the equivalent of a BBQ. It was an insight to see how the locals live, and a great chance to practice our Spanish.

It was a long, hard road going from Chile to Argentina. We passed over the Andes close to Acancagua, which is the highest point in South America. We had to overcome a few obstacles including the trailer falling off and getting stopped for hours at the border due to a paperwork fiasco. We stopped for a day to paddle the muddy Mendoza, a Class II-III run with some play. When we finally arrived in San Rafael, Argentina, home of the Diamante River, we found a 40-km big water run hidden in a beautiful gorge.

World Class Kayak Academy students at the last waterfall of the Tazas.

The clear blue water was a welcome change from the muddy Maipo.

Our next stop was the Siete Tazas, running some of the first waterfalls of the semester. Waterfalls being my favorite, this was a nice place to linger. The falls were enclosed in a beautiful basalt gorge. The water was low, but the scenery was amazing in the seven teacups.

Moving south for three weeks, we paddled the Fuy, Palguin, and the world famous Futaleufu. Getting to the Fuy was a long bumpy drive, but the trip was worth it. We camped on a beautiful lake that doubled as the put in for the Rio Fuy. The river was low on water but contained a beautiful 20 footer that we ran over and over. The falls dropped from a virtual swimming pool over a clean ledge and was followed up by a few more fun ledges. The Rio Palguin was situated just outside of Pucon starting at the base of a looming volcano, Villarrica, with smoke fuming from its top. The Upper Palguin is extremely short, but it is a lot of fun.

Toward the end our stay in Chile, we were able to paddle the infamous Futaleufu River in the northern tip of the Patagonia region. The river matched my expectations because of the scenery and whitewater. Due to low water we didn't have much opportunity to surf the world class play features the Futa is known for, but it was an amazing run nonetheless. Our campground was located in the middle of the standard after school run, Puente a Puente (Bridge to Bridge), and we took advantage of *La Pistola*, *Mundaka*, *Más o Menos*, *Casa de Piedra* and the other rapids of the section.



Seeing Chile from a paddler's point of view was incredible. I guess I didn't realize how lucky I was until the fall school semester when I found myself sitting at a desk, staring at a smart board, enclosed by four walls. The only thing that kept me going was the thought of Spring Semester when I would be off to China with WCKA, once again studying while camping on the side of a river.

China

The travel to get to China went as smoothly as 16 hours jammed in an airplane can go. After two long days and a few airports, we arrived to sunny skies and unseasonably warm weather in Lijiang, Yunnan. We took a few days to enjoy the classic architecture and artisan markets of old town before we left for the Yangtze River. Beautiful, sunny days greeted us each morning, and the starry sky of the new moon left us with a great canvas to sleep beneath on the sandy beaches of the riverside each night. The

water level was a little high, but the famous Kim Jong III wave was in, and the big rapids were fun. We had a chance to visit the Tiger Leaping Gorge, a designated world heritage site, and we were treated to two nights in the ancient village of Baoshan.

On our way to the Mekong valley, we teamed up with Last Descents River Expeditions who pioneered river exploration in southwestern China to inform people of the endangered, beautiful whitewater in the gorge. Everyone had their gear loaded on the rafts and we were ready for action. We made our way down to the first rapid of the trip and I was excited about experiencing the power of the Yangtze. As we paddled over the horizon we saw huge haystack waves crashing in front of us. As we reached the bottom of the rapids I knew that the rest of the trip was going to be epic. The honor of being one of the last people to paddle these amazing rivers will be with me the rest of my life.

The last major rapid we ran during our week on the Yangtze was called “Windy Corner.” The river took an abrupt turn and pushed tons of water against the far wall to form big waves and large holes. The waves had huge pillows that pushed us around. I was awe struck to be in such a beautiful place. I didn’t mind the fact that they made us stop to study each day. We all learned quickly that if you want to paddle you’ve got to do your work first. It is amazing what a little motivation can do. I never missed a day of paddling.

Our next stop was the Moon Gorge of the Mekong River located in Xidong, Yunnan Province. Xidong is a very small town with one dirt road that runs through it. The people farm on terraces and produce most of the goods they need. We stayed in a guest house, 45 minutes away from the river’s put-in. Surrounding the put-in are acres of terraced farmland pushing high up the gorge walls. Upon entering the river, we floated under a delicately suspended wooden bridge and saw the Mei Li Snow

Mountain Range in the distance. This river was prominent in the Vietnam War and is slated for future dam projects. Directly after the put-in was the largest rapid on the river. It was big and pushy, and it was exciting to run every day.

We took a time out from paddling to check out Yubeng, a mountainous Tibetan village. One of the coolest experiences of my life was hiking five hours uphill, and then down for a total of 6,000 feet of elevation and staying in this roadless village in Tibet. We hiked to the base of a holy Tibetan mountain and drank water that melted off the glacier. At the top we found hundreds of prayer flags fluttering in the breeze. It was an incredible sight, all those prayer flags flying against the backdrop of massive snow peaks.

The bus jolted us to our next and final stop at the Nu Jiang, or Salween River. It took three days to travel to it; however it was worth it as we would stay there for nearly a month. The Magi section of the Salween was one of my favorites in our voyage throughout China. The run began with one of the biggest rapids we ran the whole semester. I paused at the entrance

to surf a small but powerful hole, and then threw a kickflip over a crashing wave.

Sitting on the bank of the roaring Salween River, exhausted from the last few hours of paddling, I took a few minutes and thought of what we stand to lose when they build the permitted dams in the future. The Salween stands as the last major river in the Yunnan Province—and in all of China—that is free flowing. When finalized, whitewater paddlers around the world will no longer have the opportunity to experience what I did.

Next?

After spending a whole year in a traditional high school setting I am ready to take off again. Africa, New Zealand, Chile, wherever I am able to go. Spending my senior year off in another country is what I am hoping for. There is no better way to view the world than sitting in a boat paddling down a river—or better yet, flying off a waterfall—in another country. See you on the water.

Check out Lock 32 Whitewater Park in Upstate NY where Danny is a Whitewater Kayaking Instructor <http://geneseewaterways.org/kayaking.htm>.



Relaxing on the bank of the Yangtze, waiting to surf Kim Jong III.

INTERNATIONAL PADDLING

ECUADORIAN ADVENTURES

STORY AND PHOTOS BY GEOFF JENNINGS

IT WAS JUST past the New Year, January 5th. I'd been talking with a company about a new position, and one Tuesday morning, they called me and it became clear the job was mine. They asked me when I could start, and I suggested a date a few weeks out. I love to travel, and saw an opportunity. I posted on Boatertalk, looking for ideas for last minute trips. Within hours, I'd received an email from Mary DeReimer of DeReimer Adventure Kayaking. By dinnertime, I'd booked a flight to Ecuador, and on Saturday morning I was on an airplane.

After some flight delays, I got into Quito, the capital of Ecuador, at about 11 pm Saturday night. I was pretty beat, and though my hotel was located near a noisy disco, I fell right asleep. Eight am found me at the hotel lobby, meeting my group: two guides and six paddlers; three guys and three girls, ages 30-46; everyone married, but not traveling with spouses (except for our guides, the fantastic and super Phil and Mary DeReimer).

I'll admit to being a bit nervous. Most of my travel has been with barely more guidance than a copy of The Lonely Planet and my



The Blue Morpho Butterfly, a gorgeous creature with a wingspan up to eight inches..

wife. We tend to keep things pretty loose and explore. I wasn't so sure about being shepherded around. What if the group was lame? What if the paddling was too easy? Or too hard? Or the food sucked? Or the hotels? Would I feel like an elderly tourist on a bus trip? I'd picked the trip because it was short notice, and I knew I'd get to paddle a lot, but I still wasn't sure what to expect.

By the end of breakfast, I was relaxing considerably. The group was already laughing and joking and having a great time. There were several outsized personalities in the group, but none were obnoxious. We laughed some, ate some, and soon were loading the bus for a trip over a nearly 14,000-foot pass to the town of Borja, where we arrived at a very nice lodge. We outfitted boats and went for a short Class III paddle on the Quijos, followed by dinner. Good times, with some warm rain and amazing scenery—and laughter. Did I mention the group was getting along well?

Monday was awesome. We woke up, had yummy breakfast, and went for a long paddle. Fun, Class IV, very continuous, but nothing super hard. We spent about 5.5 hours on the river. We paddled on the Cosanga, to the confluence with the Quijos, and then paddled the Quijos. Saw an Andean Cock-in-the-Rock and many, many other cool birds. The paddling felt familiar, not unlike the California rivers I call home, but super fun and amazingly gorgeous.

Early on day three we left Borja and went to Tena, about an hour drive away. We

Mary showing her smooth paddling style on a fun slide.



stopped on the way to do a really pretty river, the Rio Misahualli, though the water was a bit low. It was fun, and I think would be super classic with more water.

After paddling, we headed to Tena, which seems to be a bit of a rough place. Not dangerous, just very impoverished, gritty and run down. Our hotel was nice, and the area was gorgeous, but there was not much else interesting about Tena. If I weren't paddling, I can't imagine wanting to spend much time there. The best thing about the town was an incredible steak restaurant. The steak place had several pet sloths, which was cool. And the rivers nearby were fantastic, simply incredible. But how do you describe the fun of paddling these rivers?

By now, the group was not just laughing together, we'd formed a real team on the river. Tio Phil or Tia Mary (as we called them) would often lead the way, or some of the group's strongest paddlers would, and the line would follow. Communication fell into place, and it was comforting to notice that not just the guides were watching you, but the other paddlers. We'd run long sections without stopping, each paddler watching the person in front of him and checking on the person behind. It normally takes me several trips to feel this comfortable with a new paddling partner, but in just three days I felt comfortable with an entire new group, in a strange new country.

Opposite: A happy gang of paddlers, about to put in on another great river.

By day four, it was clear we were in a bit of a dry spell, so many of the rivers are a little low. This day, we did two laps on the upper stretch of a river, the Piatua, and it was awesome. Not very high volume water, but steep, fun, and fast. The river channelized nicely, so the low water wasn't an issue.

The first time through we took our time, looking at a few spots, talking about the moves, etc. Second time through, we just blasted. First lap took 2.5 hrs, second was 50 minutes. So much fun.

Another dinner at the steakhouse. So good. All eight of us had huge, delicious steaks, some drinks, etc, and the tab for the table was well under \$100. Maybe some of the best steak I've ever had.

On day five we paddled the Lower Jondachi. Easier than some of the other stuff we did, but probably the prettiest run of the trip, with some really fun rapids too. Steep canyon walls, wild orchids, and several Blue Morphos, blue butterflies the size of large saucers. The put-in was interesting. It was crowded with locals, who appeared eager to earn a few dollars carrying boats to the river. I felt a bit weird having tiny Ecuadorean women carry my boat for me—normally I'm offering to carry stuff for others—but not long into the steep, muddy, hot, humid hike, I realized it was worth it.

Days six and seven found us back on the Quijos, running a longer section than we'd



Merida enjoying a small, fun rapid in one of the endless jungle canyons.

run on day one, including a few bigger, more technical rapids. Our group had truly melded by then, and it really just felt like paddling with my friends. Jokes flew, people watched out for each other, and it was grand. Really, truly awesome. Dinners were fun, and everyone pitched in to help. By now, my fears about being bored on a guided trip were gone. It was relaxing not having to think too much about logistics, and we hit an amazing amount of spectacular paddling in just one week, something that might be tough without

guides who are intimately familiar with the area.

On day seven, after paddling, we headed back over the pass to Quito. We had a big steak dinner that night to say our goodbyes, and all too soon, half of our group was heading home. Phil and Mary would be picking up a new group in the morning. Ann and Merida had invited me to join them Mountain Biking on Cotopaxi, so it wasn't quite time for our goodbyes, but for most of the group, it was a fond "Hasta Luego."

I still had a few days in Ecuador to travel more like I'm used to. No plan, just a guidebook. But I'll admit to feeling a bit lonely. I wanted my friends back. I did some fun stuff, and saw some amazing places, but I missed having fun folks to share the experience with. I'd been really worried about having fun on a guided trip, but after it ended, I just wanted more.



An advertisement for DeRiemer Adventure Kayaking. The top part of the ad features the text "Embrace Adventure" in a serif font. Below this, it lists several destinations: "Bhutan", "Ecuador", "Grand Canyon", "Rogue River, OR.", and "Middle Fork Salmon". The central image shows a person in traditional Bhutanese attire (a dark vest over a light shirt and a long, patterned skirt) running on a stone path, carrying a large, dark, rectangular object (possibly a kayak or a bag) over their shoulder. At the bottom of the ad, there is a logo for "DeRiemer Adventure Kayaking" with a small icon of a person carrying a kayak, and the website address "www.adventurekayaking.com".

INTERNATIONAL PADDLING

BHUTAN, LAND OF WONDER

STORY BY MARY DERIEMER

PHOTOS BY PHIL DERIEMER



ONE DOESN'T JUST arrive at the airport in Bhutan. The flight plan from San Francisco requires 14 hours of travel time to our layover in Hong Kong. Then it is onward to Thailand, where we board our final flight for Druk Yul, Land of the Thunder Dragon. The approach into the country's only airport, located near the western border, is extraordinary. It consists of veering up the Paro Valley as though in a stunt plane, wingtips threatening to touch first the left then the right valley walls, and flying a mere 100 feet above ridge tops and houses on the final approach. Upon exiting customs, I am greeted by our cultural guide who places a white scarf (kata) around my neck as a blessing of goodwill. It's an intimate gesture of welcome, the first of many experiences here that stops me in my tracks.

Bhutan, about the size of Switzerland and the latitude of Miami, is situated on the southeast slope of the Himalayas. This benevolent, Buddhist kingdom is surrounded on three sides by India, with

Tibet to the north. The population is estimated at 600,000. The landscape consists of a succession of lofty and rugged mountains and deep valleys. In the north, the highest mountain, Kula Kangri reaches a height of over 24,000 feet.

Leaving the airport, we load buses with paddlers and trucks with kayaks to begin a cultural and kayaking journey that will last 13 days. What Bhutanese rivers have in common is their cold, clear water and continuous nature. We have carefully chosen our dates to correspond with the lower water levels of fall, in order to make this continuousness manageable. Our days are crisp and sunny, the nights are cold, and the fall harvest of rice, buckwheat and apples is under way.

We warm up on the technical, Class III/IV Paro and Wang Chu (chu means river) before heading east over the Dochu La (la is pass) at 10,500 feet. North of the village of Punahka, we hike down a trail through a forest of fern, nettle, and bamboo. This is the put-in for the Mo Chu, The Mother

River, which is several times greater in volume than our warm-up runs. Pristinely clear and glacially cold, the Mo originates in the Great Himalayan Mountains of Tibet. Today, at an elevation of 7000 feet, we are running a stretch of fluffy Class IV and IV+ whitewater.

Almost out of the gate we arrive at a significant rapid. After a riverside scout, most of us run a line that starts center and exits in a sneak on the left. A few choose the easy portage. Several rapids below we shore-scout again. This time we see a circuitous line and with a few "variations on the theme," we regroup at the bottom, our smiles huge. We run the next few fluffy miles by boat scouting. Even though this is only the third day of paddling together, the coordination of our team is smooth and flowing. It's easy to bond on a river adventure, even more so on these seldom visited and remote rivers of Bhutan.

The gradient eases up and we paddle under a footbridge decorated with prayer flags fluttering in the wind, a common sight

Opposite: Kayak guide Kali runs a rapid on the Mo Chu.

throughout the country. The purpose of the flags is to maintain constant communication with the heavens. They serve as a direct line, carrying the hopes of the people upward on the wind.

We finish up this magical day by paddling to our riverside base-camp where we spend the next two nights in tents with queen mattresses. Can I really call this camping? Brilliant stars fill the night skies and our Bhutanese support-crew laughs with us around the blazing campfire. I value the way this culture defines happiness. For these people, “having and getting” have little to do with being happy. On the contrary, they see that wanting often causes suffering. This awareness results in a gentle, curious and accepting culture that lightly makes the best of every situation. They get a kick out of just about anything. In fact, a personal faux pas produces the loudest laughter. It is quickly apparent that the fun-loving Bhutanese live out their philosophy of “gross national happiness” which they consider to be their gross national product. Humor becomes our daily companion.

The next day we paddle the Pho Chu, Father River, whose character is much like that of

the Mo. We put in, paddle a couple hundred yards and portage, then run several fluffy miles of Class IV. As we descend out of the forested hills of the steep, upper run, the lower river gives way to wide views of the open valley and terraced rice fields.

Until the 1960s Bhutan was largely isolated from the rest of the world, and for centuries its people carried on a simple, agrarian way of life. We witness that custom even today. Floating by on the now meandering Pho, we see men and women in their traditional ghos and kiras (dress) using hand-held scythes to harvest the rice. Farther along, families in fields separate the grains of red rice from the dried stalk, tossing and threshing. What work. Even so, we hear their laughter.

