

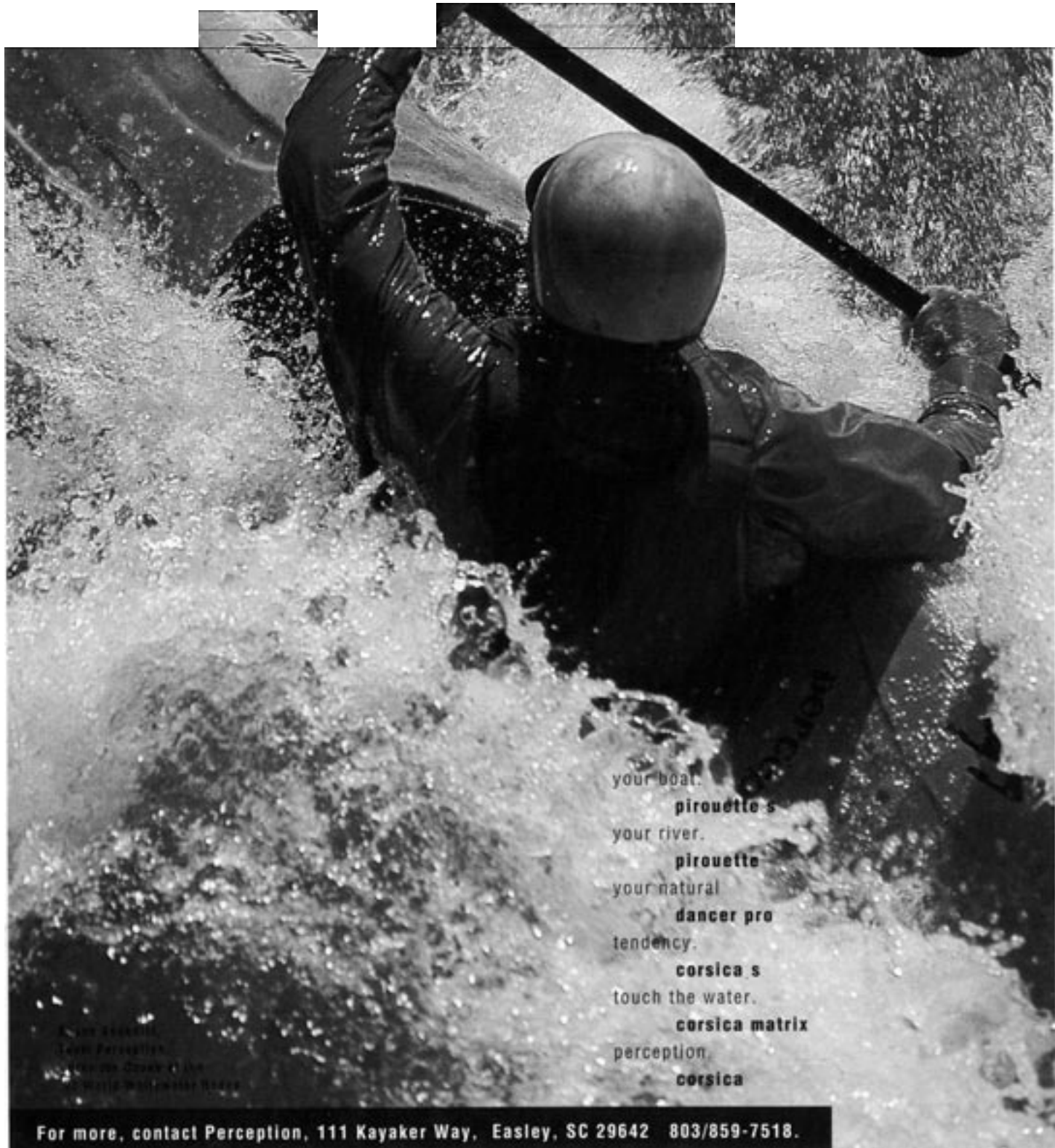
american whitewater

November
December
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Gore, Yough, & Gauley Race Results

starting on page 41



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Journal of the American Whitewater Affiliation

C O N T E N T S

Volume XXXIV, No.6

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Front Cover: Kathy Zerkle and J.T. More in Pillow Rock; have a **hardcore** day! Photo courtesy of Whitewater Photography
Back cover: American Whitewater Editor Bob Gedekoh off line and out of control in the 1994 Gauley Race. Photo by Whitewater Photography
Back flap: Roger Hager hands up in the hole, Photo by Whitewater Photography.
Another great ender from the Ocoee.



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YOU NEVER REALLY KNOW

by Bob Gedekoh

"Catch a wave and you're sitting on top of the world."

