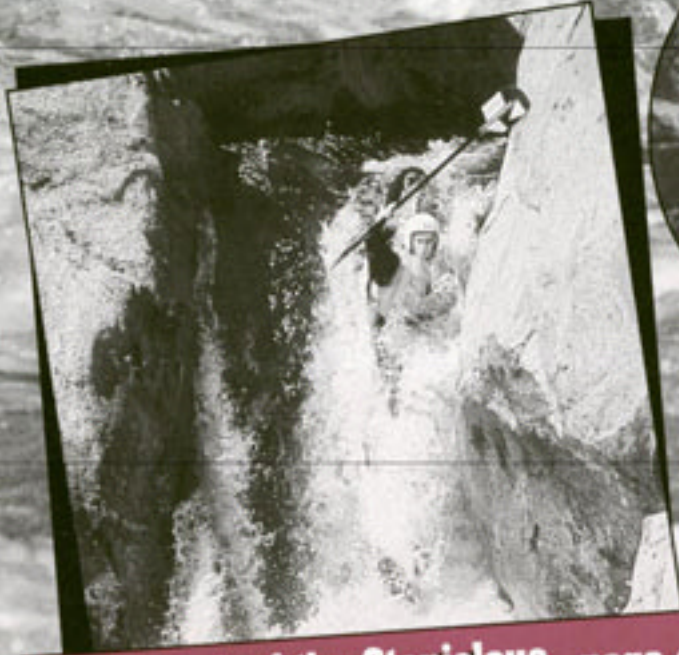


american whitewater

September
October
1996

Special Gauley Fest Issue



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FORUM

*"Aint singing for Pepsi,
Aint singing for Coke,
Aint singing for nobody,
Makes me look like a joke."*

"This Note's For You"
Neil Young

This Boat's For You!

by Carla Grotok-Garrison

By the time I crawled back to our cave I was feeling as miserable as a Republican congressional candidate at a Bob Dole rally. My husband, the magnificent Sasquatch known as Patook Grotok, could tell right away that I was in no mood for party talk.

"What wrong, Carla? Bad day you on river have?" he inquired.

"No, everything went fine on the Yuba," I snapped. "No problems."

"Then why you cranky like snake with stepping moose on tail?"

"Because at the take-out I noticed that the hull of my kayak is nearly worn through. I'm going to have to buy another."

"So what? That boat plenty old. And you plenty money got to buy new one."

"That's not the point," I sputtered. "It's the principle of the thing. I think you and I must be only fools left on the river still buying new boats. Everybody else apparently gets them for free!"

Patook looked puzzled, no mean feat under all that hair.

"When I mentioned that I was going to have to buy a new boat at the take-out

all my friends just howled like wolves in heat. Do you know that not a single one of them spent a cent on the kayaks they're paddling? They're all being sponsored by one boat manufacturer or another. Hell, some of those jerks are even being paid to paddle those tubs!" I raged indignantly.

"No one pay for boats..." Patook mused, and then he grinned impishly. "No problem. You want free boat, I get you one. Hell, I get you three!"

Bigfoots!!! You can dress them up, but you can't take them out! "I don't want a stolen free boat. I want my free boat to be given to me, in recognition of my many whitewater accomplishments. I want to be sponsored like everybody else!"

"Oh," Patook replied, obviously disappointed that he was not going to be permitted to mount a midnight raid on the shop of our local whitewater outfitter.

"Well, I for one do not intend to tolerate this humiliation," I fumed.

"What we gonna do?" Patook inquired, his eyes sparkling.

I could see that Patook had kidnapping, extortion or arson on his little mind.

"We aren't going to do anything. I am going to handle this situation. Tomorrow I'll make a few phone calls and line up a sponsorship for myself. I'll even cut you into the deal. Once those kayak manufacturers find out that Carla Garrison is available for promotional purposes, we'll have ourselves an armada of free boats!"

Most recently I have been paddling a creek boat manufactured by Conception, so naturally I called them first, certain that they would jump at the chance to be my official sponsor. After negotiating a voice mail system as technical as the Linville River, I reached Will Casters,

EDITORIAL

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Conception's president. I'd heard he was a no nonsense kind of guy, so I got right to the point.

"Will, I've been doing a lot of serious creeking lately and the hull of my Undertow is just about worn through. You know. I really like the way the Undertow handles and I hate the thought of switching to a different brand. Especially now, just when Patook and I are leaving to shoot photos for a story American Whitewater is doing on Lime Creek. So, I wanted to offer you the opportunity to be my officially designated and sanctioned kayak supplier."

Several seconds of silence were followed with a weary sigh.

"So you think I should send you a free boat?" Will replied, in a voice as icy as the Hudson in March.

"Well, not just one," I answered politely. "You'd better send two. You know Lime Creek just eats boats like candy."

"So I'm told," Will replied indifferently. "Fact is, I've got a whole file cabinet stuffed full of photos of various bozos... I mean, boaters... running Lime Creek. Besides, we're not promoting creek boating this year; we're pushing kayaking for the younger generation. The youth market... kids... that's the future of the

sport. Now if you were twelve and we had a good picture of you running Lime... But you're a little long in the tooth for our current marketing campaign."

"Long in the tooth!" I sputtered. I was looking for a free boat, not an insult. I slammed the phone down, determined to take my business elsewhere.

My next call went to Moe Julliam, the president of Conception's biggest competitor, Jagger. Moe was an old river buddy and I was sure he'd come through.

I fed him the same spiel I'd fed Casters, except that I emphasized how much I wanted to be seen paddling a Jagger Downfall, their steep creek model.

But, to my chagrin, my old friend Julliam did not just sigh when he heard my proposal. He groaned. Out loud.

"I'm sorry, Carla, but you just can't imagine how many calls I get like this. You know I'd love to help you out, but lately we've been using members of the Olympic slalom team to promote our products. And, to my knowledge, you've never really been involved with the U.S. Team."

Apparently Moe hadn't heard about the time my cousin Gary dared me to flatten Cathy Hearn and Dana Chladek's tires at the Potomac. But I sensed that wasn't exactly the kind of involvement with the team Moe was looking for.

And so I struck out again. I was starting to feel unloved and unappreciated. And indignant! I could not believe that Conception and Jagger would not jump at the chance to sponsor a whitewater celebrity of my stature.

My next call went to Brandis Zarnold, the executive in charge of promoting Dijon kayaks in the States. Dijon boats, which are manufactured in Europe, are renowned for their durability. The folks at Dijon have to make them tough since European boaters have absolutely no style and are constantly ramming their kayaks into small, but immovable, objects, like the island of Corsica.

"You know, of course, that Patook and I are seen paddling all the cutting edge creeks around the country. I'm sure that the fact that I have chosen to paddle your T Gorge will influence a lot of aspiring creekers," I observed.

"No doubt," Brandis replied dryly.

I sensed that he needed more convincing. "Well, I'm sure that the idea of sponsoring well known boaters is not new to you," I continued. "What about some of those big time AWA river conservationists... Hoffmann and Bowers and Barrow and Skinner. I imagine you've offered to supply them with free boats."

Now Brandis laughed loud and long. "Sponsor them!" he sputtered indignantly. "Have you seen those geeks paddle? God

forbid they should be seen on the river in one of our boats. Hell, if I had to I'd pay them to paddle one of our competitors' products!"

"Well, I certainly have more finesse than them," I snapped indignantly.

Under his breath I'm sure I heard him mutter, "That's not saying much."

My next call went to Don Shiner at New Rave. Back in the days when expert boaters took pride in their ability to dodge rocks, New Rave specialized in fancy fiberglass kayaks that were literally works of art. But now that charging directly at rocks and bouncing off of them is in vogue, New Rave makes big heavy plastic kayaks like everyone else.

"So, Don, when can I expect to join the ranks of famous boaters paddling Lose Controls?" I inquired breathlessly at the end of my pitch.

"There is a difference between fame and notoriety," Shiner observed testily and then our phone connection was inexplicably severed.

My call to Chin Swanson at Rave Sport didn't go any better.

"Imagine what you could do with photos of me paddling one of your Draculas over the Seven Sisters of the Rouge... Gorrilla on the Green... the Punchbowl of the Crystal?"

"I could paper my bathroom with them," Chin mumbled sarcastically.

"Those stunts are history. These days Cub Scouts run those falls to qualify for merit badges! If you want a free Dracula, you'll have to tackle something a little more spectacular."

"Like what?" I demanded.

"Oh, I don't know... maybe one of those big falls in Yosemite. Or, if you're traveling back east... there's always Niagara."

I cut this conversation short. After all, what good is free kayak to a dead woman?

Now I was really dejected. Not one of these guys seemed to appreciate my unique talents and marketability.

But then I made that last fateful call. To the founder of a new boat company named Barbarian. Barbarian has established quite a reputation for radical designs, promoted by irreverent, in your face, over the top advertising. Barbarian is a company with "attitude."

At first his reply didn't sound too promising.

"Right now we're focusing on the rodeo market," he explained, "and that really isn't want your famous for."

Here we go again, I thought.

"But, you do have a certain notoriety (that word, again!), a certain savoir faire... that might work well with our marketing strategy. Tell me this, Carla, are you al-



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lergic to silver?"

What a peculiar question, I thought. "No," I replied. "But surely even you haven't started to make kayaks out of heavy metal?"

"Of course not," he laughed. "The silver wouldn't be in the boat. It would be in the paint... the body paint."

"The body paint...?" I repeated.

"Yeah, the body paint you'd be wearing in the ad. Your ad would be much like the one we did a few months ago... with the woman in gold."

I had to think for a second. And then it all came back to me. The ad had featured a nude woman painted gold, posed beside a Barbarian kayak under a waterfall. I thought that the ad was rather clever, but it had caused quite an uproar in some circles.

"So you're offering to sponsor me with free boats if I will pose nude, painted silver, for one of your ads?" I asked tentatively.

"Oh, you wouldn't be nude," he reassured me. "There was too much of a stink about that last time. Some people have no sense of humor."

"So, exactly what would I be wearing?" I inquired.

"Well, let's see," he paused for a second, obviously waiting for inspiration to strike. And then it did.

"How about this," he continued. "We'll cover your titties with ACA patches... use them as pasties. And we'll plaster a great big Subaru bumper sticker right across your fanny!"

"It wouldn't have to be that big!" I retorted in mock indignation and he started to laugh. I really liked this guy's style.

Okay, I'll admit at first I had some reservations about his plan. But the more I thought about it... and all the free boats that would come with it... the more it appealed to me. And so we struck a deal.

I don't know what that bigfoot of a husband of mine is going to say about it, but, frankly, I don't care. After all, I'm a liberated woman. I'm free to do as I please. If I want to be painted silver and pose buck naked to get free kayaks, it's my prerogative. I've got my principles and I will not be compromised.

But don't look for my Barbarian ad in this magazine. American Whitewater will never run it... the editor, Bob Gedekoh, is a gutless goody two shoes. He's never willing to publish anything that might piss anyone off!

Editor's Reply: I am not a gutless goody two shoes. And just to prove it, Carla, I've published your shameless diatribe in the highly coveted Forum section of this issue. [The fact that I'm leaving for Idaho tomorrow and I haven't written anything myself has nothing to do with it.] Now everyone can see just what a brazen hussy you are!



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The editorial staff of American Whitewater carefully reviews all material submitted for publication. We are particularly interested in receiving full length feature articles, conservation and club news, special event announcements, articles pertaining to whitewater safety and short, humorous pieces.

Articles should fit our established format; that is, they should be stylistically patterned to fit into our Features, AWA Briefs, River Voices, Conservation Currents, Safety Lines, Humor or End Notes sections. Exceptional photographs and whitewater cartoons are also welcomed.

If possible articles should be submitted using Wordperfect on a 5 1/4" single sided flexible disc. Please use the standard default settings; do not alter the margin or spacing parameters. If you use a different word processing program and/or smaller disks, send us one anyway... we may be able to transfer it to our files. Send a printed copy of the article, as well.

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

Photos may be submitted as slides, black or white prints or color prints. Keep your originals and send us duplicates if

possible; we can not guarantee the safe return of your pictures. If you want us to return your pictures, include a self addressed stamped envelope with your submission. Because we publish in black and white, photos with a lot of contrast work best.

American Whitewater Feature articles should relate to some aspect of whitewater boating. Please do not submit articles pertaining to sea kayaking or flatwater. The best features have a definite slant... or theme. They are not merely chronological recountings of river trips.

Open the story with an eye catching lead, perhaps by telling an interesting anecdote. Dialogue should be used to heighten the reader's interest. Don't just tell us about the river... tell us about the people on the river... develop them as characters. Feature articles should not be written in the style of a local club newsletter.

If you are writing about a commonly paddled river, your story should be told from a unique perspective. Articles about difficult, infrequently paddled or exotic rivers are given special consideration. But we are also interested in well written, unusual articles pertaining to class III and IV rivers as well. Feature stories do not have to be about a specific river. Articles about paddling techniques, the river environment and river personalities are also accepted. Pieces that incorporate humor are especially welcome. Open boating and rafting stories are welcome.

Don't be afraid to let your personality shine through and don't be afraid to poke a little fun at yourself... and your paddling partners.

Profanity should be used only when it is absolutely necessary to effectively tell a story; it is not our intent to intentionally offend our more sensitive members and readers.

Please check all facts carefully, particularly those regarding individuals, government agencies and corporations involved in river access and environmental matters. You are legally responsible for the accuracy of such material. Make sure names are spelled correctly and river gradients and distances are correctly calculated.

Articles will be edited at the discretion of the editors to fit our format, length and style. Expect to see changes in your article. If you don't want us to edit your article, don't send it to us! Because of our deadlines you will not be able to review the editorial changes we make prior to publication.

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Small, Friendly World

Dear Bob,

Just wanted to pass on the story of how Bruce Farrenkopf found out that John Hanser had rescued his C-1 from the Clavey River. (See "Taking the Big Ride", American Whitewater, July/August 1996.)

John was paddling with Norwood Scott the day they found Bruce's C-1. It was wedged up in the trees and had green stuff growing in it! Surprisingly there actually was air in the airbag, even after nine or ten months of abuse in the Clavey wilderness. John and Norwood could not find a name or phone number on the boat, but somehow Norwood thought that it was owned by an eastern boater. As Norwood recounted, hauling a C-1 out of the Clavey was way too horrendous for him, but John undertook the challenging carry out. John even ended up in the hospital with a severe case of poison oak. What a hero! But who's C-1 was it?

Later that spring I met Norwood at the Kern River Festival and in updating our whitewater war stories he mentioned he found a C-1 on the Clavey. He figured I might know a fellow C-1er who lost a boat. Of course I knew who it was!! I have Bruce's Big Splat picture hanging in my kitchen. I didn't have Bruce's phone number with me, but when I returned home I mailed it to Norwood who passed it on to John. Then I called Bruce, collect by all means, and when the operator asked for my name I said, "Found your C-1." I thought surely Bruce would accept the charges for the return of his itinerant Cascade, but the subtle message was not clear to Bruce until the operator cut him off. Then he was very puzzled! So I left poor Bruce in suspense until he got my post card with names and phone numbers

and the reunion with his prodigal C-1 was a reality.

This just goes to show you that the boating community isn't really as big as it may seem (even if you paddle the Ocoee River) and there are still some real GOOD people out there. An extended thanks to all the boaters who have helped other boaters out!

*"There are no strangers on the river,
Only friends you've never met."
-unknown-*

Heidi Domeisen
Mars Hill, N.C.

Editor's Reply: Sure is a small world! Even though there are AWA members scattered from coast to coast, I often feel that American Whitewater is a lot like a small town newspaper. When I take river running vacations I am constantly and unexpectedly bumping into old friends and friends of friends. Fact is, I bumped into Bruce Farrenkopf two weeks ago in an eddy on the Upper Yough. He was in fine form and said he couldn't wait to go back to California to teach the Clavey a lesson!

I saw Heidi Domeisen at the Cheat Race, and I'm sure I'll be seeing her again soon, at the Upper Yough and/or Gauley Races.

Safety First Please!

Dear Bob,

Thank you so much for publishing Doug Gordon's letter and your response in the July/August 1996 American Whitewater forum. I was beginning to feel like a weenie. I enjoy running class V rapids under safe conditions. I have a great love for paddling and also a lot of respect for the dangers. It appears to be a very personal decision how much consideration is given to safety.

I boat with lots of different boaters. Some- I would run any river/ rapid with;

others- I don't even want to be on anything I can't navigate and self rescue on my own. A few boaters question your very presence on a river if you decide to carry a rapid. For me, if a member of my group doesn't want to run a rapid, why would you insist? This is supposed to be fun, not a proving ground for raw courage. Far better to calculate your personal strength and confidence and choose good judgement than to put yourself and others in danger.

One needs to be shown only once that a particular paddler is more concerned about themselves than other members of the group. I'm careful who I boat with, there is no standard. All I hope for is an honest assessment of how much energy will be given to describing rapids, scouting, setting up safety, assuring a successful run and allowing a member the time to walk a rapid.

Thanks to all my buddies for their patience, confidence and, oh yeah, the opportunity to practice river rescue techniques.

SYOR,
Barb Stiefel
Harpers Ferry, W. Va.

Editor's reply: A recent rock song contained the line, "To feel invincible is just a part of life." I think the point being made is that all of us, to one degree or another, believe that bad things only happen to other people. This is, of course, nonsense. One needs only to read Charlie Walbridge's summary of recent whitewater fatalities, published in this issue, to recognize that we are all vulnerable. Unfortunately, some of the current crop of hair boaters, who just can't be bothered to take routine precautions and to learn the basics of river rescue, seem destined to learn this lesson the hard way.

AWA's Ocoee Position Protested

Dear Editor,

I was amused to see myself listed in the AWA Honor Roll in the March/ April 1996 issue. While I have been a major donor in past years, I purposely did not contribute in 1995. The reason was the AWA's refusal to officially condemn the construction of the Olympic Slalom Course on the Upper Ocoee.

Peter Sholander
Albuquerque, N.M.



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PURPOSE

The American Whitewater Affiliation

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

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

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

RIVER ACCESS: To assure public access to whitewater rivers pursuant to the guidelines published in its official Access Policy, AWA arranges for river access through private lands by negotiation or purchase, seeks to protect the right of public passage on all rivers and streams navigable by kayak or canoe, resists unjustified restrictions on government managed whitewater rivers and works with government agencies and other river users to achieve these goals.

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

SAFETY: AWA 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 AWA Whitewater Safety Code.

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

AWA was incorporated under Missouri non-profit corporation laws in 1961 and maintains its principal mailing address at P.O. Box 636, Margaretville, NY 12455, (914) 586-2355. AWA is tax exempt under Section 501(c) (3) of the Internal Revenue Code.



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CONSERVE ACCESS

Top 40



Top 40 Whitewater Issues for 1996

The top issues for 1996 range from northern Maine to southern California, and from urban access in the Nation's capital to complete wilderness in the west. The issues themselves are equally diverse, and include: dams, liability, water quality, property rights, and regulations on river use.

However, the Top 40 is more than just a listing of rivers with problems. It is a harbinger for new and emerging trends in recreation, conservation and access. It also provides a national perspective or big-picture view of the problems facing rivers today.

To be effective, river activists need to look both forward and backward – where trends are heading, where they are coming from, and how they are evolving. For example, what rivers dropped off last year's Top 40? Were they saved or are they just floating in limbo? What issues are returning? What issues are new?

The trends which seem to be developing are very positive. First, the trend in protecting and improving rivers – of understanding the value of rivers – is very strong at the grassroots level. Given the mood of the nation during the last election, this is a fantastic turn of events. Regardless of the actions of a few, rivers continue to be preserved, revived and improved.

By far the biggest river victory in 1996 was the defeat of the proposed dam at Auburn. This victory heralds a second and long awaited trend, a move away from large water development projects which damage rivers. Only two of this year's Top 40 issues involve mega-projects, Auburn Dam and Colorado's

by AWA conservation and access staff
(with help from friends, associates, and members who
live, work and play on these rivers)

The AWA's "Top 40" article lists the foremost issues around the country affecting – or threatening – whitewater boaters and the rivers they paddle. These are the issues which boaters (or anyone who values rivers) will be facing in the next twelve months and beyond. They also act as a roadmap for the AWA's future efforts on river conservation and access! As usual, it's a big roadmap.

Animas-La Plata pumped storage dam.

On Thursday, June 27th the House Transportation and Infrastructure Committee recorded a bi-partisan 35 to 28 vote against adding Auburn Dam to the 1996 Water Resources Development Act (see May/June Journal article). This was the second time in four years that Auburn was defeated (the full House voted 273 to 140 to kill this dam in 1992). According to local newspapers, the principle reasons for voting this down were "its \$1 billion price tag and its impact on upper American River habitats."

This included "habitats" for humans as well as fish and wildlife. Whitewater boaters, hikers, fishing interests, runners and commercial outfitters joined conservation and taxpayer groups in defeating this monster. Representative Boehlert (R-NY) warned members that if they voted for the dam they would have "300 angry fiscal hawks and environmental organizations pounding on (their) doorsteps in November."

As we go to press, 1997 funding for the Bureau of Reclamation's \$715 million Animas-La Plata (A-LP) project, the other mega-water project on our list, was voted down (221 to 200) before the full House of Representatives. This project includes 2 major reservoirs, 7 pumping plants, and 200 miles of canals and pipes. Worse, A-LP would remove up to half of the Animas River's water for irrigation.

Unfortunately, the end of big projects does not mean that our rivers are safe. However, it does mean that individual efforts can now make a bigger difference, and coalitions (even among recreation groups) can provide concrete and lasting results. While individual paddlers, local clubs and the AWA cannot defeat an Auburn or an A-LP by ourselves – we can stop small projects on local rivers and streams.

This fits very well with the third trend, that boaters are play-

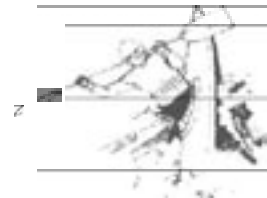
ing an increasingly significant and successful role in river conservation. This recreational involvement has meant that many recent victories have been on whitewater rivers and have been won in part, by boaters. This means more and better rivers to paddle, a trend that the AWA wants to help continue.

Here are a few of this year's early victories which have happened due, in either large or small part, to the efforts of river recreationists: - (Jan.) Proposed GEM hydro dam defeated on Idaho's North Fork Payette - (Feb.) Dept. of the Interior decision to move forward on removing two dam's on Washington's Elwha River - (April) The Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC) issues a new license on New Hampshire's Pemigewasset, locking in 40 years of improved flows, whitewater releases, and river access - (April) FERC orders 12 weekends (10,000 cfs) of releases per year on the Milner Canyon section of Idaho's Snake River - (June) The House T&I Committee votes down funding for the proposed Auburn Dam on California's American River - (June) Whitewater scheduled and flows released on Maryland's Savage River, the first in five years - (July) FERC backs conservation requests and recommends removing the No. 11 dam on Vermont's Clyde River, improving salmon restoration and whitewater recreation (Clyde dam removal efforts were led by Trout Unlimited).

By concentrating on issues more to our size – it's time for paddlers to kick some real butt in river conservation and access! Perhaps, in the not too distant future, we can start to publish the "Top 40 River Victories."

[NOTE: This year, the first ten issues are considered by the AWA to be the most critical issues. The following thirty are not listed in order of importance, only location. For more informa-

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tion, call the contacts listed or the AWA Conservation and Access Office at (301) 589-9453]

- Some commonly used abbreviations:
- EIS Environmental Impact Statement
 - USFS United States Forest Service
 - NPS National Park Service
 - FERC Federal Energy Regulatory Commission
 - PGHE Pacific Gas and Electric
 - CMP Central Maine Power
 - SCE Southern California Edison
 - EBMUD East Bay Municipal Utility District
 - TVA Tennessee Valley Authority
 - MOU Memorandum of Agreement

1. American River, California

Issue: New Dam

Current Status: After a resounding defeat for funds to build Auburn Dam in June, supporters of the project vowed to continue pushing for Congressional passage. Supporters were deciding in early July whether or not to bring this issue to a floor vote of the full House of Representatives. Congressman Doolittle (R-CA) was quoted as saying, "The next ten years we are going to have to fight every single year for appropriations to accomplish this." This follows over twenty years of fighting this project.

National and International Precedent: If the Auburn Dam is truly a dead issue (which we doubt), it may well signal the end of large dam projects in this country. Good for the United States, bad for rivers in developing countries like China's Yangtze, the Futaleufu in Chile, and the Reventazon and

Pacuare in Costa Rica.

Contact: Richard Penny, American River Campaign Coordinator, (916) 442-3155 or by email at rpenny@netcom.com, or AWA's Rich Bowers (72742.401@compuserve.com)

2. Potomac, Maryland

Issue: Access

Current Status: After surfing the perfect wave during the January 1996 flood, Olympic C-1 star Davey Hearn was arrested for boating his home river, the Potomac. While he was later acquitted, the agencies who manage the river and surrounding land have discussed closing the river to all use during high water. One of the driving forces is the belief that Maryland law imposes a mandatory duty to attempt rescue, and that agencies face significant liability risks if rescue is not attempted or is unsuccessful. AWA and local canoe clubs are conducting legal research to address these concerns and are setting up a river safety program with the NPS.

National Precedent: Preliminary discussions on this Potomac river safety program could improve both safety and access in National Parks around the country.

Contact: AWA's Rich Hoffman (email 76435.731@compuserve.com).

3. Animas-La Plata (A-LP), Colorado

Issue: Proposed Pump-Storage Project

Current Status: A-LP would divert a substantial portion of the Animas into the La Plata River. The diversion would begin just upstream of the world class Santa Rita play hole and affect

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both the Animas (Class II-III) and the downstream San Juan rivers. In late 1995, AWA and other organizations helped defeat an effort to exempt this project from economic and environmental review. On July 25, a full House of Representatives voted NO on this project, turning down \$9.5 million being considered for A-LP under the 1997 Energy and Water Appropriations bill. Opponents of this bill (taxpayer, environmental, and Native American groups) worked with Representatives Thomas Petri (R-WI) and Peter DeFazio (R-OR) in killing this bill. Representative Petri led the charge in opposing Auburn Dam.

National Precedent: If funding for A-LP is denied in 1997, we will have made inroads into stopping one of the last big water projects in the U.S. We expect to see a new bill in the next session.

Contact: Nancy Jacques, Colorado Rivers Alliance (970) 259-3209, or Rich Hoffman.

4. Grand Canyon, Arizona

Issue: Access

Current Status: The update for the Colorado River Management Plan (CRMP) is scheduled to start in 1998, but informal discussions have already begun.

National Precedent: The need to balance split allocation systems between commercial and non-commercial use will come to a head within the CRMP. AWA will be actively involved in this mother of all access problems.

Contact: Rich Hoffman.

5. Yellowstone, Wyoming

Issue: Access

Current Status: While snowmobiling, motor boating on lakes, and backcountry hiking and fishing are allowed in the Park, all rivers in Yellowstone are closed to whitewater boating. After meeting with Park staff in 1995 and receiving a mountain of responses from the boating community, the AWA is finalizing a proposal for whitewater boating in the Park.

National Precedent: Yellowstone access would allow open several new rivers for (legal) boating, as well as providing precedents which could establish guidelines for other national, state and local river parks.

Contact: Rich Bowers or Rich Hoffman.

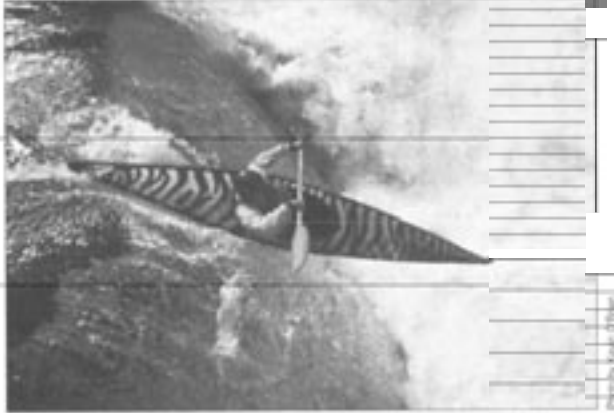
6. Hydro Relicensing, California

Issue: Dam Relicensing

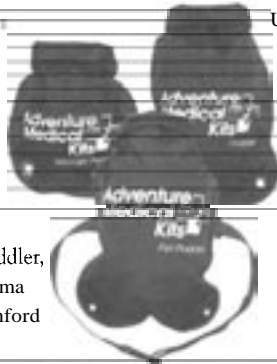
Current Status: Between now and 2010, approximately 40 dams will be relicensed on rivers such as the San Joaquin, Santa Ana, Mill Creek, Tule, South Fork American, Hat Creek, North Fork Feather, Stanislaus, South Fork Stanislaus, Pit and Kern Rivers. These will join the dams already being worked on by the AWA in California, the Upper Kern, Lower Kern, Pit, Mokelumne, North Fork Feather and others. There are well over 100 dams in California's National Forests either being relicensed now, being relicensed in the future, or seeking permits - this in a state with over 1200 private dams already.

Regional Precedent: Hydro relicensing will provide an opportunity to restore many miles of California's outstanding whitewater. AWA will be working with groups such as Friends of the River, Natural Heritage Institute, local boating clubs and

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others in developing a statewide coalition to address hydro in California.

Contact: Rich Bowers

7. River Access, Colorado

Issue: Access

Current Status: The AWA and Colorado White Water Association's attempt to pass state legislation (the Stream Safety Act) to clarify the existing confusion with respect to floating past private property failed in the Senate. While our legislative prospects are not bright, we are currently working with our adversaries and the state DNR to identify "hotspots"—problem areas on specific rivers—and to solve the problems through outreach and negotiation. Meanwhile, boaters were recently arrested for trespass while portaging on the (Class V) Lake George to Cheeseman section of the South Platte.

National Precedent: Establishing strong access laws in Colorado will assist in improving laws in other states, and will assist AWA in establishing a strong national team working on river access.

Contact: Rich Hoffman.

8. American, South Fork, California

Issue: Access

Current Status: El Dorado County is writing a management plan for the lower popular Class II-IV sections of this river. Unfortunately, the plan is studying the possibility of regulating and limiting non-commercial use without having documented specific problems caused by this use. Many legal issues surround the

plan, including the ability of the county to limit public use. The AWA is bird-dogging this plan carefully.

Regional and National Precedent: Like the Grand Canyon and Upper Youghiogheny, poor management decisions on the South Fork, California's most heavily used whitewater river, could create unnecessary and unfounded problems for boaters on other recreational rivers.

Contact: AWA Regional Coordinator Mike Fentress (916) 622-2932 or Rich Hoffman.

9. Upper Youghiogheny, Maryland

Issue: Access and Flows

Current Status: Similar to the South Fork, the state of Maryland is writing a management plan for the Upper Yough. The impetus for this plan are undocumented concerns by local landowners which could result in use limits and fees for non-commercial boaters. Temperature enhancement flows to improve fishery resources, a serious concern for boaters when implemented, have enjoyed two seasons of above average natural flows. High water and enhancement flows have provided many additional days of boatable flows, although many of these flows are wasted with no advance notice for either commercial or private boating.

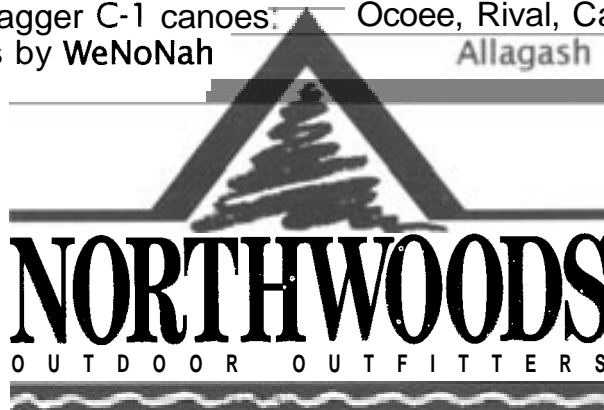
State and Regional Precedent: Improved flows and scheduling would improve state and local benefits from whitewater boating, and would help achieve better opportunities on the Upper Yough, and the nearby Savage and North Branch of the Potomac.

Contact: Rich Bowers

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10. Clarks Fork, Montana-Wyoming

Issue: Proposed Gold Mine

Current Status: Canadian-based company Noranda has found mega gold deposits in the Fisher Creek drainage, near the headwaters of the Class V expedition run of the Clarks Fork and just two miles outside of Yellowstone National Park. The mine site sits within the headwaters of three drainage's: Montana's Stillwater, the Clarks Fork, and Soda Butte Creek.

National Precedent: Following the protection of the Tatshinshini World Heritage site from a similar threat, protection of the Clarks Fork would provide additional guidelines and limits to mining operations near rivers. Hopefully this could be used to protect even more rivers, like the Wild and Scenic Wolf in Wisconsin. If this mine is built, and fails, it will render whitewater access to the outstanding rivers in Yellowstone National Park a moot point.

Contact: Brian Kuehl, Greater Yellowstone Coalition (406) 586-1593 or Rich Bowers.

11. Canyon Creek, Washington

Issue: New Dam Proposal

Current Status: Canyon Creek didn't make it into the top 10 only because the developer has stalled the project. Under the preliminary permit, initial agency consultations were to be completed between last October and this June. To date, not one meeting has taken place and not one of the key agencies have been contacted.

National Precedent: Canyon Creek epitomizes the threat of small private hydro development on headwater streams. It also

previews the type of river issues that boaters will face in the future. Small, uneconomical dams will provide river users with an excellent opportunity to protect outstanding whitewater rivers.

Contact: Brooke Drury, the Mountaineers (206) 284-6310 or Rich Bowers

12. Hell's Canyon, Idaho

Issue: Jet-boats and Relicensing

Current Status: In January, AWA joined the Hells Canyon Preservation Council and others in a legal action to force the USFS to implement its 1975 mandate to regulate motorized travel on the Snake River within Hells Canyon National Recreation Area. Non-motorized travel has been regulated since this time. In addition, Idaho Power Company will be seeking a new license for the Hells Canyon dam (No. 1971) in 2005.

National Precedent: Jet boats and jet skies are becoming increasingly popular on whitewater rivers, and pose serious hazards to human powered recreation. Action within Hell's Canyon will set the tone for future motorized use of other rivers, including the Kern, Gauley, Skagit and others.

Contact: Ric Bailey, Hells Canyon Preservation Council (503) 432-8100 or Rich Bowers

13. Cispus, Washington

Issue: Access

Current Status: As a condition to its FERC license for dam construction, the Lewis County PUD was required to construct a public access site upstream of its reservoir. While an access site was built, private timber companies have prevented boaters from

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reaching this site. Currently, the PUD is attempting to remove this condition from its license and provide for a remote and inferior access site.

Contact: AWA Director Brooke Drury (206-284-6310) or Rich Hoffman.

14. White Salmon, Washington
Issue: Access and Hydro Relicensing

Current Status: Conservation and recreation groups are awaiting a Final EIS (FEIS) from FERC, and the possibility of dam removal. However, the Draft EIS did not call for removal, and the owner (PacifiCorp) has stated that this option is too expensive. They have threatened to either sell the project or refuse the new license. Like Moxie in Maine, there is the possibility that FERC will duck the issue by deciding they have no jurisdiction, and allowing PacifiCorp to continue with no license. In July, the Senate Interior Appropriations Subcommittee marked up it's 1997 Land and Water Conservation Funding bill. Within the total \$156.267 million appropriation is just over \$6 million for the Columbia River Gorge National Recreation Area. the USFS has stated that recreational access to the Lower White Salmon is their No. 1 priority. This must still be approved by the President.

Contact: AWA Director Brooke Drury, the Mountaineers (206) 284-6310 or Rich Bowers

15. Elwha, Washington
Issue: Dam Removal

Current Status: In May, the NPS issued a draft EIS on alternatives for removing the Glines Canyon and Elwha Dams. The

proposed alternative would gradually removing layers from the Glines Canyon dam to permit natural erosion of the sediment behind the dam, the Elwha would be blasted. The administration's 1997 calls for \$111 million to purchase the dams and remove them. In an attempt to defeat dam removal some Representatives have floated an alternate proposal, one which has Interior purchasing the dams and then selling them for \$1 to the state of Washington. The believe is that the state will never be able to pay for removal.

Contact: Brooke Drury (206) 284-6310 or Rich Bowers

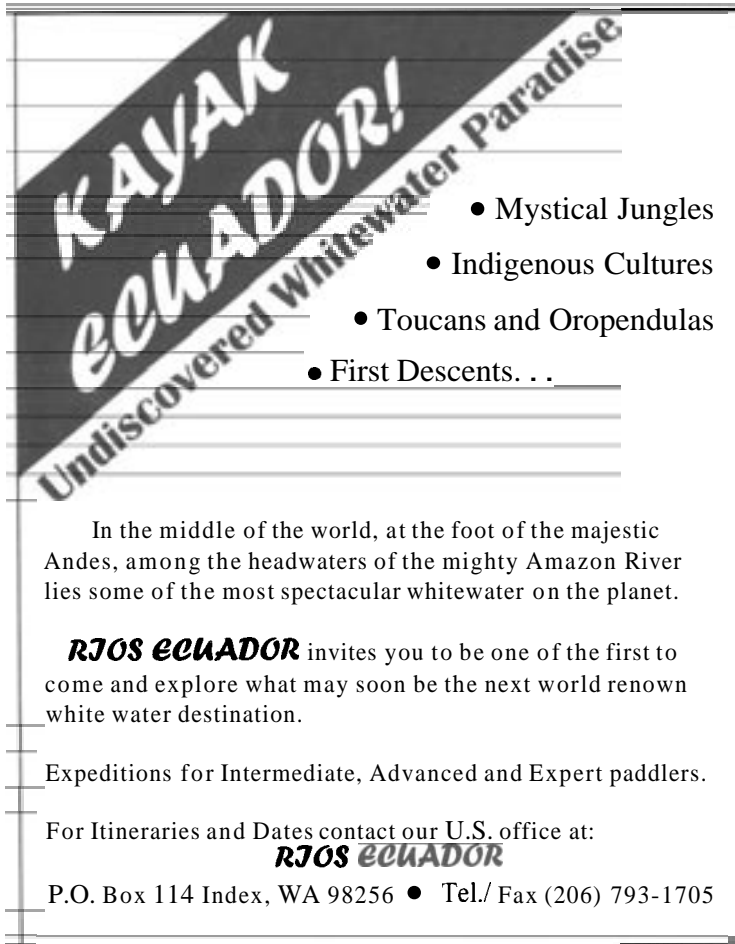
16. Snake River, Wyoming
Issue: Access

Current Status: The USFS is writing an EIS for managing the Snake River by Jackson, WY. Previous stages of the study have looked at a reservation system to stagger use that would have been unfair to non-commercial boating. AWA will be following future updates to ensure that non-commercial use is treated equitably on this important river.

Contact: Rich Hoffman.