Paddling downstream, we turn a corner and the sudden beauty of the Punakha Dzong, a fortress from the 16th century, with its bulk dominating the confluence of the Mo and Pho, summons ooohs and ahhs normally reserved for only the most spectacular fireworks. Today, Dzongs house both the monastic body and the administrative facilities of each region. Fortuitously, our trip overlaps with the coronation of the 5th King. The Bhutanese love their kings and this rare opportunity allows them to express their devotion. The Dzong’s many

rooflines are draped in fluttering yellow-orange cloth, which gives the appearance of flickering flames.

Stunning views lead and follow us as we travel the countryside in search of rivers. Every day we immerse ourselves in the culture through a mix of activities: touring museums, attending festivals, hiking to temples and ancient monasteries, watching archery tournaments (the national sport), talking with the locals, and kayaking.

As we travel east we alternate between hotel lodging and luxury camping. On the banks of the upper Mangde Chu near the village of Trongsa, we camp on the school soccer field. We are welcomed to a special morning assembly, just for us. These school kids, as curious about us we are of them, are able to engage us in conversation because English is the primary language in the schools.

The crown jewel of the rivers we run is the Class IV/V Ema Datzi Canyon, a ways below the school on the Mangde Chu. Ema Datzi is the national dish; a fiery white sauce disguising Bhutan’s hot green and red chile peppers. When we first covered our rice with ladles of this staple, we thought it was a cheese sauce with veggies. Ouch.

If you’ve surmised that Ema Datzi Canyon is a spicy stretch of river, you’re right. The run is promising, challenging and very feasible. I have the sense of being deep within this canyon. There is sunlight flickering through the heavy vegetation on the steep walls, and frequent waterfalls tumble into the boulder-strewn rapids, which are long, fluffy and complicated. I am totally focused. Most of the scouts reveal clean routes with an optional portage or two for good measure. My lines are spot on. I am in the zone. We run it two days in a row.

If the Ema Datzi is our exotically spicy run, the Dang Chu is the e-ticket ride. This short stretch is a sweet, low volume, continuous Class IV, requiring move after

The Takshang Goemba or “Tigers nest” sits perched on a cliffside just above the town of Paro.



INTERNATIONAL PADDLING



Young schoolgirls display the national facial expression of Bhutan.

move. It is just steep enough to keep my constant attention and revealing enough to be dubbed “delightful.” We run it twice in one day.

In between these contrasting runs, we camp at the winter palace of the first King of Bhutan, Ugen Wangchuk. He is remembered as a wise and benevolent leader who helped end many years of war between regional warlords and brought about an era of unity and peace. Today, the palace is a monastery and residence of Ashi (Princess) Kezang, the great granddaughter of His Royal Majesty.

After dinner, we gather in the ancient courtyard at the invitation of Her Majesty, to watch monks and students give a rare night performance of the Mask Dances. From the beginning, government and religion in Bhutan have been intertwined. In the 8th century, Guru Rinpoche is credited with fighting the demons to bring Buddhism to Bhutan. Then in 1616, Shabdrung established himself as the religious leader and unifier of medieval Bhutan. He built the first Dzongs, fortresses to defend the country against attacks from

Tibet. The religious Mask Dances re-enact these legendary events and are performed in brilliant costumes and extravagant headgear. By firelight we watch the dancers whirl and leap around for hours as the stories unfold, accompanied by blaring horns, booming drums, and clashing cymbals. This is in great contrast to the delicate singing and gentle movements of the local women who perform afterward. In the end, the villagers drag us up to join in their folk dances. And they laugh and laugh at our clumsiness.

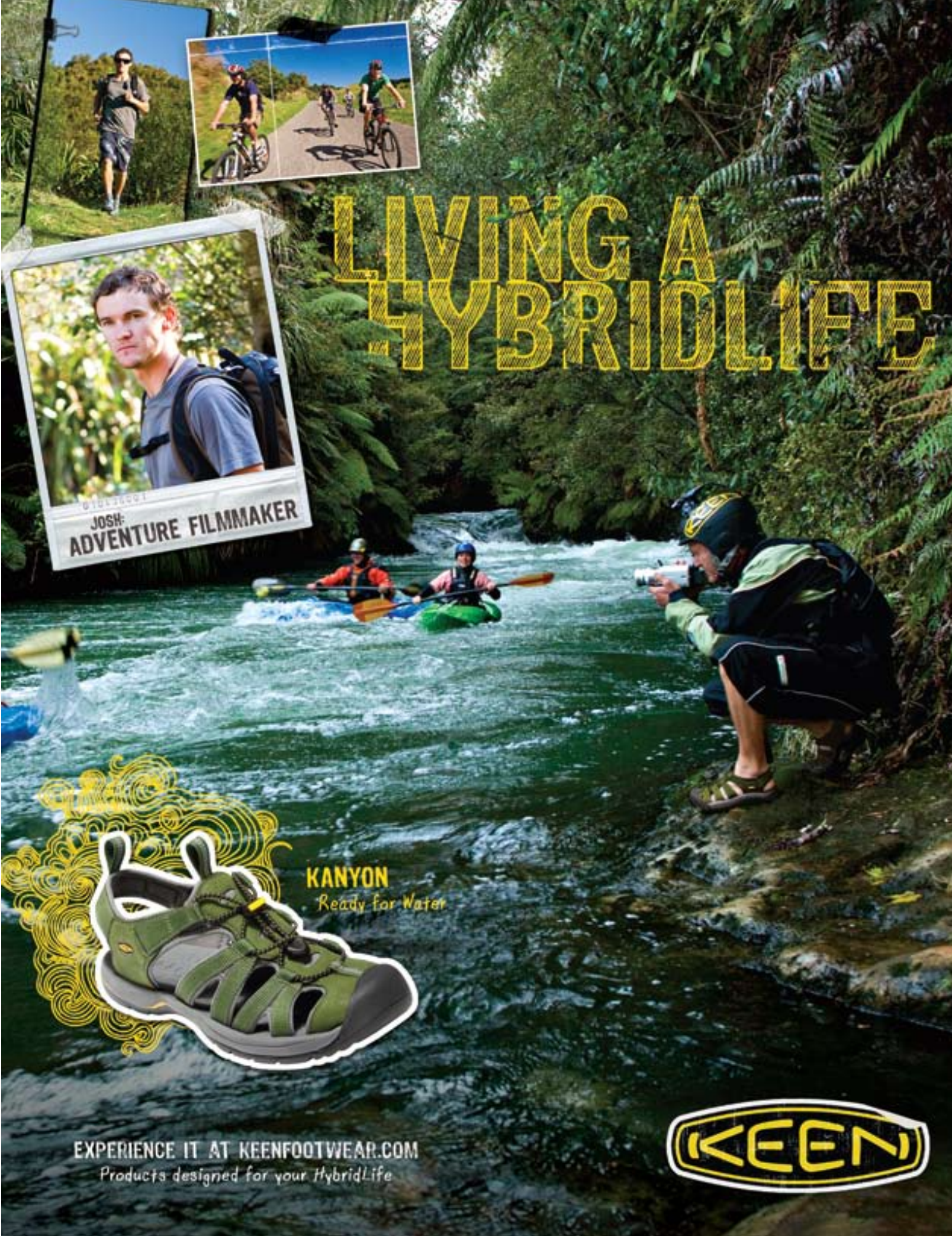
We return to Paro, where our last activity involves a 2,700 ft near-vertical climb to Taksang Monastery, a Dzong built in 1692. Taksang, “Tigers Nest,” is so named because Guru Rinpoche reportedly flew to the site on the back of a flying tiger more than three thousand years ago. He meditated at a cave for three months and the current monastery was built to commemorate that very spot.

The view is spectacular and the setting tranquil. Framing the Dzong are countless prayer flags, strung across impossible distances. White, red, yellow, green and blue, they flap in the wind. I find myself reflecting on these amazing two weeks. Intentionally I stand under these flags whose purpose it is to carry the hopes of the people to the heavens on the wind, and I hope that I return to kayak in Bhutan.

Mary and her husband Phil own DeRiemer Adventure Kayaking. They offer instruction and guide rivers in the US, Bhutan and Ecuador. For more information contact: info@adventurekayaking.com or visit: www.adventurekayaking.com



Terraced fields of rice along the Mo Chu Valley. Fall is harvest season for rice throughout Bhutan.



LIVING A HYBRIDLIFE



JOSH: ADVENTURE FILMMAKER



KANYON
Ready for Water

EXPERIENCE IT AT KEENFOOTWEAR.COM
Products designed for your HybridLife



INTERNATIONAL PADDLING



Mary Frances descends the initial drop on the Alseeca.

JALCOMULCO WITH GIRLS AT PLAY

STORY BY MARY FRANCES HANSFORD
PHOTOS BY CAILYN EDWARDS

WHEN MY GOOD paddling friend Leila convinced me I should sign up for Anna Levesque's Girls At Play Intermediate Mexico Trip, I had no idea I would return with a completely different outlook on life. I had paddled with Anna before and expected stellar instruction, but didn't realize I would return with lifelong friendships, stories of adventure on and off the river, and a newfound confidence.

The trip began upon arrival at the manageable Veracruz Airport where the warm sunny breeze quickly wiped away my pasty February chills and energized my spirit. Anna greeted me with a sun-kissed smile and warm hug, helping me drag my large bag to the group of women sitting in the cafe chatting. We all introduced ourselves casually and loaded up our bags stuffed with pfd's, helmets, dry tops and booties, joking about who packed the most. The twelve of us eager travelers filled two large white vans. I was in the van driven by Mil, Anna's right hand woman and other lead guide, who immediately revealed her lively, infectious personality. Full of life and

energy, she looked in her rearview mirror at us and exclaimed, "I hope you don't mind loud music."

During the two-hour ride to the fishing village of Jalcomulco (Jalco), where we would be residing for the next week, we all announced where we were from, what we did and how long we'd been paddling. I explained to them that I had quit my job as an art director at an ad agency in Birmingham a month earlier and was taking some time to figure out if I wanted to continue on that path. In my thoughts, I was dreading the return to the States where building my portfolio and interviewing at agencies awaited me. Everyone commended me for making the

decision to leave a job that wasn't feeling right, reassuring my decision.

Jalco showed us the true spirit of Mexico as we arrived in the small town. The bumpy roads, street vendors, colorful doors and sound of salsa music all welcome us. Mil and Laura, our third lively guide for the trip, waved at the folks as we drove by, saying, "there's Yair" and "isn't that Carlos's, car?" They knew the people who lived there, and the town knew them. After a tour of the quaint hotel with terra cotta tiled floors and courtyard adjoined rooms, we paired off with roommates and peeled off the layers that reminded of us the cold back home, dressing in appropriate clothes for the 65-degree climate. As we toured around the town with Anna, we again witnessed the friendliness and warmth of the locals. Women sitting in doorways turned to wave at us, and each person we passed sang politely, "Buenos Dias," many calling Anna by name. The town is familiar with incoming groups of paddlers and makes each of them feel at home when they arrive. Anna let us know that we were in a good place; we were safe and welcome at any hour of the day or night. She would know; she had been coming here for 15 years to paddle and teach. She had grown up with many of the now men and women, and knew them and their families the way we know our friends and neighbors back home.

DIFFERENT BOATS for RIVER FOLKS

FOUR CULEBRA MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM

10 YEAR INFLATABLE WARRANTY

Jack's Plastic Welding

DRY BAGS

PAGO PADS

1-800-742-1904
jpwinc.com

After we familiarized ourselves with the town and had an idea where we would eat in relation to where we would sleep, we were instructed to rendezvous shortly for happy hour and then dinner made by the Bertas, two women with the same name who made the most delicious and perfectly seasoned traditional Mexican cuisine for us daily. At happy hour we met more of the young friendly Canadian staff whose vibrancy filled the air of the building and made me want to live there, ride bikes, serve food and have tousled sun drenched hair in February. As we lounged around getting to know each other a little more, doubts crept into my mind. "Would I be able to keep up with the other ladies on the river? Could I hit my roll after three months off from paddling? Would everyone like me? And when would Anna expect us to start 'working through our fears?'"

We headed back to our breezy, friendly hotel after a delicious meal to drink tea, check our emails, and announce on Facebook our arrival in sunny Mexico to all our friends in our chilly hometowns. "Loving it in Mexico!!"

The following morning, we met for breakfast and talked about the noises we heard in the night: a donkey braying, a dog barking, birds chirping, a rooster crowing. Anna and Mil assured us the first night would be the only night we noticed the sounds; after that sleep would come easily from full days of paddling and yoga. We played a "getting to know you" name game where we went around the circle, said our names and goals for the week, which ranged from experiential goals like having fun and being in the moment to more technical goals like boofing and hitting an offside roll.

With breakfast finished, we outfitted our boats and Anna, Mil, Laura and Cailyn, our fourth guide and photographer/videographer, loaded them up while we piled in the van with our new friends, heading to the Antigua. After a short

Anna leads the ladies in a relaxing yoga class at a scenic eco preserve, a fifteen minute walk outside of Jalco.

twenty-minute drive, Mil backed the van and the large trailer of boats towards the river, maneuvering around a corner and down a dirt road while a donkey, a man and a chicken stoically observed. We all helped grab the boats and gear and started getting dressed. Anna led us through a stretching routine based on her thorough study of yoga, and talked about the benefits of each move. The donkey, the man and the chicken still had their eyes glued to us, but were now in the company of a teenage boy holding his little brother.

Then it was time to show our skills on the water. We practiced our strokes, rolls and ferries with Anna, Mil and Laura interspersed among us and Cailyn on the rocky shore capturing the moment. At my first attempt to ferry, insecurities flooded my mind. I paddled to the eddy line, where the current caught the bow of my boat and I flushed downstream into an eddy below the group. I masked my nervousness with laughter. Man, I had learned this a year ago and done it a hundred times, why couldn't I perform now? What if I don't do well this week? Once we were all warmed up, Anna and Mil split us into two groups of six. I was in Mil's group. What did this mean? Was I in the less advanced group? No, they had split us up by boat color. I realized I had all these unnecessary worries going through my head, when all I needed was to enjoy the warm water and beautiful scenery. So I

followed Mil and my fellow ducklings down the first rapid shakily and made it fine. Landing in the eddy, I let out a celebratory "wahoo!" where I was greeted with supportive cheers and smiles. In the eddy, we talked about the clean lines, rolls and the swims some had just experienced.

During the next rapid, one of us flipped and the moment she was upside down Mil was beside her boat ready to T-Rescue her. This would be a recurring scene for others and myself. The second anyone flipped, Anna, Mil or Laura magically appeared next to you to give you whatever support you needed, whether it be a T-Rescue, hand of God or big smile once you emerged from the water. I had never seen such carefree, strong women as these. It was becoming clear why my friend Leila had loved being on the water with these ladies. They had the ability to make you feel secure and supported while having the time of your life.

After banging out some drills and cheering on combat rolls and swims, we were met at the end of our run with a spread of fresh fruit, pasta, cookies and drinks to satisfy our hunger. We then loaded up the boats, stripped off our wet gear and headed back to town to enjoy one of Anna's restorative yoga classes. We inhaled fresh air into our chests, backs, and hips, while exhaling the kinks from traveling and nerves from our first day in a new place and on a new



INTERNATIONAL PADDLING

river. I relaxed and embraced the moment and realized this really was going to be a spectacular week. It was not only going to be a time to improve my kayaking skills, but also a week to rejuvenate and become inspired.

That night several of us practiced the local tradition of puenting, or hanging out on the bridge, socializing and drinking beer. We chatted in our spot, noticing further down the bridge local couples getting to know each other in new flirtatious ways. While we may have looked out of place, we never felt unwelcome.

Each morning after that, we met at 7:30 for yoga class with Anna in a rooftop, open air room where my sun salutations lived up to their name for the first time. Each day a new person would show up to breakfast declaring her roommate had been up all night with traveler's sickness, sitting on or kneeling in front of the toilet. Of course this is a common challenge when traveling to new places, but most of the women managed to keep positive attitudes and stay strong enough to get on the water.

The next day the Actopan boogied us all down in groups of four as we practiced our new boof stroke. I loved it. I had spent the past two years avoiding rocks, working tirelessly to steer around them, but that

day I saw each rock as an opportunity to develop this new skill. Anna, Mil and Laura practiced their rock spins, while Cailyn sped past us to capture our excitement on camera as we cruised by. I had now let go of my worries of my level on the river and embraced the newfound confidence I felt. Each day we approached a more challenging river but our guides armed us with new strokes, skills and confidence so that we could either make that boof, ferry or line down the drop.

Now that we had spent several days working hard on the water, it was time for the legendary salsa night where the locals joined us for a night of salsa instruction. The bonds we had formed on the river were alive off the river and we were celebrating our successes with high fives, cheers, beers and tequila. Anna and Mil set the tone of the night by showing off their dancing expertise and carefree style, inspiring even the quiet ones of the group to shake it loose on the dance floor. Four hours later, covered in sweat, I had danced the salsa with every boy in the room, shimmied the limbo and kicked my legs around while linked up in a train. It seemed like the entire town had come for the fiesta. I couldn't have asked for a more exciting Mexican style night with drums, singing, dancing and toasting with all of my new favorite friends.