Brian Wilson

*"He sleeps with angels,
He's always on someone's mind,
He sleeps with angels tonight."*

Neil Young

On sunny October days the waves at the top of **Initiation Rapid** can be seductive... four feet high, hunter green, smooth and flawless. You could surf the face of them easily... probably for as long as you wanted... and it would feel really good.

Unfortunately, fifty feet downstream, just beyond the crest of the drop, a substantial portion of the Gauley splatters against a hefty chalkstone boulder. That boulder spans a rocky crevice, creating a lethal **mantrap**.

In September of 1982 a boater from Georgia, **Bob O'Connor**, pinned and drowned there. I was paddling the Gauley that day with friends and came onto the scene about thirty minutes after **Bob O'Connor** died. His kayak and body were still wedged in the slot. This accident was widely discussed, so over the years I have been surprised to see a



number of kayaks and canoes trapped there, fortunately without their occupants. I always figured these boats belonged to people who hadn't been told about the spot.

When I'm paddling the Gauley with newcomers, I always warn them to stay away from the river right side of Initiation.

Dave Mills often led newcomers down the Gauley, and he always warned them about the **mantrap** too. There is no question that he knew about the subtle danger in Initiation.

But last Saturday Dave Mills died there.

Drifting down toward Initiation, Dave spotted the waves and decided to surf them. It was a spectacular fall day and the outflow from the dam was delightfully warm. The kind of a day when

you don't mind getting wet. No doubt Dave considered the danger downstream, but he decided to surf those waves anyway.

Dave was a competent class V boater; he knew his abilities. He knew that when he was finished surfing those waves he could peel out toward the center of the river. He knew that he could **miss** the deathslot by a mile.

But somehow that didn't happen. For an uncharacteristic instant Dave lost control of his boat. Then he flushed down into the **mantrap**... and his death.

Dave was an "**oldtimer**" who was far more safety minded than most of my friends. He paid a lot of attention to river gauges and avoided extremes of flow. He always carried a breakdown paddle, carabiners and assorted rescue equipment. He kept a close eye on his boating companions and if you needed help, Dave was there.

Dave was a conservative and careful boater. There is a terrible irony to the fact that he died on the river.

There may be a lesson to be taken from Dave's death, but I don't know what it is. Surely it can't be that we should never catch an eddy, or boof a ledge, or surf a wave upstream of a dangerous spot. Every rapid in the world is potentially dangerous; it's just a matter of degree. Part of the thrill of running whitewater is assessing that danger, assessing your own abilities, and deciding whether to go for it or not.

In retrospect, I wish Dave hadn't decided to go for those waves. But knowing his abilities, I wouldn't have considered him reckless or foolish if I had seen him heading in that direction that day.

So if you're **looking** for a moral or a lesson to be taken from Dave Mill's

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LETTERS.....

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE

Dear Sirs,

I'm research fellow in biochemistry, coming to America from Russia a month ago. In Russia my life was divided in three parts: family, science, and **wild-and-white** water. So I want here.

It is my a pleasure to enclose payment for joining the AWA, bimonthly subscription to "American Whitewater" magazine, AWA Nationwide Whitewater inventory, cap and poster.

Please send my regards to "AW" staff. This magazine significantly defined my decision. Colored "Paddler" and "Canoe" didn't pleasure me so as "AW."

I'm interested in further information on AWA and any other whitewater activity in USA, whitewater printing production (such as posters, calendars), and any other information connected with whitewater.

Please contact me at my business address mentioned in this letter.

Sincerely Yours,
Dmitry Koulich
The Public Health Research Institute
455 First Avenue #1043
New York, NY 10016

KILL KATZ!

To the Editor:

I happily enclose my membership renewal for the coming year. I feel that AWA is the only organization representing the interests and issues of the whitewater paddler. I constantly urge all of my cheapskate freeloading kayaker buddies who haven't joined to pony up the paltry \$20 to join and support river preservation.

Having said that, I would urge you take my membership fee and anyone else who will contribute AND PAY JONATHAN KATZ NOT TO WRITE ANYTHING AGAIN UNTIL HE IS OUT OF JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL. Better yet, park a chimpanzee in front of a word processor for an hour, print what comes out and give him the twenty bucks.

To call this **crap** adolescent is to demean an entire generation of young people (I'm not one of them, by the way). Its not a matter of sensitivity, or of being PC, but a question of quality humor and how paddling is perceived by the public. Your editor's warning preced-

death, you'll have to go elsewhere.

I'm not even going to say that we should take comfort in the fact that he died on the river, on a beautiful day, doing something that he loved. That would be too easy. It's too great a tragedy to trivialize like that.

All I can say is that Dave **Mills** was a great guy and, like a lot of other folks, I'm going to miss seeing him on the river.