17. Bear, Utah
Issue: Hydro Relicensing

Current Status: AWA, Idaho Rivers United, Utah Rivers Council and local boaters and clubs are working together to obtain improved minimum flows, whitewater releases in the Black Canyon, and better flows, scheduling and access to the Oneida Narrows. Originally these groups sought whitewater studies this



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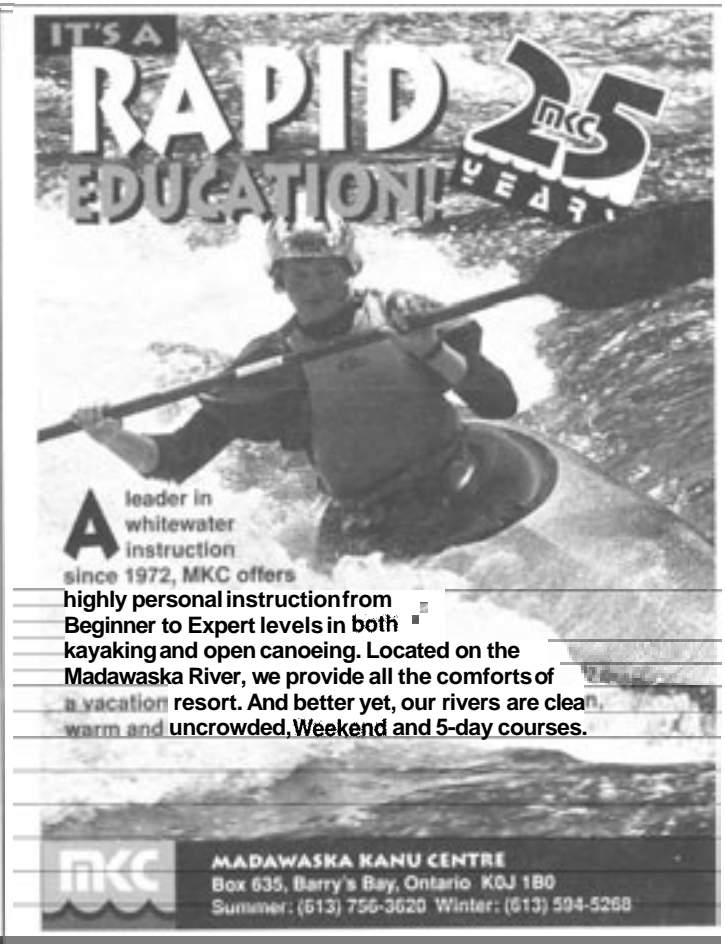
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summer, but have deferred until next year in order to allow state agencies and fishing interests to use these flows to study other issues. PacifiCorp still objects to whitewater studies.

Contact: Liz Paul, Idaho Rivers United, (800) 574-7481 or Rich Bowers

18. Arkansas River, Colorado

Issue: Access

Current Status: The AWA and Colorado White Water Association (CWWA) are urging federal and state agencies to reopen County Road 371, a key access road along the east side of the Numbers run. In addition, we continue to pursue land acquisition at the Numbers.

Contact: Rich Hoffman.

19. Gore Canyon, Colorado

Issue: Access

Current Status: The BLM is proposing a large land exchange in Grand and Summit Counties with a private ranch (Eagle Pass). One of the parcels that the BLM will pick up—if the deal goes through—is the current access site on the south side, at the confluence of the Blue and Colorado. While the site is not as good as the old north-side access site, AWA is actively pushing BLM to acquire it.

Contact: Rich Hoffman.

20. Pit River, Kings and Feather Rivers, California

Issue: Hydro Relicensing

Current Status: AWA and Shasta Paddlers are just finishing whitewater studies with PG&E, and who have just completed a draft whitewater report. FERC determined last year that the scope of whitewater studies should include the entire Pit River from the Pit 1 project to Lake Shasta, which includes seven dams all seeking new licenses before 2011. There are two additional dams on the McCloud River, in the same watershed. In June, AWA filed for late intervention on the Rock Creek/Cresta project on the Feather River. Earlier in the year, AWA was accepted as a late intervenor on the North Fork Kings.

Contact: Rich Bowers

21. Kern, California

Issue: Dam Relicensing

Current Status: LOWER – AWA has successfully completed whitewater studies for 10.2 miles of the Lower Kern, including the Cataracts section. SCE has submitted a study report which documents 65 rapids (Class I to VI), found optimal flows to be between 700 and 1,750 cfs, and that these flows occur approximately 120 days per year. UPPER – early efforts by AWA and other organizations have encouraged FERC to improve whitewater flows every weekend from May through July and to require a simple portage to be built around Fairview dam. The USFS has filed its final 4(e) conditions, improving weekday flows but reducing the boating season and flow levels. AWA, Friends of the River and the Kernville Community Consensus Council have appealed these 4(e) conditions, believing that whitewater economics, if maximized, will far outweigh power benefits. Whatever the outcome, the future holds more days and

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better flows for boaters on the Kern. SCE's Boral dam is scheduled for a new license in 2005, as is the PGHE Kern Canyon dam.

Contact: Rich Bowers

22. Mokelumne River, California

Issues: Proposed hydro projects, access restrictions, hydro relicensing

Current Status: The Mokelumne River Water and Power Authority has a preliminary permit to build a 420 ft. dam on the Middle bar section of the Mokelumne. This will relocate the Electra powerhouse (PG&E Project 137) upstream - completely flooding both the Electra run and the infamous off-limits Middle Bar section. EBMUD is also proposing to raise Pardee reservoir 10 ft. and flood this same section of the river and part of the upstream Electra section, but will be unable to proceed during the three year preliminary permit period. (AWA has been working with the Foothill Conservancy to gain boater access to the Middle Bar section of the river.) AWA is also involved in the ongoing upstream relicensing of Project 137, and is working with Friends of the River and Foothill Conservancy to gain recreational and better fish flows on the upper runs of the Mokelumne, as well as more reliable flows on Electra. So far, PGHE has refused to negotiate with the non-agency groups.

Contact: Pete Bell, Foothill Conservancy, (209) 296-5734 or call AWA Director Susan Scheufele at (408) 459 7978.

23. San Joaquin, Stanislaus, Trinity Rivers, California

Issue: anti-environmental legislation, corporate welfare

Current Status: Last year a group of Central Valley Congressmen (Doolittle, Fazio, Pombo, Radanovich, Thomas, Dooley and Condit) introduced HR 1906 (which became HR 2738), a bill drafted by the Central Valley Project Water Association, which represents the contractors who receive highly subsidized water from the federal Central Valley Project. The bill would gut the Central Valley Project Improvement Act (CVPIA), the most far-reaching water reform bill ever passed by Congress. The Central Valley Project Reform Act (CVPRA, HR 2738) legislation was put on hold a few months ago by its major sponsor, Congressman Doolittle, in order that administration-sponsored CVPIA talks might lead to agreement among the different parties. This negotiation process has been overseen by John Garamendi, the new Deputy Secretary of the Interior. The basic conflict appears to be that the water contractors do not want to see their deliveries reduced to restore the anadromous fisheries. They will likely frown on water for recreation also.

Contact: Ted Nordhaus of Share the Water at (510) 452-9261.

24. Westside Rivers, California

Issue: Wild and Scenic

Current Status: The Tahoe National Forest is in the process of doing an EIS on 22 rivers located on the west side of the Sierra Crest. The study is to determine the eligibility and suitability of each river for Wild and Scenic designation. The major gain for any rivers found to be eligible and suitable is that it establishes a permanent direction in the USFS management plan for the river, so that the "free-flowing character" and "outstandingly remarkable" values are supposed to be protected, depending on the proposed classification (wild, scenic and recreational). Please note that Wild and Scenic status does not control private land use. The USFS's recommendation is to recommend only three rivers out of the twenty-two (Canyon Creek, North Yuba and the Lower South Yuba). Many of these rivers, especially the North Yuba, Middle Yuba, Lower and Upper South Yuba (above and

below Spaulding), Fordyce Creek, and the North Fork of the Middle Fork of the American are very important to paddlers. The draft study did not appear to consider whitewater kayaking as a recreational activity as no rivers were found eligible based on whitewater kayaking recreational use. Public input has been extended until September 9th, with the final study due in 1997. To get a copy of the draft call Laura Browning or Phil Homing at (916) 265-4531.

Contact: Kerri Varian of the South Yuba River Citizens League, (916) 265-5961, Steve Evans, FOR, (916) 442-3155 or Rich Bowers.

25. Clear Creek, Tennessee

Issue: Water Supply Dam and Development

Current Status: Clear Creek, a Wild and Scenic river within the Emory-Obed system, remains threatened by a proposed water supply dam to be built just upstream of its protective boundaries. An EIS is now being prepared by the Rural Utility Services, with support from TVA. Public scoping hearings were held last year. The issues on Clear Creek, water quality and quantity, are similar to those faced by other rivers on the Cumberland Plateau, growing development and the need for more water. Clear Creek is also threatened by a proposed retirement development which would be built on the dam impoundment, and will further escalate the need for water.

Contact: Chuck Estes, AWA Director, Tennessee Citizens for Wilderness Planning, and Scott's Gulf Committee, (423) 482-7374.

26. Caney Fork, Tennessee

Issue: Timber Harvesting, future access

Current Status: Bridgestone Tire Company owns 15,000 acres of land in White County on the Cumberland Plateau. Included in this is Scott's Gulf, an incredible wilderness canyon which provides outstanding caving, hiking and climbing opportunities - it also provides some 40 miles of Class I-V whitewater on the lower, middle and upper Caney Fork. A Michigan timber company is looking to purchase this land for either timber harvesting or to create an exotic hunting resort. Conservation and recreation groups are working with the state to purchase this land as a Wilderness Recreation Area. So far over \$20,000 has been raised, but more is needed.

Contact: Chuck Estes, (423) 482-7374.

27. Locust Fork, Alabama

Issue: Water Supply

Current Status: The Cullman Water Works Board has applied for a permit to dam Duck Creek, a major tributary of the Mulberry Fork of the Warrior River. Cullman is a leader in agriculture and one of the largest producers of broiler chickens in the US. At issue are local growth trends in the Locust Fork watershed. If built, the dam will reduce flow to the free flowing Duck, and will affect the Mulberry Fork which is an exceptional whitewater river and hosts the annual Mulberry Fork Canoe and Kayak Race.

Contact: AWA Regional Coordinator Steve Gowins, Birmingham Canoe Club (205) 969-3654.

28. North Chickamauga Creek, Tennessee

Issue: Power lines and access

Current Status: Armstrong Energy Resources is proposing to build a dam on nearby Big Brush Creek, with the TVA as the major power purchaser. Power lines from this dam would cross

over North Chick, creating a major impact to this pocket wilderness. At the same time, conservation interests continue to acquire property within the watershed. AWA is seeking to purchase land parcels which will guarantee access to this Class N-V river.
 Contact: Ron Stewart, AWA Director (615) 756-3170.

29. Upper Ocoee, Tennessee
 Issue: Access, Flow and Future use

Current Status: With the Olympics over, the USFS must decide how to manage the modified upper Ocoee. A draft FEIS, originally due last April should be ready in the next few months, and the AWA urges boaters to make their feelings heard. Otherwise, the Upper Ocoee may wind up looking like the Savage in Maryland, with abandoned bridges, judging towers, and bleachers. The Savage hosted the 1989 World Whitewater Championships, but has had no additional whitewater releases until this past June. AWA will be advocating for water flows and public use in this stretch of the river.

Contact: AWA Director Ron Stewart (615) 756-3170 or Rich Hoffman

30. Tallulah, Georgia
 Issue: Relicensing

Current Status: As we went to press in late July, a final memorandum of understanding was signed by Georgia Power, Georgia DNR, AWA, American Rivers, America Outdoors, Georgia Canoeing Association, and the Atlanta Whitewater Club. This MOU finalizes discussions providing five weekends of releases every April and November. The Final EIS (FEIS) also been released which includes this MOU. However, there are still several

unresolved issues: lake property owner reactions to the FEIS, how boaters will access the gorge and possible use limits, and improvements to year round minimum flows. If these issues are settled, AWA expects that a license will be issued this fall and that whitewater releases will begin in November.

Contact: Rich Bowers

31. Housatonic, Connecticut
 Issue: User Conflicts and Relicensing

Current Status: Over the last several years, regional fishing groups have complained that flows for boating below the Falls Village dam (Class II) have been causing fish kills in the river. Recent information supplied by Connecticut Power and Light however, has shown that whitewater flows were not responsible. In fact, existing fishery practices may be to blame. In June, the Connecticut Department of Environmental Protection recommended that stocking of Rainbow Trout be discontinued, that barbless hooks be required, and that the Trout Management Area be closed during sensitive summer months. Both the Falls Village and the downstream Bulls Falls dam are scheduled for relicensing after the year 2000. Fishermen, boaters, local conservation groups, the state and the power developer continue to discuss the existing situation.

Contact: Jennifer Clarke, Clarke Outdoor's (203) 672-6365 or Rich Bowers

32. Dead, Rapid & Magalloway Rivers, Maine
 Issue: Relicensing

Current Status: In July, FERC issued its initial scoping document for CMP's Flagstaff Project (No. 2612). This impoundment



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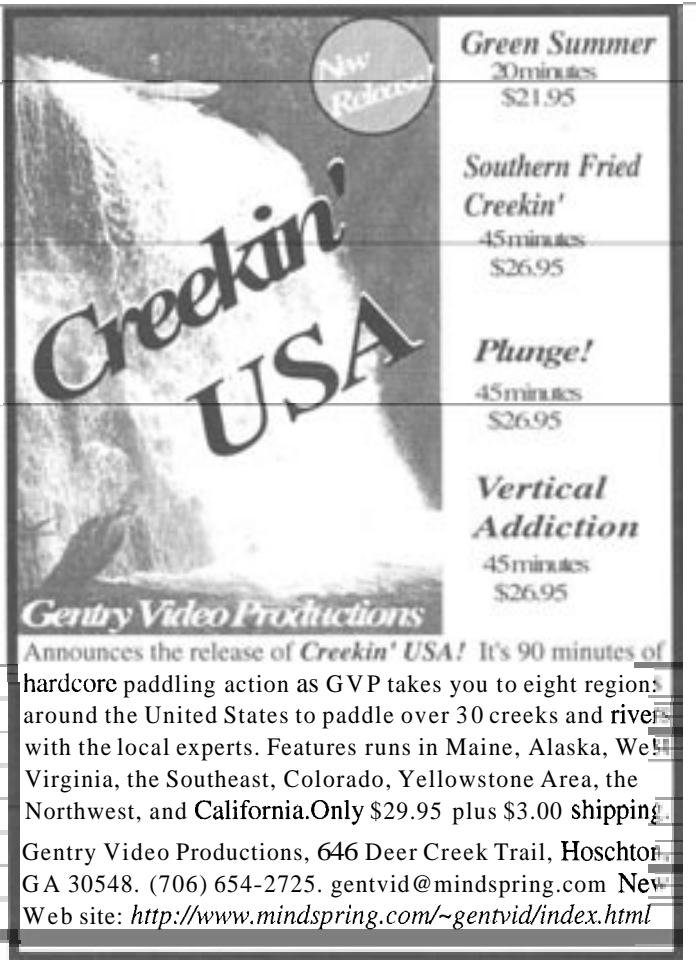
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dam affects the fifteen mile, Class II-IV Dead River. Issues include flow levels, whitewater scheduling, improved access at Enchanted Stream. Conservation and recreation groups are discussing relicensing terms with Union Water Power regarding the Class II-V Rapid River and several sections of the Magalloway. Whitewater studies are tentatively scheduled for early September.

Contact: AWA Director Tom Christopher (508)534-9447 or Rich Bowers

33. Seboomook, Canada Falls, and Nesowadhunk, Maine
Issue: Relicensing

Current Status: Bower/Great Northern Paper has just released its initial consultation document on Project No. 2634 for the West Branch of the Penobscot. This project involves a short Class V stretch of Ragged Stream, the Class II-V Canada Falls stretch, and the Class III-IV Seboomook run. In addition to these areas, boaters are attempting to secure releases on the 17 mile Nesowadhunk Stream. This is an unlicensed dam, but within the West Branch watershed.

Contact: AWA Regional Coordinator John Frachella (207) 884-7407.

34. Moxie Steam, Maine
Issue: Relicensing

Current Status: Last year we reported that CMP had sold Moxie dam to the town of the Forks, and that FERC was deciding if this was possible. Since then, little has happened and what has happened is not good news. FERC has determined that some dams, built long ago and with no major construction, no federal land owners, and impassable navigation, may not be under their jurisdiction. This decision may allow FERC to wash their hands of problem dams (like Moxie) by simply deciding that CMP does not need a license. AWA is working to prove navigation on Moxie, and to head off such a decision.

Contact: Rich Bowers

35. Sacandaga, New York
Issue: Relicensing and flows

Current Status: AWA, Niagara Mohawk and others have just completed a Water Budget Allocation Model for this river, as part of the ongoing relicensing process. This model is now being calibrated, and will be used this fall to develop reservoir and downstream flow scenarios. Once completed, these scenarios will be used in discussions regarding future flow management for the Sacandaga. The whitewater model for the Sacandaga will provide a template for flows on other rivers impacted by dams.

Contact: Bruce Carpenter, New York Rivers United (315) 339-2097 or AWA Director Pete Skinner (518) 674-5519.

36. Mongaup, New York
Issue: User conflicts and dam license terms

Current Status: In 1992, new license terms for the Rio dam provided scheduled whitewater releases on the Mongaup, a tributary of the Delaware. However, these releases provided only minimum flows. Since that time, boaters have worked with the FERC and the applicant to provide higher flows through two-turbine releases, and in 1994, a study was completed which addressed this issue. In July of this year, FERC issued a notice of change to provide higher flows. Politicians in both Pennsylvania and New York have weighed in heavily against this change, citing user conflicts and safety concerns over higher flow. What they don't know is that the developer releases two-turbine flows whenever they want for power generation, improving whitewater means merely a change in flow schedule.

Contact: AWA's Phyllis Horowitz (914) 586-2355 or Rich Bowers.

37. Kennebec River, Maine
Issue: Access, Hydro Relicensing

Current Status: Negotiations continue over conditions to renew CMP's FERC license. Hanging in the balance is the possibility of improved flows (including recreational use of lower flows) and better scheduling. AWA is also looking to purchase land below Black Brooke rapids. If negotiations are successful, this land would provide an additional take out for boaters. There is a possibility that this could also lead to a change in CMP's desire to charge a fee to access the river.

Contact: Tom Christopher (508) 534-9447 or Rich Bowers

38. Gauley River, West Virginia
Issue: Access and installation of hydropower

Current Status: Rep. Nick Rahall (D-WV) has introduced legislation mandating that the Park Service acquire the Woods Ferry take-out for non-commercial access. This site is downstream of the Mason Branch take-out (AKA Panther Mountain Road) that most boaters currently use. The Park Service is hoping to acquire this site also, but the landowners are not willing sellers at this time. The Summersville Hydropower project (being added onto the existing dam) has fallen behind in its filing deadlines and construction schedule. They have requested and received extensions from FERC, but by statute must begin construction by this September 24th, and finish by September 1999 (license terms protect against impacts to fall release days or boater access).

Contact: Rich Hoffman or Rich Bowers.

39. Cheat River, West Virginia
Issue: Acid Mine Drainage and flood control

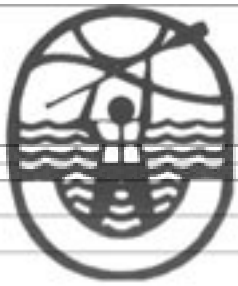
Current Status: The Cheat and its dead tributaries will stay orange for some time to come, but a multitude of partners are putting together a strategic plan to restore this otherwise beautiful section of West Virginia. Some projects are already on the ground, and many more are planned, but a century of mining highly acidic coal does not get reversed overnight. The unique aspect of this massive effort is that state and federal agencies, conservation groups, and industry are all joining forces to tackle the challenge. It's a very empowering experience for all involved. Recent floods have revived calls for ill conceived flood control measures, and a proposed limestone quarry threatens two native trout streams near Rowlesburg along with the community's drinking water. On a positive note, Friends of the Cheat and two other smaller watershed groups in the Cheat received state "Stream Partners" grants to further their efforts. The momentum for stakeholder based watershed management is starting to build. Positive change seems imminent.

Contact: Friends of the Cheat, (304) 379-3141, email dbassage@access.mountain.net

40. Rights of Passage, New York and Virginia
Issue: Access

Current Status: In two separate cases in New York and Virginia, AWA has signed onto litigation that would establish the public's right to scout and portage below the mean high water mark. AWA is working with New York Rivers United and river conservation groups in Virginia groups on this issue. (see separate article in this issue)

Contact: AWA Director Bob Glanville, (716) 847-7019 or Rich Hoffman.



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Hydropower Update

by Rich Bowers, AWA Conservation Director

If you look at our Top40 river issues, you will notice that the hydropower process which started several years ago in New England, the Midwest and the Pacific Northwest, is coming to California. Between now and 2010, 40 new dams will seek new license conditions. Another 60 dams are either being proposed, or are already involved in this process.

Restoring rivers throughout the state will be a big job, but a necessary one. At stake some of California's best whitewater rivers including the South Fork American, the Feather, North Fork Kings and others. To handle this, along with the many other river issues we are already involved with (including the Kern, Pit, American and Mokelumne), the AWA has taken two major steps: 1) we are hiring a full-time western conservation position (see July/August Journal for job description). A good part of this position will be working on hydro issues, another part will be coordinating whitewater interests with other river users and agency representatives. 2) we are beginning partnership efforts with Friends of the River (FOR) and the Natural Heritage Institute (NHI) to work on these issues. AWA brings national expertise in hydro and recreation, NHI has legal expertise, and FOR brings a long history of river expertise and agency contacts in California. This partnership will be expanded in the future to create a mini hydro coalition working in each watershed. This is still in the planning stage, but if you or your organization would like to get involved, give us a call at (301) 589-9453.

Recent Updates:

Tallulah Gorge: As mentioned in the Top 40, a final memorandum of understanding regarding whitewater recreation has been completed. Also, the FEIS for Tallulah has been released which incorporates this MOU and calls for the original 5 scheduled weekends of whitewater releases. Besides whitewater, AWA and other efforts have also secured improved year round minimum flows (nothing now to 35 cfs) and aesthetic weekend flows in spring, late summer and fall.

Three things still need to happen before we can lock in whitewater releases. 1) more water needs to be provided as minimum flow. While 35 cfs is better than 0, it does not provide a flowing Tallulah Gorge. At least 50 cfs or more needs to be included as part of a new license. AWA has held this position since day one. 2) we need to improve the trail to the put-in at the base of Hurricane Falls. Without improvements, Georgia DNR will restrict how many boaters can run the river each day. DNR's concerns on erosion are valid at this location, and AWA is working with them to find a solution. 3) we have no idea how the upstream property owners will react to this FEIS. AWA continues to work on each of these issues. If we are successful, we can look forward to whitewater releases as early as this coming November. Call the AWA office to get an update.

Mongaup River.

The issue is whether whitewater re-

leases from the Orange and Rockland Rio dam can be increased from one to two turbine releases, and whether this will create additional safety problems (see Top 40 article). Like most river issues, this issue has become a victim of politics.

Local rescue squads and the former Superintendent of the Upper Delaware Scenic and Recreational River have fought higher flows because of alleged safety problems on the Mongaup, and downstream on the Delaware at the site of the Mongaup Wave. This is, at most, a Class II wave, but it is on a river intensely used by beginner boaters (and often by members of society who are totally clueless regarding rivers and river safety). In the last week FERC has determined that higher flows would benefit whitewater (improving the run from Class II to Class III). FERC has been working on this issue for a while, in that time they have established that: there have been no significant safety problems at the Mongaup Wave due to releases (only one incident has occurred, and this when a woman bruised her leg when she fell into her canoe); that Orange and Rockland use two turbine releases throughout the week for power generation; and that education provides greater safety than attempting to regulate a river flow for boaters.

Unfortunately, local politicians have been writing to FERC in opposition to these releases, basing their opposition on the alleged problems listed above. AWA continues to be involved in this issue, and is working to secure higher whitewater flows. For more information contact AWA at (301) 589-9453

News from the Cheat

By Dave Bassage

Friends of the Cheat Executive Director

There's a lot going on in the Cheat watershed these days. Friends of the Cheat has pulled together an eclectic mix of boaters, property owners, agencies, conservation groups, industry, and anyone else we can find to take on the daunting task of bringing the dead sections of the watershed back to life, as well as preserving the healthy portions. For the first time there is real hope that this precious resource will be restored and responsibly managed in the years to come. Here's a brief review of current issues and events.

Cheat Fest

The 1996 Cheat Festival may not have brought down the house, but it certainly brought the skies down. Heavy rains produced great boating opportunities, and although the storms curtailed the music and kept volunteers busy until the wee hours pulling out stuck vehicles, the festive spirit prevailed, evoking memories of Gauley Fests of yesteryear. The final verdict? A soggy success. About 100 less folks attended than last year, undoubtedly due to the weather, but increased sponsorships, a more efficient silent auction (thanks to AWA Board Member Chris Koll), and overall better organization all added up to over \$15,000 raised to support conservation efforts in the Cheat Watershed.

AWA was an important player in the success of the '96 Cheat Fest, providing sponsorship money and key volunteers. Board member Barry Tuscano once again coordinated the electrical needs, Charlie Nalbridge put together safety for the first Cheat downriver race, and a number of other AWA members and staff joined the substantial volunteer corps needed to stage an event of such magnitude. Many thanks to all involved. The '97 event is scheduled for May 3. See y'all there!

continued on page 26

'96 restoration projects

Six million dollars is being spent on Abandoned Mine Lands (AML) projects in the Cheat Watershed during 1996. The federal AML fund was created in 1977 by assessing a tax on every ton of coal mined in the US. 1.8 billion dollars of the total collected has been diverted to offset the federal deficit, but some of the money finds its way back to fund the restoration projects it was earmarked for. The total expenditure in the lower Cheat watershed this year is roughly equal to the amount allocated for projects in the previous 20 years combined. The most visible of these is the reclamation of the huge pile of coal refuse on Martin's Creek near its confluence with Muddy Creek. Other projects are on Bull Run, Webster Run, and Cherry Run.

River of Promise Task Force

This unique partnership holds the future health of the watershed in its hands. The River of Promise Shared Commitment was signed at the first Cheat Fest by rep-

resentatives from Friends of the Cheat, the West Virginia Rivers Coalition, the US Office of Surface Mining, the West Virginia Division of Natural Resources, the West Virginia Division of Environmental Protection, and Anker Energy, a local coal company. Since then over twenty additional signatories have joined the effort, including Trout Unlimited, the EPA, the US Geological Survey, and the Preston County Commission, to name a few. FOC acts as coordinator for the task force.

For 1996 the ROP task force embarked on a comprehensive water quality assessment of the acid impacted sections of the watershed. The information gathered from this assessment will be incorporated into a detailed 10 year strategic plan for effectively restoring the Cheat and its tributaries. The broad strokes of this plan are to start with the Big Sandy watershed, which needs comparatively less work to restore it to ecologic health, and then progress on to the more difficult projects, combining proven technologies with more experimental techniques being developed by the Morgantown based National Mine Lands Reclamation Center.

Laurel Mountain Quarry

The battle continues between the Friends of Laurel Mountain, near Rowlesburg, and Laurel Aggregates, a mining company determined to open a quarry that could destroy two native trout streams and impact the drinking water of both the mountain folks and the town. Last year the Division of Environmental Protection denied the mining permit, but the decision was overturned on appeal. This year the DEP denied the water quality permit, but again Laurel Aggregates has appealed. The hearing should take place this Fall. It's discouraging to think that just as we start to clean up long dead sections of the watershed, the pristine portions are threatened. Friends of the Cheat have supplied financial and logistical support to the determined residents waging this fight.

Flood Management


FOC and WVRC sprung into action after the January flood, assisting the Red Cross with damage assessment and helping folks mop up. We hope to counter renewed calls for dams with a more sensible proposal for a comprehensive floodplain management plan. We boaters know better than to pick a fight with a river. The Corps of Engineers is just starting to figure that out. With luck and persistence, enlightened attitudes will prevail.

We need your help

As Friends of the Cheat nears the end of its second full year of existence, we continue to expand our membership and influence. We're turning a lot of heads and making significant progress. Our resources are stretched thin, but the prospect of a healthy Cheat watershed is more than enough incentive to keep us going. We are currently seeking candidates for our board of directors, a '97 Cheat Fest coordinator, and a larger membership base. If you boat the Cheat or it's tributaries, why not give something back? To join and/or find out more, contact us at

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Potomac Access Update!

by *Rich Hoffman*
River Access Director

Since the January 1996 floods and arrest of Olympic canoeist Davey Hearn, the agencies who manage the Potomac River and surrounding land have discussed closing the Potomac River to all use during high water.

The River itself is under the jurisdiction of the Maryland Department of Natural Resources (MDNR) and its Virginia and Maryland banks are controlled by a variety of landowners, including the National Park Service.

These groups meet every several months as the Potomac River Safety Committee (PRSC) to discuss safety issues. AWA and Steve Taylor of the Canoe Cruisers Association (Washington, D.C. paddling club) have attended four of these meetings since January.

One of the driving forces behind the river closure policy is a belief expressed by government agencies and employees that Maryland law imposes a mandatory duty to attempt rescue, and that agencies and government officials face significant liability risks in the event rescue is not attempted or is unsuccessful. Presumably, a river closure would keep all recreational users off the River and avoid the need for rescue.

In April PRSC meetings, we decided to conduct legal research on these matters for the July 11 meeting, with the possibility to arrange a future meeting between respective legal counsel.

On our side, we enlisted the brilliant legal eagles from the law firm of Perkins Coie, including Don Baur, Angela Killian, and Allison Meade, to investigate these legal matters.

Summary of Legal Research

We focused our research on the following questions:

1. Do Maryland officials have a duty to rescue boating accident victims on the Potomac?

Conclusion: Both statutory and common law support the position that state officials owe no special duty of rescue to Potomac accident victims. At most, they may have a duty of reasonable care to-

ward Potomac recreators. This is the same duty that is owed to the public that recreates on public lands, as a general matter, by government officials. Officials could not be held liable for choosing one policy or system of emergency response over another so long as that policy was the result of reasoned choices under the circumstances.

2. Assuming that Maryland officials do have some duty to Potomac accident victims, what liabilities do they face with regard to safety and emergency decisions and actions?

Conclusion: Due to a number of common law and statutory immunities and the limited nature of any duty that might be owed accident victims, State personnel are not subject to any liability so long as officials do not act with gross negligence or malice. Neither the State nor its personnel are any more exposed to liability during flood than under normal operating conditions. Indeed, they may be less so because the dangers of the River in flood and the difficulties posed for rescue attempts are so obvious that a recreator is more likely to be found to have assumed the risks both of the activity on the water and of the unlikelihood of rescue.

Policy Direction

As outlined above, there is no compelling legal reason for a river closure policy. We are strongly opposed to the concept for other reasons as well:

A. High water river closure to all river use is not supported by accident statistics.

No kayaker or closed boat canoeist has ever drowned on the Potomac River. River closure would deny skilled boaters the opportunity to enjoy the River during high water. The paddling community frequently has been able to aid in rescues of other recreational users; closure of the River could therefore eliminate a potentially valuable resource to assist in rescue situations.

While 55 people have died in the last

ten years between Great Falls and the Chain Bridge, no drownings have occurred during floods (the highest recorded drowning level is 6.5 feet on the Little Falls Gauge). Most drownings occur at moderate water levels, well below flood stage. (Kauffman, R., Taylor, S., and Price, R., 1992. A Recreational Gauging and Information System to Alert Potomac River Users of Dangerous Water Levels. Published by MDNR.) Recreational users tend to avoid the River at high water levels because there is such obvious risk.

Closing the Potomac River would send the message that the government will take the place of individual responsibility and judgement.

B. Closure is a separate issue from false alarms.

Another justification for river closure could be to reduce false accident reports and associated expenses. However, there is no data to support that a river closure would reduce false reports (MDNR receives false reports regardless of river level). It was concluded in the April 17 PRSC meeting that river closure is a separate issue from false accident reports.

Other Alternatives

We support other options for high water river management: maintaining the current open-river policy, an exemption to whitewater boats from closure, or a permit/registration system for whitewater boats. There are numerous successful examples for each of these different systems.

In addition, we have offered to assist with education and training efforts for boaters and state and federal officials. The idea of a river patrol is one that has appeal. Look for more details about this in the future.

Finally, we are currently working with the National Park Service to channel the media attention on the arrest of Davey Hearn for a constructive purpose. We will be working on a joint press release and on an effort to strengthen river education and safety in National Parks.

See upcoming issues for additional information.

Davey Hearn to Represent AWA!

Throughout his distinguished racing career, Davey Hearn has been a strong advocate for clean, free-flowing rivers and access. In addition, he is an accomplished expert in river safety. We are honored to have Davey serve as the Chair of AWAs River Access Committee. Daveys presence will help to accomplish our goals of promoting river access, conservation and safety and establishing a strong link between them.

Navigability Briefs

AWA has signed onto amicus briefs in Virginia and New York supporting the right to float down streams that flow through private property.

The Virginia case (*Kraft v. Burr*) is being decided by the State Supreme Court. In this case, Charles Kraft Jr. was cited for trespass for fishing the Jackson River. Despite the fact that the Jackson River was declared to be federally navigable (*Loving v. Alexander*, 548 F. Supp. at 1083), the surrounding land is private because of historic crown grants.

The stretch of the Jackson River in question—the headwaters of the mighty James River—is a Class I-II float through a steep valley. Upstream of this stretch is the Army Corps Gathright Dam, approved by Congress in 1946, which created Lake Moomaw by flooding beautiful Class III-IV rapids. To mitigate the loss of whitewater and the fishery, the Corps and State Game Commission spent substantial sums to establish water releases for water quality and quantity, public access sites and a fish stocking program.

The issue before the court is whether fishing is allowed in the Jackson River. David Bailey, an attorney in Beaverdam, VA., wrote the amicus brief on behalf of

AWA, Trout Unlimited, Friends of the Rivers of Virginia and others. His brief argued that (1) the Jackson is a navigable river subject to a navigable servitude which includes the right to fishery over submerged lands held in private ownership, and (2) the use of navigable waters and state sponsored fishery by float fishermen over privately held crown grant river bottom is permissible under the public trust and jus privatum interest of the state its fisheries resources. Both of these legal theories—if accepted by the court—will enhance the right of downstream passage in the State.

The case in New York (*Douglaston Manor, Inc. v. Bahrakis et al*, before the Court of Appeals) involves similar issues. Fishermen floating down the Salmon River were sued for anchoring and fishing on a stretch of privately owned river. AWA and New York Rivers United signed onto the amicus brief, written by Director Bob Glanville. The brief affirms the recreational use test of navigability (i.e. a stream is navigable in fact if you can float it in kayaks), which was attacked by the property owners, and the right to scout and portage as incidents of navigation.

Decision on these cases should be out within the next year. Please contact Rich Hoffman (301-589-9453) if you would like additional information about either of these cases.

Gore Canyon Land

Exchange

As outlined in our Top 40, in July the BLM accepted public comment on a large land exchange in Grand and Summit Counties with a private ranch called Eagle Pass Ranch. One of the parcels that the BLM will pick up—if the deal goes through—is the current access site on the south side, at the confluence of the Blue and Colorado. While the site is not as good as the old north-side access site, AWA is actively pushing BLM to acquire it. If we dont acquire this site, we will be forced to paddle many more miles of flatwater.

Other property that the BLM will gain include river frontage upstream along the Colorado River. The BLM land to be traded is hard to manage—difficult access or surrounded by private land. However, the exchange has generated some local controversy because the BLM is trading away some property that has been historically used for hunting—an area called Dice Hill.

For more information, contact AWAs Rich Hoffman at 301-589-9453.

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1996 RIVER ACCIDENT REPORT

By Charlie Walbridge

In 1996, high water was the rule through much of the U.S. On the East Coast, a continuous series of heavy rainstorms kept rivers unusually high until this article was written in late July. Although Western snowpack was about normal, a cold spring followed by searing heat brought rivers to near-record levels in some areas. High water during the summer months offers great sport to experienced paddlers, but can also bring trouble to less skilled boaters. Such was the case in 1996.

Reports collected by the AWA Safety Committee for 1996 include 9 kayak, 1 canoe, 2 tube, 2 dory, and 15 inflatable fatalities. The incidence of flush-drowning reflects the dangers of this year's high water. The river once again pointed out the need for PFD's and wetsuits, as well as the dangers of running low-head dams. Most kayak accidents involved experienced paddlers in difficult water, continuing previous trends. Since many fast-water accidents are not reported to me, the list cannot be considered complete. It is more like a "snapshot" of the kind of trouble paddlers encounter.

Most of the reports we used were found on the Internet, specifically the Usenet group rec.boats.paddle. Although I check there whenever I can, I am indebted to Larry Stone and Kevin Sulewski who regularly "surf the net" and forwarded many items. Other material included newspaper articles, copies of reports to club newsletters, and personal notes. The large number of fatalities precludes a thorough "investigation" of each event, so these accounts must be considered preliminary. Please send corrections and additions may be forwarded to me at the address listed at the end of the article.

DIFFICULT RAPIDS CLAIM SKILLED KAYAKERS

Most of the kayaking fatalities involved skilled paddler in difficult whitewater. Often there was no clear mistake made; the "objective", or random danger of whitewater was responsible. For example, on Saturday, January 6 a group of nine kayakers was attempting a Class IV-V section of Washington's East Fork of the Lewis River at medium-high water. The Oregon Kayak and Canoe Club Newsletter describes the trip as uneventful until they encountered a gorge about 3/4 of a mile below Sunset Falls. After scouting Dave Manifold, running first, flipped at the top of the first drop and was pushed up against a cliff on river right. When he went over the next drop his bow slipped under an 11" diameter Douglas Fir. This tree was completely under water and was not seen by anyone when scouting. A vertical pin resulted.

Manifold had an air pocket and survived for at least 70 minutes. The pin spot was almost completely inaccessible. His party attempted rescue, and were able to make contact with the boat from an upstream

eddy. They broke two throw ropes and tore out the stern grab loop while attempting to extricate the boat. Local rescue squads also responded; they were able to hook a carabiner rated at 12,000 pounds to the back of the cockpit but bent it during the rescue attempt. Eventually Manifold succumbed to shock, exhaustion, and the probable loss of his air pocket. His body was extracted several days later by EMS and local paddlers using a powerful winch.

It should be noted that the throw lines which broke were 1/4" polypropylene. These will fail at 800 pounds or less, and are not strong enough to extricate badly pinned kayakers. Those who use compact rescue bags as their primary throw rope are advised to upgrade to 1/4" Spectra, which has more than double the breaking strength. We also note that grab loops must be kept in good repair and replaced regularly to be useful in a rescue.