The next morning 8 a.m. came quickly, but most of us made it to breakfast, despite feeling sick from bugs or from the previous night's events. Following our meal, we hiked to a paradise-like eco preserve with a platform where Anna led us through a mellow yoga class. My joy, excitement and adrenaline must have been counteracting any lethargy or illness because I found myself in frog pose along with everyone else.

That afternoon two women revealed their strength and unwavering love of paddling when they, one fighting traveler's bug and one running on little sleep after a wild night, joined Anna on the Pescados to run the first Class IV river we had the option of doing. I opted for a mellower run with two other ladies, but felt inspired and impressed by those two women who were taking on the new challenge of the Pescados. I knew I needed to take advantage of every opportunity to paddle, do yoga, and dance while I was here. I could sleep later. This really was proving to be a once in a lifetime opportunity. The rest of the week continued with rich opportunities in top-notch instruction, unique culture and friendships with other vibrant and adventurous women.

As one might assume, I left Mexico rejuvenated, inspired and with expanded paddling skills. I also gained a deeper understanding and personal interpretation of Anna's words, "working through fears." We often create stories in our heads of how others perceive and judge our actions and let those stories shape who we become, which makes us feel like our decisions have not been our own. However, I learned that these are only stories, created to help me deal with fear, whether it is fear of a rapid or fear of a career change. By embracing responsibility for our decisions on and off the river, we take the first step to "working through our fears." The wisdom and skills I gained during the trip help me daily to make confident decisions that guide me toward living a fulfilling and authentic life.

The end of day two on the Antigua.



SINCE 2001 KAYAK SESSION HAS GIVEN AW OVER \$160,000 TO SUPPORT IT'S TREMENDOUS EFFORT.
LET'S MAKE IT EVEN MORE THIS YEAR!

GET YOUR GREEN CARD TODAY!

SUBSCRIBE TO KAYAK SESSION MAGAZINE, CONTRIBUTE TO AW EFFORTS EVEN FURTHER AND SAVE MONEY!

Here's how: As an AW member, you save money when subscribing to Kayak Session. If that's not enough, your purchase awards another 5 bucks back to AW's effort to change the world. If that doesn't change the world, it can at least make it a little sweeter...



50% discount on Kayak Session Subscriptions!
30 USD for one year subscriptions
5 dollars back to AW for every subscription purchased
Save, Support, Enjoy

Special offer available only with the use of the present form (photocopy accepted)

Please sign me up for one year (four issues)

Start my subscription with: current next issue

Name

Adress

City State Zip Phone

Email (for customer service only)

Method of payment: Mastercard Visa Check

Credit card number Exp. date: / 20

Signature

You may fax this form and/or credit card orders to: 828-586-2840

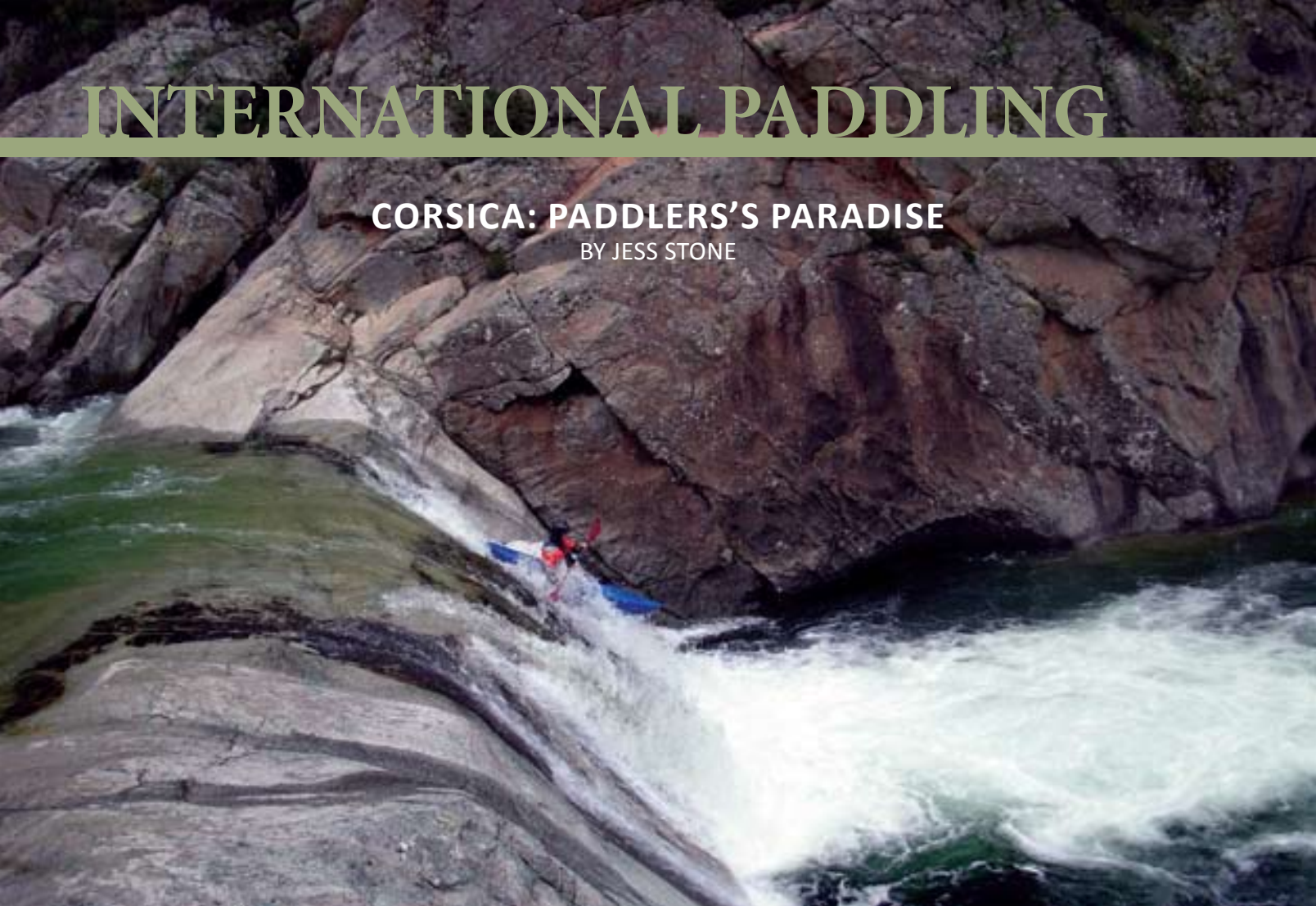
Detach and mail to: American Whitewater / Kayak Session Subscription - Po Box 1540 - Cullowhee, NC 28723

Call toll free: 866BOAT4AW - info@amwhitewater.org or subscribe online @ www.kayaksession.com

INTERNATIONAL PADDLING

CORSICA: PADDLERS'S PARADISE

BY JESS STONE



ABOUT 15 OR 16 years ago, a friend of mine mentioned Corsica as a really wild and fantastic destination for kayaking. Never having seen Corsica and not knowing anything about it other than that it was an island somewhere in the Mediterranean with mountains and rivers, I conjured up wild images of what Corsica kayaking would be like. In my mind it was super steep, boulder choked and sunny, and somehow you could see the sea from wherever you paddled! Admittedly, my dream life went a little wild. Paddling went on and Corsica went to the back of my mind until pretty recently. Last year, I heard about a dam that was being built on the Rizzanese river in Southern Corsica and I thought about how much I would still like to paddle there.

This spring, everything came together for an early April trip to Corsica, just in time

for great snowmelt water and the Kayak Session week. I was able to go with my boyfriend Juerg and three of his paddling friends from Switzerland, Bruno, Marco, and Gerry. One thing you have to have in Corsica is a car. Even though the rivers are all quite close together, you still have to drive a bit. Luckily for me, Juerg and his friends organized the transportation part of our trip, which was great! Our Corsican adventure began with our overnight ferry ride over from Savonna, Italy to Bastia.

When we arrived, we drove about an hour to our first river. Since none of the group had been to Corsica before, we had to rely on maps and guidebooks for all our put-in and take-out info. On the way to our first river, the Lower Golo, we somehow managed to put in on a completely different river – we still don't know what it was. Bruno's GPS had directed us to what we thought was a tributary to the river. We paddled this quite low water, technical run for about

1-½ hours with the idea that we would join the Golo around the next bend. Finally, we realized that was never going to happen.

We got out of the river and foot shuttled back to our car and started again looking for our original destination. After a little more map reading, we found it and managed to do the intended run, which had some nice Class III-IV whitewater. This experience of not finding our put-in and take-out was definitely foreshadowed what was to come for the rest of our trip.

Although it rained all day on our arrival and was a bit chilly, it did not matter – it was beautiful and we were in Corsica! Everywhere you looked, there were mountains and rivers. The mountains were steep, rugged and snow capped, and spring had arrived in Corsica; the buds and blossoms were out. After our river run, we

Opposite: Jess Stone on the Travo.

Photo by Juerg Ruf

Opposite: Marco Wyss at the Dome on the Travo

Photo by Jess Stone

headed south of Corte to the Kayak Session Campground. That was really cool – I have never seen so many paddlers in one place, except at World's or Gauley Fest. We arrived in time for Corsican music and food and a really fun party! Toon from Kayak Session gave us good information about what to run and who to talk to about what to run. We were excited about what was to come.

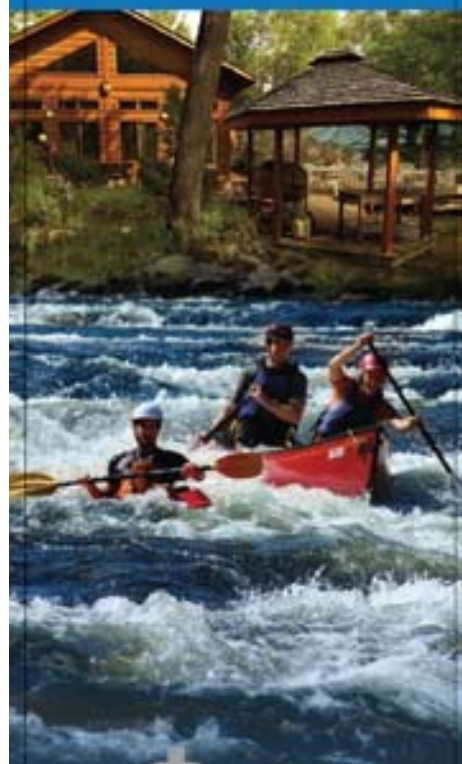
The next day, we headed to the Fuim Orbo – a gorgeous narrow canyon with Class IV – V whitewater. This time we found our put-in and take-out quite easily. Rain clouds gave way to sun. That warmed things up considerably and made everything a lot more friendly feeling—even our wet gear. This pool- drop creek was fun, and even though there were quite a few paddlers on the river that day, it never felt crowded. All the rapids were easy to scout and portage if necessary. It took us about 3 hours to do 4

kilometers. It was so wonderful to be back on a fulltime river schedule.

After easily finding our put-in and take-out to the Fuim Orbo, we were fooled into thinking that every Corsican river would be as easy to find. Boy were we wrong. We spent the majority of the next day looking for the put-in to the Upper Golo. This included driving up over two high passes where some people had stopped to back country ski. We even spoke to paddlers who said the Upper Golo wasn't running. After investigating what we thought to be the Upper Golo, we also concluded that it was not running, and went to find another river to run. Arriving at the put-in to the Upper Fuim Orbo late in the afternoon convinced me that maybe putting on was not the wisest decision. Last time I did that on a river I did not know, we took out around 10 pm and I was not up for an epic so early on in our trip. Instead, I wanted to focus on where we should go the next day and at a reasonable hour.



madawaska kanu centre



Save \$ in Canada!

It's a RAPID EDUCATION

Weekend and 5-Day Courses

Since 1972, MADAWASKA KANU CENTRE'S combination of outstanding instruction, delicious meals and a stunning location with guaranteed warm water, is a formula that has Beginner to Expert paddlers return each summer. Located on the Madawaska River and Bark Lake, in the Ottawa Valley, MKC offers Weekend and 5-Day Courses for whitewater paddlers and sea kayakers.

888.652.5268 **MKC.ca**

INTERNATIONAL PADDLING

After arriving back at the campground, we ran into Rafa Thiebault. This was one of our luckiest moments on the trip. He has been paddling in Corsica for the last 10 years and he knows it well! He kindly gave us very valuable river info that we could never have gotten from a guidebook and probably not from many other people either. As it turns out, we were at the wrong put-in for the Upper Golo. So upon his urging, we went back the next day. By this time, the weather had started to turn again and rain was falling. We found our put-in and take-out with little trouble and went on to paddle one of my personal favorite runs of the whole trip.

It felt like we were on a high Sierra run with lot of scrubby pine trees and pink granite boulders surrounding the riverbed. The drops were beautiful and again all pool drop, also Class IV-V with easy scouts and portages. There were lots of two part rapids and really fun moves to make and all just beautiful—clear water and beautiful rock. What a stellar day. By the time we

got to the take-out, the temperature had dropped to about 4 or 5 degrees Celsius and it looked like it might snow.

On the way back to the campground, we drank beer and tea and ate some super smelly local cheese to celebrate our wonderful day. Bruno cooked delicious risotto with the smelliest cheese of all and everyone went to bed warm and happy. The next day was Monday and we had been told to do the Travo as kayakers are only allowed to paddle it Mondays and Fridays—the result of a time-share agreement with fishermen. We packed up and headed south to the town of Travo. After paddling the Travo, our plan was to continue heading south to other rivers and find a new place to camp. Corsica is filled with campgrounds, which makes it even friendlier for paddlers. And since it was not summer season, everything was quiet and cheap.

The Travo is one of those rivers I had conjured up in my mind not knowing

anything about Corsica except that you can't see the Mediterranean from the river. However, it is steep and filled with big beautiful rapids of differing character, and it is wild! Once you leave the put-in, you don't see the road until you get to the take-out. There are nice slides and some bigger drops and again it feels like California except on a slightly smaller scale. There are several places where, when you get out to scout, you are really glad it's not raining, as you would not be able to walk on the smooth granite slabs—you would simply slide into the river! There is one rapid that most people portage as it has a notorious pinning rock at the bottom and the portage is a little tricky too!

Our team of paddlers worked really well together and we moved along down the river at a steady, unhurried pace. As we got closer to the bottom, one of our group, Marco, went through a benign appearing Class II slot and stopped. Water rushed up over the back of his boat and he started to sink under water. Luckily, he remained calm and was able to jump out on the shore without any trouble. The whole thing happened so quickly and in a place where none of us was paying attention – a good lesson to stay alert and really look at the water.

Though he could get out easily, his boat was another story. We tried several pulley systems and eventually got the boat loose. Unfortunately the boat had a big dent in the side, but at least we had the boat and Marco intact. After that, we all paddled with more attention to the details of the rapids. By the time we got to the take-out, we were nearing a 6-hour day on the river, but it was a great 6-hour day and one I will never forget! We celebrated with Pietra, our new favorite local beer, and vin rouge.

The next day we drove across the southern part of the island in search of the Codi River, a tributary to the Rizzanese. As we reached our highest pass that day, les Aiguilles de Bavella, Bruno's van decided to die. Luckily



Bruno Tschanz on the Travo.

Photo by Jess Stone

for us, it was a perfect place for the van to die. It was beautiful—there was food nearby and we were in a parking lot! After waiting for three hours, the tow truck showed up and we headed for Porto Vecchio. At the garage, we were informed that the part we

After another long shuttle and session of map reading, we found our put-in and finally started our paddle at 4pm. This river was again totally different to any others we had paddled. It was quite continuous to start and pretty much solid Class IV for about

to get Bruno's fixed van, return the rental car and make the overnight ferry back from Bastia to Toulon. I did get to see snow covered peaks from the sea and by the time we were in the line for the ferry back, no one wanted to leave! We agreed that we had to come back, and next time for at least two weeks. There were still so many rivers we had not done and ones we wanted to go back to! Actually, I could see staying three weeks or more depending on the Corsican snowpack and weather. I think once you have paddled in Corsica, you are forever changed. Now I know why certain paddlers have been coming to the Ile de Beaute for 30 years. If there is paradise for paddlers, Corsica is it!

I THINK ONCE YOU HAVE PADDLED IN CORSICA, YOU ARE FOREVER CHANGED. NOW I KNOW WHY CERTAIN PADDLERS HAVE BEEN COMING TO THE ILE DE BEAUTE FOR 30 YEARS.

needed might not come in for three or four days, so we rented a car instead of waiting. That night, we stayed in Porto Vecchio and ate more delicious local Corsican food. We also found the last two hotel rooms in town that evening—boy were we lucky!

The next day we left early to look for camping on the beach, which we did not exactly find, and then onto the Taravo River.

4-5 km, with the exception of one rapid, all read and run. After this, it mellowed out a little and became more Class III and II. We took out at a beautiful high bridge where the road joined the river. By the time we returned to camp and ate dinner, it was 10 pm!