Two days after Dave drowned I paddled the Gauley. But I didn't take out at Panther with everyone else. I paddled on to Peters Creek, like we used to in the old days. There are couple of good rapids and playspots below Panther and there is a lot of flatwater too. But I don't mind the calm stretches; after the excitement upstream, it gives me time to think.

Besides, I have always felt that Canyon Doors is one of the most spectacular rapids in the country. When I paddled through Canyon Doors that day, I was thinking about Dave. I paused in an eddy near the bottom of the rapid and looked upstream.

Suddenly I had an eerie, disconcerting thought. "Take a real good look at this... because you may never see it again."

About an hour later while I was biking my shuttle through the village of Poe, I stopped to watch an very old woman planting daffodil bulbs. She was all stooped over her shovel; it was hard work. I thought, this lady is a real optimist.

Believing that those dried up onions will survive the long hard winter in the ground, then sprout and bloom next spring. And believing that she **will** still be around to see them.

Planting those bulbs seemed an almost outrageous act of faith.

Like I said, this lady was very, very old. But, then again, she has already seen a lot of winters come and go.

I guess you never know.

ing the story notwithstanding, please exercise better editorial control in the future, and perhaps the rest of us could contribute a little more and give you something else to print in your otherwise fine publication.

(I think my friend's golden retriever may have a couple of river articles in his pointed head. I'll ask.)

Thanks,
Mike Sease
Greenville, SC

ANOTHER KATZ FAN

Dear Phyllis

Sorry I forgot my dues but after I read the article in the July, August issue by Jonathan Katz, I realized there was still hope for us open boaters with a flair for the extreme. I'm glad to see Bob, Chris, and Pope will still **publish** articles which reflect the fun side of life and not water down the issues. Keep up the good work.

Yours truly,
John T. Deardoff

KEEP KATZ!

I've really enjoyed the last few issues of American Whitewater and want to say that I think you put together a great magazine. Also, Jonathan Katz' recent series, as well as all of the writing in the "humor" section, is **terrific**. Keep up the good work!

Sincerely,
Ron Soussa
Little Falls, New Jersey


PEE'D OFF

Dear Editor:


I just read **Al Fylak's** letter in the **September/October** issue. I think we have all had the need to relieve ourselves before "putting-on the river, but Mr. Fylak made an error in judgment in this case.

Mr. **Fylak**, as a naval officer, what would the **SPs** do if they caught a sailor urinating in the middle of a field? What would you do as his commander? An Article 15, at least, I would guess.

I have been paddling the Upper **Yough** for about three years and have found the DNR Officers, like any other



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LETTERS

human, are nothing but cordial when treated likewise. The only slightly negative encounter I can remember was one day, while floating under the bridge at Sang Run, one member of our group had his helmet in the **bottom** of the canoe and was told to put it on. A polite "yes" was followed with a few moments of pleasant conversation.

Mr. Fylak's poor judgment in selecting a location to do his duty is a prime example of why **boater/community** relations in the Friendsville area are strained. I don't care how urgent the need, there is no excuse for not taking 15 seconds to go to the woods. Since I brought up **boater/community** relations in Friendsville, another comment: When you are in **Friendsville** be as courteous to the locals as you would expect a visitor to your home to be to you, **don't** change cloths

in the **parking** lot, (Mountain Surf has changing rooms and showers) and conceal your beer.

David Stockdill
Fredericksburg, VA

EDITORS COMMENT: I would not touch this subject with a ten foot pole...even if I had one!!

AUTHORS RESPOND TO "NEVER BOAT ALONE"

Dear Bob,
In your **September/October** issue you reviewed our new guide book, *Western Whitewater from the Rockies to the Pacific* First, thank you for your very **kind** words about our book. Alongside

the review you **printed** a letter that was written to us several months ago by W. Scott Morris. Mr. Morris had contacted us regarding a piece of safety advice, "Never boat alone" — which appears in the introduction of our new book.

We wanted to let you **know** that we agree with Mr. Morris. After reading his very thoughtful and convincing letter last June, we promptly wrote a reply telling him that we greatly appreciated his feedback and that we plan to revise that advice in the next printing of our book. Although we still regard "Never boat alone" as good advice for beginners, we do not believe that more experienced boaters should be bound by such a rule. Solo boating can clearly be appropriate — and uniquely rewarding — for those who have gained enough experience and skill to **understand** and manage its **particular** risks.

Writing *Western Whitewater* was a massive seven-year undertaking, one that would have been impossible without the generous help and advice of literally hundreds of river runners. Now that the project is finished, we're indebted to readers like Mr. Morris for **taking** the time to help us improve the book and keep it current.

Thank you again.