• On March 1, 1996 Steve "Rocky" Fairchile, a Ventura, California kayaker, drowned while attempting the notorious Zeta rapid on Chile's Futalefu River. The river was running at a nine-year low. Zeta itself is a short, enormously powerful "nozzle-type" rapid in the Class V+ range that most people portage. Mike Hipsher, after talking with the two local guides who accompanied

the victim, reported that Rocky flipped in a diagonal wave part way down and was washed against the left hand wall into a very turbulent eddy. After several roll attempts he bailed out, surfaced, and was carried to the top of the eddy where both he and his boat were pulled under water. His partners spotted him floating downstream several minutes later. The pair actually revived Rocky momentarily with rescue breathing, but his condition rapidly deteriorated and he lost consciousness. Aided by two doctors who were travelling with a SOBEK raft trip they continued resuscitation efforts without success. This sort of calamity can happen whenever mistakes are made in a rapid of this magnitude, and this must be taken into account by all boaters contemplating a run.

• The Upper Animas River, one of Colorado's most famous runs, saw its second fatality in two years. CWWA Safety Chair Roger Lynn reports that the water level was 3900 cfs, high but not absurd. Mike Miller was paddling the upper section of Rockwood Gorge that is often run to avoid walking on the railroad tracks at the take-out. Nancy Wiley at Four Corners River Sports reports that Mike became caught in a deceptively nasty, but easily avoidable poulover. He bailed out, recirculated, and floated free in a semi-conscious state. His partner brought him to shore twice, but Mike could not hold on. Finally he was washed into the "logjam eddy" where the river makes a sharp bend. There he was pulled beneath an undercut wall. The body was spotted briefly by rescuers several days later but has not been recovered.

• On May 5th Art Capacite was paddling the South Fork of The Yuba from Washington to Edwards with two companions. The river was running at 1200 cfs, a moderate flow. Scott Amundon, in an rec.boats.paddle posting, stated that the three portaged a falls about ten miles below Washington and were then confronted with a series of Class IV rapids. The first required a strong left-to-right move to avoid a bad keeper hole with blocked ends. This accident illustrates the terrible cost of missing such a move.

The first two boaters ran the rapid without incident, but Capacite missed the move. He dropped into the hole and recirculated for some time. The group attempted to reach him with throw ropes but despite accurate throws he did not grab hold. After being held under water for a long period he was expelled unconscious and face down. One paddler attempted a swimming rescue but could not catch up and returned to shore.

Gauley Fest 1996



I shoulda run shuttle... as if...I need to get an early bid on that dog PFD.

We're going to it...

Just tweeze that wave and let's get to the fest... piece of cake...

Sheesh... ya goat.. someone needs new polypro ..Phew!

Swimming this wouldn't be too bad in a new drysuit...Let's gooooo!

It's on my Christmas list Dude, but I could use a wool sweater...

The faces have been changed to protect the innocent

Stand out from the rest...go to the Fest!

'Tis the season! Plan to join the American Whitewater Affiliation on Saturday evening, September 21, for the 1996 Gauley River Festival. You'll find the action once again at the Nicholas County Veterans Memorial Park on Route 19 in Summersville. Come on over when you're finished paddling; come for dinner or come late. We'll be looking for you from 5:00 p.m. until midnight. Admission is still only \$5.

Enjoy all the usual Festival highlights – the Marketplace, Silent Auction, raffle, non-stop award-winning videos from

the 1996 National Paddling Film Festival, carnival games, food and rocking river music from Kentucky's own Utterly Rudderless.

Camping with full bathhouse facilities will be available at the Festival site both Friday and Saturday nights for \$3 per person per night.

Please note that no cans or bottles will be admitted to the Gauley Festival. So bring your beverages in cups.

See you there!

GAULEY FESTIVAL VIDEOS – BETTER THAN EVER!

As always, the Gauley Festival's non-stop video action will be presented by the Bluegrass Wildwater Association and will include a selection of their Annual Paddling Film Festival's finest. Join our BWA cinematographer in the pavilion to get an eyeful of the latest releases.

GAULEY FESTIVAL MARKETPLACE

While cruising the Festival, be sure to catch up on all the latest gear and happenings. Our fine lineup of exhibitors will be happy to spend time answering your questions - whether you're just window shopping or completely reoutfitting. Here's a partial list of who'll be on hand to display their wares and services:

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| Airtight Inflatables | Harmon Industries | Perception |
| American Whitewater Affiliation | Harmony Batiks | Possum Creek Productions |
| AWA Home Page Display | Impex International | Possum Point Productions |
| Appalachian Wildwater | Lightning Paddles | Rapidstyle |
| Beechwood Print & Graphics | Mad River Canoe | Riversport School of Paddling |
| Blue Ridge Outdoors | Mohawk Canoes | Small World Adventures |
| Canoe and Kayak Magazine | Mountain State | Teva |
| Central PA Kayak School | Mountain Surf | Waterline |
| Clinch Paddles | Nantahala Outdoor Center | Watershed |
| Cool Ridge Company | New Wave Kayaks | Wave Sports |
| Custom Inflatables | New Wave Waterworks | West Virginia Rivers Coalition |
| Dagger Canoe Company | Noah | Wildwasser Sports |
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1996 GAULEY FESTIVAL AUCTION

The Gauley Festival's Silent Auction has earned a reputation for its wide selection of top-of-the-line equipment and incredible bargains. Check it out and place your bids.

The American Whitewater Affiliation thanks these loyal, generous supporters for providing the Silent Auction and Raffle with brand new, quality merchandise:

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| Canoe and Kayak Magazine | JAG Manufacturing | Possum Point Productions |
| Canyons Inc. | Keel Haulers | RGP Paddles |
| Central PA Kayak School | Kokatat | Ramsey Outdoor |
| Chattooga River Adventures | L'Eau Vive | Rapidstyle |
| Clarke Outdoors | Lightning Paddles | Rio Mapas |
| Colorado Kayak Supply | Menasha Ridge Press | Riversport |
| Cool Ridge Company | Mohawk Canoes | Salamander |
| Custom Inflatables | Mountain Gear | Sidewinder |
| Dagger Canoe Company | Mountain State | Sport Helmets |
| Endless River Adventures | Mountain Surf | Starrk-Moon |
| Extrasport | Nantahala Outdoor Center | Teva |
| Kent Ford | New Wave Kayaks | Waterline |
| Four Corners River Sports | New Wave Waterworks | White Tree Pottery |
| | Norse | Wildwasser Sports |
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The second attempted to catch the victim by boat but flipped and swam in the next drop. It took 15-20 minutes before the pair could catch up with Capacite and begin CPR. One man boated out and called for help; the second left after performing four hours of solo CPR and arrived at the take-out in the dark. The body was recovered by helicopter the next day.

- On May 28th there was a fatality on the class N-V Slab Creek section of the South Fork of the American River in California. Luka Sribar, a very experienced Slovenian kayaker, was on an extended paddling tour of the U.S. This section of river, just upstream of the popular Chili Bar Section, was running at a moderate 900 cfs. In Drainpipe, the first paddler was surfed by an aggressive stopper but broke free to finish the run and set safety. Luka was also surfed and could not escape. He bailed out and was swept downstream. His companions chased him down and found him unconscious one mile downstream. There was evidence of severe head injury. After attempting CPR, the group paddled out and notified authorities. His body was recovered that evening by a search and rescue helicopter.

- Pine Creek Canyon is a long, violent stretch of whitewater located upstream of The Numbers on the Arkansas River in Eastern Colorado. The water level on June 2 was a moderate 1340 cfs. AWA Director Ric Alesh and his partner encountered two other kayakers in the "Granite" section above. Alesh and his partner pulled out above Pine Creek to scout; the pair continued downstream. The victim, Edward Cloose, 25, apparently lost control of his boat in the upper part of the rapid and his paddle was torn from his hands above the "terminator" hole. He flipped, ran the hole upside down, bailed out of his boat, and floated helplessly downstream. His partner had also flipped and could not assist Guides from the Rocky Mountain Outdoor Center who were on the river gave chase, but they needed over a mile to get him to shore. Alesh speculated that Cloose might have hit his head or swallowed water, either of which could have rendered him helpless.

- Running along the border between Georgia and South Carolina, Section N of the Chatooga contains some serious class IV-V rapids studded with undercut rocks. On June 13 Ken Phinney, 24, decided to paddle this section. An occasional raft guide, he had been boating Class III-IV in his kayak for about six months. A boater familiar with Section IV agreed to take him and a friend down. Arriving at Crack in the Rock Rapid, the lead boater ran Right Crack and set up safety. Ken and his friend, despite warnings from the lead boater, inexplicably beached their boats and swam over to scout left and center crack. Left crack is full of undercut rocks and has claimed several lives in the

past decade. Phinney was carried into the drop where he pinned under several feet of water. It took rescue squads several days to pull him out, and his body was torn apart in the process.

- One rafting accident fits in the same category as the above kayaking fatalities. Melissa Toben, an experienced river rafter, was running the Forks of the Kern in California's southern Sierra. MaryPetrovsky with Friends of the River reported that the group consisted of four people, paddling tandem in Aire Pumas. River flow was a moderate 1200 cfs. Arriving at Carson Falls, both boats elected to run the far left sneak. Toben's boat tipped sharply, dumping both paddlers into the river. The stern paddler swam clear, but Mellissa disappeared into the hole for about 10 minutes before reappearing face down. CPR began at once, and was continued until the Life Flight helicopter arrived 20 minutes later. She was pronounced dead soon afterwards.

No one could have predicted this accident. Dr. Kieth Beck, an active Southern California boater, reported the presence of "a mean rock downstream of the hole" that he spotted during a low-water hiking trip. Posting to rec.boats.paddle he said, "My guess is that if a person bounced into the crease in the chute, between the tongue and the downstream rock, it might get weird and deep. There may also be a bottom strainer effect." Bill Tuthill added, "The most immediate lesson is that the far left chute of Carson Falls is not a viable sneak route, especially at 1000-1200 cfs."

LOW-HEAD DAM DISASTERS

Low head dams are deceptively dangerous, and they were involved in a number of fatalities in 1996. The Millstone and Raritan Rivers in New Jersey are both popular canoe routes. On April 13 a tandem canoe and a kayak paddled down the Raritan Canal and then portaged over to the Millstone River. They arrived at a dam recently built below the confluence of these rivers. The trio scouted and elected to run it where the hydraulic seemed weakest. They clearly did not understand the grave danger that the dam poses to paddlers. The canoe came through, but the kayak did not.

- Seeing their friend in trouble, the two canoeists paddled back upstream, into the hydraulic! The kayaker was able to grab the front of their canoe, but the pair could not paddle free and were themselves trapped. The boat flipped, and all three men were churned by the current. They were battered by logs, their boats, and other debris caught in the backwash. Eventually the kayaker and one of the canoeists washed out. Bob

Koerner, 41, did not survive. A fisherman saw the accident and called 911; both survivors were treated for hypothermia. The body surfaced several days later.

- May 9 saw yet another incident involving low-head dams compounded by a lack of PFD's. Two kayakers planned a late afternoon run of Big Eagle Creek on the West side of Indianapolis, Indiana. The river, which was running high after recent rains, is flat except for a low-head dam near the 10th street bridge. The victim, Jay Hickham, 34, had supposedly run Class IV rapids in West Virginia. He was paddling a Keowee kayak. His partner, a first-time kayaker, was in a second Keowee.

- The pair reached the dam at around 5:50 PM. Hickham ran first, turned sideways, and flipped. He and his kayak were now caught in the hydraulic. His companion cut to one side to avoid hitting the flipped kayak and was pushed on through. He saw the victim surface; Hickham shouted for him to retrieve his kayak before he suddenly disappeared. Resurfacing, he shouted for help before going under a second time. His partner remained for ten minutes; when Hickham could not be found he landed his boat and called police. An initial search for the victim was unsuccessful; the next day the gates of an upstream dam were closed but still Hickham could not be found. The body was recovered ten days later, some distance downstream.

- There were several other low-head dam disasters this past year. On June 16 at 7 PM three high school students approached the 5' high dam at the Jim Beam distillery on Elkhorn Creek, just outside of Lexington, Kentucky. Except for the dam, this delightful Class I-II creek is popular with beginners. Two of the boys had second thoughts and carried; the third ran the right side and was immediately trapped. His body was found three days later, over two miles downstream.

- On June 15 a guided raft trip encountered a low-head dam on the Vermillion River in Illinois. The Chicago Whitewater Association newsletter "The Gradient" reports that the group was told to run the fish ladder on river right. One raft, containing two men, did not get over there in time. They went over the five-foot drop sideways and were caught in the hydraulic. One man, who was wearing a PFD, washed out. He was cut and beaten by rebar and debris below the dam. The other man, James Schiro, was not using a PFD. He disappeared. His brother obtained permission to drop dynamite into the hydraulic to release the body, but this was not successful. The body was found three days later, many miles downstream.

- On June 19 the Patapsco River, a popular class II run near Ellicott City, Maryland, was bank-full following heavy summer rains. Reports from Brian McKay, Bobbie

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Miller, and Fire Lieutenant Dale Gardner tell the following tale: At 5:00 Thomas Dickinson and Julie Wise, both in their 20's, entered the river in an inexpensive K-Mart raft. After 2 miles of flatwater they encountered the 8' high Union Dam. This dam was breached on river right by Hurricane Agnes in 1972 and is normally dry. At high flows the breach cannot carry all the water, so the river backs up and flows over the face. The pair dropped over and were immediately caught by the hydraulic. The man surfaced and was pulled back five times! Witnesses reported that no PFD's were worn and that the couple was enjoying themselves right until the end, oblivious to the danger. Their bodies were found separately, several miles downstream.

MISSING LIFE VESTS LEAD TO TRAGEDY

Strange as it seems to skilled paddlers, there are still people who run fast-moving water without a life vest. There were several of unfortunate accidents where the use of a PFD would have prevented the ensuing tragedy.

- On June 23, Leah Jamiolkowski, 58, was fishing the Big Hole River near Butte, Montana from a drift boat. Even with high water, there is no place on the river more difficult than Class III. A posting to [rec.boats.paddle](#) from Doug Purl reports that the boat's anchor came loose and snagged on the riverbed. Water poured in over the stern, swamping the boat and flipping it. Three of the occupants swam to shore, but Ms. Jamiolkowski did not. Her body was recovered several miles downstream. Four life vests were on board, but none was in use at the time of the accident.

- On June 30 a Saturday outing on the Driftwood River near Columbus, Indiana turned deadly. According to newspaper articles Terry Underwood sent the AWA, Jeff Pruitt, 36, was paddling a touring type kayak with his brother when they encountered a bridge construction area. The AWA's Don Hewett, communicating via e-mail, indicated that the area was probably no harder than Class II. The pair had stowed their PFD's inside their kayaks. No helmets were used.

Pruett's brother made it through the bridge construction area, but Pruett himself flipped. He got his footing, told his brother he was OK, then slipped while trying to recover gear. Pruett, a strong swimmer, was last seen floating passively towards a downed tree where he disappeared. His brother tried to chase him in his kayak, then called police. Rescuers found the body underneath the tree.

FOOT ENTRAPMENT CLAIMS TWO VICTIMS

There were several instances of foot entrapment in 1996. The AWA's Richard Morse reported that on June 26 Peter Duffy, 44, died on a commercial trip on the Upper Hudson River. It was the last weekend of the spring rafting season and the Hudson was running at 4.2', a low level. This made the run mostly Class III. Duffy's raft went over a small pourover in Hams Rift, the last major rapid, where he fell into the river. Duffy attempted to stand, caught his right foot between two rocks, and was pushed down. His life jacket was stripped off, and he was trapped under 3 feet of water. It took the guides 2 1/2 hours to recover his body.

- There was also a tubing death in the Satan's Kingdom Gorge of Connecticut's Farmington River. At normal summer flows this stretch is rated Class II. Newspapers reported that the victim, Mary Neville, 57, was wearing a life vest when she disappeared suddenly in fast water. She was held under for 15 minutes before being released. A foot entrapment is suspected.

FLUSH DROWNING KILL NUMEROUS RAFTERS

Flush-drowning, the term used to describe accidents in which a paddler drowns while swimming rapids in a PFD, is a recurring problem in river rafting accidents. It seems to effect parties of all skill levels. Many rafters, commercial and private, travel on one-boat trips, so there is no back-up in the event of a flip. Unusually high water contributed to many of the incidents listed below.

- On May 18 a group of private rafters was attempting Staircase Rapids in Brown's Canyon on Colorado's Arkansas River. According to a press release from the Arkansas Headwaters Recreation Area, the river was running high at 4,050 cfs. The raft hit a large wave sideways, and the boat's captain, a 57 year old woman, was swept from the boat. The woman lost consciousness as she was being brought to shore by a kayaker. CPR was started, and she was taken to a hospital where she was pronounced dead.

- On June 2nd the Arkansas dropped to a more moderate 1,350 cfs. A small raft capsized in rapid #5, throwing two men and 8 year-old girl into the water. The girl and one man got to shore quickly; the girl's father, George Cochetas, 44, swam over two miles and was unconscious when he was picked up by other boaters downstream. CPR was initiated, but he was pronounced dead at the hospital.

- In Idaho, the Salmon River was running at a 20-year high of 96,000 cfs on Sunday, June 9th. The river was full of huge floating trees and driftwood, passing by in an impressive, non-stop floating parade. Three men, paddling a dory, were attempting to set a time-and-distance record on the river. Their boat swamped out near Vinegar Creek, throwing everyone into the water. The three men floated together for ten miles, unable to reach shore. One man, 50, who was not wearing a wetsuit, was overcome by the 50_ water and lost consciousness. His body was recovered by professional outfitters many miles downstream. The other two men eventually made it to shore.

- On the same day Idaho's Selway River, which is very difficult at levels of over 6', was running at 8-10'. Bruce Mason, posting to [rec.boats.paddle](#), describes the fatal accident that occurred there as follows: A group consisting of an oar boat, two paddle boats, and a kayak decided not to do the wilderness run and attempted instead the roadside stretch upstream of the put-in. This stretch is actually in Montana. Over 15 years ago I found this section at 5' to be surprisingly pushy and turbulent. The rafts hit rough water almost immediately, and several people were tossed into the river. Two of the swimmers were caught in a hole and were brought back into the raft unconscious. Another party, scouting the river by car, saw the swimmers and managed to reach the raft carrying the victims with a throw bag. CPR was started; one man responded quickly, but the victim, Bret Petry, did not.

- Three days later, on June 12th, the Snake River near Jackson Hole, Wyoming was running at a very high 30,000 cfs. Joseph Schlonski, 55, was on a commercial rafting trip that flipped a boat in Cottonwood Rapids. Most were able to hold onto the raft; Schlonski and two others were carried downstream for over a mile until picked up by another raft. Schlonski was unconscious; CPR was performed without success. An autopsy found that the man died of heart disease, which can be aggravated by extreme exertion and cold water. It is unclear if wet suits were used.

- In another commercial fatality on Montana's Gallatin River, William Spath, 53, was tossed from his raft at House Rock Rapid on June 19. The Bozeman Daily Chronicle reports that the river was 1.5 feet below flood-stage, but still very high. He drowned after a violent swim in very cold water. In Montana, a raft was taken through Rest Stop Rapid on the Clark Fork on July 6. Doug Purl, posting to [rec.boats.paddle](#), reports that at high water this roadside drop has a bank-to-bank reversal of massive proportions. The group included a two-year old child who was wearing an adult life vest. Neither the child nor the life vest have been recovered, and rescuers speculate that the

unfortunate youngster fell out of the PFD.

- Heavy rains from Hurricane Bertha raised water levels in Maine's Kennebec Gorge to just over 10,000 cfs, more than double the usual flow. On July 16 many outfitters were double guiding their rafts and offering refunds to anyone with health problems that might put them at risk during a long swim. A man with a history of heart trouble fell out of his raft in the Alleyway, which that day was absolutely continuous with waves up to 15 feet high. He was recovered in Cathedral Eddy and brought to shore, where he collapsed and died.

COLD WATER PROTECTION A MUST

The absence of cold water protection in the form of a wetsuit or drysuit can be a dangerous oversight in the event of a sudden swim. A commercial raft flipped while running Sunbeam Dam on the Upper Salmon River near Stanley, Idaho on June 17th. Sea Bass Sears, posting to rec.boats.paddle, reports that the river flow was estimated at 13,000 cfs. This is extremely high; normal seasonal flows are in

the 4-5,000 cfs range. One of the rafts flipped at the remains of Sunbeam Dam, a steep drop into some huge holes. The victim, Melvin Wexler, 56, was thrown into the icy water. He was not wearing a wetsuit. He was brought to shore quickly, but he did not survive. As in the previous incident, cardiac problems may have been involved.

- In Early July a group of five South Koreans who had been climbing on Mt. McKinley decided to raft the Talkeetna River. While not the coldest river in Alaska it is very cold by the standards of the "lower 48". The rapids are big, with large waves capable of sweeping paddlers off a raft. Danny Crow, an Alaskan posting to rec.boats.paddle, says that the group was paddling a 14' raft when they broached on a rock and flipped. The four men in the party were wearing wet suits or drysuits; the lone woman had neither. The men swam to shore and saw the woman floating downstream, hanging on to the boat. Her body was recovered seven miles downstream, lodged in a strainer. This is not the first foreign party to underestimate the effects of Alaska's icy rivers.

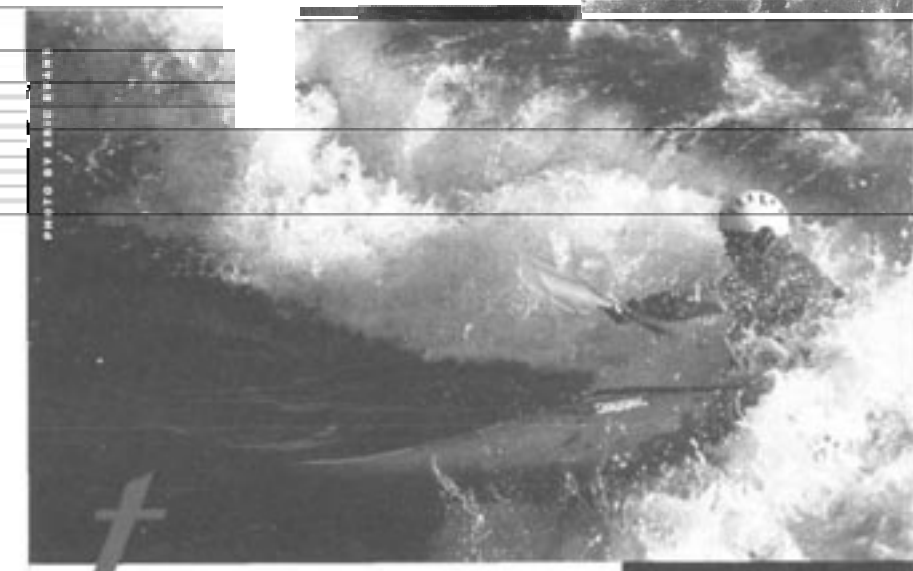
YOUGH DROWNING RAISES DIFFICULT ISSUES

- On July 9 there was a drowning on a commercial rafting trip on the Lower Youghighenny near Ohiopyle. It occurred at Dimple Rock, a mildly undercut sandstone block sitting in strong current in the preferred river left chute. The river was running at 2.0' when a Methodist Church group reached Dimple Rapid. The group was pulled over and a guide explained the route. One raft apparently decided to run to the left of Dimple Rock instead of to the right. Their right tube hit Dimple Rock, flipping the raft and throwing its six passengers into the water. One of these people, Kathy Lewis, 17, disappeared beneath the surface. Her life jacket, still fully closed, floated free minutes later, but the body was not found until the next day. It was the company's first death in 21 years of operation.

Although there were no marks on Ms. Lewis' body, there have been several similar accidents at Dimple Rock over the past few years. Entrapment in a strainer could not be ruled out. Ohiopyle State Park Superintendent Doug Hoehn asked the Corps of Engineers to lower the water level as much as possible. Then a team of river guides and rangers examined the entire rapid and removed several 16" logs and other debris from under Dimple Rock. Then the outfitters, who had been running further to the right since the accident, began running the chute in front of Dimple Rock once again. Contrary to rumors, the river was never closed and the Corps of Engineers was never directed to improve the riverbed.

There has been considerable debate about the wisdom of this approach. Natural rivers are not amusement rides; they change constantly and the safety of participants cannot be guaranteed. Certainly it is not clear that Ms. Lewis was caught in debris, or that removing these trees earlier would have prevented the drowning. Mr. Hoehn did what he felt was in the best interests of the Park and its users. I hope that this will not create the illusion of some future duty on the part of the park to keep the river "safe". This is an impossible task, and might only furnish grounds for future lawsuits.

- There were also a number of near misses and successful rescues in 1996. These will be discussed in the next edition of the AWA Journal. In the meantime, your help is needed to fill the gaps in our reports. This material is gathered so that paddlers can learn from it and avoid future trouble. Please send any accident reports, newspaper clippings, and newsletter articles to Charlie Walbridge, 230 Penllyn Pike, Blue Bell, PA 19422; phone 215-646-0157; fax 215-643-0668; email 73514.1714@Compuserve.com.



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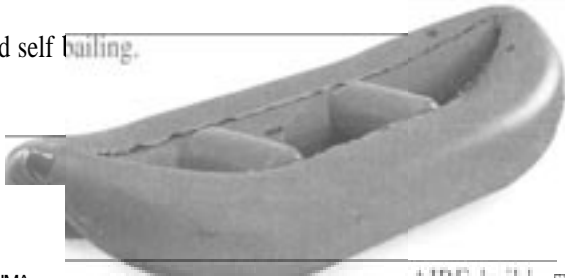


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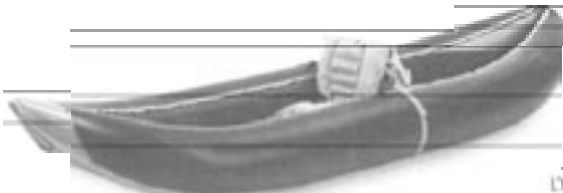
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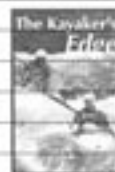
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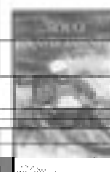


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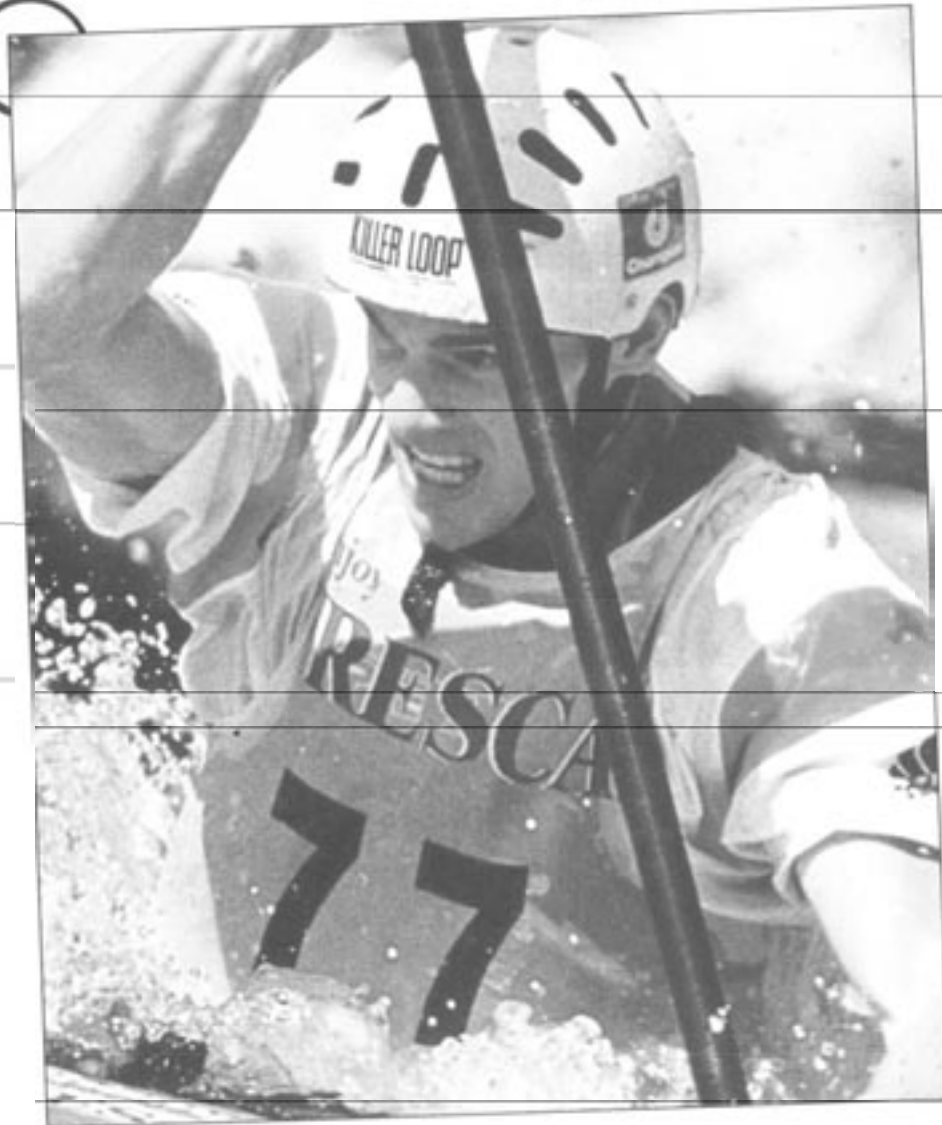
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Olympic Highs & Lows

Sometimes Just Watching the Olympics Can Be as Grueling as Competing in Them



By John Weld
Contributing Editor

While watching *The Bible* on TV, a friend of mine once observed that Charlton Heston, Playing Moses, looked awfully bedraggled after spending three days in the Sinai with God. Now, after spending three days watching the Whitewater Slalom Olympic Event, the reason is crystal clear to me. Prolonged exposure to greatness wears on your soul.

In fact, the Olympic competition was exhausting for many people for many different reasons—for some, unbearably so. It was an awesome event, maybe even a little too awesome. There were too many emotion-

ally charged moments for three days, too many incidents that had resounding implications. After a while you became numb to paddling careers ending with the brush of a gate pole. This is not to say that the glory and lush sophistication of the Olympics wasn't fitting for our dirty, backwoods sport. On the whole, the whitewater event was a real crowd pleaser.

On a personal level, however, it was somewhat less pleasing. Starting with the first day of practice runs on Friday and ending with Scott Shipley's last race run on Sunday, the Olympics increasingly became a reminder that, as a paddler, I'm pretty much a loser. It was arguably whitewater slalom's greatest three days. Thank God it only hap-

pens every four years.

In case you hadn't heard 15,000 people showed up at the Ocoee. According to the announcer that's the largest crowd ever assembled for a kayaking competition—a fact self evident to all of us who thought the Upper Yough Race was getting out of control. The scary thing about this figure is that I recognized about one in every 15th person there, meaning that I must know at least 1,000 paddlers. I just kept seeing people I knew, whether I wanted to or not. And by focusing on scabby-looking boater types, I would guess that a third or even half of the crowd were paddlers. I'm not sure how many boaters we have in the U.S., but it's safe to say that chances are, if you're reading this, you were there.

However, for the two or three of you who stayed home, allow me to explain the general scheme of things. First, and foremost, spectators couldn't get anywhere near the course. Period. You had to park at specially designated lots located at least 10 miles away from the site, and then be shuttled into the narrow river gorge via school bus. There were three days of racing, starting with practice runs on Friday, July 26th. Women's kayak and men's C-1 raced on Saturday, and men's kayak and men's C-2 raced on Sunday. During practice runs, each competitor was allowed one, and only one run down the previously unknown course. On race days, each competitor was allowed two race runs. The best one counted. On all three days, there was action on the course from 10:00 am to 5:00 pm, with a new boater being ejected from the starting gate every three minutes.

In order to be at the course by 10:00, you had to be at one of the specially designated satellite lots by 8:30. There was a lot of waiting in line here. Wait to park, wait to piss, wait to get on the bus. This was where much of the socialization went on, particularly on the first day when we were all still surprised to see folks we knew. "Dude! What are you doing here?" was a popular greeting. This was also where money started to fly out of your pocket as if a militia had planted a pipe bomb in your wallet.

To begin with, parking was \$5.00. When you arrived at the course any food you brought with you was summarily dumped in a garbage can. You had to buy all of your food inside the venue. Prices for food were evidently geared towards making

our European guest feel at home; Cokes were \$3.00 and potato chips cost a buck. Furthermore, prices for hotels, campgrounds, bed and breakfasts, or any place where a sunburned spectator could sleep were doubled or tripled for the weekend.

Money aside, one of the reasons why this event was so draining was that Kara, my wife, was with me. Besides having a bladder the size of a grape, she was one of the few people who not only narrowly missed the Olympic Team, but decided to come watch anyway. This is equivalent of losing your job to your best friend, then standing outside the office window to watch. Kara, who has been on the U.S. Team for 8 years, is currently the National Champion. She was the highest placing U.S. women in the World Cup Qualifier about a month before the Olympic Team Trials. Needless to say she was profoundly upset about missing the Olympic Team. To make matters worse, she had also missed the Barcelona Olympic Team by fractions of a second.

Slalom's highest award has been eluding Kara despite 10 years of full-time training. Her predicament was constantly aggravated by first, inane comments on the school bus by Southern Living hausfraus who, as soon as they found out Kara was a kayaker, would say things like, "Maybe one day you can race here, too!", or, "Have you ever met Davey Hearn?"

But actually arriving at the Olympic site on that first day was almost too much. "When I stepped off the bus on Friday, I realized that I never expected to walk into this race like this, with everybody else. It was almost more than I could handle," Kara told me. After leaving the busses, we joined an Ocoee-sized river of people walking down the bannered promenade towards the general admission bleachers situated on river right. When all 15,000 of us had settled down and found our seats, things were cramped and hot. It was then, while I watched Kara look over to the highly guarded river left bank, I realized how much racing can suck. On river left all of her friends and fellow team mates were studying the course in Olympic uniforms, free of the hassles of school busses, walking in and out of the air conditioned tents, reveling the cheers of the spectators. As opposed to Kara's forced anonymity, their effort and ability were being recognized.

By the time we negotiated our way to a seat on the bleachers the Olympics was underway. Practice runs were interesting because, unlike practice runs for a less significant race, the competitors were going all out. It was almost as intense as the real thing. I talked to Scott Shipley a few days earlier, and he admitted that "because we don't have to race that same day, I probably am going to go very hard."

The Olympic course—it was to remain



the same for all three days— was superb. 25 gates with six upstreams, and a handful of tough moves. Despite the potential for carnage at the large hole called "Humongous" below gate 23, the toughest move, and the most interesting for slalom aficionados, was between the offset downstream gates 18 and 19. It was between 18 and 19, that



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many, many Olympic dreams were extinguished.

As competitors came tearing by, Kara gave me the gossip, demonstrating that eight years on the U.S. Team wasn't a total waste. There's the Czechoslovakian C-1 who won the Gold medal in Barcelona. He says that if he wins this year, he will sell the medal for a Corvette. Or the British kayaker who was called the 'Olympic Rat' in tabloids back home, because he proposed to his athletic trainer at the opening ceremonies, even though he's still married. Or the French C-2 guy who drinks his own urine. There are countless affairs and trysts in the somewhat incestuous international slalom community. Kara filled in all of the personal bio gaps that the announcer and NBC discretely left out, making each race that much more interesting. It helps to know that the Italian C-1 currently on the course imitated Jon Lughill with such fanaticism that his nickname is "Lugbaloney".

On Saturday, the American Dana Chladek was the first person to race. Dana had won a bronze medal in Barcelona, but her first run on the Ocoee didn't reflect that experience. It was a disaster. The night before, as Kara and I were driving down the winding road from Cleveland, we saw Dana sitting in her parked car by the side of the road, pretty much in the middle of nowhere. Dana is an intense person to begin with, as demonstrated by her wide-eyed, hyper-analytical conversational style. Perhaps this Olympics had put her over the edge. "I bet she hasn't slept in days." Kara said as we



Dana Chladek

passed her.

On Dana's first race run, she flipped at the top of the course and, as she told Kara afterwards, "It took me three attempts to roll up." After first runs, Dana was placed second to last.

As it turned out, many of the finest women racers in the world had major problems during their first run. The top ranked



German, Kordula Striepecke, flipped; Lynn Simpson, the current World Champion from Britain, flipped twice; and Christina Gai Pron of Italy accrued 155 seconds worth of penalties. If you are not familiar with world-class slalom, let me point out that problems on this scale and frequency are very, very unusual. In fact, none of the top 20 women had a clean first run except America's Cathy Hearn, whose careful and deliberate pace placed her third after the smoke cleared. It must have been of some comfort for Dana to see that the rest of her class was also nervous enough to make major mistakes.



David Hearn

After the women's first runs, the C-1 class was up. The C-1's first race went pretty much as expected. Davey Hearn had a respectable run with one penalty that earned him a top ten place. Adam Clawson from Bryson City, N.C. had three penalties that held him somewhere in the high teens. The guys who did well were no great surprise. Gareth "Gaz" Marriot from Britain was third after first runs, the Frenchman Patrice Estanguet was second and Lucas Pollert of the Czech Republic was first.

Pollert, by the way, is the guy who planned to hock his gold medal for a Corvette, if he won. This is only the tip of the iceberg in terms of Pollert's idiosyncracies. He's a tall, creepy looking guy whom my wife calls "Animal Boy." For three days I saw him at the course, he was wearing exactly the same clothes on and off the river: boxer

shorts and an old T-shirt. At a party after a World Cup race this spring, he came up to me and my wife and started trying to fondle her while grinning at me like a mental patient.

Pollert, a household name in his hometown of Prague, is unearthly quick in a C-1, despite the fact that he is drunk quite often. Watching him on the course highlights the paradox of truly great paddlers. He looks like he is going so slow he is almost floating, but at the end his time is un-godly fast.

"He once informed me that bourbon is better to drink than beer while training," Lecky Haller told me in the stands on Saturday. "Imagine how fast he would be if he really trained."

At exactly 3:30 on Saturday Dana started her second run, kicking off the women's class final chance. The second time around Dana got her act together and, aside from brushing a pole on gate twenty four, she completed a fantastic run. Her time was 169.49 seconds including the five second penalty, the fastest yet for the women. One penalty in the men's class can move a competitor from first place to 20th, but in the women's class, it's not necessarily an insurmountable problem. This, and the fact that Dana's raw time was very quick, meant that she had a chance to medal. All she could do was wait and watch the remaining 29 competitors.

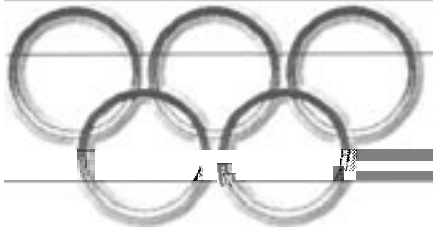
The rest of the top women did indeed get much faster the second time around, but no one was faster than Dana. Stepanka Hilgertova from the Czech Republic, however, managed to tie Dana's time—down to the hundredth of a second. Now, in case you just passed over that last sentence without thinking about it, let me repeat the important part. They had the same time, **down to the hundredth of a second**. Unfortunately, there are no ties in the Olympics, so on the merit of her first run, the tiebreaker, Stepanka was awarded the gold and Dana was given the silver. France's Myriam Jerusalem Fox was third, with a time of 171.00. Cathy Hearn was 7th, on the basis of her first run time of 173.03.