The last two days of our trip were spent with really long shuttles and crazy drives



**AMERICAN
WHITEWATER**

Deerfield Fest: July 31



Charlemont, MA

More info: americanwhitewater.org > Our Organization > Events



GAULEY

F E S T

AW's
Biggest Fundraiser

THE WORLD'S LARGEST
PADDLING FESTIVAL



Sept 17-19

Summersville, WV

More info: <http://gauleyfest.americanwhitewater.org>



2009 Annual Report

The Tuckasee River (NC) flowing free for the first time in 100 years

DEAR MEMBERS,

American Whitewater bucked the economic headwinds and delivered an outstanding year of performance on both the financial front and in stewardship project success during 2009. Our lean business model served us well allowing for strong net income and added to the asset base of the organization.

Conservation and outdoor recreation are mutually dependent. Whether it is catching tadpoles in streams as a child or paddling rivers as an adult, time spent interacting with nature forms the basis of the American conservation ethic. Paddlers need natural landscapes and rivers, and those special places very much need stewardship oriented paddlers to help preserve and protect these treasured landscapes.

Your membership support allows American Whitewater's River Stewardship Team to work on important projects in their respective regions and across the country. The River Stewardship Team consists of professional staff, board members and volunteers from communities across the country. Our regional approach to stewardship centers on the American Whitewater mission, "To

conserve and restore America's whitewater resources and to enhance opportunities to enjoy them safely." Staying true to the mission, this Annual Report highlights stewardship projects taking place around the country.

As we look to the future, we continue to appreciate the importance of rivers and their role in supporting the health and well being of not only the paddling community but all those who enjoy the outdoors. At American Whitewater, we remain committed to giving back to these special places through our stewardship program.

Without your membership support the American Whitewater River Stewardship Team could not do the important work reflected in the following pages. There has never been a better time to support these projects through American Whitewater membership and giving.

See you on the river,

Don Kinser
President

Mark Singleton
Executive Director



Dillsboro Dam Removal (NC)

DAM REMOVAL

Spotlight: Tuckasegee (NC)

“Change is hard.” We never would have guessed how powerful this statement is when we signed a settlement agreement in 2003 calling for sweeping enhancements to the Tuckasegee and Nantahala rivers that hinged on the removal of Dillsboro Dam. We spent three years painstakingly negotiating the deal, but in the final hours a few stakeholders walked away from the table and hired attorneys to fight the agreement. They waged a futile legal battle to protect the dam for the next seven years.

All the while Duke Energy defended the settlement agreements in court, and the paddling community backed them up in the media, in local political hearings, and with the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission. American Whitewater emerged as the leading organization calling for the responsible restoration of the Tuckasegee River, starting with the removal of the 100 year old defunct Dillsboro Dam.

As 2009 drew to a close, so too did the legal challenges against dam removal. Duke Energy started dredging the reservoir as the court cases continued in preparation for removal. Then, on January 11, 2010, a judge dismissed all remaining legal hurdles to the dam’s removal. Duke Energy moved quickly, and within two months, the dam was fully removed. Where there once was an aging dam and languid reservoir, there is now a freeflowing river with natural ledges and rapids.

While a huge conservation victory in itself, the dam removal is just the beginning. The removal will now trigger new federal licenses for the remaining dams and a host of watershed enhancements. New river access areas, parks, riparian land

conservation, and trails are on the way. The releases paddlers have grown to love on the Class I-III Tuckasegee and Class II-III Nantahala will be formalized for decades to come. And we are excited to initiate new releases on the West Fork of the Tuckasegee, Upper Nantahala, and Cascades of the Nantahala. The total result is hundreds of days of recreational opportunities ranging from Class I to Class IV+, and a vastly healthier watershed.

A century into the modern dam building push in the US, many dams no longer make economic or ecological sense, and some have just reached the end of their structural integrity. American Whitewater is a strong advocate for dam removal and river restoration when the impacts of dams far outweigh their benefits. Dillsboro Dam is our most recent success, but we are working on several dam removal projects across the Country. In 2009 we joined other stakeholders in an agreement to remove Mill Pond Dam on Sullivan Creek, WA. Another dam in the Columbia Gorge was removed in 2009 with the Trout Creek restoration effort and while we celebrated this success we continued our efforts to remove Condit Dam on the White Salmon. In Oregon’s Rogue River drainage Savage Rapids Dam was finally removed and we focused efforts on Gold Ray Dam where we actively supported the county in securing funds to facilitate removal. The Elwha Dam removal project on Washington’s Olympic Peninsula, a project we have been involved in for nearly two decades, continued to move forward and with successful advocacy for this as a signature “shovel ready” project for Department of Interior we anticipate that contracts for removal will be issued shortly.

PROTECTING THE LAST GREAT RIVERS

Spotlight: Middle Fork Snoqualmie (WA)

In November 2009 we were honored to represent the broad community of wilderness and wild and scenic river advocates when Congressman Reichert invited us to Washington, DC to testify on behalf of his legislation to expand the Alpine Lakes Wilderness and designate the Middle Fork Snoqualmie and Pratt Rivers as Wild and Scenic. This is one example of the work we do to represent river conservation and the voice of the whitewater paddling community in the nation's capitol. We worked with the local community to successfully build the case for the benefits of river and watershed conservation that provides tangible benefits to fish and wildlife resources, community water supplies, and great whitewater paddling opportunities.

Over the past year we celebrated a major victory when President Obama signed the Omnibus Public Lands Bill into law in March 2009. This action officially designated 86 new Wild and Scenic Rivers and provided robust protection for well over 350,000 acres of public lands. Included in this legislation was long-term recognition of the National Landscape Conservation System that includes dozens of popular rivers in the West managed by the Bureau of Land Management like the Rogue, Klamath, Owyhee, Crooked, Grande Ronde, Merced, Trinity, Tuolumne, Rio Grande, Fortymile and others. Congressional recognition of this system of lands and rivers is important for their long-term protection and management. American Whitewater and many of our affiliate clubs and business partners actively participated in the development of several of the individual Wilderness and Wild and Scenic River proposals that were part of the Omnibus Bill and were leaders in their local communities as voices for river conservation. While all of these bills and the ultimate package came about through the efforts of many organizations working together, we were there as a critical voice representing those who use and enjoy rivers and can provide an authentic and trusted perspective on how river conservation provides direct community benefits.

Some of the most important conservation gains for rivers we love included conservation of the Owyhee Canyonlands. Out in the deserts of Southeastern Idaho are some of the best multi-day canyon rivers on the continent. The Bruneau, Jarbidge, Owyhee, and their tributaries offer a lifetime of exploration on foot and by boat. This spectacular and remote area of huge basalt slot canyons, sage brush, and golden eagles is finally receiving the attention it deserves. The Owyhee Public Land Management Act would designate 517,000 acres as Wilderness and over 316 miles of rivers as Wild and Scenic. Out in Wyoming, Jackson Hole is famous for its skyline. While the Tetons certainly deserve the reputation, the rivers and streams that run through the area are equally impressive. The Snake Rivers Headwaters Act will designate many of the Snake's headwaters in and around Jackson Hole as Wild



Middle Fork Snoqualmie (WA)

and Scenic. Several of these rivers and streams like the Hoback, Gros Ventre, and Upper Snake offer great whitewater runs with spectacular scenery and wildlife viewing opportunities. In Oregon, Mt. Hood rises above the Columbia Gorge forming the backdrop to the kayaking mecca of Hood River. Paddling opportunities abound on the rivers that flow from the slopes of Mt. Hood and the Mt. Hood Wilderness Act now protects these rivers in their free-flowing condition by making additions to the Wild and Scenic Rivers system that include the East Fork Hood, Collawash, Zig Zag, South Fork Clackamas, and others.

We enjoyed an impressive series of conservation successes over the past year and as threats for new hydropower and water development projects only continue to loom, we wasted no time in developing an ambitious work plan for river conservation that we are in the process of acting on.



Taylor River (CO)

PROTECTING FLOWS IN ICONIC RIVERS

Spotlight: Colorado

Over the past year American Whitewater has significantly strengthened and grown the river conservation community in Colorado. We have done this through encouraging the paddling community to play a stronger conservation advocacy role, through networking with other groups, and through helping to bring vital knowledge to the community. American Whitewater has teamed with federal agencies, state wildlife agencies, local counties, and partner groups to implement flow studies and to establish flow targets that guide future river management.

American Whitewater released the Upper Colorado River Recreational Flow Study in 2009. We designed the study and involved nearly 400 volunteers to quantify river flows that support recreation on world class boating and angling rivers like the Blue and Fraser, Rock Creek, Piney Creek, and sections of the Colorado River including Shoshone and Gore Canyon. These efforts do not just gather data: they bring awareness to the issues and bring together paddlers, ranchers, anglers, and urban and rural communities in a commitment to protect our rivers.

We have initiated a similar study on the Dolores River where our primary goal is to secure agreements and/or decisions that

protect instream flows below McPhee Dam. In order to accomplish this ambitious goal we have strengthened the river conservation community with vital data, and brought a powerful new set of interests to negotiations and decision-making processes in the Dolores River Watershed.

American Whitewater has also been working with State water agencies and institutions to develop a broader basin-wide method for quantifying instream flow needs, and we are leading data collection efforts under the project. Our staff continues to work on developing a rigorous method of assessing flows with a team of national experts in the field of river management and water supply planning.

These actions all build towards lasting instream flow protections: they build public support; they build political support; and they contribute to a strong, cohesive, diverse, and knowledgeable community of groups seeking those protections.



Squaw Valley Creek (CA) a tributary of the McCloud River © Darin McQuoid

PUTTING BETTER RIVER SCIENCE TO WORK

Spotlight: California:McCloud River (CA)

Paddlers witness first hand the power and functions of high river flows that send most river scientists scurrying for higher ground in their waders. We see logs and sediment moving, hear rocks rolling, witness fish migrating and spawning, and ride flows that rise fast and recede slowly. As an organization of paddlers dedicated to river restoration, American Whitewater is in a unique position to inform and drive critically important research on the dynamic nature of rivers. In 2009 we worked with river scientists at UC Davis to develop a vital paper on flows that has been published in the *Journal Bioscience*. This paper highlights the importance of the snowmelt hydrograph in western rivers. This hydrologic pattern of high flows that occur in the spring and then gradually recede into the summer is something that is very familiar to boaters in the West. It is also very familiar to fish, frogs, and virtually every kind of aquatic creature that evolved in these systems. Unfortunately, dams have disrupted this predictable pattern and replaced it with spring flows that are often more erratic than any other time of the year.

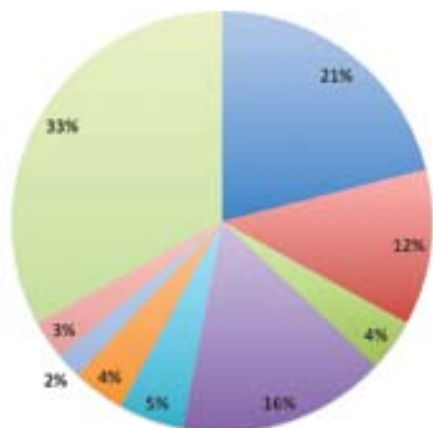
The solution is to mandate a pulse of water in the spring that gradually recedes mimicking natural flows. Spring pulse flows

have several benefits; higher flows help buffer spills that occur in spring and spring pulse flows will help maintain the river channel.

In January of 2010, the Forest Service proposed a flow schedule for the McCloud River based upon these principles. This flow schedule increases flows in April and May to coincide with the snowmelt runoff. These conditions meet their regulatory requirement of balancing recreational needs by providing whitewater recreation during these spring pulse events. Even though this only returned a small fraction of the boatable days that would have occurred without the dam, American Whitewater has agreed in principle with their rationale and supported their proposal as a reasonable balance. Over the next year we will finalize the flow schedule for the McCloud River. Our goal is to support the agencies that have worked hard to insure that the fabulous McCloud River is there for all of us to use in the future. This river is a true gem that is worthy of American Whitewater's energy and our members support.

2009 Statement of Activities

REVENUE	UNRESTRICTED	TEMPORARILY RESTRICTED	TOTAL 2009	TOTAL 2008
Contributions	\$272,579	\$18,210	\$290,789	\$273,160
Membership dues	\$172,732		\$172,732	\$180,494
Advertising	\$60,810		\$60,810	\$84,560
Grants		\$217,915	\$217,915	\$226,798
Events	\$65,559		\$65,559	\$77,568
Sponsorships/Corp Programs	\$52,245		\$52,245	\$67,076
Products	\$24,181		\$24,181	\$27,071
Management Fees & Services	\$44,736		\$44,736	\$30,008
In-Kind Contributions	\$469,289		\$469,289	\$224,618
Interest & Dividends	\$1,311		\$1,311	\$6,164
Misc. Income	\$989		\$989	\$3,241
Net Assets Released from Restriction	\$193,687	\$(193,687)	\$-	\$-
Total Revenue	\$1,358,118	\$42,438	\$1,400,556	\$1,200,758
EXPENSES				
Access & Conservation	\$676,508	\$-	\$676,508	\$420,318
Public Education	\$429,659	\$-	\$429,659	\$464,361
Total Stewardship Expenses	\$1,106,167	\$-	\$1,106,167	\$884,679
General & Administrative	\$126,227	\$-	\$126,227	\$97,606
Fundraising	\$73,524	\$-	\$73,524	\$95,517
Total Supporting Expenses	\$199,751	\$-	\$199,751	\$193,123
Total Expenses	\$1,305,918	\$-	\$1,305,918	\$1,077,802
CHANGE IN NET ASSETS	\$52,200	\$42,438	\$94,638	\$122,956



- Contributions 21%
- Membership dues 12%
- Advertising 4%
- Grants 16%
- Events 5%
- Sponsorships/Corp Programs 4%
- Products 2%
- Management Fees & Services 3%
- In-Kind Contributions 33%

2009 Assets and Liabilities

ASSETS:

	2009	2008	+ / -
Cash	\$329,751	\$260,442	\$69,309
Accounts Receivable	\$6,875	\$20,333	-\$13,458
Grants Receivable	\$64,088	\$31,087	\$33,001
Investments	\$245,387	\$243,593	\$1,794
Prepaid Expenses	\$16,508	\$13,221	\$3,287
Direct Deposit Funds Advanced		\$15,949	-\$15,949
Inventory	\$5,876	\$5,714	\$162
Total Current Assets:	\$668,485	\$590,339	\$78,146

LONG-TERM ASSETS:

Lands held for protection	\$61,056	\$63,256	-\$2,200
Computer equipment, net	\$4,631	\$8,086	-\$3,455
Total Long-Term Assets:	\$65,687	\$71,342	-\$5,655
Total Assets:	\$734,172	\$661,681	\$72,491

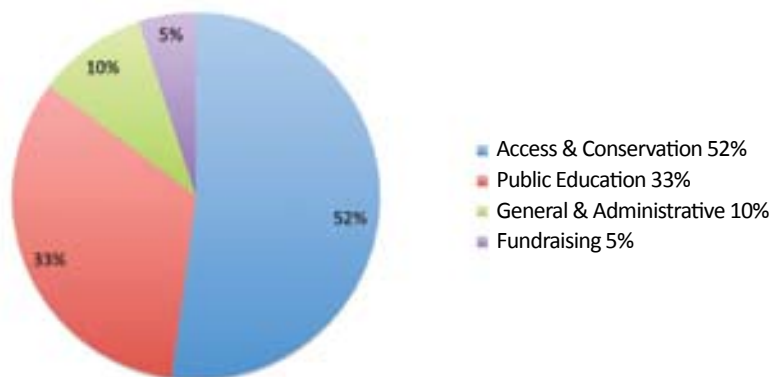
LIABILITIES & FUND BALANCES:

Current Liabilities			
Accounts Payable	\$14,851	\$37,733	-\$22,882
Other liabilities	\$6,869	\$6,343	\$526
Payroll Liabilities	\$16,156	\$15,947	\$209
Total Current Liabilities:	\$37,876	\$60,023	-\$22,147

NET ASSETS:

Unrestricted Net Assets	\$449,175	\$396,975	\$52,200
Restricted Net Assets	\$247,121	\$204,683	\$42,438
Total Net Assets:	\$696,296	\$601,658	\$94,638

TOTAL LIABILITIES & NET ASSETS:	\$734,172	\$661,681	\$72,491
--	------------------	------------------	-----------------



*American Whitewater is a registered charitable corporation under section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Service Code. Financial statements are audited by Corliss & Solomon, PLLC. You can receive a copy of AW's most recent audit by emailing your request to mark@americanwhitewater.org.

2009 Honor Roll

Industry Partners

Class V - \$20,000+

KEEN Footwear

Class IV - \$15,000

Nantahala Outdoor Center (NOC)

Jackson Kayaks

Class III - \$10,000

Kayak Session

Kokatat

Patagonia

Class II - \$7,500

Clif Bar

Exact Target

Immersion Research

LVM

Pyranha Kayaks

Smith Optics

Subaru

Boof - \$5,000

Liquidlogic

NRS

Watershed

Werner Paddles

Yakima

Wave - \$2,500

AIRE

Diamond Brand Outdoors

OARS

SealLine

Eddy - \$1,000

Blue Sky Outfitters

Girls at Play

Sawyer Paddles

Southern Explorations

Wakawai.com

In-Kind Donations

\$50,000+

Patton Boggs

\$30,000+

Nathan Galbreath

\$10,000+

Kayak Session

\$5,000+

ExactTarget, Inc.