Sincerely,
Bill Cross
(for Jim Cassidy and
Fryar Calhoun)

THANKS, DOUG

The "daring and accomplished Hair Boater" who authored "The Sad Future of Kayaking?" on page 115 of our last issue was none other than Regional Coordinator Doug Ammons of Missoula, Montana.

Doug's **byline** was inadvertently **deleted** from his article.

Sorry 'bout that.

GOOD JOB!

Dear A.W.A.,

It is with great pleasure that I submit my 20 dollar membership fee. I look forward to receiving the A.W.A. Journal, as I have found the articles within it to be interesting and well written. Keep up the good work and thank you.

Sincerely,
Joel Z. Bandstra

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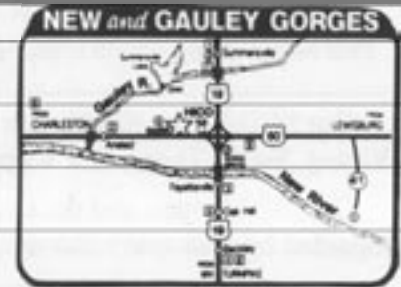
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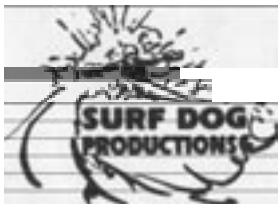


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The American Whitewater Affiliation

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 river, monitors threats to those rivers, publishes informative 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, American Whitewater, and by other means, the AWA provides information and education about whitewater rivers, boating safety,

technique and equipment.

SAFETY: AWA promotes paddling safety, 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 85, Phoenicia, NY 12464, (914) 688-5569. AWA is tax exempt under Section 501(c) (3) of the Internal Revenue Code.

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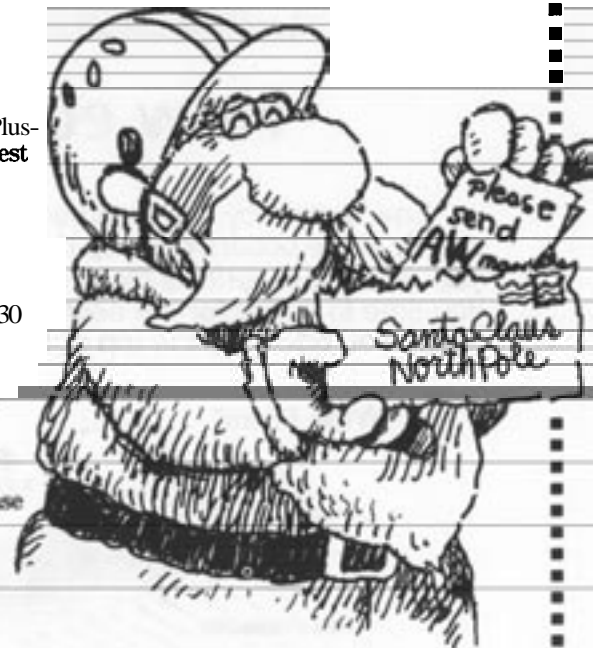
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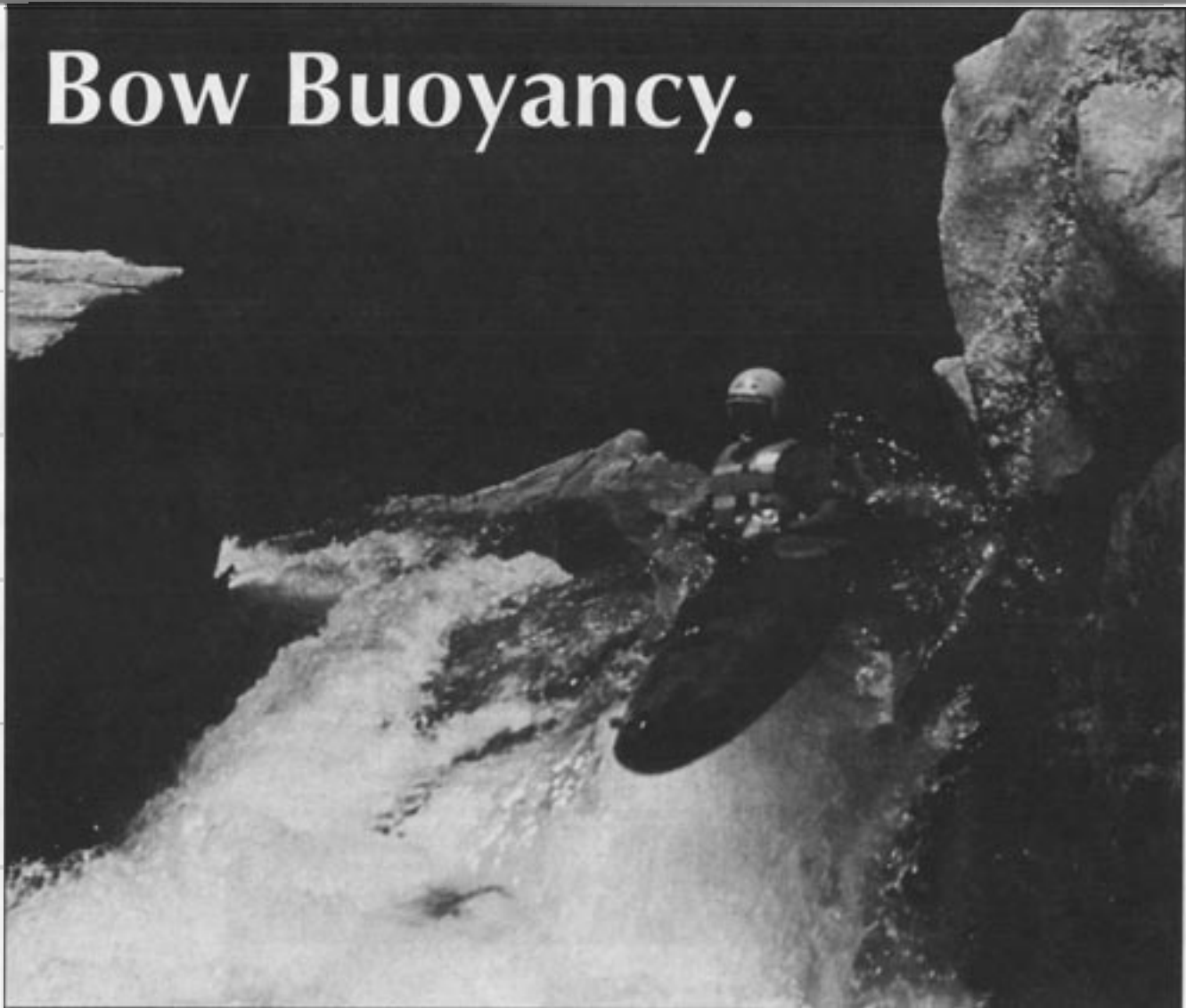
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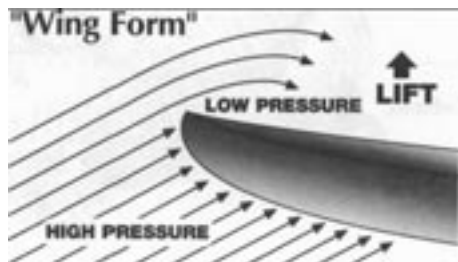
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Side the Beltway