Fifteen minutes after the women's class finished, the C-1s started to trickle out of the starting gate for second runs. The starting order is based on the athlete's current standing in the World Cup, meaning that, in general, the competition continuously gets better and more interesting. There are exceptions to this, like Dana, for instance. She did not race in the World Cup last year because of an injury, and so did not have a ranking. That's why she went first.

In the C-1 class, Herve Delamarre of France was in the same situation. He did not make the French team last year. As a result he was number 29 out of 30 bibs, the second in the start order. Despite his low ranking, Herve posted a world class time of

155.98 during his first run, but did not improve on the second run.

The next competitor of note was U.S.'s Adam Clawson, with bib 22. Adam posted two mediocre runs of 172.53 and 265.57 respectively, with a prohibitive number of penalties on both runs. Adam finished in the middle of the pack. Davey, bib 6, improved



only slightly on his second run, with a 162.51, including one penalty. This time was good enough to earn Davey 8th place. The times of the top three C-1's were indicative of the competitiveness of the class. Patrice Estanguet of France bronzed with a 152.84. Lukas "Animal Roy" Pollert earned a silver with 151.17 (sorry, no Corvette). And 17 year old Michal Martikan from Slovakia won a gold medal with a 151.03.

With times this close, it's not enough just to paddle hard. A competitor who wants to win has to pick the fastest possible route through the rapid, and remain on that route as the boat passes into eddies, arcs through peel-outs, across waves, and punches through holes. A deviation from this route by a few inches will result in losing a fraction of a second—enough to let a medal slip through your fingers. The problem is that often the fastest path demands being right on the edge of being out of control—and hitting a gate.

A classic study in strategy is apparent in the contrast between Davey Hearn's 8th place run, and Martikan's winning run. Both paddlers are left-sided paddlers, so they were on a level playing ground. Rut Davey picked a more conservative, slower line. He spun in front of gate 11 to make getting to 12 foolproof, and peeled out high out the eddy at gate 13 to make sure he had plenty of room to make gate 14. Martikan risked not only going directly from 11 to 12, but also peeled out as low as possible at 13. It was a very chancy move, perhaps indicative of his age more than anything else, but it

paid off.

Men's C-2 and Men's K-1 started on Sunday morning. For part of the C-2 race I sat with Lecky Haller, partner with his brother Fritz in the second-fastest C-2 team in the world. Lecky and Fritz were not, however, racing that weekend. To everyone's surprise, they lost the one American C-2 Olympic spot to the far less experienced team of Wayne Dickert and Horace Holden at the team trials. So Lecky was undergoing the same kind of trauma as my wife Kara, during the Olympic weekend. As we watched the first few teams come down I asked Lecky how he was feeling.

"Well, this whole thing is pretty brutal." He responded. "After trials, we lost all of our funding, which is especially bad for Fritz, because he has a family. On top of that, we're second in the world and we can't even do the course." Earlier that week Lecky and Fritz were allowed to do a run before the official practice. Understandably, that only made them feel worse.

"The foreruns were awful." Lecky admitted. "We got treated so badly. The water was too high and all of the gates were in the water. No one got anything out of it. And then, on Friday, when we arrived at the parking lot and had to wait in line with ev-



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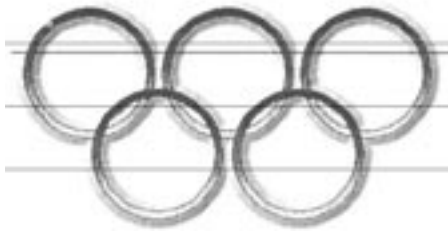
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everyone else to park, twice Fritz said, 'lets turn around and go back'."

"Maybe Fritz is right." I added, "Why are you doing this to yourself?"

"I guess I love the sport, and it's still exciting for me to watch. I know exactly what it takes for these guys to be here."

The first runs of the C-2's were even more penalty-plagued than the women's first runs, with every team in the 15 boat class touching poles. I guess you could attribute this to nerves. But, also, consider that the C-2's have to carry two people through exactly the same gates as the solo competitors. It became obvious that a clean second run by any of the C-2's could secure a medal. The tricky move between gates 18 and 19 seemed to be a black hole of problems for many of the teams. But even the top boats in the class had problems all over the course. After the first runs, because so many boats stood to improve considerably, it was hard to tell who was going to rise to the top. The U.S. team of Dickert and Holden were in the back of the pack, 13th after their first run.

I got a chance to talk with Wayne Dickert before the race and ask him how things were going. Wayne, who lives and trains at the nearby Nantahala Outdoor Center, is one of the most good-natured people I have ever met. He embodies good ol' boy pleasantness. While we were talking, he was taking kids from a local church group for rides in the front of his boat. If I were competing in the Olympics in two days, I probably would have been in a far more selfish location.

After some small talk about boat design, I asked if he was nervous. "Nope," he replied, "this is just another day on the Ocoee for me. There's no plane ticket to buy, I get to eat in Cleveland for free...It's just like going to my parent's house for the weekend. We just want to have a good run. If we win a medal, great, if we have a good run, and everybody else has a better run, that's great too." Wayne was clearly very pleased to have already made it to the level of the Olympics and just to participate. The hard part, as far as he was concerned, was over.

Men's K-1 started at 11:00 AM on Sunday. With 44 boats in the class racing three



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minutes apart, it turned into a marathon study of boating technique. There was a wide variety of skill levels on display. Being one of the best in your sport is not **always** a requirement to gain entrance to the Games. If you are the only whitewater kayaker in your entire country, your team trials won't be very tough! Besides the occasional, **unranked**, but top-notch paddler racing early on, the first few boats in the kayak class **struck** me as competitors that I could beat. The competitor from **Bosnia-Herzegovina** for instance. The poor guy actually has a bullet hole in his leg, so obviously training has not been a priority back home. The announcer pointed out that he showed up without a boat, so American **Scott Shipley** gave him one of his.

About the time the bib numbers hit the mid 20's, the paddlers started to get **really** good. **New Zealander** Owen Huges, bib 26, launched his boat from the starting gate going **full tilt**, and continued that way for the entire two and a half minutes of his run. At **100** strokes a minute, he is a **marvel** of physical fitness. Beyond that, though, his boat precision was remarkable. Owen has the ability to study the course from the bank, take one practice **run**, and then remember and execute every single move through all **25** gates come race time. Any small miscalculation of wave patterns or eddy lines, is remembered for the second **run**. All the while he was paddling as if his entire racing career was geared toward this single moment on the water— which it was. Any notion that I could hold my own out on the course quickly dissolved when Huges tackled with the course. Owen could have stopped and had a beer in between gates **12** and **13**, and still have **creamed** me.

At the top of the men's **K-1** class, however, there seems to be an almost **magically** good group of paddlers. Ian Wiley of Ireland, Fedja Marusic of Slovenia, and **Scott Shipley** from the U.S. are part of this elite group. Not only is their fitness level and technique world class, but they possess some unidentifiable, un-learnable skill which isolates them from the rest of the slalom world. At this level the competitors seem to glide through the course as if they are being gently pushed by some divine force. In a sport where the times are so close that it would seem that only chance

would determine who wins and loses, they constantly win.

After the completion of first runs for Men's K-1 things were going pretty much as expected. About 15 guys who could all medal on a good day were separated by fractions of seconds. Thomas Becker from Germany was third with a 144.48, Ian Wiley, 145.21 was second, and Oliver Fix from Germany posted a blazingly fast time of 141.22. Shipley, not paddling up to expectations, had one penalty and clocked in at 148.31 which placed him 8th. After first



Scott Shipley



runs the slalom-educated people sitting around me speculated that a hot competitor might break 140. And Shipley seemed the man to do it. Scott, who is currently ranked the number one slalom paddler in the world, not only had home-court advantage, but had also won every single race on that course to date. The problem was that Scott, due to his rank, would be the very last person on the course. Moreover, since he is a U.S. athlete, 15,000 people in the stands would be cheering for him. The stress would be enormous.

Meanwhile, the C-2's had started in again. Wayne Dickert and Horace Holden, who were the second boat out of the gate, improved considerably on their first time, but they only moved up one place to 12th. Towards the end of the race, the competi-

tion was brutal. Consider the team of Berro and Trummer from Germany, bib 4. They negotiated a clean second run and posted a 163.72, the fastest time to that point. However, the next boat out of the gate was to put an end to their short reign. Addison and Forgues from France flew down the course with supernatural speed and grace, and with another clean run, they posted a 158.82—a time which proved worthy of the gold medal. Berro and Trummer met yet another obstacle when fellow Germans Ehrenberg and Senft posted the exact same time of 163.72. With their first run as a tiebreaker, Berro and Trummer were knocked to third. That was until Simek and Rohan, bib 1, entered the course. They clocked a 160.16, which earned them the silver. Berro and Trummer ended up fourth.

While I was still digesting the coincidence of two identical times requiring tie breakers in the same weekend (in women's K-1, and C-2), Men's K-1 started again. An early surprise occurred when the very first competitor out of the gate, Laurent Burtz from France (bib 44), completed the course in 144.33, the second fastest time on the course to that point. Laurent, who had not only never made the French National Team before, but also had never raced in a major international competition, came out of nowhere to be one of the fastest boats in the Olympics. In fact, because of France's strict Olympic qualifications, Laurent was almost not even sent to Atlanta.

Laurent's time was to remain uncontested in the second place spot behind Oliver Fix deep into the competition. American Eric Giddens finished in 151.65 on his second run, which landed him in 17th place in the final count. American Rich Weiss was much faster with a 145.75, a time that placed him 6th overall. Laurent remained in second place until bib 13, Andraz Vehovar from Slovakia, posted a 141.65 and knocked Laurent to third. Thomas Becker from Germany, bib 8, then pushed Laurent out of the medals by taking third place with a 142.79. Oliver Fix (bib 3), still maintaining first place with his first run time, blew out on his second run after missing gate 24.

The stage was then set for Shipley's last run. Becker in third, Vehovar in second, and Fix in first with a 141.22. No one yet had crossed into the 130's, a time Shipley might have posted with a good run. The crowd slowly started to stand up and cheer. At 4:39 PM, Scott started his final Olympic run.

Scott understands all too well the unpredictability of slalom. "Whitewater is not a track or a pool," he told me before the race, "There are constant variables. I can train forever on this course, and still it's going to change a little bit on every run. The most that I can do is make a basic plan, and then be prepared to improvise." The prob-



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lem is that the times are so close at the top of the men's field that there isn't a whole lot of room for improvisation. Half second deviations from the plan are not acceptable, much less touching a pole.

There is some talk of reducing the time penalty for a touch from five to two seconds, but even that won't help considering the number of unbelievably close clean runs. The women's class is going to have the same problem in a few years, as the depth of competition increasing geometrically from one year to the next. The question then is, Who would take these odds? Who could stand to spend every day for four years preparing for the Olympics, then have it amount to nothing? Who would gamble to lose their entire income and health insurance for a year because he or she was 2/10 of a second from a perfect run?

Could you wake up one day at age 35 and realize you have nothing but a few kayaks and a used car? Could you pursue paddling with that kind of passion?

Right from the beginning, you could tell that Scott was not paddling up to form. He was fast, make no mistake about that, but not the same kind of fast that he can be on the right day. He stumbled slightly at gate six and then at gate 16 he was already three seconds down on Fix. The crowd's chant started to fade. I can't imagine the pressure that Scott was under in the starting gate, and I'm not sure if that's what did him in. But by the second half of the course it was clear he wasn't going to do it. Suddenly, a penalty appeared on the scoreboard and he was out for sure. He crossed the finish line in 144.34, not including his five second penalty. By the merit of his first run, Shipley finished 12th overall.

Past the finish line, Scott paddled down towards the bridge and we all got up to go home. The Olympics were over.

It took us the usual two or so hours to make it from the bleachers back to our car. Kara and I both felt completely drained. Sitting on the wood seats for three days had pounded our asses flat, and the heat made me feel like a pot roast. The competition was intense—at times too intense.

In particular, Shipley's last run made me realize the frailty of "once in a lifetime" moments with depressing clarity. The lost three-point shot as the buzzer goes off, the missed field goal in the last seconds of the

Superhowl.

I was ready to go home and resume my mortal pursuits. Kara, on the other hand, told me that she was going to start training again in the Fall.

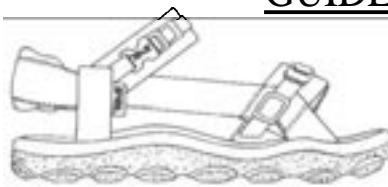
Editor's Note: Contributing editor John

Weld is the head instructor at the school of kayaking in Confluence, Pennsylvania. John is a well known expeditionary kayaker. His wife, Kara, has been on the U.S. Kayak Team for many years, and is determined to compete in the next Olympics.



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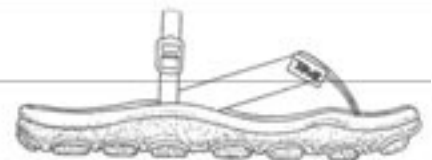
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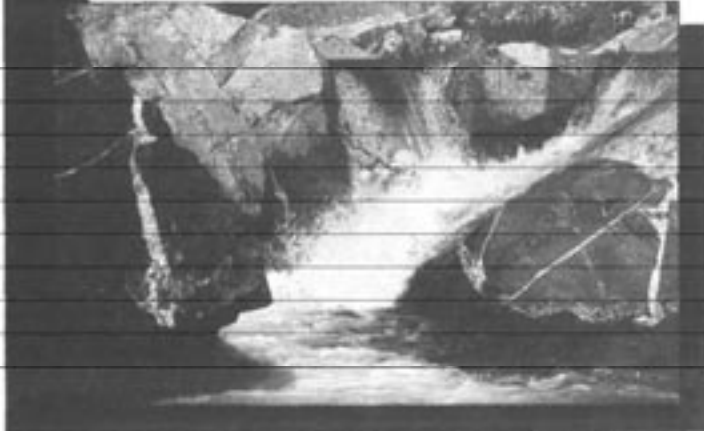
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LOST AND FOUND: NORTH FORK OF THE STANISLAUS

A NEW CALIFORNIA CLASSIC
Photos and story by Dieter King



One of many tight drops.

I'd heard it several times over the last year or so. "Dude! You live in Arnold? You must have done that upper run on the North Stanislaus. We've hiked in and done it a few times and it's an awesome good run."

Yeah, right. Who are you all to tell me about my backyard river? I live in the great metropolis of Arnold, California, right by the North Fork of the Stanislaus, and that's my river. I know what's good and what's not. Besides, Lars and Chuck did that four mile section from Ramseys to Sourgrass and eight miles above and said it was an incredible portage fest and swore they would never return. There's even a picture of Chuck in their guide book with the caption, "Chuck Stanley below portage #24 on the North Stanislaus above Boards Crossing, 1982." Now, Lars Holbek knows everything about all rivers everywhere, and I believe him always.

It was the end of September, the beginning of fall in California, and as far as I was concerned the boating season was over. My attentions were focused on mountain biking, not boating. So I was surprised and a bit amused to observe raft company busses on the highway and private cars and trucks with kayaks parked in the parking lot at the brewery. (Surprised that kayakers were in town, not surprised that they were parked in front of the brewery).

Until about five years ago, the North Stan, as I affectionately call it, flowed relatively unimpeded. It ran high in the spring, peaked in June, and then dropped dramatically. It was a mere trickle in the fall. But five years ago the New Spicer Dam and Reservoir were completed. This has dramatically changed the nature of the North Stan.

Now the river runs only briefly in the spring, fed by snow that is below the dam, or if the reser-

voir is full and spilling. In summer the river has a constant and extremely cold release. New Spicer Reservoir releases water to a diversion dam twenty two miles downstream that diverts water into a tunnel and then is dropped to a power house located two miles below the confluence of the North and Middle Forks of the Stanislaus, just upstream of the old Camp Nine run, now inundated by the New Melones Reservation.

Because the New Spicer Reservoir has a large storage capacity there was enough to release three hundred and fifty c.f.s. last fall. This barely made it possible for commercial raft companies to attempt trips on the popular Sourgrass to Big Trees State Park, a scenic Class IV run. I say barely because three hundred and fifty c.f.s. is pretty boney, even for a kayak. But in a full blown rubber donut filled with people, Eeeeh gods! Whenever I saw another bus load on the highway it made me wonder what kind of "intimate wilderness experience" they had.

Curious, I stopped by to visit my photographer friend, Eric Burge. Eric's slides confirmed my suspicions about rafts attempting to negotiate the North Stan at minimal flows. There were slides of rafts perched high and dry in the middle of rapids, clients with bewildered expressions, asking "We're paddling, why aren't we going forward?", rafts squeezing through rock slots on one tube while the clients tumbled head first into six inches of water; rafts wrapped around rocks with an odd hand or shoe or head poking out here or there. Hey, looks like fun to me, definitely an "intimate wilderness experience".

It was here I encountered my latest "Dude, have you done that upper North Stan run?"

Who is this kid? Some raft guide! He doesn't look older than twenty. Who's he calling "dude"? Telling me there's a good run up there. I've hiked that canyon, ridden my mountain bike in that canyon. I've checked this river out. I know a good run when I see

one, especially if it's in my backyard, right? Of course I'm right.

"Dude you should do it. This water level would be perfect".

Now he's telling me what water level I should be doing the run at. Pretty good for someone who pilots rubber donuts down the North Stan at three hundred and fifty c.f.s. O.K., O.K., I've had it. I'm just going to have to prove all these "dudes" wrong and that I know best. Tomorrow I'm just going to have to see for myself what kind of run is up there.

That night I called my young friend Brian Good. Brian is also a raft guide and a snow board instructor. He's also fifteen years younger than me, has a ponytail and a goatee, says "dude" a lot and listens to god awful head banging music. Despite all these faults, I really like the guy. He's always good for a laugh on wild runs and he keeps me in touch with what's happening with the younger set.

"So Brian, lets do this upper Stan run tomorrow."

"Dude, right on, I'm there. I hear it's a real happening run".

Christ on a crutch on Friday, not him, too. "Meet at the take out at eleven o'clock."

"Dude, I'll be there".

What is with this "dude" stuff? "Hey dude...", "But dude..." It never ceases to amaze me how many parents named their kids Hey Dude and But Dude.

"Hey Dude..."

"But Dude..."

"But, Hey Dude..."

"Hey, Butt Dude..."

Sunday, at the crack of noon,



One tight shot leads to another.

Brian and I hiked down to Ramsey's, the put in, via a four wheel drive jeep road. This road is better suited for mountain biking than toting a kayak to a river. Judging by the oil stains and occasional mechanical parts we stumble across, perhaps not so good for jeeps, either. Am I wasting my time?

It's a beautiful, warm Indian summer day in the Sierras. Other than a sporadic yellow or orange leaf on a black oak, fall seems far away and winter even further still. We take detours to the canyon rim for spectacular views of the gorge below. Great slabs of granite plummet into vertical walls. On the south side, the Stanislaus Dome looms above. We look past it to the west and down-

stream, where the river flows to meet the Middle Fork, then disappears under New Melones Reservoir.

The hike is rather painless and we soon find ourselves at the put in, Ramsey's. Ramsey's, an old fishing camp, is situated along a stretch of river, calm and serene. This is private property, surrounded by Forest Service land. Here the river slowly flows through a valley, recently threatened by another phase of the North Fork project. The river is dark, green, and quiet. Willows and alders shadow trout in the dark pools. Deep eddies swirl leaves in drunken circles.

Because it is warm, we suit up minimally and slide off into the quiet water. Within one hundred yards the trees

step back, bright sunshine reflects off granite and the river changes character dramatically from serene to gushing torrent. All too quickly we finish class IV eddy hopping and approach a complicated Class V- drop, worthy of a scout.

I give the honors to Brian and allow him to run first. He successfully negotiates the complicated entry and punches the hole at the bottom. Holy heck! That didn't look easy. Well I know it's going to be a portage fest from here on out, so I better enjoy this. A convoluted route brings me to the final drop. Even in my full-sized Freefall I submarine. As I resurface I stall and frantically paddle like a flailing idiot to escape the clutches of the "certain death" hole. (Oh, how dra-

matic!) **O**opsie poopsie.

As we continue the character of the river unfold: granite, granite, granite everywhere. Down endless class IV. Eddy hopping, ferrying back and forth across the river, imaginative route finding among boulder piles.

We paddle by Little Rattle Snake Creek on our left and begin passing beneath Stanislaus Dome. Here, the canyon becomes most dramatic.

House sized boulders have fallen into the river, creating deep pools and tight exits. Route finding forces us out of our boats frequently. Massive slabs lean against the cliffs, creating tunnels to paddle under. I'm impressed. Everything is **runable** and of excellent quality. It's here that we encounter our first portage.

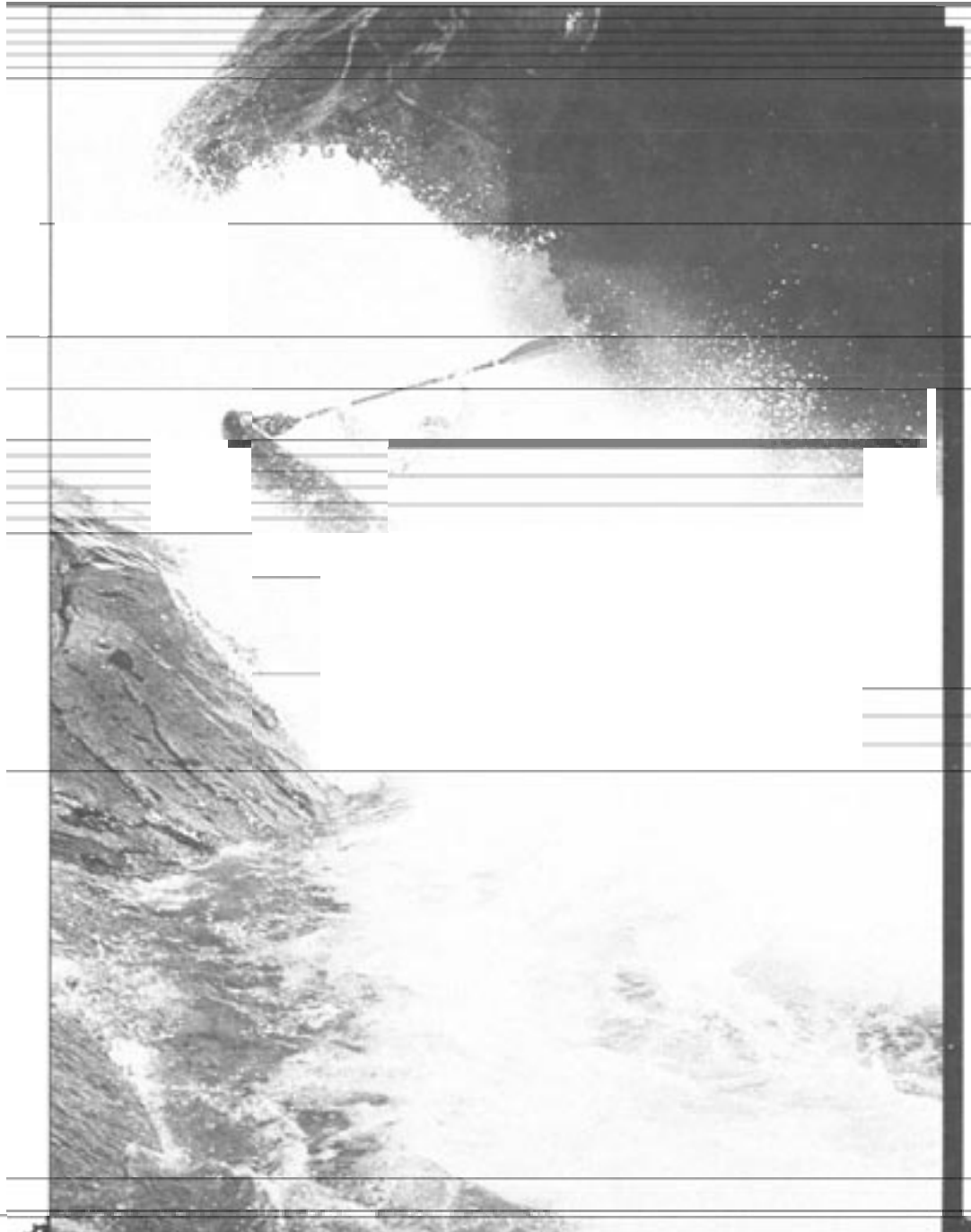
And our first portage is, dare I day, **runable**? A thirty foot **S** turn

drop, through carved granite that ends in a hideous hole. I'm not quite up for this and either is Brian. With our rock climbing expertise, Brian and I assist each other with out boats as we snivel around on the rocks like the insignificant rodents that we are. Chuck Stanley would be proud. The run must **surely** deteriorate after this, or else I'm being humbled. Naaaah, not me!

After the first portage we run lots of Class IV with occasional Class V drips spaced comfortably apart. Long slides, falls, boofing left and right...It feels like the river is pushing three hundred feet per mile. Two miles and only one portage. Could that be it? No such luck.

Amidst all this ecstasy we encounter another portage, a hideous double drop falls behind a large boulder, creating a death trap. This portage is easy.

On and on we go! The North Fork of the Stanislaus just doesn't let up. The pools become more frequent, but they terminate in slides and falls. In a small gorge we encounter our third and final portage. A boulder garden followed by a short **pool**, terminating in a pointy hole that disappears under a tall pinnacle boulder. Water bubbles out the sides downstream. Another death trap. This portage also **ne-**



Dieter King about to get scrambled at the bottom of Astro Creep.

cessitates some rock climbing expertise, but being the rodents we are, we surmount this obstacle and are back on the river in no time.

Just as we're about to finally pass by Stanislaus Dome we encounter a twelve foot falls. A log is lodged midway across the top, requiring a precise line off a small shelf at the lip. We both ace this, but since then many have not been so fortunate. (On subsequent trips this drop has caused many swims, including one in which an unfortunate individual re-circulated several times, suffering a bloody, gashed forehead.)

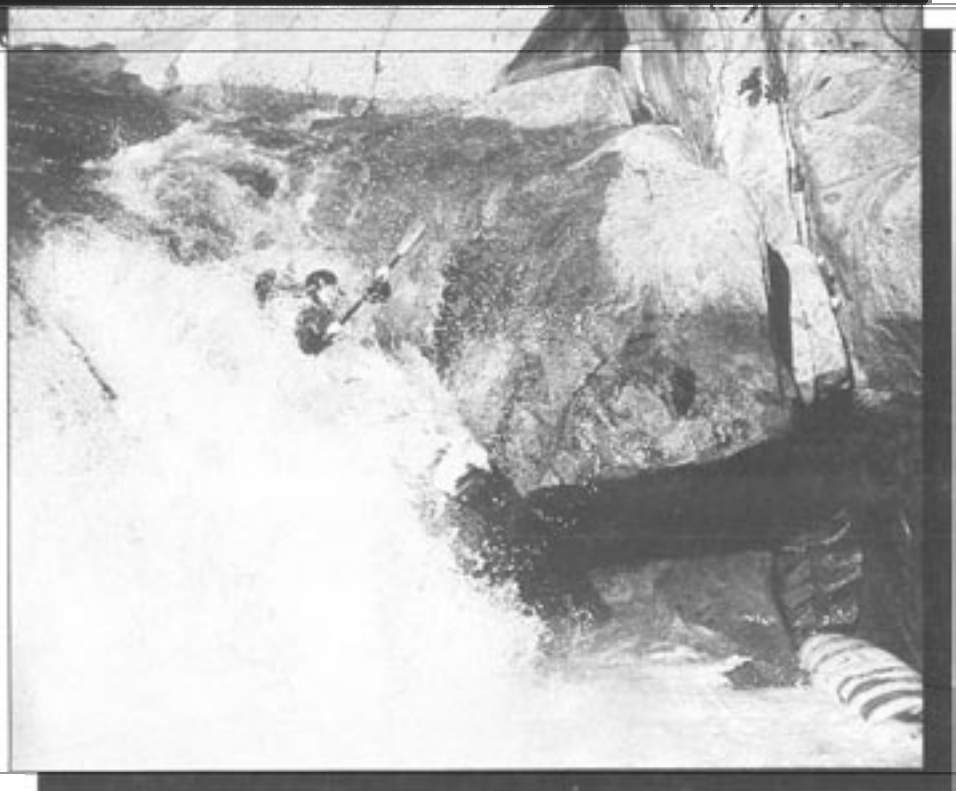
Past the Dome the canyon opens up. The granite walls recede and are replaced by large stands of pine, fir and cedar, interspersed with dark, stout, black oak. The boulders diminish in size and the rapids spread out. Where we had ample water up above now at times the routes lack water.

There is one more surprise, a long, complex, but enjoyable Class V. For a finale the forest recedes and the river enters a granite gorge. But we're past the tough stuff. No problems, "mon". We confront and surmount this obstacle with glee. The last half mile is full of laughs and monkey business. I pass Brian and knock him over in a eddy. Hee, hee. He steals my paddle. No respect for their elders!

After four hours we reach Sourgrass, sometimes incorrectly called Board's Crossing (Board's Crossing is another two miles downstream. Sourgrass is the put in for the lower, popular run through Big Trees State Park down to Mackay's.)

At the take out I find myself talking to myself more than normal. After loading the boats, we suck down a couple of beers and get a head full of Bob Marley. Finally, I break down and decide to share my feelings with Brian.

"Brian I'm amazed at what an incredible run this is. All these years I've lived here and never ventured



The twelve foot drop that has caused so many problems. Note the empty kayak in the lower right.

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into it with my boat. It's a classic. Why have I been so skeptical?"

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Once ten of us ventured upstream another eight miles to relive Chuck and Lars' first descent. What we found was more granite, a spectacular canyon, and, yes, more portages - some requiring more rock climbing expertise. But portages around waterfalls in a miniature version of Yosemite Valley. It was a long twelve mile day. But I'll return again to do it this next season before I pass judgment.

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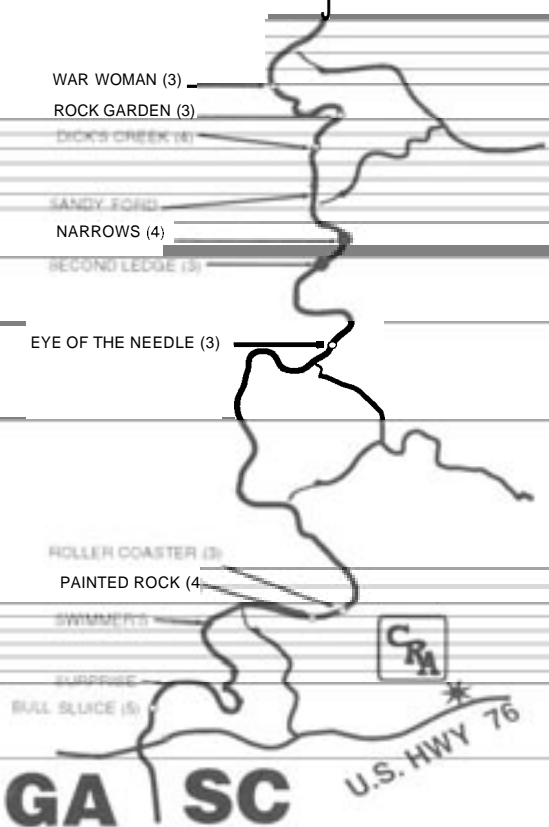
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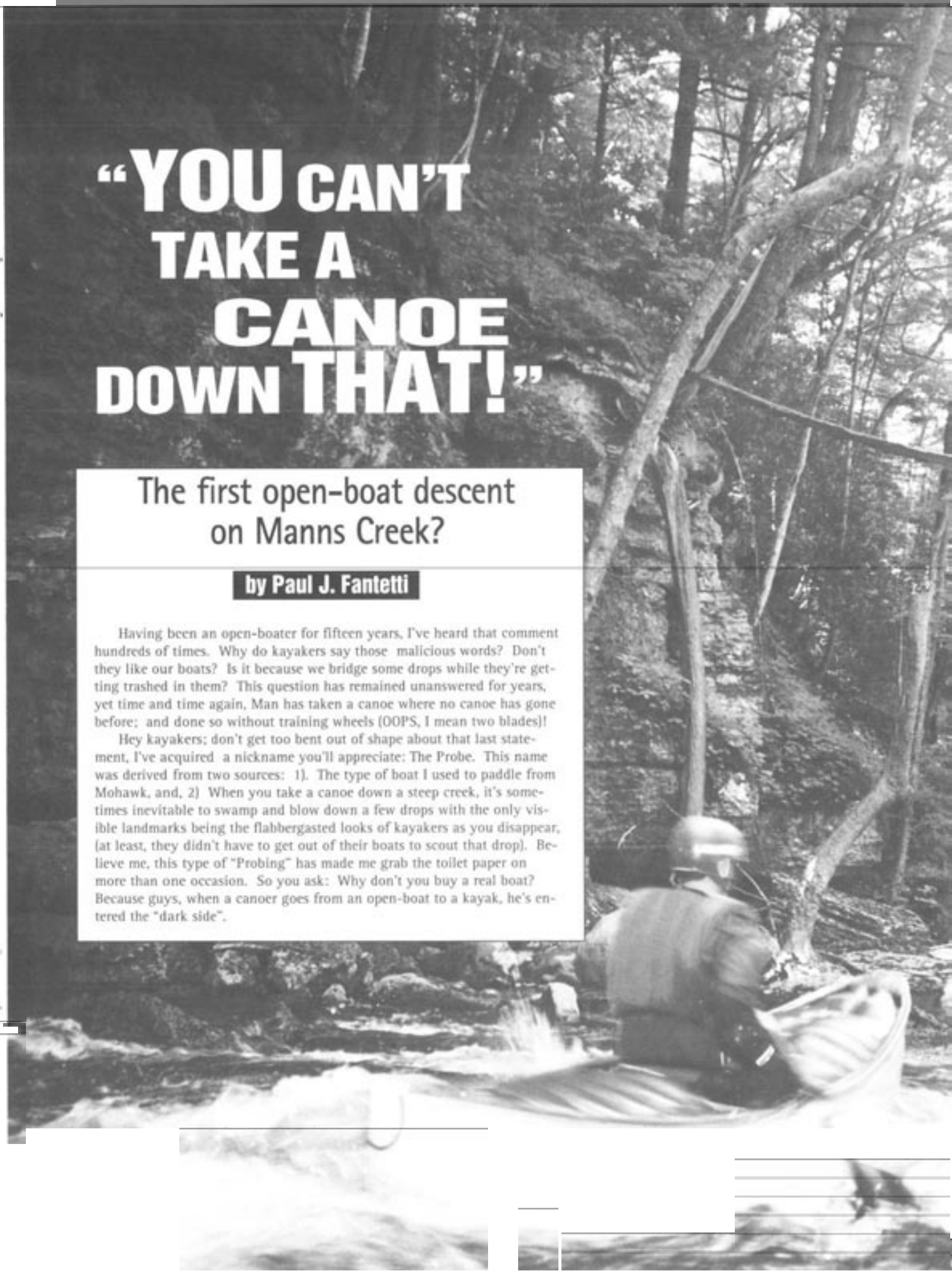
“YOU CAN'T TAKE A CANOE DOWN THAT!”

The first open-boat descent
on Manns Creek?

by Paul J. Fantetti

Having been an open-boater for fifteen years, I've heard that comment hundreds of times. Why do kayakers say those malicious words? Don't they like our boats? Is it because we bridge some drops while they're getting trashed in them? This question has remained unanswered for years, yet time and time again, Man has taken a canoe where no canoe has gone before: and done so without training wheels (OOPS, I mean two blades)!

Hey kayakers; don't get too bent out of shape about that last statement, I've acquired a nickname you'll appreciate: The Probe. This name was derived from two sources: 1). The type of boat I used to paddle from Mohawk, and, 2) When you take a canoe down a steep creek, it's sometimes inevitable to swamp and blow down a few drops with the only visible landmarks being the flabbergasted looks of kayakers as you disappear, (at least, they didn't have to get out of their boats to scout that drop). Believe me, this type of "Probing" has made me grab the toilet paper on more than one occasion. So you ask: Why don't you buy a real boat? Because guys, when a canoeer goes from an open-boat to a kayak, he's entered the "dark side".





Just as I was getting used to being called "Probee", I inherited an even more interesting name: "Pinky". Can you believe that (you should see the stares I get on the river)!!! I can assure you that I don't "Pink" down drops, so where does this name come from? My pink Dagger Prophet. I'll tell you what-I'll sacrifice the color for design any day! Never in my life have I made ANY steep descent without a single scratch on my boat, so what an irony that I completed Manns "scratch-free".

Enough with the foreplay, lets talk about this creek! One Thursday evening in the recent past, Craig Cardella called with his usual whining desire to get a new run, (he's been dying to make this run for over two years). He suggested that there might be a trickle of water in the stream-bed, or a raging torrent, who would know? My conditions were a low run and a very competent third boater so I called a friend out of Michigan, Eric Link. He wasn't to thrilled to drive south nine hours until I told him the gradient was 300' per mile for six miles (boaters never exaggerate!). He

also had the Lower Meadow to look forward to as incentive (on day two).

It was the most gorgeous day! Saturday, early June at 9:30 am. The weather was great! Crystal blue skies with temperatures creeping towards the 80's. We were surrounded by boulders, lush rhododendron, and towering green forest overhead. The sunlight, drenching the tops of these giants with its rays, found paths through the overhangs and over cliff-sides to light up moss-covered boulders in this steep and tiny gorge.

We met at the put-in, in Babcock State Park; the water was lapping one of the bottom markers on the gauge-Perfect, a low run! If this level is a problem, just hike up the 4 X 4 road on river left (there's an original line of reasoning).

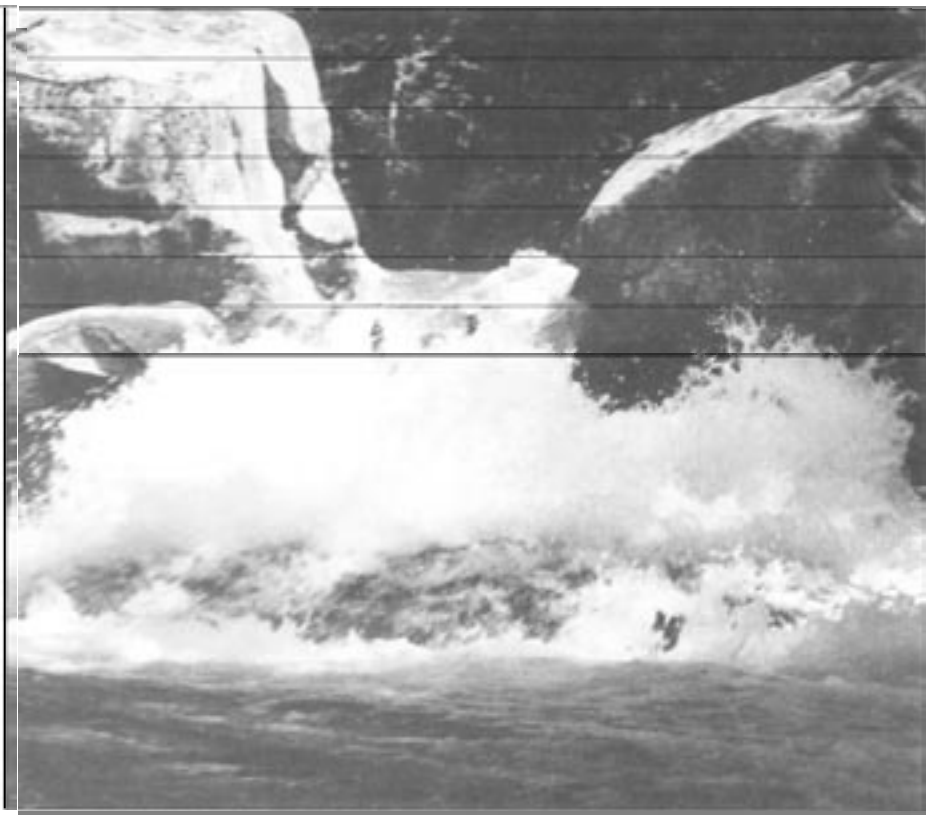
Jane, my wife, and Eric's friend Nolan, dropped us off and left to run the Cranberry River with the Low-Flow boys. Now there was no turning back, the only vehicle left was at the take-out, many drops ahead.