Ryan Groth

Nathan Fey

Immersion Research

Jackson Kayaks

KEEN Footwear

Kokatat

\$1,000+

Astral Bouyancy

Confluence Holdings

Robert Center

Clif Bar

Diamond Brand Outdoors

Nantahala Outdoor Center

Palm USA

Pyranha US

Northwest River Supplies Inc.

Outdoor Retailer Summer Market

Penstock Productions (LVM)

Smith Optics

Sealline

Watershed, LLC

Wend Magazine

Werner Paddles

Yakima Products Inc.

\$500+

Evan Stafford

FibArk

Paddlefest

Rocky Mountain Kayak

Sawyer Paddles



Go to americanwhitewater.org > **Community** > **Industry Partners** to see AW's current list of industry supporters.

We hope you'll consider a company's commitment to river stewardship when making your next purchase.

2009 Honor Roll

Donations

\$5,000+

Yvon and Melinda Chouinard
Boyce Greer
Jay P.K. Kenney
Bill Parks / NRS

\$2,500+

Joseph Greiner
Liquid Logic
Megi Morishita
Patagonia
Subaru of America Inc
Viking Canoe Club

\$1,000+

Astral Bouyancy Co.
Rich and Stephanie Bowers
Cascade Designs
Confluence for Wave Sports
Paul and Downing Denison
Lester E Hurrelbrink
Robert and Andrea Forster
Friends of the Yough
Garden Homes Fund
Bruce M. and Olivia J. Genereaux
Jennie Goldberg
Charles L. Harris
Ipswich
John Jerger
Kevin St John
KCCNY
Don and Nanci Kinser
Lehigh River Outfitters Association
Douglas Liu
Gary and Susan Martinez
OARS
Frank Ohrt
Palm USA
Nicholas B. Paumgarten
Tim and Annie Payne
Potomac Paddlesports Inc
Arnold Schaeffer and Deborah
Chandler
Norwood Scott

Roberta A. Scull
SealLine & Therm-a-Rest
M. Bredt Stanley
Roger L. Starring
Gordon Steindorf
Tennessee Valley Canoe Club
Barry and Kitty Tuscano
Josh von Szalatnay

\$500+

Richard Ernie Anderson
Ann Griffith Ash
Brian M. Aubin
Brent Austin
Lee Belknap
Peter R. Bernstein
Eric Bessette
Blue Paddle Fibark
Dave Bowman
Raymond Bragar and Robin Hertz
Alex Brown
Ian Buckley
Jeffrey Cain
Sydney M. Capitano
Chota Canoe Club
Colorado Kayak Supply
Jesse Costello-Good
Dagger Canoe Company Inc.
Frederic and Anne Dalauro
Brent and Dawn Davis
Jeffrey J. Dean
Norman R. Deets, II
Conor Dowling
Elkhorn City Area Heritage Council
Adam Elrod
Brandon and Tara Engler
Sybille Fleischmann
Kent Ford
Clark Gallo
Shawn Graham
Marc Harkness
Michael Harvey
Jeffrey Hatcher
Ron Healy
Hooter Fund II
Larry Horne
Stacy and Dale Karacostas

Keel Haulers Canoe Club
Patty Kezeor
Don Kiely
Jack Krupnick
Emile J. LeDonne
Lehigh Valley Whitewater Inc.
Kevin L. Lewis
Cynthia Lindsay
Tony Lunt
Brooks Lutterloh
David G. Lysy
Scott Mabel
Greg Mallory
Gary Martinez
McGraw-Hill Companies
Kurt McKissick
Memphis Whitewater
Kevin and Michelle Miller
John Moran
Ellen and Jack Moskowitz
North American River Runners
Andrew Oberhardt
Oregon Kayak and Canoe Club
Brian Reeder
Barry Robinson
Rocky Mountain Kayak
Lee Rust
San Miguel Whitewater Asso
Sawyer Paddles
Timothy W. Scofield
George Seley
Amy Shipman
Mark Singleton
Evan Stafford
Loren Starcher
Peter Stekel
Edward Stockman
Richard Thistle
Marc Tohir
Charlie Vincent
Robert Waldron
Clay Warren
Washington Kayak Club
Wavesport
William E. Weddle
Collin Whitehead
Julianna Wilson

2009 Honor Roll

John D. Wolken
Dave Zinn

\$250+

Anonymous
Jeffrey Abel
Charlie Albright
Thomas Allen
Holly and Chase Ambler
Jay Anderson
Mike Aronoff
John Arthur
David Asbell
David M. Ashley
Robert Baca
Backpacker Magazine
James E. Barrett
Elliot Beinfest
Chris Bell
Peter Berg
Maxwell Bonnie
Anne Brindle
John T. Britton, M.D.
Meaghan and Ian Brosnan
Robert (Mike) Brown
Bruce, Janet and William Cowie
Matt Butcher and Liz Pennisi
Robert Butera
Ed Callahan
Carolina Canoe Club
John Carter
David Cernicek
Ross and Tara Cherry
Chicago Whitewater Assn
Thomas J. Christopher
Gretchen Cornell
James Cornwall
Adam Cramer
Idamay Curtis
Erik Debbink
Gerald Delong
Jerry Diamondstein
Jim Dobbins
Donnelly and Viselli Family
Robert Douglas
Susan Eckerly and Terrence
O'Donnell

Donna K. Ennis
Brandon Fiscus
Stuart Fraser
George & Leslie Fuller
Edward Gertler
Nancy Gilbert
Brent and Jeannie Glover
Green River Adventures
Tony Guenthner
Jeffrey Haeni
Lucian Hand
Robert W. Harris
Mary Harrop
George Hedrick
Christopher Hest
Andrew Holcombe
West Howland
Jason Huber
Kenneth Jackson
Maria Jacobson
Brian Jacobson
John Jacoby
Patrick Kessler
Kelly Kraus
Amy and Mark Lawrence
Kendall Lee
Mike Lee
Lehigh Valley Canoe Club
Theodore Lewis
Little River Roasting Company LLC
Sierra Club Loma Prieta Paddlers
Lotus Designs
Eric Lovejoy and Kris Moller
Scott Lyden
Mimi Margulies
Macy Burnham & Amanda Marusich
Mason Dixon Canoe Cruisers
Tom McCloud
Lynn McLarty
McNeal Graphics, Inc.
Robert Merriman
Chuck Meyer
Carla Miner
Robert Mingus
Robert & Elizabeth Molyneaux
Phil Montgomery
Charles E. Morgan

Bryan and Patty Morrison
Matt Muir
Michael Mullin
Michael A. Nelson
Network for Good
Alex Nichols
Northwest Outdoor Center
John O'Leary
Tom Oiler
Paul Padyk
Bill and Donna Holmes Parks
Tom Quarles
Ken Ransford
David Ritchie
Gilberto Robles
Julie Scott Rowland
Janet Russell
Mike Sakas
Heidi Sardinha
Greg and Dawn Schackel
J Schaeffer
Bill and Maryl Sedivy
Kevin Sisson
Mark A. Smith
Peter F. Smith
Larry S. Sokol
Greg Speicher
Blaine Stimac
Steve Stohman
John Stormon
Graham Stroh
Joe Stubbs
Michael and Caroline Tanksley
Chris Tellis
TEVA Sandals
Scott Thomas
Jim and Julia Tibbetts
United eWay / Truist
John Van Betuw
Christopher W. Walker
Gary and Joan Warner
Peter Weingarten
Kirk Weir
Samuel Wells
James C. Westfall
Willamette Kayak & Canoe Club
Graham Winkelman

2009 Honor Roll

Ethan Winter
Andrew Wise
Wolverine Publishing LLC
Carter Wray
Fred Young Family
Michael Zimmer

\$100+

Anonymous
Kim Abney
Russell Adams
David Adcock
Brian Aho
Diane Allemang and Jim Egenrieder
John Allen
AMC Delaware Valley Chapter
Doug Ammons
Terrell and Michelle Anderson
James Andres
Henry C. Annable
Paul Ansel
John Aplin
Paul F. Araujo
Mary Arman
Eric Arons
Peter J. Arthur
William S. Atkins
Mark Atkinson
Jeffrey S. Auxier, Esq.
Ben Badger
Mark E. Baier
Gary Bailey
Tom Bajo
David Baldwin
Brian Banninger
Kerrie Lee Barloga
Eric Barnes
Hamilton Barnes
Steve Barnett
Jocelyn Barrett
Allison Barth
Kim and Mike Battle
David C. and Anna L Baum
Jim Beall
Beartooth Paddlers Society
Craig Beasley
Frederick W. Beck

Dan Becker
Jon Becker
Kemper Begley
Rick Bellows
Roger E. Belson, MD
Harold Bencowitz
Shane Benedict
Suzanne Benson
Julia Bent
Tom Beres
David J. Berg
Julie Berg
Paul Bergquist
Andy Berry
Joe Bertone
Kevin Billingslea
Alden Bird
Birmingham Canoe Club
Lisa Birskovich
Craig Bishop
James W. Blackburn
Jeff Blanton
Marc Bleicher
Scott Blum
Clif Bobinski
Philip Bobrow
Joseph Bocanegra
Ron Bodinson
Ed Bogush
David Bohannan
Steve Bond
Matthew Booth
Steven W. Booth
Nick Borelli
Scott Bortree
Bow Down
Arthur F. Bowie
Charles Brabec
Mike Brayton
Bob Brewer and Jonna Hussey
Andy R. Bridge
Bill Bridger
Christopher Brobin
David Broemel
Bradley T. Brooks
Eric Brooks
Richard Brooks

Eddie Broussard
John Brower
Allen Brown
Andy Brown
Charles Brown
Courtney Brown and Scott Fogarty
Gordon Brown, Jr
Lee Bruce
Ian Brunton
Dennis and Karen Buccella
Tim Buch
Rob Buirgy
Paul Bunce
Charles Burhans
Scott Burke
Burlew Family
Deborah and Christopher Burt
Christopher Caffrey
Deb Calderwood
Bernard Y. Calvert, III
Camp Carolina
Mark Canada
Canoe Cruisers Assn
Bozo Cardozo
Daniel E. Carlson
Daniel Carroll
Rebecca Carter
Ben Carter
Paul D. Castille
Dana Castro
William Center
Chad Peda
Skye Chaney
Barb Checchia and Mike Colwell
Andy Cheshier
Troy Chevalier
Joe Cholka
Adam Churchill
Jim Clapper
Jeff Clement
Adrienne Clough
CLSJ Foundation
Coastal Canoeists Inc
Mark Cocker
Columbus Outdoor Pursuits
Scott Conley
Andrew Cook

2009 Honor Roll

Ted Cookson
Bob and Linda Cooley
John Coraor and Hanna Nekvasil
Todd Corey
Fred Coriell
Gary Coultas
Brian and Jessica Cox
Will and Megan Crimmins
Kevin Cripps
Bill Crockett
Neil Cross, Jr.
Char and Donald Cunningham
Rex Dalrymple
Erik Dalton
Russell Dalton
Rebecca Dameron
Daniel Kanner
Linda and David Davidson
Craik Davis
Leland Davis
James Deehan
Brad Defrates
Denali Raft Adventures
John W. Dennis
Phil and Mary DeRiemer
Edward Dery
Polk Deters
David DeVore
Chris Dickens
Richard and Tamra Dickinson
Tom Diegel
Sarah and Joseph Dinicolantonio
Dixie Division
Stephen Dorick
Stratford Douglas
Jack and Barbara Doyle
Michael Doyle
Melissa Dragan
Dresswell Outdoors
Elliott Drysdale
Frances Duggan
Ben Durrant
Paul Durrence
Jason Dyer
Abby Eaton
Randy Ebersole
Steven Eckard
Al Eggleston
Ann Eggleston
Gunnar Ellsmore
Michael Elovitz
Curtis Elwood
Jared Espley
Chuck and Lola Estes
Dylan Evans
Daniel Evans
Dirk Fabian
Face Level Industries LLC
Richard Fernald
George L.P. Fitz
Parker Fleming
Flow Paddlers' Club
Amy and Jeff Fluet
Brooks Foster
Ross Frank
Ken Frederick
David and Jennifer Frierson
Debbie Frye and James Fore
Ric and Ann Fullerton
Monica Juhasz and Wendell Futrell
Mark A. Gabel
Judy Gaffney
GAIA Paddlesports
Marie Gaither
Allen Gaither
Clark Galto
Ryan Galway
Peter Gandesbery
Derek S. Ganzenmuller
Elizabeth Gardner and Reese
Culbreth
Todd Garland
Ken Garrison
Bob Gedekoh
Thorin Geist
Ann Gerhardt
Ken Gfroerer and Lisa Smith
Susan and Robert Glanville
Chris Glazner
Dave J. Glickerman
David and Bonnye Good
Lillian Good
Lance Gorman
Gregory Gramstad
Denise and Scott Gravatt
Mayo Gravatt
John S. Graves
Dan Gray
Greater Baltimore Canoe Club
Cecil Greck
Lee Green
David Greenwald
Dale Griffiths
Debbie Grooman
Ed Grove
John Guetter
Craig Gunderson
James Gunnoe
Susan Snider and Pete Gutillo
Carl and Anita Gutschick
Mark Guttadauro
Michael Haeger
Chris Haff
Richard R. and Julie A. Haick
Jeff Hall
Daniel Hammes
Dave Hammond
Rob Hancharick
J. Kevin Hannon
Edward and Ann Hanrahan
James A. Hardee
Dunbar Hardy
Harmony
Cody Harris
Ann Halverson and Harvey Harris
Paul Harrison
Eric Hartman
Don Harwood
Charlotte Hathaway
A David Hawkins
Oscar Hawksley
Diana Haywood
Head Trip
Carter Hearn
David Carter Hearn
Oliver Heim
Robert Heineman
Andy Held
William Herbert
Shannon Herford
John Herman

2009 Honor Roll

Henry J. Herrmann	Andrew Jillings	Nick Kowalski
David A. Herron	John Clements and Catherine Chung	Robert Krase
Andy Hertz	John Herman	Wade Kriletich
Claire Hews	Elizabeth B. Johns	Brock Krizan
George Hicks	Haynes and Gina Johnson	David and Angie Kuklinski
Joshua J. Hicks	John Johnson	Ken Kyser
Jason Hill	Robert Johnson	Mark and Sharon Lacroix
Don Hillmuth	Kim Johnston	Brent LaFay
Michele R. Hinatsu	Thomas Jones	Michael Laflair
Darrin Hines	David K. Joyce	Phil LaMarche
Kevin Hisel	Gregory Juhl	Fran Lane
Edward Ho	George Kaider	Melissa and Jim Lane
Michael Hodge	Norm Karasa	Jeff Lankford
Mike J. Hodgman	Ilona Karow	Michelle Lapin
Randy and Joan Hodnett	Jonathan Katz	Brent Laubaugh and Kelly Miller
Ted Hofmann	Mike Kaufman	Matt Leach
Paul Holmes	Laura Kay	Brian LeDoux and Kristyn Econome
Marge and Bill Hone	Joseph Keck	Robert Lee
Matt Honea	Jon Keith	Brent Lehman
Lori Honrath	Tim J. Kelley	Todd Leigh and Linda Savage
Richard L. Hopley	Colin Kemp	John C. LeMay
Greg Hoskins and Carolyn Rhett	Britan A. Kilbourne	Debbie Leonard
Housatonic Area Canoe & Kayak Sq.	Paul Killian	Silas Lewis
Randy Howell	George Kinch	Ron Lodders
Adam Hubbard	Robbie King	Tony and Ursula Long
Fred Huey III	Jeremy Kingsbury	Stephen Longley
Edward P. Hughes	Trip Kinney	Frank Lorch
Gary Hull	Bill Kirby	Robert Lord
Randy Humble	Chris Kirkman	Jim Low
Matt Humiston	Jeff Kirkner	Scott B. Lowry
Paul R. Hummel	Brian Kirkpatrick	Barry Lucas
Eugene Hundertmark	Hank M. Klausman	Timothy Luce
Chuck Hunley	W Gregory Klein	Bill MacFarlane
Huntsville Canoe Club	Helge Klockow	Jim MacIntyre
Hyside Whitewater Inflatables	Doug Knapp	Joshua MacNaughton
Rick Ihnken	Bill Knowlton	Brian Madsen
Craig D. Irwin	Kurt Knuth	Erica Madsen
J.D. Grogan	John A. Kobak	Peggy and David Mainer
Jack's Plastic Welding Inc.	Scott and Devan Koehn	Jane A. Majeski
Michele Jackson	Karl and Jo Ann Koenig	Dionigi Maladorno
Robert and Charlotte Jackson	Jennifer Koermer and Andrew Douglas	Craig Mallery
Hilda and Helmuth Jacobi	Kokatat	Jerry Malloy
Ruth and Bill Jaeger	David Konshak	Bill Mandler
Ennis James	Luke Kopera	Diane M. Markoff
Andy Janoski	Charles D. Koteen	Joe Bill and Kathy Mathews
Jerry Jascomb	David Kovsky	Janice L. Matthew
Jimmy Jehle		John D. Mattson