by Ed E. Lyne

An eight-lane interstate highway (known as the "beltway") encircles the nation's capitol like a monstrous snake. It separates the noxious inferno of politics from the

rest of the nation, which looks on in dismay as the wheels of government ponderously grind away. Traffic rotates endlessly around the beltway, slowing gradually until finally, gridlock takes over.

Inside the beltway there is a cacophonous Tower of Babel inhabited by politicians, bureaucrats, T.V. news casters, lobbyists, lawyers, thieves, muggers, government contractors, drug addicts, spies and counter spies. At the center, crippled and paralyzed, sits the U.S. Congress.

Undeterred by this horrific scene, alert reporters deep inside the beltway carefully peer through the pandemonium to report on anything and everything affecting whitewater rivers.

during the late summer and fall of 1994, as Congressional elections slid closer and closer, politicians inside the Beltway began to focus clearly on only one thing: saving their hides.

Voters were in an surly mood, and no one seemed to know why. Democrats, thinking that the electorate wanted an end to gridlock, drafted hundreds of bills on every subject from mining law reform to health care. Republicans decided to make President Clinton and his allies look ineffective by staging the mother of all traffic jams.

The U.S. Congress has a natural tendency toward inaction. When one party or the other decides that inaction may somehow help them at the polls, almost nothing can be done to jump start the process.

Inertia is especially conspicuous in the Senate. The House of Representatives, because of its sheer size, operates under rigid parliamentary rules designed to favor majority rule. The Senate, on the other hand, has no rules worthy of the name. It operates entirely on good faith and comity. In other words, you slap my back and I'll slap yours. This only works, however, when everyone is in a friendly mood. Senators were not in a friendly mood in September and October of 1994.

When a single Senator decides to gum up the works, the whole Congress is like a hung jury. Senate customs allow every Senator to place a "hold" on every bill before the Senate. Having a Senator put a hold on your bill is like having someone shoot out a tire on your car in heavy traffic. It's hard to get going again. The whole thing can quickly metastasize. One Senator puts a hold on another Senator's bill. The second Senator takes revenge by putting a hold on every bill the first Senator wants. Usually two or three Senators are involved in each hold and counter hold. Start with one hold and pretty soon every bill in the Senate has multiple flat tires. Gridlock.