We gave each other our traditional high-five to a "safe run" and headed for the first drop: A 10' vertical. Run center-left and land flat to avoid boat and body damage(7 hours later, Craig was still complaining of a sore butt from this drop! and he landed flat). Paddle another 20 yards and run an 8' vertical ledge-avoid the rock wall at the bottom. It was our understanding that the first mile was this manageable "steep-creaky stuff," but when Manns creek joins in (the Babcock put-in is actually Glade Creek), the bottom drops out. So on we went: slots, sieves, drops, chutes, boulders; all the while looking for this darned Manns creek entering from the right. Where was it? This run was really hard already! We came to a big horizon line and quit worrying about the junction of these two streams. We found ourselves scouting an



insane looking steep jumble of boulder sieves. If Eric wouldn't have gone first, this would have been a portage for sure. He started down the center, running two or three slots to reach an eddy above the main move. From here, peel out for 20' then boof left over a slanted 8 foot boulder. If you don't make the boof, that slanted rock will stuff you into a crack. No one made the move! I can't believe there were no injuries or pins in this one. My arm felt dislocated just from watching Eric slam that crack. Craigs Freefall disappeared inside it. Thank God for elbow pads! There may have been a little to much testosterone on the river that day. Why else would we continue to run some of these drops after the punishing acts we were witnessing? We never did see where Manns creek joined Glade, I don't suppose it really mattered. To us, the bottom dropped out at the previously described rapid-whatever its name may be.

The altimeter on Craig's wristwatch said we had already dropped 350'. Little did we know the workout his watch was about to get...There were so many neat drops! Our team was working like a slinky: The person in front would paddle 20 or 30 feet, get out to scout that particular rapid, and then direct us as to how



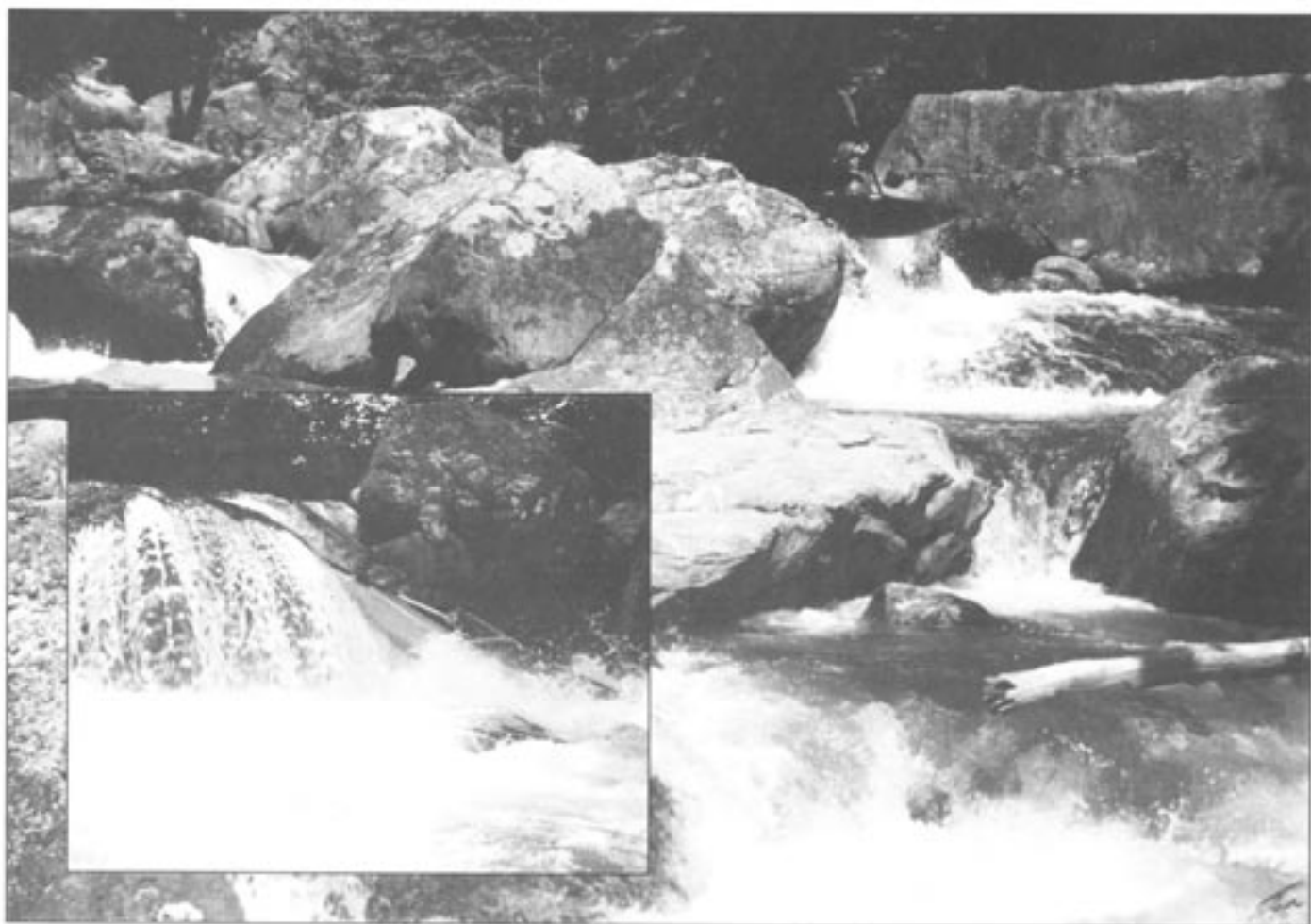
You can't take a canoe...

to run it. The drops were so numerous and closely spaced that our only chance of getting finished by dark was to paddle in this "slinky-like" progression with only one person able to scout each rapid. At one point, I directed Craig to run a 6' high chute that was about 20 inches wide-now, I think a Freefall is at least 24 inches wide-so he had to run this sideways. Well, he made it through the chute okay, unfortunately there was a rock wall about 15' downstream which I thought he would clear. He hit it head-on at about 15 mph! and let out a big "oomph". It actually snubbed the nose of his Freefall but you can't tell; you know Freefalls... Of course Eric, in his Crossfire, ran the rapid too. He said he hit so hard that he felt like a boxer; that his brain felt itchy (must be a Michigan thing). Any questions why I chose the high, dry side?

Sometime around 2:30, we decided to take a small break within a few shaded boulders on river-right. The downstream view was the usual: a blind horizon line disappearing around a bend. I was talking with Craig and Eric, saying that we should almost be finished with this creek; neither of them had a comment. I felt we were ready for the end, but it wasn't close. After our brief rest, we continued on to deal with that horizon line. It was a Doozy! A 7' pour-over that dropped directly under an undercut. Class 6 in my book. We found a sneak on river-left only to be confronted by another pour-over/sieve area. Craig and I raised quizzical eyebrows; too tight and undercut for us (Eric was also in agreement). We all



You can't take a canoe...

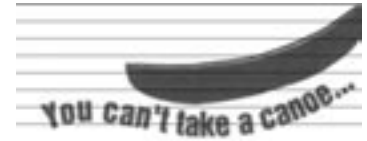


walked our boats 10' upstream, performed a "hairy-ferry" to river right, and gladly hiked around that tombstone.

Later in the day, I found myself hoping every distant hillside was the New River Gorge, signaling the end of this unrelenting creek. It was this last hour and half that took me mentally and physically to the edge, tempting me to surrender mental strength and physical endurance to the vulnerable feelings of fatigue and exhaustion. Finally the Gorge appeared, and at 5:30pm we were at the banks of the New River. Nerves shot, with only five miles of big water left, we stretched

out along a shady beach and began talking about our run as an abundant feeling of confidence prevailed for what we had just accomplished.

For anyone interested in paddling this stream, the altimeter showed a 1250 foot drop in about five miles. There were a couple half-mile doldrum sections with easy gradient, which left several other sections at 400+ feet per mile? For you Eastern Boaters, the Upper Blackwater or Green Narrows are barely warm-ups for this run. For you Western Boaters, look for Eric- He just moved to Monroe WA. If you ever find him around a campfire,



make sure he plays his guitar-you will be impressed.

All photos taken by Eric Link and a special thanks to Craig for his editing contributions.

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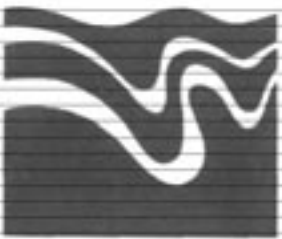
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A Midwinter Night's SCREAM!

A Long Days Journey Into Fright

by Craig Gunderson

Twilight Thrills in Massachusetts

I pull on my spray skirt and stare through the gray light across the tiny creek. I try to relax by watching flakes of snow free fall from the sky. Some land directly in my upturned eye, helping to cool off my body, superheated underneath the layers of pile, nylon and rubber. Patches of early winter snow and drifts of fallen leaves lie in the surrounding woods. Downstream, a stone arch bridge spans the creek. Past the bridge are four of the most interesting drops in Southern New England, collectively known as Doane's Falls. I pick up my paddle and push off into the current of Lawrence Brook. Occasionally a car whizzes by overhead, its lights piercing the December dusk. *Holiday season in New England.*

Beyond the stone arch bridge I see only darkness. Here the little creek drops into a miniature gorge, blanketed with ancient hemlock trees. Within the deserted forest, I know, wind paths that in the summer are packed with locals, making their way down into the gorge and to the waterfalls. Daredevil kids who come thirsting for their own brand of hair, diving from the creek's banks down twenty, thirty or forty feet into the deep dark pools.

They come every summer, drinking warm beer when the park rangers aren't around, smoking large joints, and jockeying for the rare sunny ray that makes it down through the hemlocks. Some-



Evil Onslaught.

Photo by Nick Robinowitz

"I sure as hell am not going to run any less-than-vertical angry mistress in this light," I say.



First drop at Doane's, a Massachusetts thriller.

Upstream, still above the bridge and the gorge, my friends and I vainly try to relax by ferrying around the creek's shallow waters. The first drop is a two stager which, at our low flow, mandates a nifty ten foot boof into an eddy halfway down. The second part of the drop is another ten footer into what I hope is a deep pool. As far as we know, no one has run Doane's. And as far as we know, we are about to get seriously spanked. Our usual boater banter is replaced by silence. Even Tom is uncharacteristically serious—instead of teasing us about impending spankdom, he

lines us up in an eddy to give us instructions.

"Okay, run a really tight line against the right side of the stone arch, and as soon as you are clear of it, sweep right and boof into that eddy on river left. Just make sure you lean upstream for the landing." As he peels out, he adds over his shoulder, "Let's really cruise, because it's getting dark." With that,

he disappears.

In five seconds his whoops make their way back to us against the din of the creek, telling us it's safe to proceed. I do as I am told, staring river right against the bridge. As soon as I am clear I jam in a quick left sided duffek, and a series of short right sided sweeps. Now I am sliding sideways down the drop and, leaning upstream, I drop into the home plate eddy on river left. No problem. Matt comes next, and, uncharacteristically, does as was suggested and has a clean run.

Sitting in the eddy with Tom and Matt, in the middle of a twenty foot waterfall, I remind myself that if Matt can run Doane's, I surely can. After boating with Matt for ten years, I've come to regard him as something of an "Uber" Boater, a more than mortal boater. But I do NOT mean to say he's technically proficient—far from it. He rarely runs any drop cleanly. He'd be the first to admit it.

Just this spring, for example, we were about to run Swallow Falls on the Top Yough at high water. Remembering back several years when Matt had been flipped by the big pillow and had run the rest of the falls upside down, I reminded him to



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lean INTO the pillow this time. It's not a hard thing to do. Alas, he again caromed right towards the pillow, and then, inexplicably, AGAIN!, leaned away from it, power flipped, and ran the rest of the trashy falls bottoms up. He rolled up unhurt and non plussed.

The next day, with the Cheat at 4.5 feet, I watched flush sideways into Recyclotron. He surfed for a while and then ended out. Again non plussed. Over the years, I've stood by helplessly as he's probed every undercut rock, cartwheeled in every hole, bobbed in every underwater cave, walked out of every inescapable gorge.

AMERICAN WHITEWATER AFFILIATION (AWA) Seeks New Conservation/Access Person For Western U.S.

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JOB REQUIREMENTS:

Must live in western United States or be willing to relocate.

Four-year college degree or equivalent, preferably in environmental or public policy related field. Law school and license to practice in western states highly desirable.

Minimum of one year work experience in public policy issues, preferably in the areas of environmental advocacy and/or river recreation.

Hands on computer experience in word processing; database and Internet experience desirable. Must be able to use e-mail.

Background in FERC relicensing process is desirable.

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tion. . Must have a working knowledge of conservation and access issues on rivers in the western United States. . Must have excellent verbal communications and facilitation skills. Ability to work collaboratively with a wide range of volunteers and associates. . Must have excellent written communication skills with an ability to produce large volumes of written correspondence, comments, newsletter articles, on a strict timetable.

WORKING CONDITIONS: May be required set up an office in the home or co-located with another conservation/access organization, with the possibility of a future independent office.

Extensive travel in the western states is necessary, with less frequent trips to the east for lobbying, board meetings, and coalition building efforts.

SALARY: Commensurate with knowledge, skills, abilities, and experience. The approximate range will be \$25,000-\$30,000.

To apply for this position, please send a resume and cover letter describing your knowledge, skills, and abilities to meet the needs of AWA in the west to: Phyllis Horowitz, Administrative Director, AWA, P.O. Box 636, Margaretville, NY. 12455 (74663,2104@compuserve.com) by August 30, 1996. For additional information contact Rich Bowers, Conservation Director, Silver Spring Office, at 301-589-9453 (72732,401@compuserve.com).

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Hyden Glatte and Bryan Tooley pack it in after the first descent of the Rio Uribante, Venezuela.
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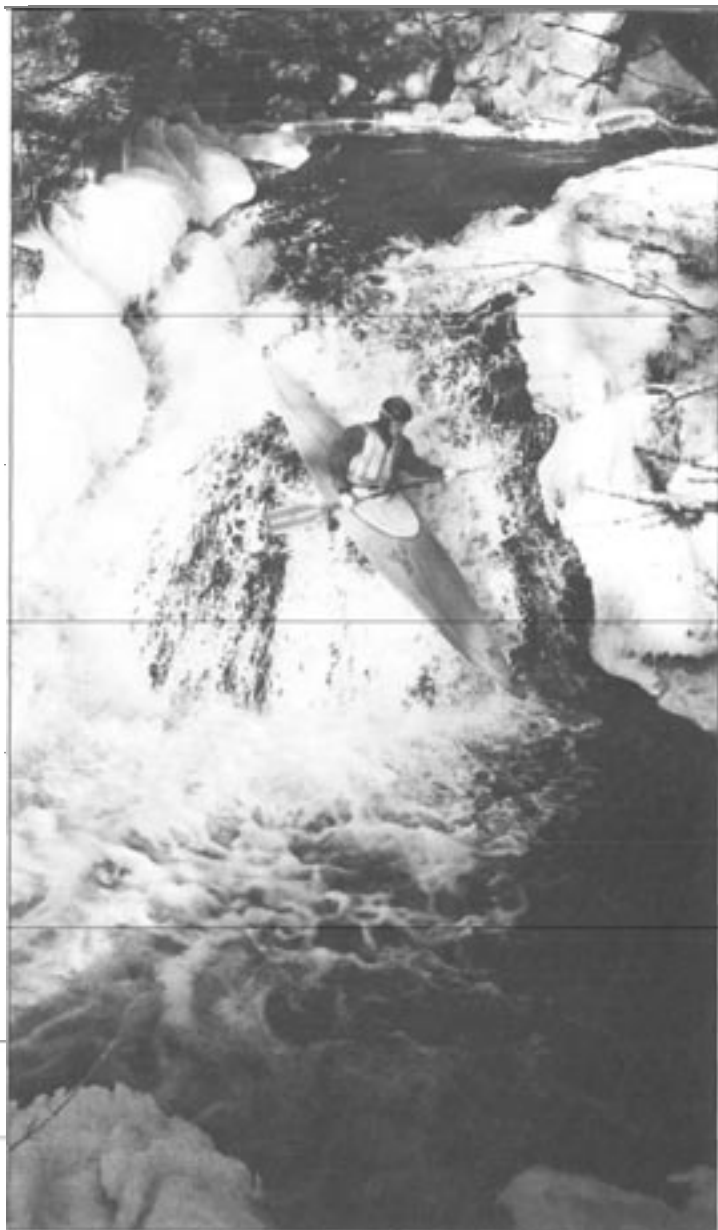
❄️ **“... that is an Evil
Onslaught From Hell!”** ❄️

What's truly incredibly is that he's only been really spanked or injured once. Perhaps it's due to this persistent lack of spankdom, perhaps he's just a mad man, but Matt is without a doubt the most fearless boater I've ever seen. I've seen him get unbelievably bludgeoned, only to roll up completely unperturbed. Perhaps Matt's fearlessness has something to do with scientific acumen—he's an M.D./PH.D. student at Yale. I don't know.

Unfortunately for me, his mother and father have both strongly implied that I'm responsible for his safety. The way they see it, Matt's biologically incapable of fear, and therefore can't be held responsible for anything that occurs to him. They consider me, on the other hand, the one who introduced Matt to kayaking in the first place, normal and sane. Therefore, I'm responsible for anything that goes wrong. It's a burden.

These thoughts occur to me as the three of us peel back out and complete the second half of the first drop. We land in a deep circular pool, about seventy feet in diameter, surrounded on all sides by rock shelves. Long icicles hang drape its sides forming a natural amphitheater. Downstream, a narrow outlet plummets fifteen feet into a hole. I know from a summer scout that the drop should be clean, but I also know, unfortunately, that it took rescuers four days to retrieve a boy's body from the drop after he drowned here several years ago. Nervously, I watch Tom scout from the lip of the fifteen foot falls, backpaddling at its lip. I glance over at Matt, who is intently pondering the crystalline structure of an icicle.

Tom paddles back from the drop and tells us that we want to run it off the right side of the lip. It is a bit scratchy on the left and our boof will get messed up if we don't take speed over the drop. I glance over at Matt to make sure he was listening, and then watch Tom hammer the length of the pool and disappear over the edge. I do the same, making sure I follow Tom's line, easily boofing over the hole at the bot-



Matt Lawrence at the top half of the first drop.

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tom. Tom and I find ourselves in another large pool, deep into the hemlock gorge. I watch Matt approach the drop, but he's too far to the left, scrapes rock, loses momentum and then teeter-totters down vertically, pencilling straight into the bowels of the hole.

Fortunately, he immediately emerges from the depths and rolls, looking characteristically unrepentant, unperturbed and non-plussed.

Tom yells, "Steep and...Deep!" I give a stern look at Matt, and ask, "Didn't you hear Tom say to run that on the right?" But Matt just shrugs and smiles.

Downstream, the creek is shrouded by darkness as it disappears around the corner. We get out and lug our boats



out of the little gorge and portage the next drop. Tom and I stop to check it out. It's really two drops, separated by a fifty foot long ramp of bedrock. The first drop is a funky fifteen foot slide that alone would be class V. The second drop is what makes it really nasty, however, a fifteen foot tumble onto rocks. Tom tells me that he sees a line, but that it requires lower water for testing.

Below the double drop we scramble back down to water level and boat one hundred yards to the final two big drops. During my summer scout I had been least sure about the first of these, a penultimate drop, which Tom christened the "Evil Onslaught From Hell." We perch on the bedrock at the lip of the falls, staring mutely at its frothy white descent into a pool, thirty feet below. I have a bad feeling about this one, partly because of the two potholes, one on the slide itself and one on the next drop, which I'm convinced must have been what killed some of the local swimmers.

I'm even more worried about the failing light, however. Even though we've only been on the creek for ten minutes, it has gotten so dark that the approach to the plunge is obscured by the lackness. And the approach is critical, because in order to even get to the meat of the drop, you have to ski jump the lip and clear a guardian hole.

SCREAM!

I realize that Tom must be sharing my bad vibes when he says, "You know, maybe we should skip this one and just run the last bad boy. It's really gotten dark."

"I sure as hell am not going to run any less-than-vertical angry mistress in this light," I say.

"Dude, that's no angry mistress," Tom corrects, "that's an Evil Onslaught From Hell, that's an El Diablo, man. It's a sidwinding kick in the ass. You'd slam into that hole, you'll be wearing your ass for a necklace."

With the decision to walk Evil Onslaught, the grip the river has on us dissipates. Once we get around Evil Onslaught the only rapid left will be a twenty foot vertical drop into a generous pool. Class 4 except for the far river right, where a large pot hole lurks. I start to relax.

But then we hear the splash of a paddle hitting water. It can't be, I think. We peer upstream into the dim gorge, but don't see anything. Suddenly Matt emerges from the shadows, arms flailing, charging blindly toward the lip of Evil. As has happened so many times, I see that he has paid little attention to the line, and he careens directly into a rock ten feet above the falls and flops upside down like a dead fish. Immediately he rolls, only to drop like a limp handshake over the lip of the

drop and into the guardian hole. After a brief surf he miraculously washes over the falls. We watch in awe as he nonchalantly lifts his paddle over his head and approaches supersonic speed. Instead of going steep and deep into the hole at his base, he even manages to get his bow up and he skims across the pool at its base.

Tom and I burst out laughing. In the pool below Matt grins at us and holds up three fingers. A man of few words, he mocks us with his estimation that the drop is Class 3.

Editor's note: In his spare time, when he is not boating hair, Craig Gunderson attends Harvard Medical School.



Facts about Doane's Falls

Difficulty: 4-5+ (Portage)
Length: 0.25 miles
Put-in: Doane's Falls is on Lawrence Brook, just upstream of its confluence with the southeast side of the Tully Reservoir. It lies in Royalston, Massachusetts, five mile north of Athol. Ask for directions in Athol. Any youngish person will know how to get there. Or, cross the Millers at the first bridge in town as you travel north on route 32. At the end of the bridge, bear right, and follow the road (Royalston Road, I believe) north for about 5 miles- until you cross the creek on the Stone Bridge. Park there.

Take out: No shuttle. Just walk back to your car.

Elevation: 800 to 650.

Water: Key! Any time the Miller's is runnable (2.9 or above on the Farley Bridge) you can at least scrape down it. This * means Doane's is up when pretty much all other creeks are way down. The higher the better.

Access: No problem. Local police have been know to frown upon boaters, but Doane's is owned by The Trustees of Reservations, who thankfully have a stated policy of keeping their properties open to the public. Because of the numerous deaths, the Trustees employ rangers whose job is primarily to keep people from drinking alcohol. *

"It took rescuers four days to level a boy's body out of the drop when he drowned there several years ago."



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Peg O'Hagan and Recusci-Annie Photo by Beth Maczka

The Western Carolina Rescue Rodeo: An AWA Interview

The AWA has supported the Western Carolina Paddlers' Western Carolina Rescue Rodeo since its start in 1991. With the hope that other affiliate clubs will consider initiating similar events, AWA Safety Chair Lee Belknap conducted the following interview with the rodeo's founder and organizer, Chris Bell, via the internet.

AWA: What is a rescue rodeo?

Chris: A bunch of paddlers who get together once a year to practice their rescue and first aid skills, meet some nice people, eat a barbecue dinner and participate in a raffle with an almost embarrassing number of prizes...not necessarily in that order!

AWA: How do you practice your rescue and first aid skills?

Chris: Through six events – a rope throw for speed, accuracy and technique; a self rescue incorporating a roll and a swim in class II water; a team rescue in class II water; an equipment round-up in which teams scramble to recover equipment dropped into the river from upstream; a rescue scenario in which the team encounters a victim of a common river accident playing a scripted role; and a first aid scenario in which the team demonstrates their mastery of skills similar to those taught in Red Cross CPR and Advanced First Aid classes. These events are all "hands on;" we don't sit around and describe what should be done, we do it.

AWA: Could you describe one of these events in more detail? What exactly is a "rescue scenario?"

Chris: Sure. The rescue scenario may be my favorite event. Past scenarios have included foot entrapments, vertical pins, lightning strike victims, traumatic injuries complete with fake blood and compound fractures. The scenarios always include a "trap," a non-obvious problem that if not dealt with causes a bad situation to get a lot worse.

In this year's rescue scenario, each team brought their boats to a staging area and was told that they were on an early spring trip in cold water. They were told that just around the corner a couple had managed to solidly pin their canoe in a low class III, that the couple was by itself, that the team was the only source of help and that the incredibly nasty Blood Falls was seventy yards below the pinned boat.

Time began as soon as the team got into their boats and eddied out. Just around the corner, the team found a pinned boat and two "victims." The first victim's "leg" (simulated with a piece of

foam) was pinned tightly enough to require a z-drag to make the extraction. The second victim was beginning to drift downstream. As time went on, both victims (unless properly treated) began to suffer the effects of hypothermia, with their speech becoming less and less intelligible. The second victim had to be spotted and rescued quickly or she washed over Blood Falls.

The teams were evaluated on factors like: did they set upstream and downstream safety? Did they have a clearly designated leader, and did this person do a good job coordinating and controlling the rescue? Was the safety of the rescuers a priority? How quickly did the extraction occur? Were the limited number of rescuers available to the team wisely deployed? Was the swimmer rescued before she washed over Blood Falls?

AWA: Who evaluates the teams?

Chris: Our club is blessed with some very talented individuals, people like rescue guru Slim Ray and the ACA's Sam Fowlkes. Our rescue scenarios are designed by Randy Provost, a C-boating MD who has written rescue scenarios for the NOC. Like most clubs, we also have lots of folks who may not be as well known, but are imaginative and knowledgeable. We've used doctors, nurses, physician's assistants, paramedics, ski patrol members and athletic trainers to judge the technically more difficult events, like the first aid and rescue scenarios. For most of the other events, all you need is people with stop watches and a little common sense. Having "experts" in our club probably helped give us the courage to hold the first rodeo, but it certainly isn't a prerequisite for a club to stage a similar event.

AWA: You call your event a rodeo. Does that mean it's a competition?

Chris: Yes and no. The events are all judged, the teams receive scores, and we announce the winners of each individual event and the over-all winning teams. So to that extent it is a competition. But we try to downplay the competitive aspect by awarding the prizes through a raffle rather than on the basis of who won which event, and we try to keep in mind that the real point is to practice and learn

new skills. For most people the competitive aspect of the rodeo is very friendly and low-key.

AWA: Why make it a competition at all?

Chris: Mainly to give people an incentive to work quickly in a semi-stressful environment. A real rescue is highly stressful; making the rodeo competitive, even if it is a friendly competition, makes the simulations and scenarios a tiny bit more realistic.

AWA: I'd never heard of anything like this before meeting you. How did you come up with the idea for it?

Chris: At an ACA Instructor's Clinic taught through the NOC. My favorite part of the clinic was the hour or two we spent simulating rescues and practicing rescue skills. I'm pretty competitive by nature, so the idea of turning rescue practice into a competition came naturally. I know it sounds goofy to say that I really enjoyed practicing my rescue skills, but you have no idea how many people have come up to me after the rodeo and told me how much they enjoyed themselves. A number have told me it was one of the most fun days they have spent on a river, including some real hard-core boaters – folks for whom a trip down the Narrows of the Green is just another afternoon on the river.

AWA: Did you come up with the ideas for all your events by yourself?

Chris: No! Designing the events has been a real collaborative effort. The first year a bunch of us got together and kicked around ideas for fun things to do. We came up with the basic ideas for the events and then assigned judging teams to work out the details. Each year each event's head judge has ultimate responsibility for designing their event – deciding what the teams are going to be asked to do and coming up with score sheets. I supply them with the previous years' event descriptions and score sheets, and they take over from there. My special talent is in organizing the rodeo, not rescue and first aid. The trick is to find imaginative, energetic, knowledgeable people and then get out of their way.

AWA: Had you ever organized a rodeo before the rescue rodeo?

Chris: Never, but I have a friend who had, AWA board president Risa Shimoda-Calloway, and in about 3 minutes Risa told me all I needed to know to get started.

AWA: What did Risa tell you?

Chris: First, find a location and get the permission of the property owner to hold the rodeo. Second, buy insurance. And third, prepare a description and budget for your sponsors, spelling out what you are asking of them and what

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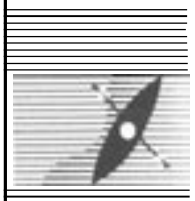
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they will get from you in exchange.

We held our first two rodeos on the Nolichucky River, fifteen miles or so downstream of the Gorge. The landowner was a restaurant and they were happy to have us and our hungry mouths to feed. This location was unfamiliar to a lot of people, so we moved to the Nantahala and the NOC. The NOC has been one of our primary sponsors from the beginning and have always been incredibly supportive.

The first couple years we bought insurance through the company that sold insurance to the predecessor of NOWR – the National Organization of Whitewater Rodeos. Since then we've bought insurance through the ACA. It's a great deal – your club joins the ACA, you pay a \$20 sanctioning fee and \$5 per non-ACA member participant. The ACA's forms even help walk you through some of the details like what is the source of your drinking water? What will you do about bathroom facilities? And what is your safety plan?

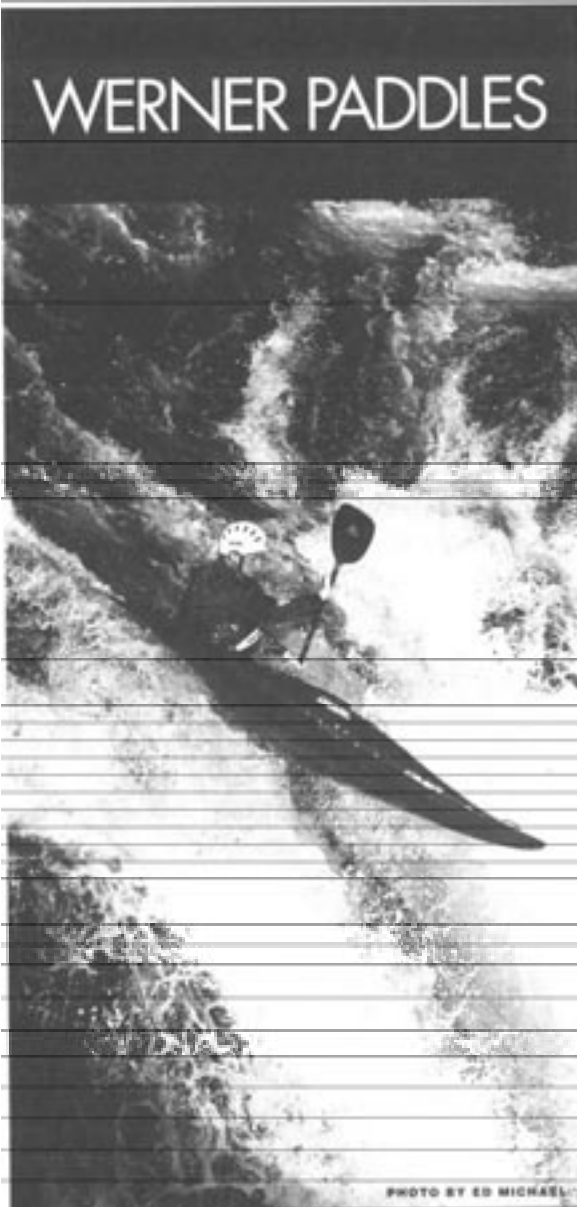
We've always gotten a great response from our sponsors. Some donate cash, some prizes. We have multiple sponsorship levels, with each level getting something different back, like their logo on our T-shirt and an event named after their company. In addition to the national companies, we approach local folks as well. If you ran a restaurant, wouldn't you like for paddlers to know where you are and that you're friendly? We're in a fairly unique situation since almost all of our "national" sponsors are in fact local; most clubs thinking about sponsoring a rodeo should probably use their imagination and focus on local sponsors.

AWA: Who participates in your rodeo? Is it just for rescue weenies?

Chris: Rescue weenies? Perhaps I'm not the best person to answer that question! Let's just say that this year's winning team, UNC-Asheville, included among its members an international freestyle rodeo champion wearing her red, white and blue USA pfd, the first person to run Gorilla on the Green River Narrows, and two fellows who think they've wasted rain and gas if they don't run the Twisting Falls section of the Elk and the Watauga the same day.

AWA: Does that mean you have to be an "expert" to participate?

Chris: Absolutely not. Most of our participants are average, run of the mill paddlers. But since they care enough to



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Scott Shipley, started paddling with Werner paddles when he was twelve. Today he's a two-time ('93 & '95) World Cup Champion and US National Slalom Champion.

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participate in the rodeo, and maybe even brush up on their skills beforehand, they tend to be the kind of people you'd like to have paddle with you. We've had teams of novices some years that have had as much fun as anyone else; we don't ask quite as much of them and we assign them an expert team leader with good people skills. Non-paddling friends and family members have enjoyed participating as "victims" in the first aid scenarios and "land swimmers" in the rope throw competition. We've learned that we have some real acting skills among our volunteers. We're into learning and having a good time; you don't need to be an expert boater to learn and enjoy yourself!

AWA: Are there any materials available to help people who wish to start their own rescue rodeo?

Chris: Yes. I'm happy to send photocopies of our event descriptions, score sheets, budgets, and so forth. I'll even send them on a floppy disk. Just write or email me: Chris Bell, 7 Garden Terrace, Asheville, NC 28804 or bell@unca.edu. At some point I'd like to put all this up on a web site.

AWA: When will the next rodeo be held?

Chris: The first Saturday in June, 1997. Hope to see you there!



Megan O'Reilly's Vertical pin in Blood Falls. Photo by Chris Bell

1997 Western Carolina Rescue Rodeo Results

This year's Western Carolina Rescue Rodeo drew paddlers from six states (including two from CO and one from MA). After the spray settled, UNC-Asheville's "Vomiteers" overcome questionable taste and irrepressible merriment to capture the team crown.

Led by international freestyle rodeo champion Rebecca Weis, certifiably knarly hair boater Tom Visnius, certifiably insane rec.boat.paddler Leland Davis plus Camp Arrowhead ringers Trip Kinney and Lean Bell, the Vomiteers rolled, z-dragged and pulsed to a narrow victory over Brevard NC's Camp Carolina.

The full results:

Western Carolina Rescue Rodeo, June 1, 1996, Wesser, NC



Lee Derus treats victim in first aid scenario
Photo by Chris Bell

Perception, Inc. Rope Throw:

1. UNCA (Asheville, NC)
2. CHOTA (Knoxville, TN)
3. Camp Carolina (Brevard, NC)
Clemson University
[Clemson, SC]
5. Atlanta Aces (Atlanta, GA)
Rec.Boat.Clueless
:Cyberspace)
Western Carolina Paddlers
'Asheville, NC)

Menasha Ridge Press First Aid Scenario

1. Camp Carolina
2. UNCA
.Atlanta Aces
Rec.Boat.Clueless
Western Carolina Paddlers
5. Clemson University
7. CHOTA

Dagger Canoe Company Rescue Scenario

1. UNCA
2. Atlanta Aces
3. Clemson University
4. CHOTA
5. Camp Carolina
6. Rec.Boat.Clueless
7. Western Carolina Paddlers

Savage Designs Self Rescue

1. Western Carolina Paddlers
2. Camp Carolina
3. Clemson University
4. UNCA
5. Atlanta Aces
6. CHOTA
7. Rec.Boat.Clueless

Nantahala Outdoor Center Team Rescue

1. CHOTA
2. Camp Carolina
3. UNCA
4. Clemson University
5. Western Carolina Paddlers
6. Atlanta Aces
7. Rec.Boat.Clueless

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- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------|
| 1. UNCA | 12.5 points |
| 2. Camp Carolina | 13.5 |
| 3. Clemson University | 19.5 |
| 4. CHOTA 20.0 | |
| 5. Atlanta Aces | 22.5 |
| Western Carolina Paddlers | 22.5 |
| 7. Rec.Boat.Clueless | 29.5 |

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HARD TIMES IN WEST VIRGINIA... SUMMER SOLSTICE-FAYETTE COUNTY

by Colleen Laffey

Photos by Chris Hancock

On the longest day of the year a group of people gathered to celebrate the bounty of summer activities in the New River Gorge by taking up *Captain Thurmond's Challenge*. And just what, you may ask, is this *Captain Thurmond's Challenge*?