2009 Honor Roll

Peter Mattson
Ben R. Maxwell, Jr.
Jade Mayer
Steve McClelland
John McClester
James E. McComb, MD
Kyle McCutchen and Tina Swan
David A. McGovern
David McIlwaine
Scott F. McIntyre
Stephen McKinley
Robert Craig McKinnon
Samuel B. McLamb
John McLaughlin
Brian McPherson
Chuck Meakin
Tony and Karen Mebane
Sarah Mello
Gerald H. Meral
Keith Mercer
Gregg and Karen Merchen
William P. Merrick
David Messinger
Ron Metzger
John Michnick
Donald S. Millard, Jr.
Jim Miller
David Millrod
Steven Mills
James Mitchell
Richard Modglin and Susan Hinchey
Richard Montgomery
Dennis A. Moore
Edward Morgan
Jack Morisey
David Moring
Suzanna Morris
Chris Morrison
Robert Morton
Jon Moseley
Robert Moses
Robert Moskal
Ryan Moyer
Mt. Washington Valley Paddlers
John Munnell
Michael F. Murphy
Rick Murphy

Melissa Myers
Sharon A. Myers
Jonathan Nee
Robert Neily
Carol Nelson
David R. Nelson
Steven E. Nelson
Darrel C. Neubauer
Tim Newton
David Nichols
Matt Nicoll
Daniel Niemela
Rick Norman
Northeast PA Kayak School
Ronald S. Novak
Anne Nuechterlein
Brandon Nutter
David Nyberg
Cliff O'Connor
Oast Family
Anne and John Olden
Tom Omiatek
Jess Ordower
Chris Osborne
Darryl D. Ott
Outdoor Adventure Club
Dennis and Molly Overly
Lee A. Owen
Ozark Wilderness Waterways
Tom Pace
Paddle Trails Canoe Club
Paddling.net, Inc.
Jeffrey Paine
Thomas Palka
Palmetto Paddlers
Alan Pasnik
Jesse Patterson
Phil and Deborah Patz
Dan and Amy Pearse
Devon Pearse
Warren Pechan
Kurt Perkins
Dean Perlman
Rae Peronneau
Joseph Pesch
Kurt Peterson
Lance Petrack-Zunich

Nathan Pfeifer
Philadelphia Canoe Club
Don Piper
Dennis J. Pistoll
David Plott
Todd Plum
Helen and Gary Plummer
Jennifer Plyler and Paula Sorensen
Mark Press
Justin Pressfield
Beth E. Price
Dixie Marree Prickett
Wes Prince
Robert Pritchard
Douglas Proctor
Leonard Prosnitz
Chris Puchner
Paul Puckett
Pueblitoexpediciones
Robert Pugh
Joe Pulliam
Scott Puthoff
Pam Putman
Paul and Sarah Raffaelli
Doug and Allison Ragan
Scott Rainey
Judith Ranelli
Michael Ranstead
Mark Rasmus
David Redden
Rylan Redding
Brett Redfearn
Dagmar Rehse and Michael Rausch
Paul Reilly
Kevin Renfro
Bret Rhinesmith
Ian Rice
Len Rice
Christina Richardson
Laurie Richardson
Jeff Richman
Craig A. Richter
Mark and Carol Jean Rickman
Chris Ricks
Shaun Riedinger
Jeremy Rimmer
River Angels

2009 Honor Roll

Patrick Rivers
Denny Robertson
Kirk Robertson
Michael Rock
Matt Rockett
Mack L. Roebuck
Ron Rogers
John Rogie
Mark Rollins
Marty Rood
Benjamin Ross
Noah Rucker-Triplett
Steve Ruhle
Ken Ryan
Alan Salomon
Susan Sams
Gary and Belinda Sanda
Jeff Sandefur
Scott Sarrells
Richard Scafidi
Chris Scalisi
Helene Scalliet
Bill and Kary Scarborough
Steve Scarborough Family
Scenic River Tours
Steve Schaefer
Paul Schelp
Rolf Schindler
Dan Schlager
Mike Schmitz
Bruce Schnapp
Johanna Schneider
Rick Schoen
Eric and Tera Schreiber
Bruce and Sharon Schumacher
David Schwartz
John Scott
Seals
JB Seay
Kurt Seckington
Jeff Seebach
Chuck Seidler
Helen Cherniack and Mike Shafer
Richard Shands
Rebecca Sherman
Stephen Sherrill
Hank Sherrod

Charles B. Sherwood
Daniel D Short
Thomas Siddall
Gilbert Siegel and Teresa O'Malley
Sierra Club SF Chapter
Sierra Club/John Muir Chapter
John Sills
Norman Sims
Jim Sindelar
Roger M. Singer
Anne Singleton
Dick Sisson
Gary Skiba
Skirtworks
John Skorpen
Kent Slawson
Matt Smith
Steve Smith, MD
Mowry Smith
Ralph and Kathy Smith
Randy and Tina Smith
Stephen R. Smyth
Snap Dragon Design Inc.
Tod K. Snuffer
Chris Snyder
Derek D. Snyder
Alex Somosky Jr.
Jonathan Speegle
Kendall Springer
Robert W. Springman
St. Lawrence University
Aaron Stabel
Jerry Stankunas
Mike Stanley
Bill and Lynn Starr
Raymond Starr
Geoff Steeves
John Steimke
Steven T. Steinberg
Kate Stepan
Brandon Stephens
Craig Steury
Lee M. Stewart
Larry Stewart
Larry and Leslie Stewart
Charles Still
Daniel Stillman

Stohlquist Waterware
Jessie Stone
Edward Pettus and Amy Stout
George Strickland
Ken and Fran Strickland
Gordon Stringer
Stephen W. Strothers
Trent Stumph
Stan Stuttts
Carl W. Suchovsky
Doug Sughrue
Linnell and Paul Sullivan
Fred and Virginia Sunday
Whitney and Kate Sunderland
Collin Swan
Douglas Swartz
Laurel Swetnam
Michael Szymanski
Betsy and Alan Tango
Mark Taratoot
Kate and Bob Taylor
Rick Tegethoff
Stephen Tegtmeier
Steve and Patty Telgener
Karrie and Culley Thomas
Zach Thomason and Cheryl Renfro
David Thompson
Grace Thompson
Mac and Molly Thornton
Chad Thurow
Kevin Tice
Ann and Cecil Tickamyier
Karen and Malcolm Tobias
Bill Toran
Peter Towey
Town Tinker Tube Rental
Christopher Tracy
Trent Family
Diane Troje
Rob Trundle
Martha Truninger and Michael
Jacob
Glen Tsaparas
Dane Tullock
Carrington Tutwiler
Robert C. Tyler
Chloa Ulrich

2009 Honor Roll

VADIM SHUN
Timothy Van Fleet
John E. Van Luik
Chris Van Vliet
Steven Vaniman
Kenny VanStone
Derek and Amy Varble
Vermont Paddlers Club
Daniel Vetter
Richard Vincent
Petra Vorwig
Craig Waddell
Mark Walker
Steve Wallace
Ed Walters-Zucco
Mike Ward
Rich Ward
Richard Warner
Marya Washburn
Washington Recreational River
Runners
Chris Washnock
Wayne Bell
Bucknell Webb
Joseph F. Webb
Bill Weber
David Weber
Greg Weeter
Patricia Ann Wehrle
Grant Weidenbach
Aaron Weilerstein
Tom and Suzanne Welander
Barry Welling
Michael Werner
Jeff West
Joey West
Jonathan West
Wet Planet Rafting Inc.
John B. Whitaker
Erik White
Erin White
Bill Whiting
Susan and Karl Wigdal
Nick Wigston
David Wilcox
Steve Wilcox
Merrimack Valley Paddlers

Wildrivers
Douglas Willenborg
William Owens
Ed and Sondra Willobee
Barbara and Steven Wilson
Chad Wilson
David J. H. Wilson
Fred Wilson
T Douglas Wilson, Jr
Nathan Winslow
Larry Wolff
Jessica Wood
Jeff Wormald
WRSI Helmets
Jonathan and Leslie Wurl
Robert Yager
Jeryl Yantis
David Young
Jim and Patty Young
Robert D. Young
Pat Younger
Jessica Yurtinus
Fred Zacherl
Zoar Outdoor
Zoar Valley Paddling Club

Lifetime Members

David Ackerman
Milt Aitken
Charlie Albright
Walt Andry
The Arches Foundation
Brian M. Aubin
Brent Austin
Sutton Bacon, Jr
Chris Baggott
Scott P. Barnes
Pope Barrow
Keith Beck
Chris Bell
Suzanne Benson
Peter R. Bernstein
William J. Bishop
Rich and Stephanie Bowers
Dave Bowman
Larry Brammer
Alan and Suzanne Bressler

Charles and Virginia Brewer
Brian Briant
Peter Bross
Alex Brown
David Brown
Curtis and Buffy Burge
Victoria Butler
Margaret R. Caldwell
Yvon and Melinda Chouinard
Thomas J. Christopher
Emerson J. Clauss, III
Jeff Clewell
Cloud Mountain Foundation
Cal Coetzee
Trey Coleman
Hope Concannon
Jesse Costello-Good
Kevin B. Coyne
Adam Cramer
Joshua Crossman
Rebecca Dameron
Brent and Dawn Davis
Paul and Downing Denison
Stratford Douglas
Chip Duckett
Phil Duff
Scott P. and Lori Duffens
Kenneth H. Duncan
Lester E Hurrelbrink
Ben Edson and Emily Mahowald
Anthony D. Edwards
Clint Edwards
David Elliott
Vann and Laura Evans
George M. Feinberg
Charles Fiveash
Jacob Fleisher
Kent Ford
Robert and Andrea Forster
David Fosdick
Gary Franks
Ken Frederick
Joel E. Freedman
Michael French
Mort Fuller and Sue Langfitt Fuller
Nathan Galbreath
John Gangemi

2009 Honor Roll

Holley and Brian Gardel	Andy and Wendy Laakmann	Norwood Scott
Bruce M. and Olivia J. Genereaux	Troy Langley	Mark Scriver
Ross George	Jeffrey R. Leighton	Roberta A. Scull
Keith Gershon	Douglas Liu	Ed Sherwood
Claire Gesalman	Frank Lorch	Jim Sindelar
Ken Gfroerer and Lisa Smith	Tony Lunt	Tom Sitz
Nancy Gilbert	Robert and Debora Martz	Peter N. Skinner
Jennie Goldberg	David Mason	Edwin Smalley
George and Clarice Gordon	Bill and Anne Masters	Mike A. Smith
Karl and JoAnn Gordon	Graham Matthews	Stephen L. Smith
Shawn Graham	David May	Matt Solomon
Boyce Greer	James and Sandra McEwan	David Spiegel
Joseph Greiner	Scott McKay	Eli Spiegel
Robbie Griffith and Jeff Redding	Victor Kress and Dawn Meekhof	Joel Spiegel
H. H. Hancock	Robert Mingus	Kevin St. John
Robby G. Hansen	Phil Montgomery	Mary E. Starzinski
Alex Hanzlik-Green	Joshua C. Moore	Chris Stec
Marc Harkness	Pete Morey	Dave Steindorf
Charles L. Harris	Megi Morishita	Gordon Steindorf
John Harvey	Eric Nies	Peter Stekel
David Carter Hearn	Laura Nugent and Ian Bailey	Sarah Stephenson
Robert Heineman	Tom O'Keefe and Rie Yamazaki	Bryan and Michelle Stewart
Eric Henrickson	Oregon Kayak and Canoe Club	Jason Stingl
Hermann Family	Philip O'Rourke	Mark Sullivan
Martha Herzog	Frank Ohrt	Jeffrey Taschler
Todd Hoffman	Keith T. Oldham	Charles E. Taylor
Dan Hoheim	George Orr	Tennessee Valley Canoe Club
Tamara Howard	Aida M. Parkinson	Richard Thistle
Werner Rod Huck	Nicholas B. Paumgarten	Marc Tohir
Kristine and Eric Jackson	Tim and Annie Payne	Eric Tollefson
John Jamnback	Stephen Perkins	Barry and Kitty Tuscano
John Jerger	Aaron Pruzan	Jim Veltrop
Charlotte T. Jones	Peter Quayle	Charlie Vincent
Stacy and Dale Karacostas	Justin Rae	Josh von Szalatnay
Jeff Keim	Ken Ransford	Charlie and Sandy Walbridge
Charles Keller	Brett Redfearn	Scott Weems
Chris Kelly and Nanette Laughrey	Brian Reeder	Kate Wempe
Jay P.K. Kenney	Robert Reiterman	Werner Paddles
Patrick Kessler	Timothy Reynolds	Collin Whitehead
Don Kiely	Dave Robey	Natalie Whiteman
Don and Nanci Kinser	Barry Robinson	Martin Wick
Keith Kishiyama	Karl Rogers	Greg Widroe
Mike Klaiber	Lee Rust	Kurt Williams
Scott and Devan Koehn	Lawton Salley	John R. Wilson
Chris and Caron Koll	Patricia Schifferle	Julianna Wilson
Bill Krissoff	Tom Schneller	John D. Wolken
Ken Kyser	Rick Schoen	Brandon Woods

2009 Honor Roll

Candice Clark Wozniak

Contributions in Memory Of

Larry Berg
Dana Chalfant
Daniel DeLaVergne
David Ennis
Edward Gaker
Richard Honrath
Rebecca Istvanko
Chuck Kern
Isaac Ludwig
Rachel Moldover
Michael Nash
Mercer Oast
Ronald Phoebus, Jr
Bo Scull
Mitchell Smith

Contributions in Honor Of

Jason Benton
Duane Dittman
Amy and Chris Engelman
Jeremy Floberg
Kate and Jeremy Lanck
Sara Sakamoto

Foundations

Bank of America Foundation
Bend Foundation
BP Fabric of America
Charles Stewart Mott Foundation
Clif Bar Family Foundation
Cloud Mountain Foundation
CLSJ Foundation
Community Foundation of WNC
Conservation Alliance
Denison Family Foundation
Fidelity Charitable Gift Fnd
GE Foundation
George & Miriam Martin
Foundation
Goldman Foundation
Hope Foundation
Hydropower Reform Coalition
Ironman Foundation
Keen Foundation

Kenney BrothersFoundation
Murray Foundation
Richard and Rhoda Goldman Fund
NOC Environmental & Humanitarian
Gift Fund
O'Keefe Family Foundation
OR Community Foundation
Osilas Foundation
Pfizer Foundation
Pruzan Foundation
RDH Foundation
Schwab Charitable Fund
Sutherland Foundation Inc.
Stanley Family Fund
Walton Family Foundation
O'Keefe Family Foundation
River Management Society
The Arches Foundation
The Rust Foundation

CFC and Workplace Giving

Anonymous
Mark T. Adams
Mehdi Akacem
Brooks R. Alldredge
Sarah B. Anderson
Steve Austin
David C. Baker
Bank of America
David E. Barden
Kirk T. Barley
Jeff Boord
Derek C. Bristol
Brian D. Buckley
George Bullen
Jim and Lisa Burton
Michael M. Carroll
Jim Cavo
Seth Cooper
Mark D'Agostino
John Daffron
Nancy and Joe Damboise
Quincy Dan
Jason Darby
Jaime Davis
Daniel J. Deptula
David Dooley

William Duffy
Larry and Christine Dunn
Daniel W. Dutton
Don Ellis
James Ellis
EnPro Industries
ExxonMobil
Fannie Mae
Susan A. Fialkowski
Robert Fisher
William O. Fisher
Follett Corporation
Claude Frank
Ken Frederick
Brian and Carrie Freeman
David Garrity
Jeffrey B. Gartman
GE Foundation
Edward J. George
Claire Gesalman
Richard Gibson
Kelly Gillespie
Ed Goufas
William Griffin
Barry Grimes
Cynthia Grimes
Barbara K. Hall
Ronn E. Harding
Andrew Harrell
James Harris
Oliver Heim
Brian Henderson
Neil Hermansdorfer
Hewlett Packard
Richard Hicks
Jeffrey Holdsworth
J. M. Huber Corporation
Frank W. Hughto-Delzer
Jeffrey Hunt
IBM Corporation
Andris Ikstrums
Intuit
Robert A. Johnson
Thomas Jones
Eric Jones
Joshua Kaufman
Seth Kaufman and Susanne Rublein

2009 Honor Roll

Chris Kelly and Nanette Laughrey
Lark A. Lambert
Glenn Lamson
Brian and Mari Little
Major Mather Little
Brad Love
Jerry Malloy
Barry Martin
Gary and Susan Martinez
Robert J. Mascio
Timothy McGinty
Scott McKay
Microsoft
Mile High United Way
Marin Millar
Henry Miller
Daniel P. Molnar
Christian Morath
Robert Moses
Andrew Nix
Jennifer Paisner
Irov R. Pardee
Bruce A. Patton
Darrell Penn
Jessica L. Pesqueira
Alan Pettingill
Pfizer
Rebecca Post
Zachary Ramsey
Robert Ratcliffe
Jennifer Raymond
REI
Steve Revier
Tracey and Eric Roush
Sharon Sahrie
Daniel R. Sanborn
Eric and Tera Schreiber
Charles Scroggins
Billy Simmons
Scott Slayton
Jesse Smith
James Sprouffske
Bryan and Michelle Stewart
Robert Stiles
Sharon Suhrie
Tracy Tackett
Robert Tempel