In 1994, President Clinton had a massive agenda, most of which was extremely distasteful to one large group of special interests or another. Clinton wanted national health care. The insurance industry hated this. He wanted lobby and campaign reform. The lobbyists hated this. He wanted mining law reform. The mining industry hated this. He wanted Clean Water Act changes. Polluting industries hated this. He wanted communications law reform to bring in the information superhighway. Local telephone companies hated this. The list was endless.

This massive agenda was creeping through heavy traffic in Congress when Senate Republicans realized that they could wipe everything out in one huge end-of-the-session holocaust. No more random flat tires here and there. Every bill would die.

The Senate firing squad (Dole, Packwood and Gramm) began to shoot at every piece of legislation in sight. One by one they tossed the slaughtered corpses in a mass grave and celebrated with a public funeral in front of the capitol, dubbed a "Contract with America."

Clinton's health care bill was the first to die. Other big bills were gunned down before the health care funeral was

CONSERVATION

over. Mining law reform was assassinated and pushed into the grave, toppling on the warm

corpse of the health care bill. A law to provide safe drinking water in small communities affected by waterborn parasites was gunned down and shoveled in next. Hundreds of other Clinton-sponsored bills followed suit.

Early on the killing began to get out of control. It became a random, drive-by, kind of thing. Innocent, non partisan, bills got in the way and fell prey to the indiscriminate massacre.

Among the victims were various river conservation bills. They were stalled in traffic when the blood-bath started.

The bill to expand the New River National River and the Gauley River National recreation Area in West Virginia died this way. So did a bill to designate Idaho's Lower Main Salmon as Wild and Scenic, and, the bill to protect

the North Fork of the Payette from hydropower. There was no particular partisan opposition and no rhyme or reason for the killing. These river bills were just hanging around on the front porch when the shooting started.

Things were so ugly that some bills never even made it to the killing fields. They stalled in the garage.

The property rights lobby (the so called "wise use" movement) was urging on the firing squad. According to this group, every bill in Congress that does not spend money is a "taking" of private property. This includes bills to clean up drinking water and bills to get rid of toxic waste. This lobby went after bills protecting scenic areas with a special vengeance. The California desert legislation was a prime target, as was a bill to designate a large number of national heritage areas.

One consequence of the property rights assault was to bottle up any bill which could give them another target.

The river registry bill, supported by almost every river conservation group in the country, had provisions similar to the heritage bill. Its sponsors were reluctant to make a run for it, given the hostile attacks of the property rights lobby of similar legislation. The river registry bill never even made it out of committee.

After watching other California conservation legislation (the Desert bill) take heavy fire, California river conservationists were unwilling to send the bill to protect the Clavey River to what seemed like certain death. It also stayed in the garage.

A few bad bills got shot down along with the river conservation legislation.

A bill to reform National Park Service concessions policy was knocked out near the end of the session. This bill would have subjected park concessionaires to competitive bidding and reduced the level of the concessions rip off in national parks. This

was generally a good idea, but river outfitters had succeeded in exempting themselves from the competitive procedures in the bill, protecting their permanent monopolies indefinitely. (This bill also completely ignored the inequities in the private/commercial split allocation system on western rivers like the Colorado, which favor commercial over non commercial use.) Concessions reform got caught in the cross fire and was gunned down with everything else.

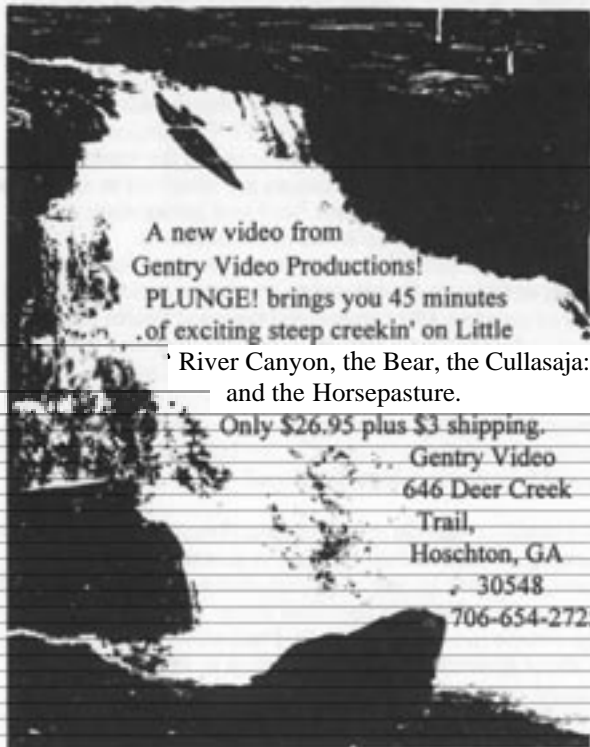
Late in the session, Alaskan and Hawaiian hydropower interests persuaded the Senate to pass a bill exempting most new dams in those two states from the Federal Power Act. While not the most pro-environmental law on the books, that act does at least require hydro dam developers to give equal consideration to fish and recreation. This ugly bill included about 20 "riders" (amendments) that would extend project construction deadlines for hydro developers in other states. This would allow dam builders to continue speculating on a possible energy price rise that might make their projects viable. Fortunately, the Alaska-Hawaii hydro bill also got wasted in the end-of-the-session drive by shooting spree.