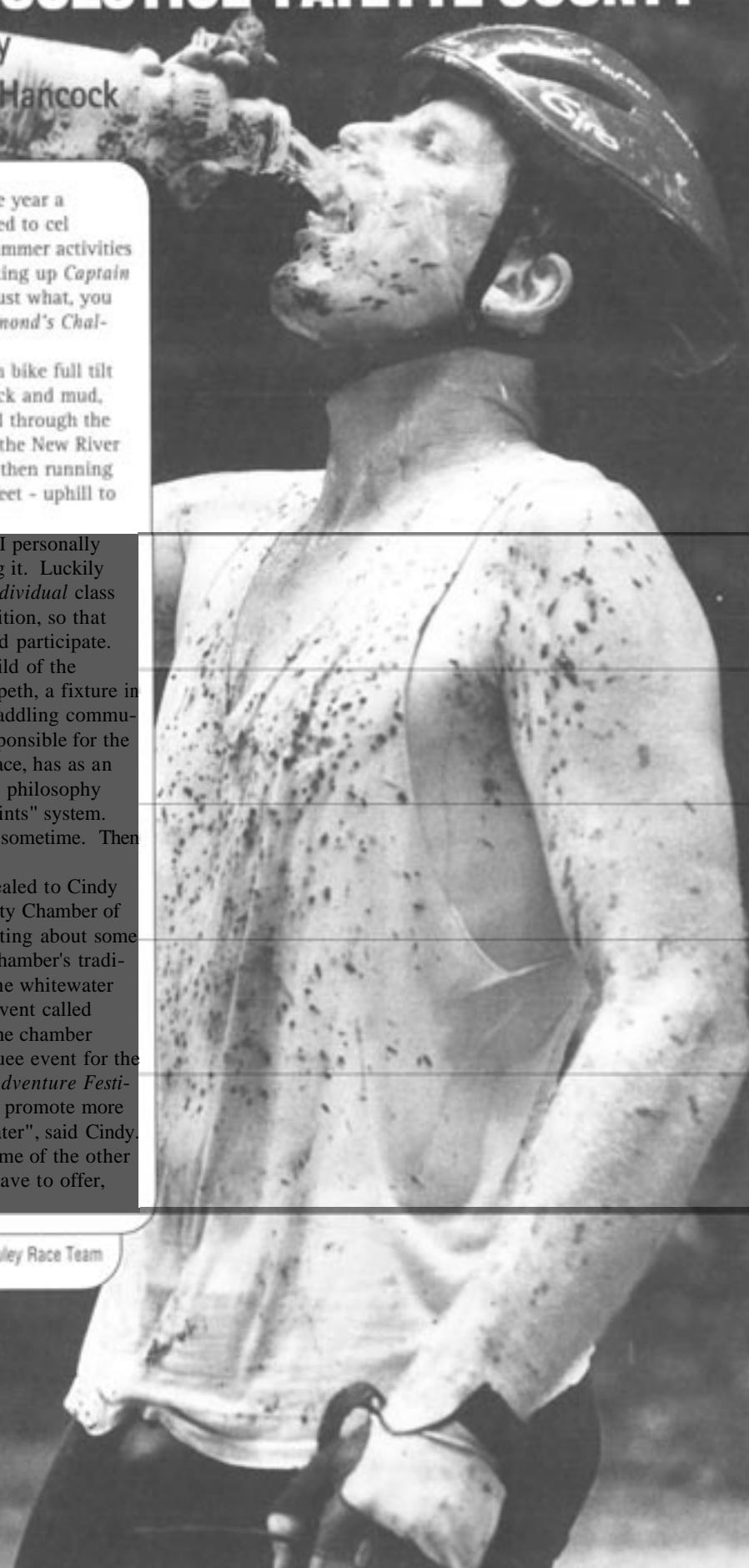
Imagine riding a mountain bike full tilt through 10 miles of single track and mud, paddling a kayak from Cunard through the pools and big water rapids of the New River Gorge to Fayette Station, and then running five miles - and 900 vertical feet - uphill to the town of Fayetteville.

Sounded grueling to me. I personally couldn't imagine myself doing it. Luckily however, in addition to the *individual* class there was also a *team* competition, so that even slackers like myself could participate.

The race was the brain child of the warped mind of Donnie Hudspeth, a fixture in the Southern West Virginia paddling community. Donnie, who is also responsible for the organization of the Gauley Race, has as an intriguing personal recreation philosophy based on his own "gravity points" system. (Ask him to explain it to you sometime. Then drop and give him 20...)

The idea for the race appealed to Cindy Whitlock of the Fayette County Chamber of Commerce, who had been casting about some sort of event to replace the Chamber's traditional annual promotion of the whitewater rafting industry through an event called "Whitewater Wednesday". The chamber adopted the race as the marquee event for the newly created *Appalachian Adventure Festival*. "With this event we will promote more than our world-class whitewater", said Cindy. "People will be able to see some of the other recreation opportunities we have to offer, such as hiking and biking."

Eric Lindberg cools down - Gauley Race Team



The race was named in honor of Captain Thurmond, the founder of the once thriving town that bears his name. Thurmond, which began as a small railroad hub in 1880, soon became the major shipping center between Cincinnati and Richmond. One story from this town's colorful past tells of a poker game at the *Dunglen Hotel* which lasted 14 years. It used to be said of this town that "the only difference between hell and Thurmond is that a train stops in Thurmond."

On the day of the race however, no one would be stopping and it was the weather making it feel a bit hellish. A "Lemans" start began with the bikers at the Stonecliff Beach, upstream of Thurmond. The course took them downstream to Thurmond, then up the road to the Mary Ingles Trailhead. This trail led them on to Cunard, the boaters access point for the Gorge, and the transition point for the second leg of the race.

Bob Vernon was the first biker to come into Cunard. He was one of 12 individuals who chose to solo the entire event. Local heroine Maura Kistler was the sole female "individual" participant. Her husband and nine month old child were at the finish line to cheer her on.

The fastest kayak time was turned in by Howard Tidwell, sponsored by his employer, ACE Whitewater. He was making up time, as he had fallen way behind on the bike leg. "I sucked on the bike...", said Tidwell. But he hammered out the paddling in a wildwater boat and then ran on to victory in the individual class. His finish time placed him first in his class and fifth overall.

Seventeen teams participated, many sponsored by local businesses and rafting companies. A team from Morgantown, *the good, the bad & the ugly*, consisted of Rob Voorhees on a bike, Steve Kauffman in a wildwater boat and Aaron Toothman running, slammed the competition and came in 1st Overall. Steve had the second fastest kayak time. I never did find out which one was the good, bad or ugly.

The Shred Betty's, also sponsored by ACE Whitewater, turned in the top time for the woman's division. Alice Vernon ripped on the bike, I flailed the kayak in my Wavehopper and Carrie Meador sweated through the heat and humidity on the run to town. Mary "Typhoon" Bethune of MRT's woman's team, had the second fastest woman's kayak time. Also on her team was Magda Drownowski, and Sara Gilfillan. Chris Banks of the Ridge Rider team came in 3rd in kayak, with the fastest time for slalom kayak. His team consisted of Dave Heinback on the bike, and nationally ranked runner Kathy Lencio. They were 2nd overall.

The New River was a merciful five feet on the Fayette Station Gauge. This is much higher than is usual for the end of June, so it is likely that these kayak times may not be beaten for years to come. Response to the event was enthusiastic! I overheard several spectators remark that they wished they had raced. The transition points were charged with energy from both racers and spectators.

Next year the race will be held on West Virginia Day - June 20th. Anyone interested in participating can obtain information by contacting the Fayette County Chamber of Commerce at 304/465-5671.



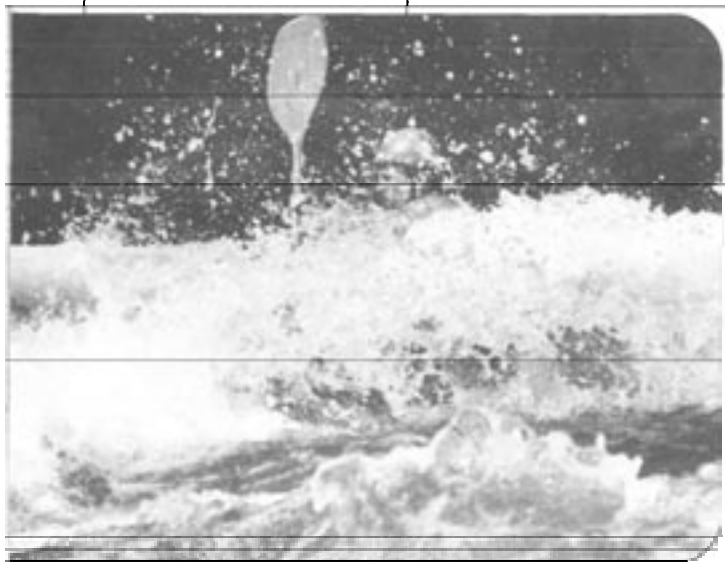
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APPALACHIAN ADVENTURE FESTIVAL
Captain Thurmond's Challenge Triathlon

Individual	Kayak Start Time	Kayak Finish Time	Kayak Split	Overall Time {elapsed}
Howard Tidwell	4:03:20	4:41:12	37:52	2:17:03
Ridge Hundley	3:59:36	4:48:33	48:57	2:23:34
Joe O'Leary	3:55:48	4:40:10	44:12	2:23:48
Bob Vernon	3:53:07	4:40:44	47:37	2:26:33
Nickolas Broskovich	4:01:00	4:48:36	47:36	2:27:32
Brad Yurish	3:58:30	4:42:36	44:06	2:31:11
Robert Thaw	4:00:01	4:48:11	48:10	2:33:35
Maura Kistler	4:02:24	4:50:52	48:28	2:35:35
Chris Denne	4:03:36	4:49:57	46:21	2:40:08
Gary Roberts	4:01:36	4:51:00	49:24	2:44:20
Rick Gusic	4:12:10	4:54:57	42:47	2:45:31
Kinsey Shilling	4:08:56	4:58:49	49:53	2:53:38

* Race Start Time = 3:02:00

""Kayak Start Time = First paddle stroke

Team	Kayak Start Time	Kayak Finish Time	Kayak Split	Overall Time {elapsed}
Good, Bad & Ugly {Steve Kauffman, Rob Voorhees, Aaron Toothman}	3:52:40	4:32:18	39:38	2:00:41
Ridge Rider {Chris Banks, Dave Heinback, Kathy Lencio}	3:53:01	4:35:17	42:16	2:05:04
Mountain River Tours {Dave Persolja, Chris Colias, Pete Persolja}	3:56:58	4:40:12	43:14	2:08:14
Gauley Race Team {Donnie Hudspeth, Eric Lindberg, Bruce Blankenship}	3:56:17	4:40:14	43:57	2:13:26
Cooper {Jon Cooper, Doug Cooper, Frank Baer}	3:53:29	4:38:10	44:41	2:18:57
Shred Betty's {Colleen Laffey, Alice Vernon, Came Meador}	3:59:00	4:43:14	44:14	2:19:52
Blue Ridge Outdoors {Jeb Tilly, Hugh Robinson, Rob Jiranek}	3:59:56	4:48:31	48:35	2:21:06
Class VI {Phil Davis, Jorge Segura, Al Pityo}	3:58:53	4:45:10	47:17	2:24:14
Begoon {Eddie Begoon,?}	4:01:20	4:53:19	54:59	2:27:07
Young {Greg Hewitt, Bob Warner, Ralph Young}	4:09:04	4:54:58	46:54	2:32:30
Mountain River Tours {Mary Bethune, Magda Drewnowski, Sarah Gilfillan}	4:09:24	4:53:52	44:28	2:37:13
Bank One {Geoff Heeter, Kyle Heeter, J. Boyd}	4:12:02	4:59:46	47:44	2:37:15
Myers {Patrick Myers, Lynn Weller, Pete Rich}	4:08:22	4:55:09	46:47	2:39:01
Wildwater	4:27:47	5:11:49	44:02	2:52:43
Summersville Mem.Hospital {Anita Adams, Beth Hudspeth, Diane Miller}	4:27:57	5:15:00	47:03	?
Zak {Jeff Brown, Joe Zak, Richard Earles}	4:39:29	5:36:00	56:31	?

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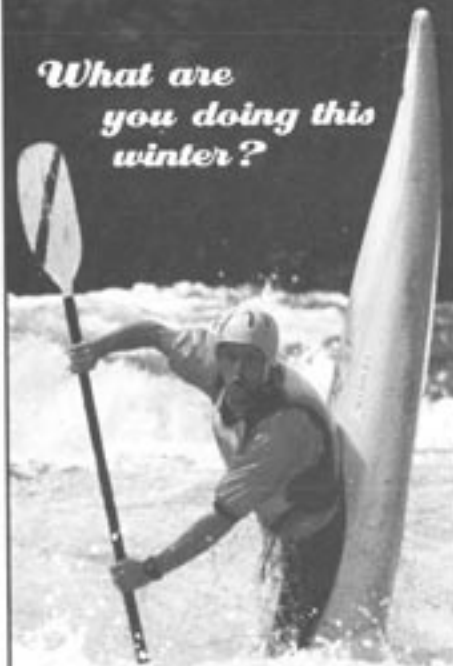
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EXTREME
RACE:**



**FOR
EXTREME,
IT'S
JUST
THE
BEGINNING!"**

by Sam Drevo
photos by Eric Evans

"This is a landmark event for the sport of whitewater kayaking," I said to my travel agent as I booked my flight to Portland, Oregon for the 1996 World Kayak Federation Gorge Games Extreme Race. The first whitewater kayaking event I'd ever attended with a cash purse—PROFESSIONAL KAYAKING, could it be? It sounded almost too good to be true. The race was put on by the WKF with outstanding efforts by local organizer, Andy Allen. The newly-formed World Kayak Federation was established earlier this year to set new standards for the sport of kayaking. It certainly fulfilled its mission at this event! The WKF Gorge Games Extreme Race was awesome and sets a new precedent for extreme kayak racing.

One of the most challenging whitewater races ever run began with a class V hike from the top of Columbia River Gorge to the river below. Lowering paddles and boats by rope, the adrenaline started pumping even before we hit the water. The course itself featured 4.5 miles of challenging whitewater, including several Class V

drops and multiple waterfalls ranging in height from 8-30 feet. What's more, direct snow melt from Mt. Adams poured into the course at the half way point, dropping the water temperature 10 degrees and doubling the intensity of the rapids.

The hardest technical part of the run was at the top. "Big Brother," announced itself with authority immediately after the warm-up rapids: a twenty-eight foot vertical drop with a technical entrance. Those unfortunate paddlers (like myself), who were a little too far right, landed in "The Cave," a toilet bowl of an eddy that extended from the curtain out 10 feet past the waterfall. This was not the place to be, but here I was! Luckily for us "cave dwellers," safety technicians stood ready to rappel down the 30 foot vertical face to pull out any swimmers. I never felt so safe in such a nasty place. On this day Big Brother would force no swims. That was fortunate for "Little Brother" waited no more than 50 feet downstream.

Little Brother required a straight





and physically, I punched this final series of 3 foot ledge holes and then dove over the finish line.

Entry into this race was strictly by invitation-only or by pre-qualification. The race committee scrutinized every entry application to ensure the skill level of each competitor. In all, 13 racers signed on to the task. Among them were Olympian, Freestyle World Champion, and WKF President Eric Jackson, US National Wildwater Champion Bryan Tooley, and yours truly. The race also highlighted such local favorites as the Knapp brothers. The competition was stiff and the prizes worth going for: \$1500 total cash purse plus a free Wavesport boat to the winner.

The safety measures taken in this race were impressive. Thirty safety boaters, including EMT's and high angle rescue technicians, lined the course, strategically placed for the most effective rescue. Communication was seamless: cel-

lular phones at each of the major waterfalls and radios at all other key points along the river. The local park service and private land owners also made important contributions and ensured that evacuation points were marked in case of an emergency. All WKF events will have a Safety Team on hand.

Fortunately, everything went smoothly. This was no surprise to local organizer, Andy Allen, who said, "A lot of people think racing on this hard of whitewater is simply crazy and dangerous. But with the high level of skill and experience that was displayed by both the competitors, as well as the rescue technicians, we have proven it can be done."

So who won? After a focused 35 minutes, Eric Jackson stole the show with an impressive victory and \$1000. Bryan Tcoley was not far behind securing his place for second and \$300. And, well, despite some clawing to escape The Cave, I took the bronze and \$200. The competition was tight but next year it is expected to be a lot tighter when the World Kayak Federation declares this race one of the stops in the three race WKF Extreme World Cup series. So start training, because the purse is getting bigger.

forward boof, left to right, covering about 10-12 feet. Right around the corner (it seemed) from the siblings was the infamous "Double Drop:" 10-15 feet of air dropping into a hole that gave everyone a little trouble, followed by another ten foot drop into a gnarly hole, that cartwheeled a few of the less fortunate. Once at the bottom of Double Drop competitors had some solid class III-IV whitewater to make up time and regroup before "Zig-Zag Canyon." Upper and Lower Zig-Zag offered a half-mile of adrenaline-packed class V's, with munching holes waiting like Venus Fly Traps for tired paBAD BAD BAD BAD BAD BADBADBADBADBADBADBADBADBADBAD BAD BAD BAD BAD hausted mentally



AT THE BIGFORK FESTIVAL THE MOTHER SHIP *by Kelly Mull*

N.O.W.R.

If you can pack your boating gear, camping gear, and still have room for a dog, you have a boating vehicle. I sometimes worry about the boat weight - car weight ratio on some of the smaller cars. If a stiff wind came up, would the car blow over, or just jump lanes?

As the boating community matures I have started to notice a new trend: the RV. How many of us would never have been caught dead in an RV if our grandparents were driving, now find ourselves using them as warm refuges along rivers? As you travel the whitewater rodeo circuit you begin to recognize some of the same faces and vehicles. Our beloved Titan, or the Mother Ship, is owned by our buddy, Dan Gavere. The MS Titan has been the headquarters for many a river event. Complete with generator, it has housed the scoring for the Lochsa Rodeo, as well as been the center of life as we know it at the Bigfork Whitewater Festival. I have personally ridden in the Titan and can attest to the fact it is very nice to see the world from a moving living room.

A number of well-known athletes have made whitewater rodeo what it is today. Their arrival is usually announced with rigs covered with racks and more stickers than you could put on a VW bug without repainting it. These folks make a living at eating, sleeping and talking kayaking. They pull into the Bigfork Whitewater Festival, one after another, and start rolling

out the banners. In the river directly below several boaters are ferrying lines to complete the slalom courses for the novice and team races. On Friday evening registration begins. While the masses are trying to find that one pen that was just put down, gatekeepers are eating pizza and reminiscing about last year's great weather and fun. The party begins.



Saturday morning - the late arrivals have one last chance to register, while last minute changes are made on the course. The safety people are in place and gatekeepers now remember the reason they were supposed to go to the bathroom before they got to the river. Spectators are milling everywhere and dogs are tied to trees like Queen Elizabeth's guards. The "Big Rock", where the spectators like to stand, and swallow you whole, given half a chance. As the race gets underway, you might see an occasional boater, completely geared, run into the woods. Then you might hear something sounding very similar to a late night porcelain driver, clearing his throat. This is just someone prepping his stomach for the journey ahead; the expert course tends to do this to some folk.

The novice course is much gentler on the intestines and offers a venue for the less advanced boaters to strut their stuff. Occasional swimmers in the 1996 Festival found themselves whisked off the water with a rescue basket hooked to a jet-ski. This proved to be not only quick, but entertaining for the spectators. The boater ejects, the jet-ski spots them from afar, and dashes like the cavalry to "save" the swimmer. After the swimmer was safely on shore, the jet-ski team would navigate the rapids upstream.

Saturday nights in downtown Bigfork can be fun, even without a festival. But given half a chance to really show its stuff, Bigfork doesn't hold back. Sabo's Bar and Grill and the Garden Bar in the Village of Bigfork (4 blocks long) both host live music. With registration at the Garden Saturday and Sunday mornings, Sabo's hosts a Saturday night raffle, where boating gear and a boat find good homes. You can't see anything in the crowd if you're under 5'5". The crowd calls it quits for the night when they are told it's time to go home and sleep - it's so hard to keep track of all those things, like sleep.

As Sunday morning rolls around the last minute registrants quietly line up for the last of the races, the downriver and team slalom. The downriver, being fairly self explanatory, begins the day. A morning run down the river to clear the cobwebs and your sinuses really isn't a bad way to start the day.

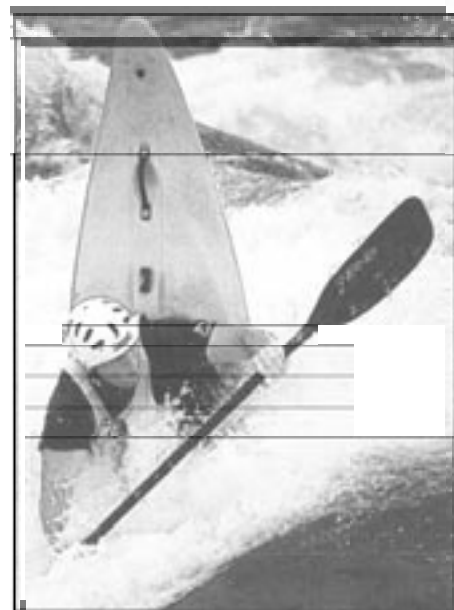
The team slalom in the afternoon seems to bring out the best in folks. All the things you can do with beer cans (chests for men), 12 pack boxes (hats), fit kit foam (fins for your helmet), blow up toys (whale, and yes, there was the girlfriend of a competitor (girl doll)) - my imagination was seriously stretched! The competitors were given one night of preparation to come up with their costumes and teams comprised of three people. The Canadians took the competition and ran with it.

The awards ceremony is next on the agenda. Sponsors from all over the nation contribute to these festivals, without their support the events wouldn't be the same. Thanks to them, one and all. As competitors are awarded prizes for their placing in the races, food and conversation flood the senses. Everyone seems to have had a good time this year... wants to come back next year... Hey, are they going to have the disco party tonight?

Bigfork has earned a reputation for their disco party, established two years ago. Polyester, Goody combs and Mr. T starter kits grace our attire. Let the bogeying begin. This year's end of the weekend finale surpassed anything remotely similar to a complete blowout. People danced everywhere. On the floor, tables, and other people. People will continue to talk about the Bigfork Whitewater Festival for years to come.

There - the challenge is out. I guess I'll have to get to all the rest of the festivals to see who comes closest!

Now back to the road! Dan's MS Titan, and it's fearless crew, and my little Subaru, (you know the little gold Urban Assault Vehicle), must continue to drive millions of miles across the tundra to many more events. We hope to see you there!



"COULD YOU REPEAT THAT PLEASE?"

N.O.W.R. DEFINED

by Kelly Mull



"Hello?"

"Hi. May I speak to your marketing director?"

"Yes, may I say who's calling?"

"Yes, this is Kelly Mull with N.O.W.R."

"Who? N.R.W.O.?"

"No that's N.O.W.R., the National Organization of Whitewater Rodeos."

"Oh...O.K., Hold just one minute."

Now I have had to explain to countless secretaries over the years how to spell my last name, but this takes the cake. We have the N.O.W.R., the A.W.A., the WKF, the PFFA, the ACA, the USCKT,...the YMCA, and a few others here in Montana that I won't go into at the moment. These abbreviations can be a bit confusing!

To clarify the association between **A.WBAD BAD BAD BAD BAD BAD BAD BAD BAD BAD BAD BAD BAD BAD BAD BAD BAD BAD** aking as a more invasive sport than fishing.

NOWR is working with some of the top competitors representing us in the Pre-Worlds Competition this August. We are establishing judging, scoring and ranking for events holding expert and extreme competitions. This is a rather large task and will take a lot of time, energy and patience on the part of all involved to get it accomplished.

This year NOWR hosts it's annual meeting in Salt Lake City. All event organizers will be expected to attend, as well as sponsors, manufacturers and representatives of the paddle sports industry. There questions, comments and suggestions are voiced and/or implemented. This year there will be many a change for events and their sponsors. The tier structure will be altered to meet the needs of the paddling community as well as the sponsor. We will attempt to use consistent paperwork from event to event, to make it a "no brainer" for those tired of the 16 different insurance and registration forms.

This year's events have been interesting for some and exciting for others. Mother Nature intervened with Bob's Hole Rodeo in Portland, OR, by washing out their rodeo hole. Animas River Days in Durango, CO, didn't get the anticipated runoff for their event. The Team Trials didn't happen at either event as a consequence. ESPN2 has been spotted at some of the rodeos and will air spots from time to time on national T.V. I guess we might get our 15 minutes of fame as whitewater kayakers after all! Or was that 10 minutes? Keep a lookout for NOWR events on T.V. in the future.

NOWR will be posting the event results for the pro and expert men's, women's and juniors competitions in the slalom, downriver and freestyle events on the NOWR homepage (<http://www.nowr.org>). For any further information regarding up and coming NOWR events contact Kelly Mull at PH:406-862-5641; Fax 406-862-5778 and e-mail: dangr1Qnetrix.net.





by Ric Taylor

Bent Shaft Paddling...for Whitewater!



With freestyle paddling becoming the "Rage du Jour", the new strokes, and the changing of the top hand grips, I feel it's time to come out of the canoeing closet. For some time I have been using a bent shaft paddle on whitewater.

Now hold on a minute. I know what you're thinking; why should we trust this guy? He's never been a National Champion or anything, and he doesn't exactly come from the white water paddling center of the universe. In fact, he comes from LOS ANGELES, the City-That-Couldn't-Convict-Hitler. I know, I know, you're right about all that, but allow me to state my case.

A little about myself; I've been teaching and training teachers to teach canoeing since 1970. I have developed canoeing programs for the Red Cross and the city of Los Angeles Parks and Recreation Department, as well as various colleges around the country and Canada. I have two 90-minute canoe instructional videos out, and each summer I tour the country giving classes and seminars. I teach how to have FUN in a boat, and can sum up my teaching philosophy fairly easily: a student should leave the class knowing more than when they entered, and should ALWAYS leave with a healthy curiosity about the subject.

A few years ago I got a Barton graphite bent shaft paddle, the "Black Bart". This is such a WONDERFUL TOOL! At 11 ounces and 56 inches it was such a joy to use that I started applying it to various practice techniques that I do on flatwater. Then I thought about moving water as well. Bent shaft paddling has long been used in flatwater racing because of the advantage given to the power section of the forward stroke. However, the concept of achieving a better blade angle by angling the shaft applied to only one side of the blade for the power face. But that same concept applies to almost all strokes, if you use the back face of a bent shaft as a power face as well.

The problem with the "Black Bart" is that it is too beautiful and delicate to abuse in white water, and the two faces aren't shaped the same, one being perfectly flat, the other being dyhedral. Because of in-water recoveries and rotating the top hand and using both blade faces, both sides need to be the same shape for white water.

For testing purposes I got Mohawk (that little company from the other white water capital of the world, Florida) to make me a bent shaft paddle with a " T

grip. Most bent shaft makers just snickered when I broached the subject, but Mohawk, God bless 'em, just went ahead and made one up. I then put it up against one of their straight shaft paddles of similar length.

Now, I figure that there are three types of people reading this article. One: the adventurous, who look forward to (even seek out) new ideas. I've already gotten your curiosity aroused; you should go out and start messing around with a bent shaft and let me know what you come up with. Two: the traditionalists, who believe that canoeing is made all the more wonderful the more difficult it is. These folks never switch sides or top hand grips; they have already gone to another article and cannot be seduced back. Three: the rest of you, I hopefully assume, are willing to be convinced. For this reason I apologize, but I must now get seriously anal.

Almost immediately, I noted a 15 percent increase in my strokes. By using the normal power face I got a better blade angle on power strokes, high and low braces, "J" strokes and sweeps. And by using the normal back face as a power face, I got a better blade angle on all draws, pushaways, and back strokes. There is almost never a time in canoeing

Bent Shaft Paddling... for Whitewater!

where a straight shaft paddle gives you better blade angle than a bent shaft paddle, if you use both faces of the bent shaft (see accompanying photos).

Sweeps start out closer to the ends of the boat, braces allow the top hand to be higher and not conflict with the gunnel. Once you get accustomed to which face to use for a particular stroke, everything takes less physical work (my personal preference for a paddling philosophy).

You must "think" when you do offside strokes, because often you must roll the face during the cross-over, and a normal "J" stroke ends up being a Christy. But I never said it was going to be easy. I said it would be more productive, BRING YOUR BRAIN. You'd be surprised how soon you'll be able to feel what face you're using by feeling the tension on the blade, rather than having to look at the paddle.

A bent shaft paddle works better in moving water for two reasons. First, the aforementioned advantageous blade angles. Second, this blade angle is achieved with your top hand being 4-8 inches further inside the boat, giving you much better balance.

Try this at home. Take a 2" X 4"

board and lay it on the ground. Stand on it to get you balance, raise your bottom hand at the elbow and stick your forearm out at a 90 degree angle to your side. Then walk the length of the board with both your torso twisted back and your top hand extended out across your chest as far as it can go towards your on-side, so that your top palm is directly above your bottom one (Figure 1). This is the position that your body has to be in to get proper blade angle for most straight shaft strokes; it's the only way to get your top hand OUTSIDE the gunnel. Now try again with your top hand placed against your onside shoulder (Figure 2) and see the difference in balance. This is the position for most bent shaft strokes. It allows your top hand to stay inside the boat. Better yet, try it in a boat. This 4-8 inch difference in the top hand leads to much better balance and body mechanics.

Surfing is easier because you have better balance. Side surfing with a bent shaft allows an improved high brace. And by using the back face as a power face to reach out over the foam at the downstream side of the hole, you can grab some more stable, "greener" water.

Poling is easier, even reaching under water to dig something out of the mud is easier!

I see three problems: pushing off obstacles is often harder because the blade is never directly below the shaft; blade angle on in-water recoveries has to be PRECISE; and you have a slightly worse angle for the slap brace, that instinctive reaction when your boat starts to tip in the middle of a power stroke. (Your top thumb turns forward and you can't let go of the grip to revolve the blade to get the power face down, which leaves you using the back face for the first brace.)

I'm not trying to introduce this as the new hip-hop, flavor of the month, revolutionary paddling philosophy that's guaranteed to move you up two classes of white water by Friday. In fact, I don't mind at all is you don't use this technique. I do mind if you won't TRY it before you decide not to use it. I think it's something that bears your consideration, and I look forward to your entering wholeheartedly into the debate. Send all your awe-inspired revelations, or murderous invective-filled rants to; S.C.R.I., PO Box 41494, L.A., California 90041.

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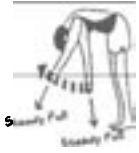
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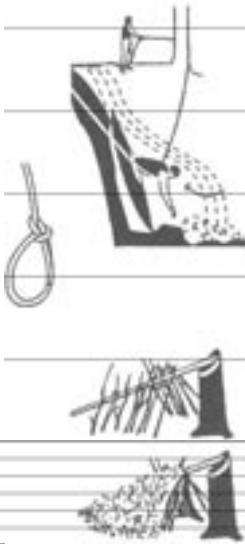
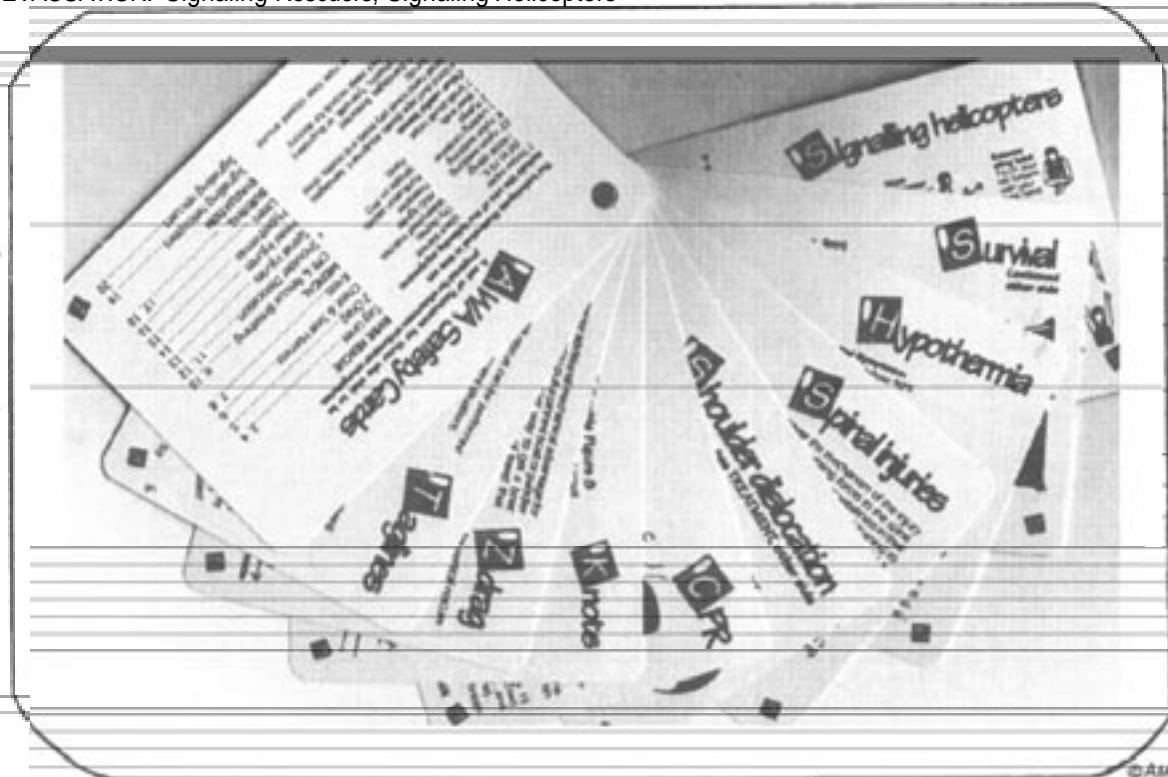
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Carolina Paddling Community Mourns Ben Matkins

Ben Matkins, an avid canoeist and conservationist from Greensboro, died recently of a massive heart attack. Described as a liberal political maverick, Matkins, aged 55, was a widely respected environmental activist and champion of the poor.

Matkins was a past president of the local Audubon Society and spearheaded efforts to clean up Buffalo Creek. He also helped establish a popular downriver canoe race on the Mayo River, which he helped save from damming.

In the 1980s Matkins was responsible for the annual Princess Whitewater party in Greensboro, which attracted as many

as one thousand people. Proceeds from these events were donated to such diverse organizations as the Sierra Club, the Friends of Carolina Theater, the Retinitis Pigmentosa Society and the Audubon Society.

Matkins is perhaps most remembered for his work with people. He raised money for prison libraries, worked with a successful Cambodian refugee program in Greensboro that served as a model for the rest of the country, and organized annual holiday food drives for the needy and homeless.

Ben Matkins is survived by his wife of thirty years, Linda Lee, and his daughter, Brandy.

UPPER GAULEY RACE SLATED FOR SEPTEMBER 30TH

The 4th Animal Upper Gauley Race is scheduled for Monday, September 30th, 1996. Last year 46 racers competed in this fast and fun event. Post race festivities include an Award Dinner/Party at the North American River Runners Campground in Hico. For more information stop by the NARRIPERCEPTIONINEW WAVE booth at the Gauley Festival, or call Donnie Hudspeth at 304-658-5276.

1997 will be the first year for the West Virginia Whitewater Series, consisting of a race on the Cheat, the New, and the Upper Gauley. These races will be a point series, with prizes for each race and overall points. For more information contact Donnie Hudspeth at 304-658-5276.

1996 MOOSE FEST SLATED

The fall paddling season on New York's Moose River will be highlighted by the AWA's 2nd annual Moose River Festival to be held Saturday, October 19 in Old Forge, NY.

The Moose is a remarkable whitewater destination that features paddling for all levels of ability within a 30-mile stretch of river. The section starts with the Middle Moose, a 6-mile class 2-3 run suitable for novices, followed by the Lower Moose, an 11-mile class 3-4 run appropriate for advanced intermediates.

Of course, the best-known portion remains the Bottom Moose—a 5-mile class 4-5 run dominated by challenging waterfalls, slides and steep rapids. The Bottom Moose was included in a "top 10" list of eastern hair runs in a previous American Whitewater article.

Whitewater recreation on the Bottom Moose was threatened in 1987 when a hydroelectric project was constructed midway through the run. However, thanks to an intervention by the AWA, 20 days of water releases are annually provided on the section.

Ten of those release dates are scheduled to coincide with the October drawdown of the Fulton Chain of Lakes on the headwaters of the Moose. The drawdown traditionally starts on Columbus Day weekend and augments water levels on the Moose, typically producing optimal

flows for paddling on the Bottom.

Bottom releases for the 1996 season include all four October weekends. However, paddlers should be aware that the opening weekend—before the start of the fall drawdown—might feature low water levels.

The 1995 Moose Festival proved spectacularly successful despite torrential rains that soaked the surrounding Adirondack mountains throughout the Festival weekend. Some 500 paddlers spread out over the river's three sections on Saturday before converging on Old Forge's North Street Park for the evening's activities. Fortunately, the Festival was held out of the weather in an expansive enclosed skating arena.

The 1996 Festival will return to the same venue and will feature live entertainment, equipment displays and auction, raffles and food.

In addition, the 2nd annual Bottom Moose Downriver Race will be contested on the Festival weekend. This year the

event has been moved to Sunday to allow contestants an additional day to scout the river.

For information regarding the Moose River Festival, contact Chris Koll at (315)475-7499 days, (315)652-8397 evenings or E-mail at CKOLL1234@aol.com.

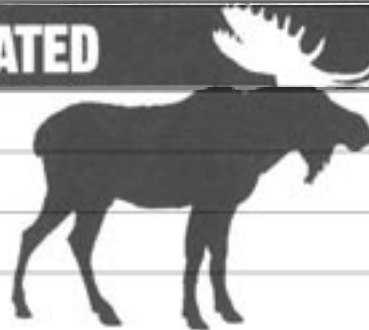
MOOSE RACE RETURNS

The 2nd annual Bottom Moose Race will be contested Sunday, October 20, 1996 as part of the Moose River Festival in Old Forge, New York.

This year's race has been moved to Sunday at 11 a.m. to allow potential contestants an additional day to plot lines through the Bottom Moose's steep slides and waterfalls. Race registration will be held at the Moose Festival on Saturday night.

The race will commence above Fowlersville Falls, where the Bottom Moose abruptly begins in a 48-foot high 60-degree slide, and concludes at Crystal—a three-tiered 30-foot waterfall. In between are six more class 4-5 drops and many additional rapids of lesser difficulty. Last year more than 30 competitors entered the initial race with Rok Skribar of Albany, NY finishing the stretch in under 30 minutes paddling a Prijon Yukon—a 14-foot touring kayak.

For additional information, contact Chris Koll at (315)475-7499 days, (315)652-8397 evenings or E-mail at CKOLL1234@aol.com.





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PADDLING A PYRANHA JOHN DOE AT SOMETHING FALLS.

PHOTO: CHRISTIE DOBSON

Internship Program at AWA Conservation and Access Office

This summer the AWA began an internship program and hired its first intern to obtain evidence of the benefits of whitewater recreation to national, state and local economies in the U.S.

During her five week internship, Ann Hensley collected government, industry, and academic reports as well as other statistical information on whitewater economics.

Then she organized the information into an AWA library on whitewater recreation economics, which is now located at the AWA office in Silver Spring, MD. The project was designed to collect evidence that maintaining a healthy, flowing river can be more beneficial to local and state economies than managing the river only for its hydropower potential. The AWA now has profiles on file on whitewater economics for each state and summaries of the major economic reports it has collected, information it will share with AWA members and other organizations

interested in whitewater economics.

Tracking down information for the project involved calling a wide range of individuals and organizations, from to Canoe and Kayak Magazine to the Minnesota Department of Natural Resources.

People were really helpful, Hensley said, I was actually surprised at how interested people were in the project. They all wanted to do what they could to point me in the right direction, even if it meant taking time out of their busy schedules to send me information or give me the numbers of other people to call.

Hensley said AWA board members were also outstanding resources.

We were extremely lucky to start our internship program off with someone as effective as Ann, said AWA's Conservation Director Rich Bowers, she has been a great help in pulling this needed information together for us. Hensley is from Channahon, Illinois and will be a junior this fall at Illinois State University in Nor-



AWA's intern Ann Hensley hard at work

mal, IL. She is an English major and hopes to have a career in the environmental movement, perhaps as an environmental lawyer. Hensley said she would like to thank everyone in the river community who took time out to help her locate information.