Grace Thompson
Linda Tulaba
Christopher Tulley
Laura J. Ulibarri
United eWay
United Way Silicon Valley
United Way Special Distribution
United Way Truist
Lorn VanSteenbergh
Verizon
Stephen D. Vitale
Wachovia Securities, LLC
Matthew Wallace
Wells Fargo
Sue Whitney
Rich Wiegand
Carol Wilson
Howard Wolosky
Jillian Wright

Affiliate Clubs

ADK ADK Schenectady
Adobe Whitewater Club of NM
AMC - Connecticut Chapter
AMC - New Hampshire Paddlers
AMC Delaware Valley Chapter
Appalachian Paddling Enthusiasts
Arkansas Canoe Club
Atlanta Whitewater Club
Avid4 Adventure Inc.
Base Camp Cullowhee
Beartooth Paddlers Society
Benscreek Canoe Club
BEWET
Birmingham Canoe Club
Blue Mountain Outfitters
Blue Ridge River Runners
Blue Ridge Voyageurs
Bluegrass Wildwater Asso
Bradford County Canoe and Kayak Club
California Floaters Society
Canoe Club Of Greater Harrisburg
Canoe Cruisers Assn
Carolina Canoe Club
Chicago Whitewater Assn
Chico Paddleheads

Chota Canoe Club
Coastal Canoeists Inc
Colgate University
Colorado Whitewater Assn
Columbus Outdoor Pursuits
Conewago Canoe Club
Coosa River Paddling Club
Creek Freak Paddlers of Franklin County VA
Dbl Z! Whitewater Club
Dixie Division
East Tennessee Whitewater Club
Elkhorn Paddlers
EPIC Adventures
Eugene Kayaker
Face Level Industries LLC
Fairbanks Paddlers
Float Fishermen of Virginia
Flow Paddlers' Club
Foothills Paddling Club
FORVA
Genesee Waterways Center Inc
Georgia Canoeing Asso
Georgia Tech Outdoor Recreation
Gold Country Paddlers
Grand Canyon Priv. Boat. Assn.
Greater Baltimore Canoe Club
Hamilton College
Hollins Outdoor Program
Holtwood Hooligans
Hoofers Outing Club
Hoosier Canoe Club
Housatonic Area Canoe & Kayak Sq.
Houston Canoe Club Inc
Huntsville Canoe Club
Iowa Whitewater Coalition
James River Float Company
KCCNY
Keel Haulers Canoe Club
Ledyard Canoe Club
Lehigh Valley Canoe Club
Lehigh Valley Whitewater Inc.
Sierra Club Loma Prieta Paddlers
Lower Columbia Canoe Club
Mason Dixon Canoe Cruisers
Mecklenburg Regional Paddlers
Memphis Whitewater

2009 Honor Roll

Merrimack Valley Paddlers
Minnesota Canoe Assn
Mississippi Outdoor Club
Mt. Washington Valley Paddlers
North East Wisconsin Paddlers, Inc.
Northwest Rafters Association
Nova Riverrunners Inc.
Ohio Valley Paddlers
Oregon Kayak and Canoe Club
Oregon Whitewater Association
Otter Bar Lodge Kayak School
Outdoor Adventure Club
NCSU Outing Club
Ozark Mountain Paddlers
Ozark Wilderness Waterways
Paddle Trails Canoe Club
Paddlers for Conservation
Paddlers4Christ
Penobscot Paddle & Chowder Society
Philadelphia Canoe Club
Pikes Peak Whitewater Club
San Miguel Whitewater Asso
SCSU Outdoor Endeavors
Sequoia Paddling Club
Sierra Club SF Chapter
Sierra Club/John Muir Chapter
Sierra Nevada Whitewater Club
Spokane Canoe & Kayak Club
St. Lawrence University
Team SICK
Tennessee Eastman Hiking & Canoeing Club
Tennessee Scenic River Association
Tennessee Valley Canoe Club
The Mountaineers
Thompson Rivers Univ Adventure Studies
Three Rivers Paddling Club
Toledo River Gang
Town Tinker Tube Rental
Triad River Runners
Univ of Tennessee Knoxville
Club Sport: University of Michigan
University Kayak Club
University of Colorado Kayak Club
USA Paddling

Utah Whitewater Club
Vancouver Kayak Club
Vermont Paddlers Club
Viking Canoe Club
Washington Kayak Club
Washington Recreational River Runners
Watauga Paddle Club
Whitman College Whitewater Club

Blackwater River (WV)
Upper Yough (MD)

Northeast

Ausable River (NY)
Saranac River (NY)
Black River (NY)
West River (VT)
Hudson and Indian Rivers (NY)
Moose River (NY)

Midwest

Fox River (WI)
Elkhorn Creek (KY)

Northern Rockies

West Rosebud Creek (MT)
East Rosebud Creek (MT)
Madison River (MT)
Bear River (ID)
Little Potlatch Creek (ID)
Sullivan Creek (WA)
Lolo Creek (ID)
Middle Fork Salmon (ID)

Southern Rockies

Upper Colorado (CO)
McInnis Canyons (CO)
Gunnison River (CO)
Yampa River (CO)
Green River (WY, UT, CO)
Dolores River (CO)
Animas River (CO)
Uncompahgre River (CO)
San Miguel River (CO)
Taylor River (CO)
Fraser River (CO)
Blue River (CO)
Piney River (CO)
Eagle River (CO)
Boulder Creek (CO)
Cache la Poudre River (CO)
Arkansas River (CO)
Virgin River (UT)
Colorado River (UT)

Pacific Northwest

Events and Festivals

American River Festival
Cheat Fest
Deerfield River Festival
Feather River Festival
FIBArk
French Broad River Festival
American Whitewater Gauley Festival
National Paddling Film Festival
NAWFest
Ohiopyle Over the Falls Festival
Potomac River Festival
Stonycreek Rendezvous
Wentachee River Festival

Active Projects

Southeast

Cheoah River (NC)
Yellow Creek
Chattooga River (NC, SC, GA)
Nantahala and Tuckasegee Rivers (NC)
Catawba River (NC, SC)
Saluda River (SC)
Watauga River (NC)
Tallulah River (GA)
Coosa River (AL)

Mid Atlantic

Susquehanna River (PA)
Ohiopyle Falls (PA)
Savage and NB Potomac Rivers (MD)
Gauley River (WV)
New River (WV)

2009 Honor Roll

Sultan River (WA)	Seattle, WA
McKenzie River (OR)	Rich Bowers
Klamath River (OR, CA)	Bellingham, WA
Crooked River (OR)	Dave Cernicek
White Salmon River (WA)	Jackson, WY
Snake River (WA)	Adam Cramer
Sandy River (WA)	Bethesda, MD
Green River (WA)	Leland Davis
Middle Fork Snoqualmie River (WA)	Swannanoa, NC
Rogue River (OR)	Kristine Jackson
Molalla River (OR)	Rock Island, TN
Chelan River (WA)	Evie Locke
Elwha River (WA)	Charlemont, MA
Nooksack River (WA)	Eric Nies
Skykomish River (WA)	New Paltz, NY
Cispus River (WA)	Aaron Pruzan
Skagit River (WA)	Wilson, WY
Snoqualmie River (WA)	Charlie Walbridge
Owyhee River (OR)	Bruceeton Mills, WV

California

Feather River / Rock Creek-Cresta (CA)
Feather River / Poe (CA)
Feather River / Oroville (CA)
Feather River / Upper North Fork (CA)
McCloud River (CA)
Pit River (CA)
Mokelumne River (CA)
Yuba/Bear Rivers (CA)
Butte Creek (CA)
Kern River (CA)
Middle Fork American / Rubicon (CA)
San Joaquin River (CA)
California Hydropower Reform Coalition (CA)

Board of Directors

Don Kinser, President Marietta, GA
Norwood Scott, Vice President San Francisco, CA
Chris Bell, Treasurer Asheville, NC
Jennie Goldberg, Secretary

Staff

Laura Blalock, Finance Director Cullowhee, NC
Kevin Coluburn, National Stewardship Director Missoula, MT
Nathan Fey, Colorado Stewardship Director Longmont, CO
Carla Miner, Membership Manager West Valley City, UT
Thomas O'Keefe, Pacific Northwest Stewardship Director Seattle, WA
Jeff Paine, Outreach Director Asheville, NC
Mark Singleton, Executive Director Cullowhee, NC
Dave Steindorf, California Stewardship Director Chico, CA

AW INDUSTRY PARTNERS

Class V Sponsor



Since 2006, KEEN's contributions via their Hybrid.Care program have aided American Whitewater's projects all over the US. Keen's long history of support for American Whitewater shows their substantial commitment to our rivers and to our planet.

Class IV Sponsors



Class III Sponsor



Class II Sponsor



Boof Sponsors



Wave Sponsors



American Whitewater is supported by members, donors, foundations, and partners in the whitewater and outdoor industries. In each edition of the *Journal*, we highlight one such partner in this space. American Whitewater urges you not to make purchase decisions blindly. We hope you'll consider a company's commitment to river stewardship when making your next purchase.



Ronin Pro PFD

The company now known as Kokatat was started in 1971 by a college student named Steve O'Meara with an eye towards making innovative outdoor gear, such as the world's first GORE-TEX bivy sack. With Steve still at the helm, Kokatat continues to dedicate itself to his original intent: offering the industry's most extensive line of watersports wear and enjoying a well deserved reputation for innovation and product quality.

Kokatat remains one of AW's strongest allies by continuing support of AW's Membership and River Stewardship programs. By providing American Whitewater with valuable membership and donation incentives, Kokatat supports the ongoing stewardship of North American rivers.



GORE-TEX® Meridian Dry Suit

The Kokatat staff on Halloween 2009



Join



AMERICAN WHITEWATER Today!

American Whitewater has been extraordinarily fortunate in our ability to leverage a strong grassroots base—members and other volunteers—to assist our limited staff with many whitewater river conservation and restoration efforts.

Over the years, American Whitewater volunteers have participated in numerous hydropower meetings as well as instream and recreational flow studies; filed comments and assisted with an uncountable number of filings; appeared as expert witnesses; lobbied; worked to fight new dams, remove existing dams, deny licenses, and improve public access to rivers and streams. In nearly every river stewardship issue AW has been involved with, the outcome has been favorable to paddlers. Not only has AW secured favorable decisions for the paddling community, but we are the only national organization representing paddlers as these decisions are being made.

A growing membership base is crucial to our ability to continue with our work. Some studies show that there are currently over 100,000 whitewater paddlers in the U.S. American Whitewater currently has 6,300 active members. When considering the amount of whitewater river miles that AW has had a direct impact on, this membership number is unimpressive. We need all paddlers to join American Whitewater. If you are a member, please be sure that everyone you paddle with understands the work AW does, and how you, as an AW member, value that work.

Membership support is what will determine our ability to continue our river stewardship work in the years to come. Individual Annual Memberships are only \$35. If you are a member of your local paddling club and your club is an Affiliate Club member of AW, join as a Club Affiliate Individual for \$25. This is less than a tank of gas or an inexpensive night out. This is certainly not too much to pay to have a national organization representing your paddling interests all across the country.

Join on-line today at <http://americanwhitewater.org/content/Membership/join-AW/>, call 1-866-BOAT4AW (866-262-8429), or fill out the form on the back of this page and mail it to:

Membership
P.O. Box 1540
Cullowhee, NC 28723

Contact Info

New Member Renewing Member

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____ Email _____

*Note: American Whitewater will never share your information with others

Membership Levels

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <input type="radio"/> \$35 Standard | <input type="radio"/> \$100 Ender Club | Shirt Size: _____ |
| <input type="radio"/> \$25 Affiliate Club Member
Club: _____ | <input type="radio"/> \$250 Platinum Paddler | Shirt Size: _____ |
| <input type="radio"/> \$25 Student
School: _____ | <input type="radio"/> \$500 Explorer | For current major donor
incentives go to:
americanwhitewater.org |
| <input type="radio"/> \$50 Family | <input type="radio"/> \$750 Lifetime | |
| | <input type="radio"/> \$1,000 Legacy | |
| | <input type="radio"/> \$2,500 Steward | |

Donate

- Auto-donation of \$_____ monthly yearly (credit card only)
 One-time donation of \$_____

Discount Subscriptions

- \$30.00 Kayak Session Magazine - 4 issues per year (You save \$5, KS donates \$5 to AW)
 \$44.00 Lunch Video Magazine - 4 DVDs per year (You save \$5, LVM donates \$8 to AW)

Journal Options

- Do NOT mail me the AW Journal, email it to me <- Saves AW money, and trees! :)

Payment Info

- Credit Card Cash Check # _____

Card Number: _____ Exp. Date: _____

Name on card: _____

Signature: _____

-  Auto-renew my AW membership each year on this card (**no renewal notices!**)

RIVER VOICES

HOW TO SURVIVE NOT BOATING

BY MARTHA HERZOG

THERE ARE VERY few lucky athletic people who never sustain a serious injury, but many of us do. I am not one of those lucky ones. I have had surgery on three of my limbs and broken bones in the fourth thanks to the various sports I participate in. I own many pairs of crutches that are well adorned with paddling and skiing stickers. I also own many super cool scars. Last year I had two unsuccessful foot surgeries trying to fix a Lisfranc fracture (sustained when a well-intentioned paddler picked up the back end of my boat as I was seal launching, causing me to pencil into submerged rocks instead of deep water.) In the future I will have to have a few bones in my foot fused together as a result of all the torn ligaments. Until I get that done I just have to carry an extra pair of shoes in my boat so I can walk with support for those long walks with a boat.

After all that would you believe that currently I am recovering from my second rotator cuff surgery? For those of us whose main activities or hobbies revolve around being active, an injury can take a significant mental toll.

How do you stay upbeat when you can't be active or paddle? How did I cope going through and recovering from all these injuries? How am I coping now? I take lots of Vicodin. I'm kidding. I drink. Still kidding. Mostly. For someone who devotes all her free time to paddling, skiing, biking, or hiking, I was at a loss as to what to do with myself.

So I had to find out: is there life outside of paddling? What do all those people who don't get up early to go boating, skiing, or hiking do? Baffling, right? They meet for

What to do with a bum leg? Go visit a National Park. Here, El Cap in front of El Cap.

brunch, go out and see bands, catch movies, see baseball/football/soccer games, meet friends out for drinks, and take classes. Suddenly you have a great opportunity to engage in something different or new.

Have time to yourself? Up your Netflix subscription and watch a series that is engaging enough to make you want to see more. I just finished all five seasons of *The Wire* and on a previous injury all seven seasons of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*. If I couldn't be on the water with women

who kick ass, I had to settle to watch them kick bad-guy ass on TV.

What if you're getting bored with parking yourself on a bar stool or in front of a TV? If you have an upper body injury, take walks or light hikes and get to know the city/area you live in better. When I lived in DC, it wasn't uncommon for me to walk five to eight miles through the city per day. In Seattle, I bust up and down the hills. When on crutches, do all those sedentary things you always meant to do but never got to



do. I worked on fixing and organizing all the thousands of photos I have taken, caught up on some reading, organized music files, and looked up old friends just to say hi. It is also a prime time to try something new – knit scarves for all your friends and family or borrow that kid's (or adult's) PSP and play a couple of video games. If you are really motivated, pull out a Rosetta Stone and learn the basics of another language (quite handy for southern hemisphere boating). You wouldn't believe all the random words I can now spell (but still not define) after playing endless rounds of scrabble.

WHEN ON CRUTCHES, DO ALL THOSE SEDENTARY THINGS YOU ALWAYS MEANT TO DO BUT NEVER GOT TO DO. I WORKED ON FIXING AND ORGANIZING ALL THE THOUSANDS OF PHOTOS I HAVE TAKEN, CAUGHT UP ON SOME READING, ORGANIZED MUSIC FILES, AND LOOKED UP OLD FRIENDS JUST TO SAY HI. IT IS ALSO A PRIME TIME TO TRY SOMETHING NEW – KNIT SCARVES FOR ALL YOUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY OR BORROW THAT KID'S (OR ADULT'S) PSP AND PLAY A COUPLE OF VIDEO GAMES.

If you are like me, and love to travel, but are limited in what you can do, try a different type of vacation. Instead of my usual trip that involves lots of paddling, skiing, biking, or hiking I've taken ones that involve gentler walking such as checking out New York City, exploring Mayan ruins, and chilling out at a swim up bar somewhere warm in winter. I enjoyed all these experiences even though they were outside my normal realm of interest or activity.

The people around you are important to your recovery. My friends who got me out of the house to see movies, to get dinner, grab a beer, or who offered support in any way deserve huge accolades. Also, my partner EJ was there countless times to watch over me when I was drugged and drooling all over myself, holding my hair as I barfed up my meds, cleaning up after me, and attending to my every need.



Portage trails out of the question? Staying on the pavement can still be fun.

When he couldn't be around, he made sure that I had everything I needed or could need. No doubt, he is awesome. So are my friends. You never forget the effort or kindness shown to you when you are down and out.