With such a massacre taking place inside the beltway, the only river conservation happening in 1994 was happening outside.

The Klamath River was the big river conservation story outside the beltway. It took the ultimate escape route—a detour around the Congressional killing fields. Using a little-known provision of the wild and scenic rivers law, Oregon Governor Roberts submitted a request to Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt to designate the Klamath wild and scenic and ban forever the Salt Caves Dam. With one stroke of the pen, and no bill in Congress, it was done. Presto!

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MAINTAINING UTAH'S IMAGE

by Marcus Witing

Utah has no designated Wild and Scenic rivers and Governor Michael E. Leavitt would like to retain that dubious reputation. One hundred years ago, a group of Mormons fled persecution and settled that Salt Lake Valley. Since that time, Utah has struggled fiercely to defend its independence from the Federal Government.

The state's current leader, Governor Leavitt, has become increasingly frustrated and verbal over federal mandates on grazing reforms, air pollution, and the idea of Wild and Scenic rivers. Ted Stewart, Executive Director of Utah's Natural Resources recently stated: "The questions of designating Wild and Scenic rivers is a highly controversial issue. It goes to the heart of a state and federal debate. The Governor has stated an opposition to plans that will lead to designation of Wild and Scenic rivers."

On April 6, 1994, Clair Jensen, a 30-year veteran of the Division of Wildlife Resources wrote a letter to the United States Forest Service supporting the study of possible Wild and Scenic designation for 20 small streams in Southwestern Utah. Jensen was quickly reprimanded and demoted; largely at the request of Utah's Southern Congressional delegation, the so-called "Cowboy Caucus."

Three Federal agencies: the Forest Service, National Park Service, and Bureau of Land Management (BLM), are MANDATED by the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act of 1968, to consider potential additions (rivers) during their planning efforts. In short, it is the job of these agency employees to identify, evaluate, and manage potential Wild and Scenic rivers. In doing this, Clair Jensen was demoted.

So, what can a governor do who is in opposition to a Congressional Act? In this case,

Leavitt's office organized a coalition of state and federal agencies called Southern Utah Planning Advisory Committee (SUPAC). The Governor flew to Washington to have Utah's Congressional delegation co-sign a letter to the Utah office of the BLM requesting SUPAC to "coordinate the review process for river and stream reaches in the (Southwest) region."

The "Cowboy Caucus" could not be happier. Within the thinly-veiled intent of SUPAC, their Water Conservancy Districts can now essentially "veto" any and all Wild and Scenic recommendations made by the federal agencies. And "veto" they will! These Southern Utah counties consume water at twice the national average

and have made dam proposals between national parks and on top of endangered species habitat. They will fight tooth and nail to "protect their God-given right to build dams."

The Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance, the only environmental protection group invited to join SUPAC saw through the smoke and mirrors and declined participation. Instead of sitting down with SUPAC and listening to righteous demands for water, they feel the federal representatives should question over consumption and tell the Southern Utah counties conservation and economic analysis are essential.

At this point, the fate of Southern Utah's rivers and creeks appears bleak. Too

many citizens and Congressional delegates in Southern Utah seem to think more water can be created by installing more faucets.

Despite how Governor Leavitt and the Cowboy Caucus attempt to manipulate the process, Utah has other rivers that will likely be designated as Wild and Scenic. The BLM has determined these sections of the following rivers to be eligible for United States Congressional designation: Deep Creek, North Fork of the Virgin, Virgin River Gorge, Labrynth and Stillwater sections of the Green, San Rafael to Tidwell Bottoms, and Colorado River from San Juan County line to the north boundary of Canyonlands National Park.