For more information on the AWA Internship Program, send a letter and resume to AWA, 1430 Fenwick Lane, Silver Spring, MD 20910.

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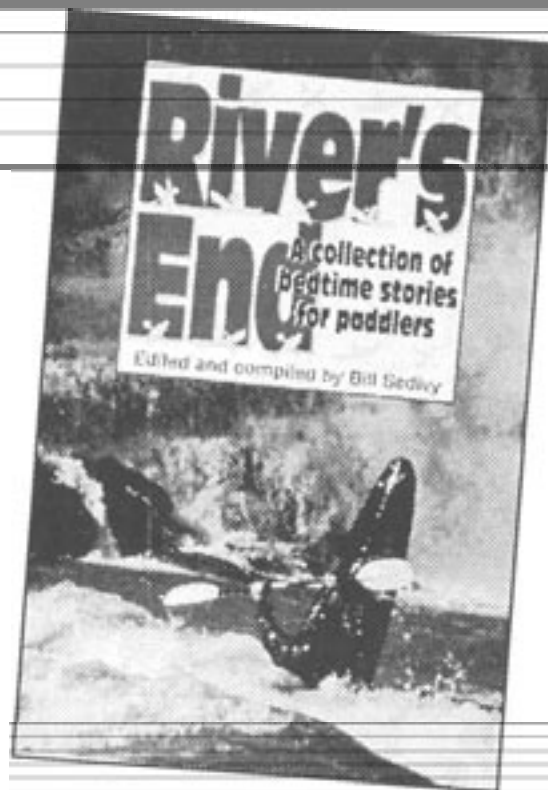
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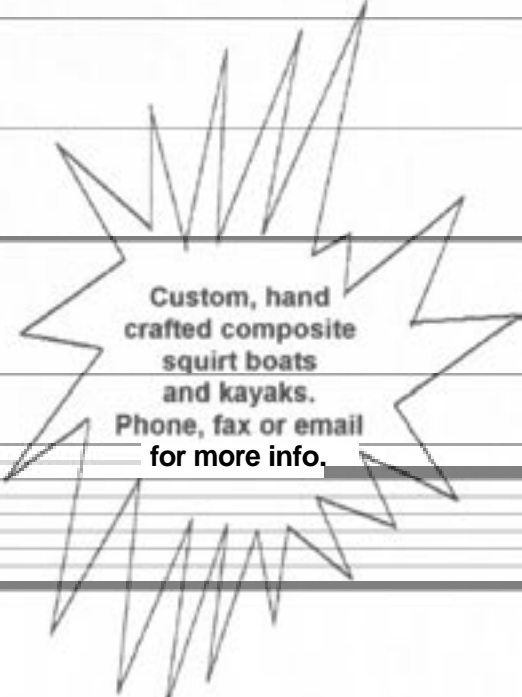
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Friday, October 11

10:00 Raft Race at put-in
10:00 Competitors Meeting for
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11:00 Expert Kayak & C-1 (Hell Hole)
7:00-10:00 Registration,
Nantahala Outdoor Center Ocoee Outpost
NO REGISTRATION AFTER THIS DATE!

Saturday, October 12

9:00 Competitors Meeting at Hell Hole
10:00 Squirt (Torpedo) and Open Canoe (Hell Hole)
12:30 Intermediate, Advanced & Jr., Kayak, C-1,
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4:00 Awards Ceremony

Sunday, October 13

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Paddling

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Film Festival



For more information please contact:

National Paddling Film Festival East:

Barry Grimes

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**March 1,
1997**

OLD FRIENDS

by Doug Ammons



"Is that all you're taking?" a voice asked from behind.

I looked up, blowing on cold and aching hands. A gust of wind whipped snowflakes into my eyes. Ten minutes ago in bright spring sunlight I'd been smiling, humming to myself, "What luck, what great weather!" A few minutes later the snowstorm had appeared out of nowhere. With a shiver, I doubtfully regarded the lightweight sleeping bag I'd just stuffed into the kayak.

"I'll be okay."

Joel looked down with what seemed to be a mixture of friendly concern and bemusement. "Don't underestimate the trip" he said, looking at the dark clouds above the swaying treetops. "We've got five days on the water. Take plenty of clothes because it's going to be cold." He smiled again then turned and went back to his own methodical packing.

I blinked more snowflakes out of my eyes, stuffed the last few odds and ends into my boat, and thought about what I was doing here.

A week ago I'd jumped at Joel's invitation to go on a five day trip down the Middle Fork of the Salmon River. He and his friends had an extra spot, would I like to go? Sure! I'd only been paddling a short time, but had spent most of it with them, learning, finding out what they knew and enjoying their company. I didn't know much, but they said I was ready. I became the tag-along member of the crew.

The others - Joel, Willie, Ralph, and Kay - were old hands at multiday trips, having done this trip numerous times and paddled together for many years. But it was my first wilderness kayaking trip, something I'd looked forward to with a wild assortment of feelings, all of them exaggerated by not knowing how to prepare. What should I bring? How much food? What would I need to stay warm? And how would I store it all in the boat? I didn't know the answers to these and a million other questions hopping through my head, but ignorance didn't slow me down. I'd backpacked for years and knew how easy it was to end up staggering down a trail under 80 pounds of stuff - ready for any emergency, but too exhausted to get into one. Anything was better than erring on the side of caution. So, even though I didn't know what to expect, I was convinced the way to enjoy the trip was to go light, lean, and mean. And so my preparation cut corners and left out unpleasant possibilities - like this snowstorm. But youth is resilient, and nothing is not hopeful. I bought a bunch of garbage bags since I didn't yet have the standard waterproof stowfloat bags, and tried to figure the smallest amount of gear to shove into them. Of course, in a warm living room it's easy to be a minimalist: "Snow? So what? Go light? Leave the extra coat. Nah, you don't need the socks or the extra food. Just stay light. All the better to zoom around on the river. Cold? If it's cold I'll build a fire. Wear my wetsuit at night."

And now, about to get in my boat, I looked at my four older companions who were carefully fitting what seemed like huge piles of gear into their cruising boats. "Why carry all that junk?" I asked myself. "How are they going to have any fun?"

Another squall shook the trees above and snow filtered down the neck of my thin paddling jacket. I looked at the ice-cold water rushing by. Time to put on.

All these old friends of mine were in their late 40's or beyond, and had been together since they started kayaking at least a decade before. I don't know what first brought them to the sport because they had started before it became popular, back when it was a struggle to find decent gear, and they had to make much of what they used. Oddly, they weren't young when they began, either. Each had been married for many years, had built a business and career, and had a family. Each had worked hard to make his way in life, and then, with security attained, for some reason, had been drawn out of the rat race and into a sport considered wild by normal society, building new skills so he could go where he wanted in a fresh and unfamiliar realm. Though they all must have felt some need, and though there must have been some unmet desire for them to set off in a new direction at that stage in their lives, apparently kayaking had satisfied it, because over the years they became comfortable and experienced paddlers, fixtures of the local paddling community, approaching the river with a patient style which savored a less hurried life. They had pushed their skills in many ways, until the world turned and the initial exploration quieted by familiarity. But if the passage of years had slowed them, it had also given the knowledge of what they liked and the good sense to pursue it with an even, sure pace. In contrast, I lacked experience and anything approaching good sense. Youth and enthusiasm defined my goals.

To be honest, I was far more than merely enthusiastic - I was enchanted about kayaking, Ecstatic, *wild* about it! It opened a world that seemed perfect. From the beginning, each paddlestroke through the living current and each shiver of electricity shouted fascination and fun. I couldn't get enough and jumped on every opportunity to get more. This trip was a leap into that new world which would teach me many things.

Along with eagerness and energy, a

OLD FRIENDS continued

dozen times paddling had taught me enough to bootstrap along with the older guys. I relied on their advice and asked for it often. I respected their experience and judgment, but their style seemed, well, uninspired. Their measured pace and subtle humor made them start to look like sticks-in-the-mud, a little boring. I was looking for more from the water - I was *sure* there was more. Caught up in my impatience, I brushed by their world, thinking that they soon wouldn't have any more to teach me. I was young.

It was early June and the runoff was peaking. Since the road to the normal put-in was still snowed over, we put on where Marsh Creek, the main tributary to the Middle Fork, crosses the highway and heads into the wilderness. The plan was to paddle the 25 miles down Marsh Creek as it became the Middle Fork, portage Dagger Falls and then head downstream for another four days until we reached the confluence with the main Salmon. It was a common enough river trip, though usually done later in the summer at lower water levels - but it was my first time. Five days. Self-contained. One hundred and twenty five miles on the river! It would last forever.

For all my enthusiasm and impatience, I was worried. Not about the river below, but I'd heard of avalanches blocking Marsh Creek in front of other early season parties. Anonymous stories passed along the grapevine, of people rounding corners to see logjams ahead with no eddies, or snowbridges under which the big stream disappeared. Being a complete novice, I didn't have any way to tell the good stories from the bad or the accurate from the embellished. Though there seemed something inherently dubious in all the worries, I didn't have the confidence to call anybody on the carpet for details. I knew Joel and the others were cautious and told myself. "The stories can't be right." So I wavered, my uneasy anticipation - unchallenged, the stories remained vague and the nebulous worries persisted.

It turned out we didn't have any trouble. Rather than death-defying logjams, my only problem was trying to avoid freezing splashes from waves and small holes along a pretty, class 3 stretch of river. My inexperience was amply demonstrated by my gear, comprised of a decaying wet suit, a thin ten-year old sprayjacket that had belonged to my brother, and a single thin polypropylene shirt underneath. The water was a few degrees above ice, the wind bit, and the sun sulked behind the clouds. We made it to Dagger Falls by evening and portaged around to sleep at a small campground at the normal put in. The temperature, already chilly, dropped sharply that night and I teetered in and out of hypothermia. Joel had been right to question me, but of course I didn't listen - so I froze. I put on everything I had, wrapped my lifejacket around me, and shivered until

morning. The older guys pulled out all those piles of junk which I had looked at so disdainfully, ate a huge meal, and slept in comfort.

After breakfast the next morning Joel checked in with the ranger at the put-in and the rest of us looked at Dagger Falls. We gazed from the cliffs alongside a roaring cacophony of white. Broken ledges and sucking water spanned the river as the water plunged through the falls in several big steps. The older guys looked and talked among themselves.

Whistling through his teeth Willie said, "I don't know about *that*."

"Just look at the holes below the ledges on the far side." Kay added with a squint. "Death," intoned Ralph.

Surrounded by the din of the crashing water, the group had the convinced air of looking at impossibility. Having been there five or six times before and pronouncing it unmnable each time, they weren't seeing anything they hadn't expected. Their only interest was for marveling at the display of power, while waiting for Joel. The falls didn't raise the idea of challenge.

But Youth looks with different eyes and sees different things. Leaving the group, I clambered around on the cliffs, looking from angle after angle, followed by the nagging sense that there was something present, but hidden. After ten or fifteen minutes, I climbed over the wet, slippery rock directly above the upper drop and looked one last time. It might have been the new vantage point, perhaps it was something else, but suddenly the world crystalized and before me was a class six rapid with an unmistakably safe and easy line. I found this hard to believe after hearing the falls described repeatedly as impossible, yet, there it was: line up at the top in the right place and flush through a weakness in the two main ledges - the current did all the work. I mentioned what I saw to Willie and the others. Each frowned, as if the idea was from another world.

"Better hit the right spot," warned Willie.

"But it's easy. It'd be really hard to make a mistake."

"A little too big," said Kay.

Ralph looked quietly, then shook his head and uttered, "Nope."

Joel joined us. He followed my pointing fingers, listening, and considered the situation. "The line's there all right," he said. He looked for a few more seconds narrowing his eyes a little, then motioned toward the trail and added, "I'll stay over here."

Intimidation was the problem, but at some level I realized this was only a distraction. Even as inexperienced as I was, there was a certainty in what I saw that overrode everything. The older guys recognized this too, but the recognition didn't lead them to the same place; it didn't push them or wake

them to new possibilities. However, it grabbed me: I'd seen the key and *had* to make the run. Backing off was intolerable. I *had* to do it. There was nothing rational about it. Whatever that impulse was, wherever it came from and wherever it led, I felt compelled to follow. The others weren't compelled or even tempted, but they were willing to watch.

Floating in the large, turbulent eddy above, I looked closely at where I thought I had to be. It was difficult to orient at water level as the current surged and spun me around. The deep water pulsed, shuddering and spinning, a universe of motions and power. Picking up speed it accelerated and disappeared over the dark edge of space. An eerie, displaced feeling crept through me, as if whispering, *you're not really doing this*. I reminded myself how easy it had looked, and that odd certainty loomed.

I paddled out, angling into the approach - a uniform line of green. As I came up to the edge I realized too late that I was a bit too far to one side. The power that exploded under me was startling - and exciting, like a stallion unexpectedly rearing. I jumped on. Two quick adjustment strokes to the right, then the water abruptly sucked down and catapulted me off a huge roostertail. I twisted along the green corkscrew of water like a toothpick down a funnel, and was flung, airborne and flailing, to land upside-down in the frothing white. I popped a roll and flushed down the second half of the drop with the full power of the river spewing me through, clean. The line *was* there, it was easy! Even with the mistake it all worked fine. But my error annoyed me, the feeling of tangling the line gnawed at me, so compulsively I carried my boat right back up and ran it again, correctly, hardly getting my face wet.

They were all smiles.

"Well done, youngster!"

"Looked possible, but it's not my style."

Everybody offered congratulations. Though they were the experienced ones and I was the newcomer, there was no sense of rivalry or competition. Instead, there was an odd feeling, almost of indifference. On one level they were appreciative, but running Dagger Falls was outside of their concerns. It was neat to watch and to know it could be done - and there was no doubt that every one of them had the skills and experience to run the falls cleaner than I had - but they didn't care.

And there was an equivalent reaction in me. Though the congratulations were appreciated, they weren't satisfying. Instead, they seemed to belong in the same hopper as the intimidation of the rapid - distractions. Something much bigger was here. I didn't know what it was or how to articulate it, but it had to do with reaching after that inner certainty I felt so strongly, and following it

OLD FRIENDS continued

into the heart of the river. And somehow, it wasn't enough to just see the line and say it could be done, I had to do it.

I saw a glimpse of what I wanted and the excitement blinded me to everything else. The gap which had always been there between our worlds widened, even as we put on and headed down the Middle Fork together.

On the river later that day, I watched each of the old friends carefully, following Joel much of the time as he picked lines down the rapids. Despite my aggressiveness in paddling after I'd scouted a line, I still lacked the confidence to read bigger rapids on the fly.

Each of the older guys had his own way of dealing with the river. Joel was careful and deliberate with seldom a stroke out of place, smoothly gliding past holes and into eddies. Willie struck off on his own, intentionally taking lines different from the others, curving around a boulder on the left instead of the right, or ferrying over to sneak past a hole on the inside corner of a bend. Ralph seemed to know the river by heart, always going along predetermined, favorite routes. Kay seemed amenable to anything, poking a few strokes here and there to move behind or in front of whoever happened to

be around him.

The group would scatter at times, each person off on his own. Then in a straight gradually we would move together in twos and threes, one person holding onto the other's grabloop or leaning on paddles which spanned the boats. Another person would come bumping up, docking with the pair, to join in the conversation or stay quiet as suited him - while the other two might be fifty yards behind with their backs to us, doing the same. The river would move along, murmuring, its waves lapping at the edges of the boats, its giant, gentle hands twirling us slowly as we spoke or watched the canyon glide by. Nothing was hurried, there was plenty of time for solitude or talk as the moods of the day changed. When the next rapid appeared and the river picked up speed, a paddle would be lifted and one boat would split off, the grabloop released as the second boat dipped and rocked away. It is was a big rapid, a few words would be shouted back and forth about the line, or some malicious comment made about what had happened last year, or the year before.

"Hey Joel! Gonna count the fish this time, too?"

"That hole on the left *still* has your name on it, Willie!"

And they'd peel off, one by one, each entering the lead-in with a different vision of the rapid, each dealing with the surging water and breaking waves on his own. And below, we'd join in twos and threes again.

The day passed, with the clouds overhead splitting to let through the sun, then gathering and reforming. And the canyon rolled by as we bounced along over the crests of waves and around bends, until we reached our campsite - a wide sandbar nestled beside a large group of boulders and forest straggling up into a small side canyon above us.

More than a little embarrassed, that night I admitted my hypothermia. Willie lent me a hat, Joel a sweater. They teased me mercilessly for being so naive and unprepared.

"Doug, you better either grow more fur or get more gear."

"This ain't the sunny south seas, boy."

"You know, it's the old problem guys - book learning, too dumb to take care of himself."

"Naah. He's just trying to scam some gear. Make sure you get everything back!" I slept near the fire with their laughter and smiles echoing in my ears.

As the trip went on feelings from their

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OLD FRIENDS continued

world nudged me, whispering, stealing through the enthusiasm. Any time we stopped, or any time several of the guys got talking as we bobbed along on the river, the stories came out, the laughter became contagious. Even though my enthusiasm directed me toward the river, there was a feeling of freedom and being among friends. Soaking in the hot springs along the cold rushing river, I listened to their anecdotes and stories.

Each had his quirks. At first glance they seemed a very unlikely group, yet somehow they mixed well with each other.

Ralph was a taciturn old auto mechanic. Thin and wiry to the point of gauntness, he spoke few words on any topic. He would laugh a little at jokes, but rarely offered his own opinion and never joined the teasing matches that went on constantly around him. Occasionally, he would give a clipped speech of five or ten words, "I won't do the lower Lochsa", or, "The upper Lochsa is only good above three feet on the Lowell gauge", always sounding a bit stiff - as if the act of talking was uncomfortable. He seemed to like things predictable and orderly, solving each problem in paddling in a patient and systematic way, as if testing the carburetion or the electrical system of a car. He was content to stay in the background, listening closely to the banter and laughing discussions with a slight smile on his face.

Willie was an optometrist and somewhat of a practical joker. He laughed easily, but was a little higher strung than the others, always giving a little extra thrust to his verbal jabs. He was just shy of fifty, but still tough and in good condition - sporting a stubborn streak that one was wise not to arouse. He'd been a smoke jumper back in the early days and retained the 'can-do' attitude of those times - for good reason, because he could still more than hold his own against anyone. He also seemed proud of his kayaking skills, paddling aggressively and usually out in front - however, it could have been that he just liked to have a clear view of what was coming, to see the river laid out in front of him, its bends unfolding.

Kay was a doctor and veteran of several kayaking epics in Alaska and elsewhere. Despite his experience, for some reason he never practiced his roll and often could be seen flailing around upsidedown, though I never saw him swim. Kay must have been in his late forties, but he was light-boned and small, looking at least sixty to me and much frailer than the others. His paddling style was distinctive. Rather than looking for a line, he was content to head down the path of least resistance in any rapid with a wan smile on his face, gently bracing and almost passive in the large breaking waves that slapped him around. In the same way, he weathered any verbal sparring good naturedly with parries that lacked the sharp-

ness of Willie's.

Joel was relaxed and easy going, as one might expect of a professor of recreation management. This trait was belied occasionally by his wry comments, when one saw a harder edge appear that hinted there was a lot more going on inside. He had a natural smoothness that seemed made for the water, and was known around town for doing endos in Tumbleweed, a powerful rapid on our local run where old fiberglass boats were often broken in half, as his had been more than once. After a dozen years of kayaking his interest was flagging. As the trip progressed, he, Willie, and Kay mixed it up, with Ralph looking on and smiling.

As our different reactions to Dagger Falls intimated, we were increasingly on different wavelengths. There were always lively discussions around the fire - humorous stories, jokes, talk about skiing and backpacking. Paddling technique or serious kayaking stories didn't interest them at all, and my probing questions and comments drew brief, often vague replies or a even a shrug of the shoulders.

The same disinterestedness was present on the water. A few surfs and some wide, conservative lines were enough for them - but not for me. By the third day, the weather

had warmed and my sacrifice for weight had paid off. I was confident now, zipping around having a blast - and there was plenty of zipping to do on this beautiful river. But I was confused when again and again, I'd look around after surfing or doing some endos in a perfect spot, popping my boat completely out of the water, rolling up with a joyous shout - and they'd be gone. Off and around the corner with a smile, but no particular desire to join in the fun. They were somewhere else. Somewhere I couldn't see and didn't understand.

However, we also saw plenty in concert. Collectively they'd done a lot of paddling over the years, back when the standard runs were first being explored, building their own equipment and having weekly resin meetings in someone's garage to repair their brittle fiberglass boats and nurture them through another week. They harkened back to a time when the paddle of choice was a huge eight-pound plastic and fiberglass sledgehammer called an Illiad, or when they savored a newly cobbled-together spray skirt that only leaked half as much as the old one. A time when, season after season, this small group of friends had entire rivers to themselves. At the campfire each night the stories flowed, and it was more than the warmth of the fire that drew all of us

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together.

"Joel, tell the one about your first trip down the Middle Fork."

"Yeah, the classic float and bloat trip! I love the part where all the rafts flipped in Velvet Falls."

"Ha! Can you imagine? Two days trying to get that one off the big rock below, with all the gear and food scattered down the river!"

"And the winch on the tree!"

"The tree! I'd forgotten about the tree! The one the winch pulled over, that nearly fell on you."

"...when the raft came loose, and pried the snag out of the ground."

"And it rained and rained..."

"...your wife said she'd divorce you..."

"And the Larsens cursed you for telling them it was an easy trip."

"-both came down with pneumonia and said it was the last time they'd ever trust you for *anything*..."

"Bill's boat broke in half and he disappeared around the corner-"

"And you guys thought he was dead, but found him the next afternoon a few bends farther down with the beer cooler..."

"Drunk as a skunk!"

The laughter went on and on...

And so with all that encouragement, Joel would start recounting the days past, those early days, to the laughter of his pals who'd already heard it told a dozen times and would smile and shake their heads for dozens of tellings to come, to a laughter that rose and ebbed as Kay's kool-aid flavored 200 proof rot gut made its way into our minds and dissolved the world into the warmth of friendships that would last forever.

And When that story was over, another would appear, and another... Kay with old Walt Blackadar on Devil's Canyon of the Susitna in Alaska. Walt stoked up on whiskey, shooting cans out of the air with his .44 magnum. Willie waxing eloquent about the joys of skiing, epics he'd had as an early smoke jumper, then earnestly telling me about his business, how hard he'd worked, giving me advice about investments. Now animated, Ralph would describe with clipped speech and tight gestures all the modifications he'd made on the cruising kayaks he built for fun.

As the days and the stories mixed, the web of my old friends' lives mingled together in ways I didn't understand but felt drawn to. Much of importance was unspoken, but the memories told of experiences whose value was clear in the glow brought to their faces, the life that animated their eyes and voices while they spoke and laughed - the light that remained after they fell into silence, viewing images alive again in their minds. If the stories weren't profound, they were lots of fun, some were hilarious, and

OLD FRIENDS continued

their meaning went far beyond anything specific.

The friendly teasing and laughter came and went just as easily on the river. Willie would jab Kay after a bad run through an easy rapid. As Kay struggled upright you'd hear, "Hey, old fart, you call that an Eskimo roll? Where'd you learn to flap around like that?"

"That's my *combat* roll. I came right up, Blind Man."

Joel would chime in. "Kay, you do look like you were in combat - and *lost*."

"Nah, I'm fine, but Willie, he's a blind optometrist. If only his customers knew!"

"Sure, that from a quack, a witch doctor!"

"A moonshiner poisoning his friends!"

"Ahh - no one's forcing you to drink it."

" - sabotaging their livers - "

"You should have your medical license stripped..."

"-malpractice-"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah..."

And down they'd go still yelling good-natured barbs at each other as they headed into the next rapid, even though none could hear the others over the sound of the water. But that didn't matter, because what was being said wasn't in the words. And somehow the magic of what they had stole over me. I added my own teasing, and took their comebacks with a smile. But I was preoccupied with kayaking and learning about the water, so I paid less attention than I should have. I didn't realize what I was missing.

All day long they'd kid each other, playing jokes, taking mock offense, looking for excuses to badger one other.

"What's this big rock doing in my boat?"

"You were looking so thin I thought the extra weight would help, you know, to punch that big hole at Redsides."

"Yeah, *right*."

"Hey, you're *stealing* my food!"

"Ahh, I could tell you didn't want it anyway."

"And my salami - that's my lunch!"

"Boy - stingy! And mean too. You should thank me for being such a good friend. *Sacrificing* myself. *Slaving* for you. *Worried* about you."

"With friends like you..."

"Ha! Tough! You're stuck with me."

"They're like a bunch of middle-aged boy scouts," I thought. And though I enjoyed them, I was miffed that they were more interested in bantering than surfing that great wave we paddled by earlier. I just didn't see what was going on.

After dinner and around the fire, in the sleeping bags watching the stars, there were thoughtful discussions about other trips, other times and people. As twilight passed and night deepened they'd talk about their lives, what they had wanted to do when they were young, where they had been. In the

darkness I could sense the wistful smiles on their faces as the past wove together with the present, as hopes appeared which had never died but had been discarded or buried as life rolled by, busy and unpredictable, with a force of its own. The inward smiles hovered close as dreams appeared one by one to join our circle around the slowly dying fire. Quietly, they hinted of all the things which might have been - conjured by the firelight and the fading sparks, by the murmurings of the river and the black silhouettes of the trees against the starlit sky. And they laughed with us, nodding and shaking their heads as my old friends recognized them again for a moment - dreams which had never quite been realized, which had slipped through outstretched fingers like water, because time always moves on.

Each morning was a new beginning, the air fresh and clean with the sunrise, and the canyon ahead, waiting. We'd put on for another day like the ones behind us. It was early in the season so no one else was on the river. No one disturbed us. We were a small self-contained universe, orbiting around each other as the water pulled us downstream. There were feelings I couldn't identify, but which went back to the fun I'd felt on trips with my brothers and my father, many years before while backpacking in the Pintler range, in Glacier Park; and later with my younger brother all through the Bitterroot Mountains.

Each night around the campfire Kay brought out that horrible home brew whiskey seasoned with unsweetened Kool-Aid, and we talked and laughed and talked some more - until the flames of the fire finally died, leaving the embers to glow silently. Each day the river grew and changed - from a cold alpine stream to a big desert river carving deep into the granite of the Unpassable Canyon. And life grew in the spring sunlight that spread from the sky across the mountains, down into the canyon, and around each bend of the river. There was an endlessness to it, like an enchanted world, a vivid and wonderful dream...

But even dreams end. After five days the Middle Fork ran into the Main Salmon, a huge muddy river at that time of the year. We sloshed down catching surfs on the monstrous but benign waves that would suddenly swell and crest underneath, then disappear at the river's whim. A few more miles to Willie's old Travel-all and we got out. We drank a trip ending beer and took a group photo with more laughter, then it was times to pack up and head home.

That was my last trip with the guys. I paddled with one or another of them a few more times on the local rivers, then our ways parted. We were driven by different things so the break was natural, I suppose. They

were interested in looking forward to their next trip together, down the Middle Fork again next year, or maybe the Selway. Making plans for the big trip down the Grand Canyon that Joel had a permit for a few years down the line. Those were the things they sought, back then in a time that's past.

Those trips were the mixing bowl of their lives, the place they came to unwind and relax. It was their own domain, with the same rivers and the same small group of comfortable friends. They didn't want anything different; that wasn't the point. Sitting around a campfire telling stories, creating a magically simplified life with friends - they were an unlikely assortment of people who had found a happy balance, and for all the differences in their personalities, professions and lives, they'd found a way to stay young and enjoy each other. They'd found freedom and beautiful places to share. They'd found the fountain of youth.

But I didn't realize these things back then, when impatiently I ran headlong into a different world that opened up for me, seeking more difficult rivers and bigger adventures. In the blindness of youth I thought I was leaving my old friends behind, not realizing that in their way, they were already far ahead.

As the years have come and gone I've finished my schooling. I've worked, married and raised a family; and maybe after all this time I'm closer to seeing what was there during those days in early June on the Middle Fork of the Salmon. I left my old friends to follow the promise I felt back at the beginning. The places I've been and the people I've met have given me much of value. Still, the laughter out of the past tells me what they had. I've shared it with others in the years since, but have to thank the guys who first showed it to me, and apologize, because it took me so long to understand. And I wonder if it's true that although we

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OLD FRIENDS continued

each seek in our own way after our own goals, perhaps in the end all our paths lead to the same place.

Ralph, having retired and left his auto mechanics shop to his sons, is spry at 77. Although he's survived cancer and recently had a heart attack, I saw him learning to telemark at the local ski area - and he still frequents the upper Lochsa when it's about 3 feet on the Lowell gauge. Willie and his business are doing well. He doesn't paddle regularly any more, but still heads into the wilderness on a big river once or twice a year. And I imagine soon after putting on, that he's out paddling in front of the group, shouting good-natured barbs to the others, then turning to see the river stretch before him. Joel transferred to a large university in the Midwest for a top job he couldn't refuse. He had ties back there, and it was the culmination of a long professional career. Still, I'd guess he entertains thoughts of retirement and plans to return here, because the mountains are in his blood. Kay moved too, and looking more frail than ever, avoids telling stories about the early days, saying with his thin, cracking voice and a noncommittal smile, "I don't really remember it very well."

But I remember my old friends, and I've come to appreciate what they taught me. It wasn't what they said, but what they showed me among themselves. Bonds that keep people young and alive even as the years roll by, vanishing before we realize they are gone. Friends, my old friends, time flows like a river to the sea. I still hear your stories and smile as you retell them in the quiet of my memory. As fragile as they are, those memories are proof against time, that current which carries us along through all the years of our lives, winding and eddying, flowing like a river to the sea.



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Tom's Pancakes and

the Pond of Fire Sale

by Ed Ditto



Here's the story...we were at the Nantahala Outdoor Center's Spring Flea Market calmly trying to sell a couple of Crossfires, a Torrent, a pair of Tevas and a Werner paddle, when it happened.

Scott and I were sitting on the tailgate of his truck, which we had parked by the railroad tracks, and we were chatting up a pair of nice ladies who were interested in a yellow Crossfire we had laid out. Tom was cooking pancakes around at the front of the truck, where he couldn't be seen. Suddenly I heard him yell "SHIT!", and he came sprinting around the truck as fast as his feet would carry him.

Then he saw that we were in the process of making a sale and he tried to act nonchalant. Nope...nothing unusual here that might queer a deal. But my curiosity was piqued. What could it be? Bears in the pancake syrup? The BeeGees? The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse?

Scott said "The Crossfire is a really stable boat. You won't get bored with it...you can take it creeking or on big water and it'll do just great." While one of the ladies asked Scott another question, Tom wiggled his eyebrows towards me and then towards the front of the truck. Scott continued his calm sales patter, and I moseyed around to the front of the truck, took a look, and quickly moseyed back. Lordamercy, I thought...did I really see that?

Tom had been cooking pancakes over an MSR WhisperLite stove connected to a quart-sized fuel bottle, and the whole thing had somehow caught fire. Not your normal friendly blue gas flame in neat circles around the single burner, but a great greasy ball of yellow fire engulfing both the stove and the fuel bottle. The fire was slowly melting and burning the plastic stopper valve out of the fuel bottle. The pancake mix box was smoldering and the plastic syrup bottle had relaxed stickily in the heat.

"How much fuel is in that bottle?" I asked Tom coolly. "It's completely full," he replied, and as he spoke he smiled at one of the ladies. "That's a nice boat," he observed. "I learned how to paddle in a Crossfire. One time I hit a perfect pirouette at Hellhole right in front of Team Dagger...", he began, but as he went on with his story I was thinking quarts of

fuel and BOOM-BOOM, and I had trouble concentrating.

Scott let Tom take over the sales pitch, and he went around front to investigate the trouble for himself. He came back shortly wearing only one sandal. While Tom was explaining to the ladies how one of the Team Dagger members had used his Crossfire to hit fifteen linked cartwheels, I asked Scott how it was. "Well," he stage-whispered, "I tried to stomp it out and I caught one of my Birkenstocks on fire. Then I tried pouring the pancake mix on the valve to smother it, but the sugar in the mix caught fire and now the grass is burning. The valve is mostly melted, and at any minute the fire's going to burn into the bottle."

Now I used to be a fireman, and I know full well what happens when heat, oxygen, and fuel get together inside a confined space. We in the fire prevention business used to call that an explosion. When the explosion took place in an aluminum cylinder, we called that a pipe bomb. And those little razors of metal getting flung all around? We called that shrapnel.

"Tom, why don't you check on the pancakes?" I said. Tom swallowed and left. One of the ladies asked "Does breakfast come with the boat?" "Yes Ma'am," Scott replied cheerfully. "If you buy that Crossfire, Tom will cook you all the pancakes you want. We've even got blueberry syrup and real butter." White lies don't count, I reminded myself.

Tom returned in a very calm panic. I turned my back to the ladies and listened to him. "I tried to pick the stove up and throw it away from the front of the truck, but it scorched my fingers and I screwed up the toss. It rolled under the truck."

"This truck?" I asked. "It's under the engine block," he answered. "I tried to reach it but I couldn't."

I shook my head. Exploding gas tanks. Scott said, "You know, that boat is still under warranty. Dagger boats have three year pro-rated warranties against any kind of hull damage." The ladies smiled. Right, I thought. How are you going to convince Dagger that this melted and charred turd of plastic used to be a Crossfire?

Well...I thought...time to put some of

that rookie school training to the test. Tom and I left our prospective customers in Scott's capable hands and returned to the scene of the trouble. I grabbed a long stick from the grass and used one end to fish the stove from under the truck. A pinhole opened in the fuel line, and the leak spewed fire for about a foot. Tom and I looked at each other and shrugged. I used the stick like a one-wood to drive the stove as far away as I could...about three feet. Some of the plastic on the stopper valve was bubbling crazily, and the whole thing had melted into a strange twisted J.

The pinhole in the fuel line opened even wider, and Tom and I went back to the tailgate to escape the jet of flame. "Will you take a check?" one of the ladies asked. "I don't know..." Scott began skeptically.

Just then, we heard a WHOOSH and all three of us turned in time to see a basketball-sized ball of flame hurtle through the air away from the truck and over the railroad tracks by which we had parked. Scott quickly said "Yes...yes...a check will be just fine," and by some miracle the women acted as if they'd missed the biblical pillar of fire leading away from the sale. Then a very scared-looking fellow in dreadlocks joined our party, and Scott, Tom, and I simultaneously shot him evil looks before he could so much as open his mouth.

The ladies wrote Scott a check and picked the boat up. "We'll pass on the pancakes," one of them said. "Enjoy the boat," Scott called after them, and as soon as they were out of earshot, Dreadlocks started babbling. "Yourstovewasonfire" he gushed, and then he collected himself. "I used one of your plates to scoop it up and I threw it in the pond. Then I stomped out the grass."

The pond? Scott, Tom, and I traded baffled looks. We walked to the front of the trucks, climbed up and over the railroad tracks, and looked down into a scummed green pool of water. No stove to be seen...just a tranquil green pond with a light rainbow-sheen of stove fuel.

Although it was only nine in the morning, the first beers of the day were surprisingly smooth. Dreadlocks drank four bottles.

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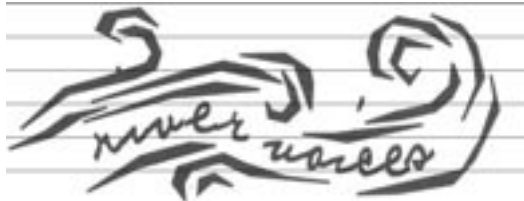
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RIVER

by John A. Shivik

The ocean's fingers reach into the land
Turning mountain to foothill
Foothill to sand
The rapids whisper distant Siren's calls
Repeating yes to my soul
In distant falls
To travel to her I drop from above
And desire boils with
Passionate love
A current cradles me in womb-like bliss
As she divides time into
Timelessness

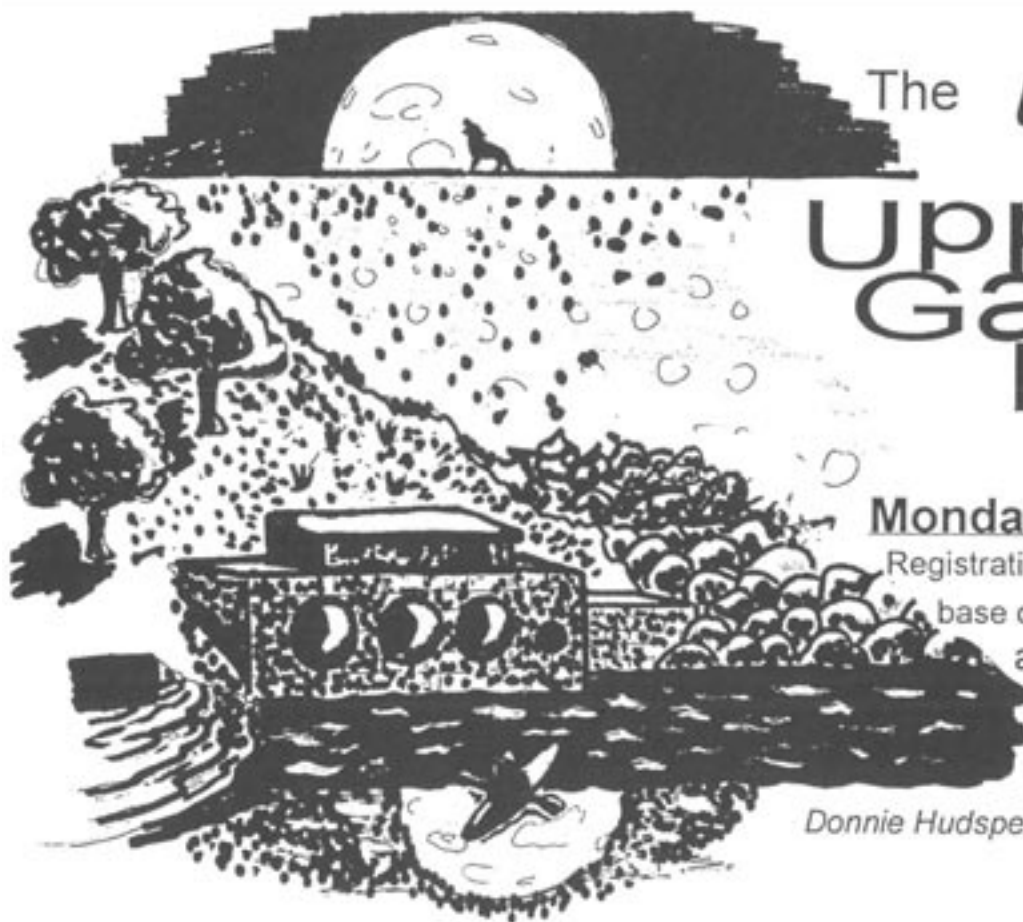
Like inverted smoke
Billowing down
To rejoin Heaven and Earth
A pride of watery lions
Roars beneath the foam
As she rises
I rise I plunge into her
Frothing and bursting forth

Then intense
Pounding over-powers
Buoyancy and my body submerges
Held tightly in the watery cradle
Held held gripped pushed held
In the violent foaming all
Time stops

Then with no show of emotion
She releases
My passion spent I rise again
And my soul rests in her watery sleep

I have flowed with enough water
To fill several lives
Riding a sudden flood
Swept away to the ocean
Leading to your destiny also
Rising in gentle tidal pools
I merely welcome who are tardy

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This tale was heard on a Sunday night at the campground near the take out for the Russell Fork. Is it truth, or fiction? Who really knows? Does it even matter?