If you are injured, keep your chin up; your injury won't last forever. If you keep yourself busy and mentally occupied, the

time from injury to when you are paddling next simply flies by. Rather than looking at it as a setback, look at it as a new opportunity to explore something in life you might not have otherwise—a new hobby, a new place, or some new friends.

RIVER VOICES



REMEMBERING MARC APPLING

BY TOM DIEGEL

ON APRIL 25 the western whitewater community lost a venerable member in Marc Appling, who apparently decided that 51 years of fun-hogging was enough. Despite years of endangering his own life on crags and in rivers and protecting others' lives as

a mentor, guide, and partner, he decided to take his own on his own terms.

Marc started out as a raft guide on the Tuolumne but quickly realized the value of kayaking and started charging around with the legendary California Hard Guys of the 80s. Gaining a reputation as a bold and elegant paddler, he accompanied Lars Holbek and others down to Chile to do many first descents there and research Lars's guidebook. He then came back to do many of the West's most classic challenging runs. Even at the ripe young age of 50

he was still firing up the Little White, the South Merced, Tumwater Canyon, the NF Payette, and was one of the few western Class V kayakers who was equally at home in his whitewater canoe on technical Class IV whitewater.

While Marc was a consummate paddler, his modest demeanor and passion for climbing kept him out of the paddling headlines over the years. Marc climbed extensively all over the US and was a guide in the Tetons and the Wasatch for years. At the time of his death he was still leading 5.12 rock and grade V ice. Hanging it out on long, sketchy, remote routes gave him the wherewithal to handle any situation imaginable, either on the crags or in the rivers. The cool head, decisiveness, vast knowledge and impeccable memory, ability to suffer, quiet leadership, and enthusiasm



that developed from 35 years of playing in the mountains and rivers engendered trust, admiration, and great friendships across the spectrum of the outdoor community.

The pain of losing Marc, exacerbated by the new knowledge of the darkness within him that we did not know, is somewhat offset by the inspiration he provided in staying true to his dreams and being a rock solid partner for any adventure.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DEAR AMERICAN WHITEWATER,

Eric Nies's article about boating beyond age 50 struck a chord with me; my experience has been very similar to his. Missing rolls I was used to making was disconcerting to say the least and resetting my level of acceptable risk to match my decline in skills has been tough to swallow. The river can be a harsh teacher and I've learned to listen more carefully to its messages than I used to since it rapped my knuckles a few years ago. The up side has been that I've learned to pay more attention to why I paddle than I used to. My focus has now shifted toward enjoying my surroundings, the people I'm with, and the opportunity to be outside. I still enjoy the occasional adrenaline hit, but I temper it more with an appreciation of the risks that come along with it.

Thanks to *American Whitewater* for printing this real-world view of the challenges and joys of paddling through and beyond middle age. We all hope to be there some day and I'm glad AW is helping show that with a gradual reassessment of priorities and a little good luck it's reasonable to expect to paddle with your grandchildren.

Sincerely,

Bruce Lessels

It's Easy to Support AW!

American Whitewater is proud of the work we have accomplished in our stewardship program but we need your help to sustain our success. Your support through membership and donations enables our staff to be active and engaged in the process of river stewardship. Donations don't have to be large; each person doing a small part makes a noticeable difference. Many donors fail to take full advantage of federal tax incentives specifically intended to encourage charitable contributions. Such incentives often enable a donor to make a larger gift to AW at little or no additional cost. For more information about maximizing your gift visit the IRS website dedicated to charitable organizations.

American Whitewater is a national non-profit 501(c)(3) organization, EIN# 23-7083760. To learn more about the Giving Options below, contact us at 1-866-262-8429 or visit the "Donate" link under "Support AW" on our website at www.americanwhitewater.org

- Donate online today!
- Monthly Giving: Contribute a minimum of \$10 via credit card or electronic transfer from your bank account.
- Bequests: Include AW in your will or living trust. Bequests to AW are generally exempt from federal or state inheritance taxes, and subject to an unlimited deduction.
- Combined Federal Campaign: Federal employees including federal civilians, military personnel and U.S. Postal Workers can donate to AW through the CFC a once a year charitable fund raising program. Look for AW (Agency #11351) in the official CFC listing of eligible donors.
- Charitable Remainder Trusts: Convert a highly appreciated asset (such as real estate or stocks) into a lifetime income while minimizing income and estate taxes.
- Employer Matching: Many employers will match your donations to non-profit organizations. This includes membership payments, as well as additional contributions. Check to see if your employer has a matching program.
- MissionFish: Sell your items through the MissionFish program on eBay and the proceeds come directly to AW.
- Other Assets: A gift of real estate to AW qualifies you for a tax deduction based on the property's fair market value. If it is not a river access point, AW will sell the property and use the proceeds to protect access and restore rivers. Acceptance of property is subject to certain conditions. You may also be eligible to receive tax benefits for gifts of real property. Art and jewelry are examples of personal property items that may be eligible. Interested donors should check with your financial and tax advisors and AW on the feasibility and tax considerations of such gifts.
- Securities: Donating appreciated stock to AW benefits both the donor and whitewater rivers. The donor receives two tax-related benefits. First, the gain on the stock is not subject to capital gains taxes. Second, the donor can deduct the value of the stock as a charitable contribution.
- United Way: All federal campaigns, and a few of the local campaigns will allow you to donate to AW. AW's UNITED WAY member # is 2302.
- Vehicle Donations: Turn that extra car, truck, or RV into a tax deductible donation benefiting AW.

AFFILIATE CLUBS

AW'S ORIGINAL PURPOSE

BY CARLA MINER

The Affiliate Club Program lies at the very heart of AW's existence. AW's original purpose since 1954 has been to distribute information among its Affiliate Clubs. AW's relationships with local clubs have provided the backbone for the river conservation and access work it accomplishes. We have over 100 current AW Club Affiliates and they are all doing great work on your behalf. If you don't belong to a club, consider joining one.

Our Affiliate Club Spotlight this issue is on the Hoosier Canoe Club located in Indiana. The Hoosier Canoe Club is an outstanding Affiliate Club and long time supporter of our mission to conserve and restore America's whitewater resources and to enhance opportunities to enjoy them safely.

The Hoosier Canoe Club, founded in 1963, is a common adventure organization for outdoor enthusiasts who enjoy paddlesports, camping, wildlife and friendship. Trips are featured nearly every weekend from March through October. A monthly newsletter details each scheduled activity for time, meeting location, shuttle particulars, and other logistics. From calm flatwater to thrilling whitewater, the club's varied schedule has trips for all abilities and interests.

The Club typically does flatwater trips, (mostly in Indiana) on the White River, Blue River, Sand Creek, Big Walnut, Driftwood, Chain of Lakes, and Flatrock. Whitewater trips are open to Club members with the required skills and equipment. The Club always has a trip (or two) scheduled around Easter to take advantage of spring water flows. There are sure to be trips scheduled for the long weekends: Memorial Day, Independence Day, and Labor Day. Other opportunities to paddle whitewater are frequent on the Tellico, Ocoee, New River, Nantahala, Youghiougheny, Hiwassee, Cumberland Plateau and French Broad. Open water scheduled touring trips include Lake Monroe, Patoka Lake, Cataract Falls, North Carolina Coastal Waters, Lake Michigan, Ohio River and the Wisconsin Apostle Islands. Frequent weekend pickup trips occur when the weather is irresistible and the paddling spirit moves one to action.

Membership in the Hoosier Canoe Club is open to the public. Annual dues are an affordable \$15 per family per year. To learn more about the Hoosier Canoe Club or to join, check out their website at <http://www.hoosiercanoeclub.org/>. And remember, current members of the Hoosier Canoe Club receive a \$10 discount off their AW membership.

Thanks Hoosier Canoe Club for your continued support of American Whitewater!

The AW Journal Club Affiliates by state:

Alaska

Fairbanks Paddlers, Fairbanks
Nova Riverrunners Inc., Chickaloon

Alabama

Birmingham Canoe Club, Birmingham
Huntsville Canoe Club, Huntsville

Arkansas

Arkansas Canoe Club, Little Rock

California

California Floaters Society, Cameron Park
Chico Paddleheads, Chico
Gold Country Paddlers, Lotus
Sequoia Paddlers, Forestville
Sierra Club Loma Prieta Paddlers, San Jose
Sierra Club SF Chapter, Livermore

Colorado

Avid4 Adventure Inc., Boulder
Colorado Whitewater Assn, Englewood
Grand Canyon Priv. Boat. Asso., Colorado Springs
Pikes Peak Whitewater Club, Colorado Springs
San Miguel Whitewater Asso, Telluride
University of Colorado Kayak Club, Boulder

Connecticut

AMC - Connecticut Chapter, Colchester

Delaware

Wilmington Trail Club Paddlers, Wilmington

Georgia

Atlanta Whitewater Club, Atlanta
Georgia Canoeing Assoc, Atlanta
Georgia Tech Outdoor Recreation, Atlanta
Paddlers4Christ, Ellijay

Iowa

Iowa Whitewater Coalition, W Des Moines

Illinois

Team SICK, Carbondale

Indiana

Hoosier Canoe Club, Indianapolis
Ohio Valley Paddlers, Evansville

Kentucky

Bluegrass Wildwater Association, Lexington
Elkhorn Paddlers, Lexington
Viking Canoe Club, Louisville

Maine

Penobscot Paddle & Chowder Society, Topsham

Massachusetts

AMC - New Hampshire Paddlers, Hanover

Maryland

Greater Baltimore Canoe Club, Cockeysville
Mason Dixon Canoe Cruisers, Smithsburg

Michigan

RSC Kayak Club at University of Michigan, Ann Arbor

Minnesota

SCSU Outdoor Endeavors, Saint Cloud
Minnesota Canoe Asso, Minneapolis

Mississippi

Mississippi Outdoor Club, Clinton

Missouri

Ozark Mountain Paddlers, Springfield
Ozark Wilderness Waterways, Kansas City

Nevada

Sierra Nevada Whitewater Club, Reno

New Hampshire

Ledyard Canoe Club, Hanover
Mt. Washington Valley Paddlers, Intervale
Merrimack Valley Paddlers, Merrimack

New Jersey

KCCNY, Flanders

New Mexico

Adobe Whitewater Club, Albuquerque

New York

ADK Schenectady, Schenectady
Colgate University, Hamilton
Flow Paddlers' Club, Ontario
Genesee Waterways Center Inc., Rochester
Hamilton College, Clinton
Housatonic Canoe & Kayak Squad, Ossining
KCCNY, New York
St Lawrence University, Canton
Town Tinker Tube Rentals, Phoenicia
USA Paddling, West Falls
Zoar Valley Paddling Club, Buffalo

N. Carolina

Base Camp Cullowhee, Cullowhee
Carolina Canoe Club, Raleigh
Dixie Division, Tuxedo
Mecklenburg Regional Paddlers, Charlotte
NCSU Outing Club, Raleigh
Triad River Runners, Winston, Salem
Watauga Paddlers, Boone

Ohio

Columbus Outdoor Pursuits, Columbus
Keel Haulers Canoe Club, Westlake
Outdoor Adventure Club, Dayton
Toledo River Gang, Waterville

Oregon

Eugene Kayaker, Eugene
Lower Columbia Canoe Club, Portland
Northwest Rafters Assoc, Portland
Oregon Canoe and Kayak, Portland
Oregon Whitewater Association, Beaverton
Willamette Kayak & Canoe Club, Corvallis

Pennsylvania

AMC Delaware Valley Chapter, Sugarloaf
Benscreek Canoe Club, Johnstown
Blue Mountain Outfitters, Marysville
Bradford County Canoe and Kayak Club, Sayre
Canoe Club of Greater Harrisburg, Harrisburg
Conewago Canoe Club, York
Holtwood Hooligans, Lancaster

Lehigh Valley Canoe Club, Lehigh Valley,
Lehigh Valley Whitewater Inc., Lehigh Valley
Philadelphia Canoe Club, Philadelphia
Three Rivers Paddling Club, Pittsburgh

S. Carolina

Foothills Paddling Club, Greenville
Palmetto Paddlers, Columbia

Tennessee

Chota Canoe Club, Knoxville
East Tennessee Whitewater Club, Oak Ridge
Memphis Whitewater, Memphis
Tennessee Eastman Hiking and Canoeing
Club, Kingsport
Tennessee Scenic River Assoc., Nashville
Tennessee Valley Canoe Club, Chattanooga

Texas

Houston Canoe Club Inc, Houston

Utah

Utah Whitewater Club, Salt Lake City

Vermont

Vermont Paddlers Club, Essex Junction

Virginia

Canoe Cruisers Assoc, Arlington
Coastal Canoeists, Blacksburg
Creek Freak Paddlers of Franklin County,
Rocky Mount
Dbl Z! Whitewater Club, Fayetteville
Float Fishermen of Virginia, Richmond
FORVA, Roanoke
Hollins Outdoor Program, Roanoke
James River Float Co, Madison Heights
Paddlers for Conservation, Vienna

Washington

EPIC Adventures, Cheney
Paddle Trails Canoe Club, Seattle
Spokane Canoe & Kayak Club, Spokane
Washington Kayak Club, Seattle
Washington Recreational River Runners, Renton
Whitman College Whitewater Club, Walla
Walla

Wisconsin

Sierra Club / John Muir Chapter, Madison

British Columbia

Thompson Rivers Univ Adventure Studies,
Kamloops

DISCOUNTED AW MEMBERSHIP FOR AFFILIATE CLUB MEMBERS

By Carla Miner, Membership Manager

AW offers a discounted Affiliate Club membership of \$25, a \$10 savings. If you are renewing your AW membership or joining as a new member, select the Affiliate Club Discounted Personal Membership online at <http://americanwhitewater.org/content/Membership/join-AW/> Or, if you are renewing or joining by mail or telephone just mention the name of the Affiliate Club you belong to and you can take advantage of the \$25 membership.

A list of AW Affiliate Clubs can be found on our website at www.americanwhitewater.org/content/Affiliate/view/. If you do not see your Club listed here please encourage them to renew their Club membership or to join AW as a new Affiliate Club. Your Club's membership and your personal membership enable our staff to be active and engaged in the process of river stewardship. When you join or renew your membership your support is helping to meet the many challenges whitewater rivers face.

If you have any questions about the Affiliate Club membership, please contact me. I can be reached at 866_BOAT-4AW or membership@americanwhitewater.org.

JOIN AMERICAN WHITewater AS AN AFFILIATE CLUB!

AFFILIATE CLUB BENEFITS

- Club members can join AW for just \$25 - a \$10 savings!
- Have your club listed in each AW Journal delivered to all AW members
- Post Club information on the AW website to help paddlers find you
- Participate in exclusive AW Affiliate Club promotions and grants
- Most importantly, your financial support helps us save rivers!

Sign-up on-line at:
[www.americanwhitewater.org/
content/Membership/join-aw](http://www.americanwhitewater.org/content/Membership/join-aw)

For more information contact Carla Miner at
membership@americanwhitewater.org
or at 1-866-262-8429



AMERICAN WHITEWATER

STORY AND PHOTO CONTEST

American Whitewater is excited to announce the return of our Story and Photo Contest. Submit your best story and/or photos to AW. We'll print the top choices in the November-December 2010 issue of the Journal.

The deadline for submissions is **August 11, 2010.**

Full Rules and Details are online at:

americanwhitewater.org/content/Article/view/articleid/30675/display/full/

To submit a story and/or photos please go to the Online Submission page at:

americanwhitewater.org/content/Journal/submit

SKINNY DIP BEER IS BREWED BY NEW BELGIUM BREWING FORT COLLINS CO
JON WATERMAN PHOTO BY PETER MCBRIDE



From mighty to mudflats. The river that fills the massive Lake Powell, carves its way through the Grand Canyon and provides 30 million people the means to live, never meets the sea. But it met Jonathan Waterman and a group of skinny dippers who are determined to expose its plight. Share a Skinny Dip and meet the Colorado River at SaveTheColorado.org.



Jon Waterman at the Colorado River Delta





Px MY PADDLE PRESCRIPTION

PADDLER: John Grace

HEIGHT: 5'11"

OCCUPATION: Video Guru



I choose to support American Whitewater through the HealthyWaters Program.

Paddling forces me to focus, and the confusion of life subsides for a bit. My perfect fit ▶

— John Grace

SHO-GUN

STRAIGHT SHAFT
STD. DIAMETER

WHAT'S YOUR PADDLE PRESCRIPTION?

Discover your custom fit paddle

- < increase your performance
- < reduce your fatigue
- < and have more fun on the water



Werner offers advanced design features with a variety of fit options to help you choose a truly custom fit paddle. Your custom fit paddle is waiting for you.

Our web site has more for you.



Fit Guide: Answer a few questions and discover your custom fit Werner paddle.



HealthyWaters:

Buy a Werner paddle and you choose which of our non-profit partners you would like to support. We'll make a donation in your name.



WERNERTV: Hear what real people are saying about their love for Werner paddles.



WERNER PADDLES

Ultimate Paddle Performance™

1.800.275.3311
www.wernerpaddles.com