All the names are fictitious, to protect the guilty as well as the innocent. Whether or not anyone who runs the Russell Fork, knowing what lies within The Breaks, can be innocent, is beside the point.

One of the wonderful things about the Russell Fork is that, like the Tygart below Arden, you can do anything you want. With any luck it will remain that way. The shrinking of the rafting business there, because of the difficulty of the pitch, is but one indicator of this. The Forks has not yet become over regulated.

On the other hand, if you do the Forks, you had better be careful. Drowning is quite real. While some people may dream of dying in one of the most spectacular settings in Eastern North America, most of us would like to pass on that particular experience.

A final introductory note. If you make it to the forgotten corner of the planet where this story is set, and you don't know what to say to the locals; try this, "You know, The Breaks are where every hillbilly would go to take their honeymoon, if they only knew."

It gives people the oddest smiles. It's hard to argue with the truth.

Dear Ernie,

I don't know whether to be pissed, or to admire you for your chutzpa. I really don't. I could've gotten killed, for Christ sake! It was the bloody Russell Fork after all.

I didn't even see it coming. You read me like an open book. Properly assessing the state of my blues, your underlying agenda all hidden like the good lawyer I'm sure you are - you took advantage of me. Let's be blunt.

You always knew I wanted to try out one of those Shredder things too, didn't ya'? I was a sitting duck. It was like offering somebody the keys to a souped up Porsche and saying, "Here you go mate. Take her out and see what she'll do".

I mean, I didn't have any trouble kayaking the Forks, did I? Yeah, I know I was all over the place, but in the right place. This is something that's hard to do on that tangled stretch of water. But I was in the right place.

And, on that day, I did not swim.

Oh well, in any case, we're all still breathing. We will all live to drink cheap beer again.

But there is the matter of Clarrisa. Nice unit - that one. Quite spunky. Built like Picaboo Street, with a set of muscles to die for. Given time, she'll make an excellent boater. She's got the enthusiasm, and she is beginning to develop the reflexes.

The key word here, however, is beginning. One season pushing rubber on the New and the Gauley rivers for Meadow River Adventures is a definite start, but it is only a grounding in the ways of turbulent water. Just 'cause she was a guide for a summer does not mean she could think with her paddle on something

as complex as the Russell Fork.

Let's be blunt, shall we. You wanted her there because you were kinda sweet on her, but you didn't think enough of her boating abilities to share an R-2 with her on the Breaks. As in, from the French, "le break face". You "miss" on the Russell Fork, you get sandwiched.

We know this Ernie. You and I have been places. We were both there, remember, when we learned that water does go down the drain the opposite way in the Southern Hemisphere. You can recall the runs we had through Gravity on the Buller River, in New Zealand?

It surprised me, a bit, coming into that room in the Gateway Motel and finding the two of you in bed together. It may not have shown. Most whitewater guides do, after all, have the habits of alley cats. Your current attempts at respectability notwithstanding, I know a little of your nature. I mean the behavior is endemic to most male guides. (And female ones, too, in a different sort of way.) Not to debate feminist politics, but it is part of the river persona for both sexes.

Christ, it's part of my persona too. That's part of the reason I think I got suckered. Got my ass packed with sand, in the western vernacular.

I was lucky to make it there that morning anyway. Barrel-ing south from visiting my mom in Huntington, I just barely missed a coal truck south of Pikeville. Fortunately, my little

Honda handles like a champ, even with kayaks on the roof. It did get a little dicey, as I slid through the edge of the Go Mart parking lot. I missed the truck fender by inches.

I managed to straighten it up, however, and continue south. Unfortunately between the early morning fog and the fully loaded 4 axle

Peterbuilt that pulled out in front of me, I missed the turn where 80 splits off highway 23. I wound up going all the way to Shelby Gap before I got re-oriented.

I shouldn't have been in such a hurry. We never get on the water before noon.

Let's face it. Thank god my Honda copes with sudden directional changes almost as well as a Xylon.

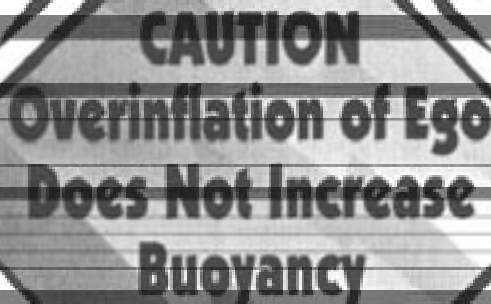
By the time I got to that motel across the road from the Snake Pit I was so wired little would have surprised me.

It all seemed sort of innocent, anyway. There were four other guys in the room, sleeping on the other bed and curled up in sleeping bags on the floor. One could say that little in the way of romance could happen in those kinds of conditions.

Two things go against that assumption, though. First, Clarrisa struck me as the kind of woman who got off on the smell of wet polypropylene and moldy rubber. Second, I lived in too many hippie communes in my younger years not to know just how quiet two people can be when they feel the need, and the lights are out.

Oh, yeah, there's one more thing. On Sunday, when I woke up a little earlier than everybody else to go get coffee at the Snake Pit, there was the way you and she were cuddled around each other. Asleep and unconscious in that sea of dreams, the two of you

Your head on her shoulder, nose to the ear. Something was up, or do I have an overly active imagination?



CAUTION
Overinflation of Ego
Does Not Increase
Buoyancy

by Brik Miller

Let's get back to what went on, on the river. Clarrisa and I didn't do to badly on the first run. It just was not registering with me, at the time, why we kept tagging things. You know, all those screw up rocks and worse that the Russell Fork throws at you. Running the bottom part of Tower Falls backwards being a prime example.

What I figured out later - now granted, it is always easier to blame your R-2 partner than to figure out how to paddle together - is that we'd be on line, and then there'd be this extra little stroke out of nowhere that would bump us into something. It's your classic New River guide trick, you get wound up and you just can't stop. In other words, you feel like you have to power through everything.

If nothing else, Clarrisa is powerful. One can only imagine what that woman could do to you if she got you in a bear hug. Particularly if she liked you. But then you know about that Ernie, I don't.

All I know is that Title 9 equal funding for young girl's physical education - which the Republicans so dearly wish to get rid of - paid off in spades in Clarissa. I just don't think that at that moment I had the energy to try and figure out how to channel it.

So we survived the first run from Garden Hole all the way down to the end of The Breaks. It was the second run that was to be my nemesis.

Blame it on exhaustion, if one must. Neither you nor I are in the razor sharp shape we once were. Even you and Mike Bustillo flipped your Shredder in the last drop of Triple Drop during run number 2. Spectacular I must admit, but not really messy, as these things go on the Russell Fork.

The self rescue was impressive, you and Mike swimming the boat into the eddy on river right. Jeez, neither of you were under water more than four or five seconds. So you went for the big wave

and fell off your board. So What? You must've had at least 50 or 60 yards of flat water before the next bit of nastiness.

The day got late and the sun settled behind the mountain. We all made it through El Horrendo. Even Geoff and Peter pulled off a passable run after getting stuck in the hole at the top. I thought for a second they were going to come out of the hole right as Clarrisa and I entered the rapid.

The possibility of the two boats doing a formation run through the meat of El Horrendo was really scary. Luckily, they had the social graces to remain in the hole while Clarrisa and I slid past. From the looks I saw on their faces, however, I don't think this was a conscious maneuver on their part.

Climax was just what the name implies. It was here that I saw my own mortality.

Clarrisa and I entered, jogged left, and then II happened. Maybe it was two seconds worth of inattention. Possibly I just wasn't in the mood for directing her every stroke. Conceivably I misjudged just how hard we were going to hit that rock, an inch under the surface.

Flop, over the side I went. We tagged on the downstream side. My side.

There I was, out of the boat, downstream of the boat, headed for a rockpile disappearing over the edge of the watery world. That's what Climax looks like from nose level. Clarrisa grabbed me.

Now here, my friend, me mate and whitewater buddy, I must shoulder some of the responsibility for what happened next. For you see - and you probably know too well from all my whining - I have got to stop hanging out with all those victims. No, not Clarrisa, I'm speaking about my own interpersonal emotional life.

I don't know what kind of groove I've gotten into lately. Why it is that the only women I can seem to attract these days

are formerly abused Appalachian housewives? Yeah, Ernie, with just that kind of history. Escaping over the Kentucky border with life barely intact and some asshole back in the all too recent past with a pistol and a major attitude problem. In certain odd weathers, when I am lonely enough, they find me.

I know I used to tell the punters in my raft - when they would ask me why I live in West Virginia - that the real reason I live in West Virginia is that I am into tragedies. What have I called to my personal life?

My emotional karma has come home to me in spades.

Anyway, I've been in this phase, or whatever it is, for so long, I'm starting to think down in my gut that females don't have any muscles. I'm also starting to think that when anything physically crazy starts to happen, they just fold. I know both of these thoughts to be patently untrue, but look where I wandered in my life.

Usually, given a minute or two of quiet reflection, my conscious brain can generally overcome the karma of the women I seem to be attracting lately. Unfortunately, in the top third of Climax, I only had three seconds.

I was screaming at Clarrisa, "Let me go Dammitt!". It was that voice honed over years of yelling at recalcitrant tourists from Toledo who better do what I say now, or we're all gonna die. You know the voice, I've heard you use it a time or two yourself, when you've been panicked enough.

I was thinking I had to get clear of the boat, that there was not time for me to get back in by myself. Big Mistake. That woman has muscles that would make any raft guide drool. Where was my brain? Perhaps listening to my dear distant Janie wail about her violent redneck family?

The Russell Fork entered the conversation. One of those zillions of undercut rocks littering the riverbed grabbed my ankle and under I went. I felt the vise tighten on my foot, stony and hard. Clarrisa let go.

Call it a four second eternity.

Somehow, my leg squoozed out the downstream side of the crack. I scrambled for the surface, previously just six inches away, but unattainable. I came up right next to a large boulder. Neither Clarrisa nor the boat were anywhere in sight.


So, I did the old five appendage monkey grab on the rock. It was just a little larger than a refrigerator. There I was, thirty yards off the true left bank, in the middle of the torrent. I climbed on top of the rock and began to shake.

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It's kinda like finding your self stuck between two trains going in opposite directions on tracks - right next to each other. One false move and you die. The trains finally pass. You begin to think about it.

This took me about ten minutes.

Clarrisa and the boat finished Climax in the old log fashion. You know, you throw a log in at the top of the rapid, it eventually gets to the bottom. Some times the goddess does protect the innocent. No style, no grace, incredible amounts of out of control scrambling, but she made it.

My dry box finished the rapid too. I know this. Once I stopped shaking, I could see you guys getting it out of the Shredder. I had quite the view, even at a distance of ninety yards.

You Jerk. Rather than rescue me, you and my supposed guide buddies were smoking my dope. I could see the smoke rising to the Kentucky sky. I know, if I hadn't bragged on how I had this one bud of Pocahontas Deadbolt Blaze I'd been saving for weeks, just to celebrate a successful day on the Forks, you wouldn't of known. You could've at least waited.

You could've come and gotten me first. Traditionally, the champagne cork is not popped until the race is over. I was still stuck in the bloody rapid, you know!

Perhaps I should put a positive spin on it. Maybe you think so much of my abilities, you all just thought, "Oh, Critter will be along in a minute. He can handle himself. We'll just get the pipe going."

Get a grip, Ernie. Do I look like Jeff Snyder? I know I was in plain view, in no apparent distress, and the situation was stable, but where were your social graces?

Once I stopped shaking, I started fuming.

The fuming lasted another ten minutes. By that time, I concluded you all were never going to come get me.

So I swam to shore.

It was probably the anger that time clouding my good judgment. As I sat there, watching my supposed mates partying without me, I began to see a "do-able" line.

I jumped as far toward the left bank as possible. Landing in a Red Cross shallow water entry (so if there really was something under there I couldn't see, I wouldn't break my ankles), I swam the slot. After going really deep for about six seconds in the hole below the drop, I surfaced and Olympic freestyled it into the eddy. I didn't tag anything hard, oddly enough.

If I would've blown that move, well,

we all know the kind of undercuts that are way down at the bottom of Climax.

The 5.4 hike/climb to the bottom was no picnic either.

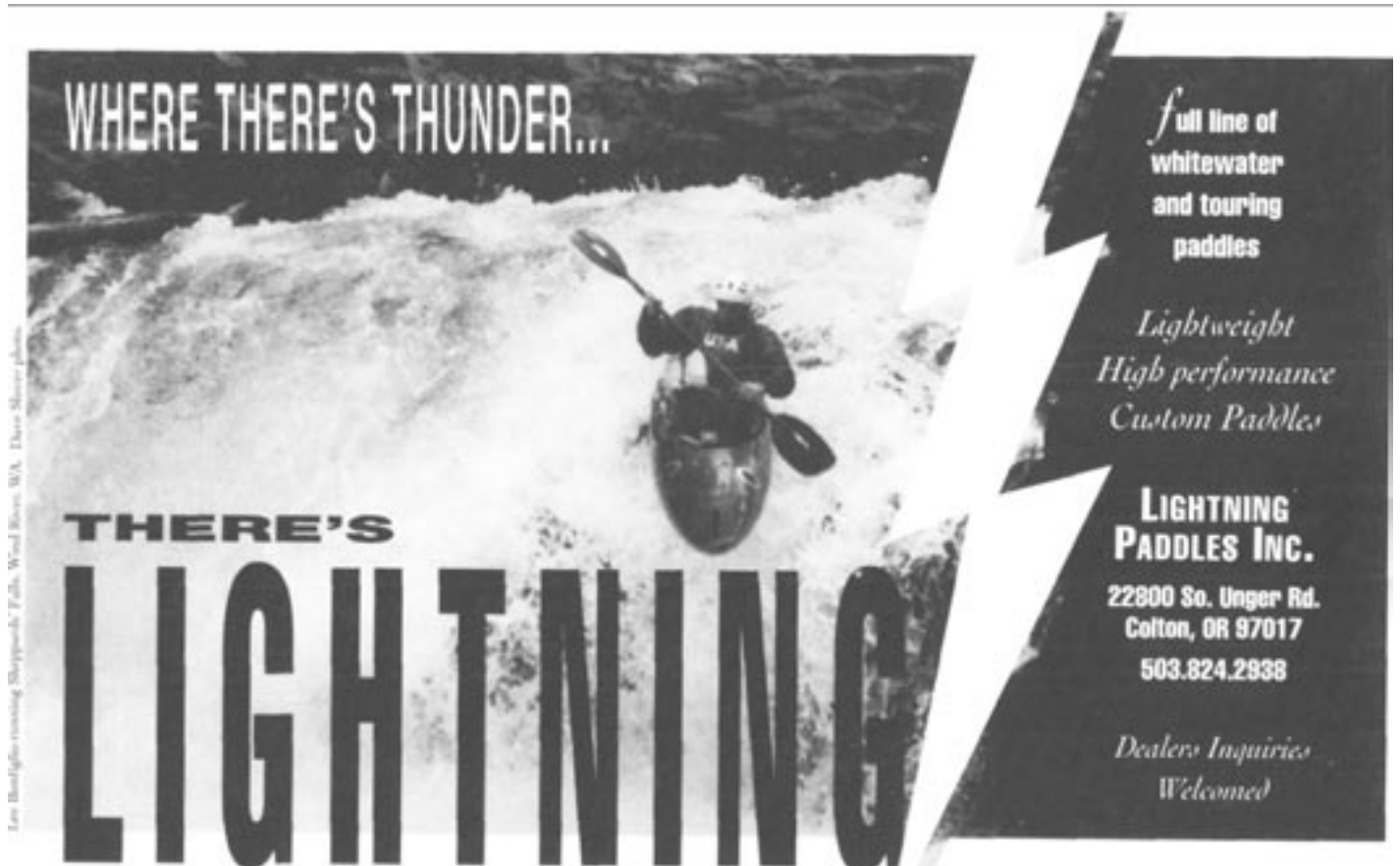
Oh well, by the time I got there, at least you hadn't smoked it all. And, as for Clarrisa, she was obviously not impressed with my boating abilities. I'd recognize that look anywhere. So it goes. She's breathing and I'm dead on arrival.

So I am left with an ethical dilemma. Do I or do I not honor your request that I keep my mouth shut about you and Clarrisa around your fiancee, Marilyn?

That's a sticky one, Ernie. After what I went through on the Forks. Is this insult to injury? I can almost forgive you for being carried away in the spirit (no matter how twisted) of the moment. Hell, I can almost see the logic.

You were thinking, "Gee, it really is dangerous out there. Maybe Clarrisa should go with Critter. She'll be safer. He really knows what he is doing."

I do know how demented you get when you don't think the female half of the species is paying you the right kind of attention. I could see how you wouldn't want that attention interfered with by such messy things as a flip or a swim anywhere on the Russell Fork.



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Lee Bostig/roning Shippahook Falls, Wood River, WA. Dave Moore photo.

I could think that about you. I could also get a grip and remember, "CAUTION, OVER INFLATION OF EGO DOES NOT INCREASE BUOYANCY". We roll the dice and we take our own chances. Sometimes we walk, if we have any sense. Sometimes our overblown grasp of our abilities gets the best of us. Sometimes we're just out there surfing the edge of control, hoping not to bite off more than we can chew.

Oh yeah, thanks for letting me paddle your fiancée's Shredder. The thing's a hoot. Spirited little beast.

'til next time mate
Crittter Godsley

Editor's note: Brik Miller is a professional raft guide who currently lives and works in southern West Virginia.

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Warning:

The following story contains violence, strong language and partial nudity. Reader discretion is advised.

The Big Nasty Blonde

by Jonathan Katz

Retrodution

Deep in the infinite blackness of the interstellar void, Lepticon, Undisputed Master of the Galaxy, was hearing it from his woman.

"Burn and pillage, burn and pillage. All you ever do is work, work, work."

"I can't help it, Ariane," Lepticon whined, "Subjugating all known space isn't a part-time job."

"But I'm bored. I want action."

Lepticon cringed at the thought of yet another weekend of infinite pleasure in the Galactica 7 system, but he knew this was a fight he could not win. "What is it your little heart desires, my love?" he asked.

The reply shocked and delighted him. "Take me back to Earth," she said. "I wanna go paddling."

Lepticon grabbed the wheel of his starship, hung a hard left and punched the warp drive. Two light years away, an ancient civilization that had lived in perfect harmony for a hundred thousand years was caught in the exhaust blast and vaporized.

"Ready or not," Lepticon screamed, "Here we come!"

Later that day, on Earth

Kenny Omaha's eye for the ladies has been getting him in hard water since age twelve, when he caught his first paternity suit. Now, at fortysomething, you would think he'd know better. But no. Omaha

followed his dick like a compass needle, and it was forever pointing him into trouble.

So it was that late one afternoon in West Virginia, quite drunk after having run the upper section of the Tygart and passed on Valley Falls, Omaha spotted and recognized a statuesque and strikingly good looking woman as someone he had seen before, and, hence, could put a move on.

Crudely he elbowed McBride in the ribs. "That's her!" he said, "That's the blonde from Big Nasty!"

McBride remembered, and with his beady eyes he ogled the better looking half of a couple sitting on a rock by the edge of the river fifty yards away. They had been surfing in Cheat Canyon when Omaha had first set eyes on the woman, and when deeply intoxicated he sometimes mumbled about the radiance of her smile. She had been with another man then, a tall, horrible looking wretch. Now she was accompanied by a solid, vaguely familiar, mustachioed bloke, and after a minute McBride recognized him too.

"Guy with her looks like Davey Earn," McBride remarked, referencing the legendary C-Boater.

Now Mark Chopper took a look. "That's definitely her," he said. "The last time she saw you, Kenny, you were upside down under your canoe like a fool."

"I missed my shot then," Omaha replied, "Now I'm gonna score."

"Not off Earn. He's a celebrity."

"Yeah? Watch me."

Omaha jogged off, and returned in five minutes with the couple in tow. She

was even more gorgeous at a range of six feet. Her friend looked so much like Earn that McBride doubted his vision. Only the hair was peculiar, a yellow fuzz like rat fur. Omaha made the introductions.

"This is Ariane," he said, indicating the woman, and this is Lep. . . .how did you pronounce that again?"

"Lepticon," the mustached man said, "At your service." There was something belligerent about him; he frayed Chopper's nerves.

"Anyone ever tell you you look like Davey Earn?" Chopper asked.

"No."

"Got another name beside Lepticon?"

"No."

"What do you do for money?"

"Never touch the stuff."

"And how do you manage that?"

"Because I am Undisputed Master of the Galaxy." Lepticon said this like he might have said "schoolteacher" or "construction worker".

Now Chopper went looking for trouble. He turned to McBride. "He thinks he's ET, but he looks like the Alien."

Chopper turned back to the man.

"You're a space invader?"

Lepticon nodded.

"OK, show me your death ray."

Lepticon looked closely at Chopper.

This was not a request he received often.

Most higher life-forms knew better than to ask.

Chopper demanded. "You can't be a space alien if you don't have a death ray. Let me see you zap something."

Lepticon looked at Chopper, stared at him for a long second.

Suddenly Chopper felt unbelievably heavy. His body sagged like it was being mashed into the ground. His jowls and belly drooped. He couldn't raise his arms or his feet, and his knees were on fire from the crushing load. He felt like he was getting squashed, yet he couldn't speak, or even scream. He just stood there, crushed and sinking into the ground.

After a few seconds it stopped. "Put on a few pounds, did you?" Lepticon asked.

Chopper nodded, gasping for breath. "What did you do?"

"I took you up to about 900."

"How?"

Lepticon smiled. "Can you push water with a kayak paddle?"

Chopper nodded, sweating. Lepticon continued. "Gravity works the same way. You can't change the total amount that's there, but you can push it around all you want, if you know how. You just hit a heavy spot."

"We can't do that," McBride said.

"I know."

Lepticon smiled at Chopper, who looked weak and sick. "Still want to see my death ray?"

Chopper shook his head. "That's OK," he said.

"So what do you want with us?" McBride asked.

Lepticon indicated their boats and river gear. "A race, against Omaha. One on one, down the Arden section of the Tygart."

Omaha turned to the alien, smelling cash. "Race? You mean like, for money?"

"If I win, you give me all your paddling gear. Just strip naked and leave your stuff in your boat."

"And what if I win?"

"Then you get this." Lepticon reached into his pants pocket and pulled out a dazzling, perfect-cut black gemstone the size of a golf ball. Its thousand facets blazed in the slanting afternoon sun.

"What the hell is that? Diamond?"

"It's a black xenotrillium. A hundred times harder than diamond, found only beneath the lakes of liquid carbon on Rigel-X 37. There are none on your world."

"What's it worth?"

"Aah. Money again. It is unique. You can name your price."

"But if I sell it I won't have it any more."

"So if you win I'll give you two. One to sell and one for your head."

Omaha hefted the black gemstone. It was warm and startlingly heavy. Deep within its glittering blackness glowed an unearthly fire. He thought of how it would look, hanging from a hammered gold chain in the cleft of Yvonne's bosom. Two of them could be worth millions. For only a moment he considered losing: how silly he would look leaving the takeout boatless and naked. Should he risk looking ridiculous for an emperor's ransom?

Omaha was on the verge of taking the bet when Chopper spoke again.

"Wait a minute," he demanded. "We gotta have some rules here."

"In space there are no rules."

"But this ain't space. Its West Virginia."

Lepticon was oily smooth. "What rules do you require, my recently overweight friend?"

"For one thing, no doubling the gravity."

Lepticon nodded.

Then Omaha asked, "And how do I know you won't grow an extra pair of arms or something during the race?"

"Fine. I'll keep this body. It works for Mr. Earn, it should do fine for me."

"And no death rays."

"OK. No adding weight, no shape-changing, no ray. We got a deal?"

Omaha nodded. "I'm gonna kick your ass back to Pluto," he said.

Lepticon smiled. Ariane slipped her arms around his waist, rubbing herself against him, and whispered into his ear.

Lepticon turned back to Omaha, "She's right. The river's a little low."

"Not much you can do about that, is there?"

"Wrong." Lepticon reached into his back pocket, removed a cylinder the size and shape of a nitrous oxide cartridge. He twisted the end and threw the cylinder upstream. He had a howitzer arm. The little tube sailed far over the trees.

"Catalytic hydrogen. Takes oxygen from the air and synthesizes water. It will add about 10,000 cubic feet per second to the flow. Better get in your boat."

Lepticon nodded toward the put-in. There, next to Omaha's battered Impulse, was an identical canoe, down to the scratches in the hull and the duct tape patches on the airbags.

"When you weren't looking I cloned your canoe. Figured it would be fairer that way."

"You mean you're not going to paddle

a C-1?" Omaha stared at Lepticon. Behind him he could hear the roar of the river, getting louder.

"Hell no. You wouldn't catch me dead out there. You're racing Ariane!"

"You're kidding!" Omaha turned to the blonde woman with the big hair and perfect nails.

Ariane stood staring at the river.

A trickle of drool dripped from the corner of her blood red

mouth. Her eyes were insane

with lust. "Let's do it," she said.

"Right now," and she sprinted

for her boat.

When they shoved off the beach the start was dead even. The Tygart had risen five feet, and the boulders that once jutted out of the first rapid now supported bulging pillows or fronted deep holes. The river was approaching floodstage-it was a monster.

Omaha dug his paddle into the water, pulling himself into the middle of the current, reading the river ahead of him, riding up and down on the five foot swells at the entrance to the rapid. God, the water was huge! It must be at least eight feet on the gauge. He'd never heard of anyone doing the Arden section this high. The look in Ariane's eyes unnerved him. It was demented, gone. He was running this river at death level, racing against the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen, a woman stone crazy for whitewater. Racing for alien gemstones, and the love of a babe from outer space! Adrenaline surged into his arms. Go for it!

Ariane's paddle churned the water, rocketing her into the biggest parts of the rapid. Her balance in the boat was phenomenal. She had a sixth sense about where the water was going to come from, what it was going to do to the hull. She cut a line down the bloated middle of that crazy churning river and never shipped a drop of water.

Omaha struggled and floundered. He fought his way down Gallaway rapid, and at Undercut he got caught in a mega-hole and rolled twice before the waterlogged

canoe flushed out the downstream end. Frantically he paddle-splashed and bailed the boat dry. He'd lost time, and Ariane had a thirty yard lead.

But Kenny knew what was coming. Moat's Falls. At that level the fifteen foot drop would land a boater in chaos. Should he warn her? She was bound to swim there, and the race would be over. He paddled ferociously to close the gap, yelling her name into the white noise of the river.

Ariane never even slowed down. She launched her boat over the lip of the falls, disappearing from Omaha's view. If he followed her line, would he land on top of her? Enticed for a moment by this prospect, Omaha swiftly put it out of his mind. This was no time to be thinking about sex! He paddled over the falls six feet to her left, penciling in at a steep angle and popping backwards toward the cascade. He braced deep, leaned hard on his paddle, and levered himself into the downstream current. Ten boat lengths ahead, Ariane paddled on. She'd run Moats Falls at floodstage like she was paddling on a pond.

But the river was beginning to take its toll on her. A salty liquid was oozing out of her skin, running down her forehead into her eyes. Ariane had never worked out hard in a human body before. She had never sweated. Her eyes were stinging. She knew the perspiration was ruining her eye makeup. And she was starting to breathe hard. She adjusted the boat a fraction, went ripping into the right hand turn leading into Wells Falls, slid down the tongue of the falls and through the crashing surf at the bottom. She could feel Omaha gaining on her.

Ariane fought to preserve the lead, but her abs tired. She stole a glance to her left and Omaha was nearly even. They were through all the big whitewater now, riding the flood down to the takeout and the finish line, paddling through what on a normal day would be flatwater.

Omaha felt his adrenaline high receding. He had survived! But now he knew he could win. He could catch her on the flats. He was sweating himself sober, but he was in good shape to start with and for a black xenotrilium he'd paddle like Superman. He cranked and cranked. Muscles screaming, he forged into a lead.

McBride, Chopper and Lepticon had followed the action in an offroad vehicle, staying on the roads and paths that ran closest to the river. Now they were at the

takeout. Chopper was a relentless cheerleader but Lepticon watched the action in silence. He could see Omaha draw even in the flatwater, and knew then that Ariane was going to lose. He had to do something. If she lost living with her would be hell!

Lepticon's facial expression never changed when he beamed his unfathomable telepathic powers at his spaceship in shadow-orbit, hiding behind the moon. He didn't blink an eye as he communicated the plan to Ariane, who was padding her brains out and frustrated that she couldn't hold off Omaha's charge. But he allowed himself a tiny smile as he felt the tremor, deep underground. OK, Omaha, he thought, eat this and die!

The Tygart Lake Earthquake struck at 6:37 p.m. on July 27. It displaced a cubic mile of water back up the Tygart River in a single tidal wave ten feet high. Something in the lizard part of Omaha's brain sensed the disaster even as the wall of water swept toward him, lifting him up, and he spun the boat around and got the bow pointed back upstream. The exhaustion from the long race was forgotten in a frenzy of panic, as he churned his way back upriver, fighting to keep the boat upright in the crashing froth at the leading edge of the tidal wave.

The torrent swept him upriver, flooding the rapids and blowing him upstream. The Class 3 rapids at the bottom of the run disappeared, buried under tons of reversing flow. At Wells Falls the force of the upstream current flooded the holes and fired him up the face of the rapid so fast he caught air at the top. As his boat crashed back into the frenzied foam he faced the ultimate choice: paddle upriver or die. It was fiendishly simple, and more than anything else in the whole world Omaha wanted to live. He lived to paddle. Now he paddled to live. Carried along by the awesome, malevolent power of the water Omaha's sense retreated. He became a mere naked animal, struggling to escape a cosmic trap. The wall of water roared upstream, carrying boat and boater, river trash helpless before the flood.

There are a small handful of sports records that will live forever. These standards are set so high by athletes so extraordinary that they are for all intent and purposes untouchable. DiMaggio's 56 game hitting streak is one. Walter Payton's 16,726 yards rushing in the NFL is another. Omaha's performance on the

Tygart that day is a third. Powered by the crest of the tidal wave, Kenny set the All Time Record for attainment, gaining six and a half river miles and 135 feet of altitude in twelve minutes, forty-eight seconds, an average speed of over thirty miles an hour.

But with each wave he crested and each rapid he climbed, something in Omaha's stunned brain struggled with an idea. It was an Important Idea, one that Mattered. And when it finally came to him, it was far too late, and it was awful. As the river rushed him upstream the sheer vertical face of Moat's Falls loomed into his consciousness, then into his vision as a fifteen foot stone cliff standing in his path. At the last possible moment Omaha abandoned ship, diving over the downstream side of his canoe into the floodwaters. And those waters picked up Omaha's body in its lifejacket like it weighed nothing and slammed him head first into the unforgiving rock face behind the waterfall.

Chopper found Omaha's body floating face down in an eddy. He dragged his friend to shore and they gently turned him onto his back. It was horrible. Omaha's forehead had taken the brunt of the blow, and it was stove in like a dented fender. His left eye was black with blood, and he was not breathing.

Chopper had been unable to speak to Lepticon since the wave took Omaha and left Ariane to bob safely in its wake like a bell buoy. He knew the alien had caused the wave, but he couldn't do anything about it. Some forces are too strong to be messed with, and whatever power Lepticon had was one. When the alien spoke, Chopper bit off his anger and listened.

"Don't touch him," Lepticon said, and turned to his woman, who had tidied her makeup and looked like she'd just stepped off the cover of Vogue.

"Ariane, back at Big Nasty you down-loaded the entire contents of Omaha's brain, right?"

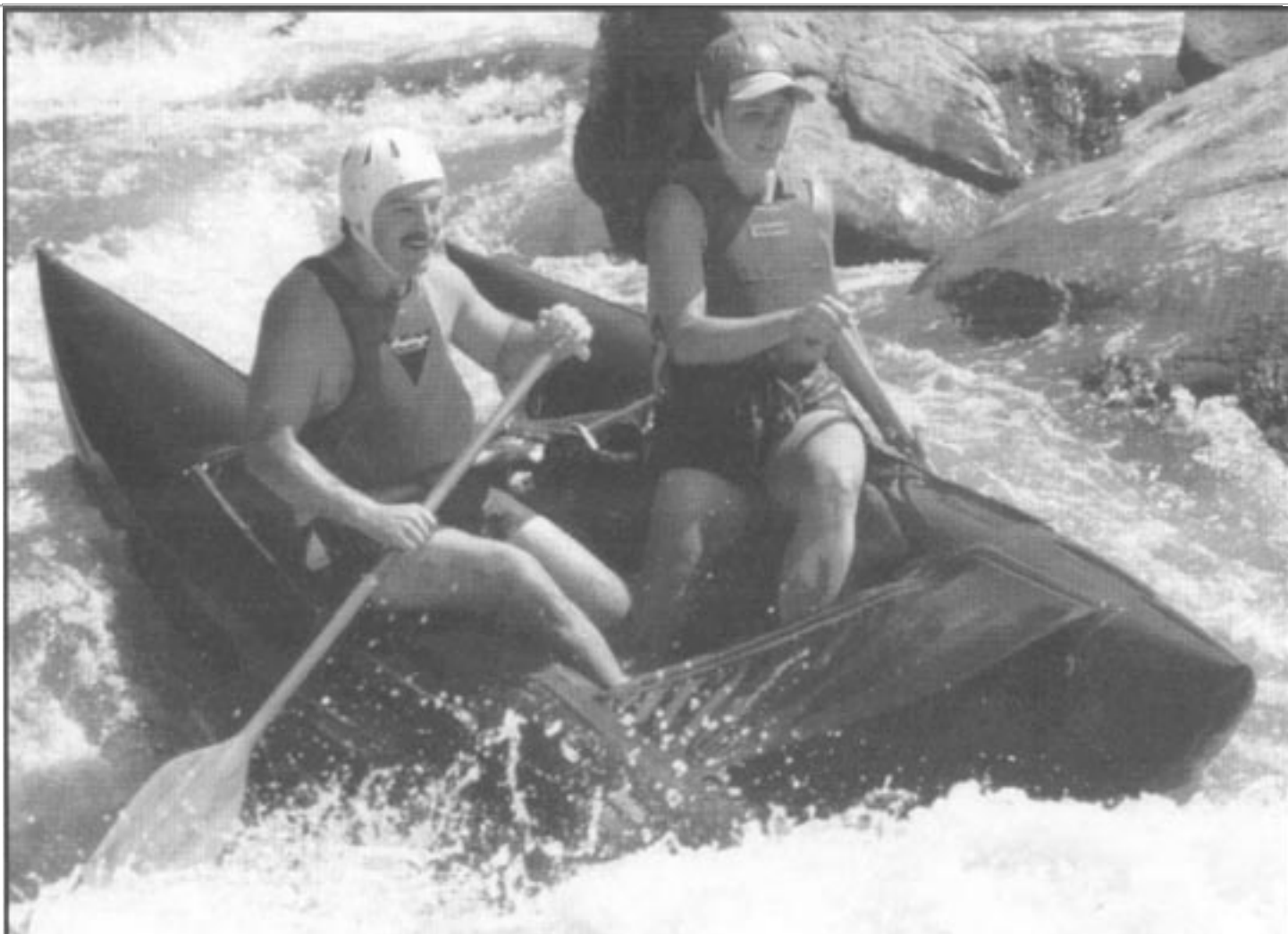
"Yes, milord," she replied demurely. She remembered picking through the mountain of filth in his mind. She remembered her shocking discovery that whitewater boating was "fun," a discovery that spared Planet Earth from annihilation.

"Then you can help him."

"Of course, milord."

"Do it now, please."

Ariane knelt over Omaha's prostrate



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body. She placed her left hand over his heart and her right hand on the hideous, oozing head wound. Then she kissed him on the lips. It was a long, wet, complex kiss, a real Dom Perignon special. When it was over she rose to her feet. Omaha took a long, shuddering breath, and his bluish skin turned pink.

The bleeding stopped first, and then the wound began to swell. The crater in Omaha's head filled from the bottom, growing flatter and shallower until it disappeared into the symmetry of the undamaged half of his forehead. Then the skin healed. In the center of the old wound, now gone, there was only a tiny, star shaped scar. A moment later his eyes opened.

Omaha smiled. "You kiss nice," he said.

Chopper wheeled savagely on Lepticon. "Kenny won that race, fair and square, till you sent that wave. You cheated!"

Lepticon grinned. "In space, everybody cheats."

"Give him the jewels."

Wordlessly Lepticon reached into his pocket, removed the two black xenotrilliums and dropped them onto Omaha's belly. In the lengthening shadows they glittered with their own internal radiance, stones of fire, tribute for the winner from the Undisputed Master of the Galaxy.

Omaha rose unsteadily to his feet, and reached out to embrace Ariane. She stopped him cold.

"Forget it, Kenny," she said. "Sex is for mammals."

He reached out to shake her hand, but the alien beauty did not return the gesture. Instead, her eyes met his. Her beauty dazzled him. She smiled, and the lust in her eyes was gone, replaced by a mellow bliss. She'd had a great run.

"Goodbye," she said.

Ariane and Lepticon glowed brightly for an instant and disappeared. There was a soft double pop, two bubbles bursting, as the air rushed in to fill the voids where their bodies had been.

Afterplay

Yvonne Dellameure was stirring a cookpot full of beefaroni when Omaha straggled into camp. She was barefoot as usual, and even without shoes she towered over her man. Her pregnancy was

just beginning to show. She smiled at him.

"Have a nice day on the river, honey?" she asked.

"It was OK," he replied.

He rummaged around in the cooler for a moment, cracked open a can of Keystone and took a long slug. Then he turned to her.

"I've got a present for you," he said. Kenny reached into the pocket where

he had stashed the two alien gemstones, but drew out only a handful of black sand. The xenotrilliums had crumbled to dust.

In space, Ariane watched as Earth slowly receded, still well within range. Lepticon giggled and toyed with the firing button on his death ray. Why not?

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Best Runs

C-1

1. M. Martikan, Slovak Rep	151.11
2. L. Pollert, Czech Rep	151.17
3. P. Estanguet, France	152.84
9. D. Heam, USA	162.51
19. A. Clawson, USA	172.53

K-1

1. S. Hilgertova, Czech Rep	169.49
2. D. Chladek, USA	169.49*
3. M. Fox, Jerusalem, France	171.00
7. C. Hoam, USA	173.03

C-2

1. O. Fix, Germany	141.22
2. A. Vehovar, Slovenia	141.65
3. T. Becker, Germany	142.79
6. R. Weiss, USA	145.78
12. S. Shipley, USA	148.31

C-2

1. Addison Forgue, France	158.82
2. Rohan Smok, Czech Rep	160.16
3. Ehemberg-Serit, Germany	163.72
11. Holden Dickert, USA	180.90

*Tie resolved in favor of better first run.



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