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N.Y. Court Recognizes Right to Portage on Navigable Rivers

by Bob Glanville

On August 18, 1994, a New York intermediate appellate court held that the South Branch of the Moose River is a navigable waterway and that a private club may not bar boaters from that portion of the river running through its private land. The landowner has brought this action as a "test case" and sought compensatory and punitive damages for trespass from the boaters and their affiliated club (the Sierra Club). The New York Attorney General and the Adirondack Mountain Club intervened on behalf of the boaters. The landowner is the Adirondack League Club, Inc. The court cited in support of its finding of navigability the fact that the river was used for log drives over a period of some fifty years, and also had been periodically navigated by recreational canoeists. Critically, the court found that navigability is not destroyed because of occasional natural obstructions or portages such as shallow water, rocks, or rapids. Having found the river navigable, the court observed that, "pursuant to the public trust doctrine, the public right of navigation. . . supercedes . . . [the landowner's] private rights in the land." The court rejected the landowner's contention that "the public right of navigation is limited to riding in boats and does not include the right to get out of a canoe and walk in the bed of the river to guide the canoe through shallow water, avoid rocks or portage around rapids." Instead, the court recognized that, "the public's right to navigate includes the right to use the bed of the river or stream to detour around natural obstructions and to portage if necessary." Because the boaters' activities were limited to "the bed of the river below the mean high water mark" and all were "in-

cidental to and necessary for navigation of the river," the court did not consider whether the right to portage extends above the high water mark or beyond the river bed. While all five members of the court recognized the public trust doctrine and agreed on the criteria for determining navigability, two judges believed that there should be a trial on the issue of whether the river is, in fact, navigable. Under the circumstances, it is possible that the landowners will appeal to the State's highest court, the Court of Appeals. They have thirty days to decide.

While this is a significant decision, it is important to understand what it does and does not do:

1. It does not hold that boaters may cross private lands to gain access to navigable waterways.
2. It does hold that boaters lawfully on a navigable waterway may get out of their boats to pass obstructions or shallows, at least if they can do so without going beyond the mean high water mark.
3. It does not authorize boaters to get out of their boats for reasons not incidental to and necessary for navigation of the river. Thus, it does not address whether, for example, a boater could camp or even picnic on the river bed below the high water mark.
4. Finally, it does not address whether a boater could portage above the high water mark if that is the only practical way to pass the obstruction.

There will no doubt be additional cases where these and other issues are addressed by the courts. It is clear, however, that if boaters abuse their public right of navigation, landowners will seek to have legislation adopted that will overturn such decision.



Deerfield signing 10/5/94, Tom Christopher - AWA Board and Rick Hudson - New England flow

HYDRO UPDATE

by Rich Bowers

Rather than the usual hydro update, outlining yet another river doomed by dams and diversions, or another technical law or procedure, this month's report provides a more up-beat discussion!

While AWA remains embroiled with numerous dams impacting whitewater rivers, and continues its hard line with several power companies to assure whitewater recreation and public access, many of the relicensing issues begun in early 1992 are now appreciating a new stratagem, that of negotiation and agreement.

This new approach is congenial, and the rewards are much more satisfying.

Based upon AWA's previous work with private utilities, federal and state agencies, and other river interests (especially the Hydropower Reform Coalition, more than a dozen national, regional and local river organizations), the last few months have resulted in negotiations which benefit the entire range of river and river user needs, both now and for future generations:

-The National Hydropower Association (dam owners) and the national members of the Hydropower Reform Coalition (including AWA) are involved in ongoing discussions to improve the FERC process. FERC eagerly anticipates recommendations from this dialogue, and the best hope for future reform now lies in these NHA discussions.

-Earlier this year an agreement set aside approximately \$30 million (over 30 years) from the Consumers Power utility for environmental preservation. This was in exchange for the continued use of 11 facilities along Michigan's Manistee, Muskegon and Au Sable rivers. Included in this agreement were funds for fish passage and habitat restoration, land management, approximately \$750,000 for the removal of Stronach Dam on the Pine River, and funds for the eventual retirement of each project.

-Another settlement addressed fish passage, and provisions for restoring anadromous fish populations on the Saco River in eastern Maine and New Hampshire. The settlement affects seven projects on the main stem of the river, only two of which (Skelton and Bonny Eagle) were up for relicensing in

1993. While not a party to this negotiation, AWA is involved with Central Maine Power regarding **whitewater** recreation at the Bonny Eagle project.

-On October 5, 1994, a major agreement was reached between New England Power, 11 environmental and recreation organizations (including AWA, ACA and New England FLOW), and federal and state agencies. This agreement provides for whitewater releases on two separate sections of the Deerfield, guarantees public access for recreation and protects some 18,350 acres of riverside lands. These resource protection measures are valued at \$25 to 30 million over the 40 year term of the federal license. (See separate article elsewhere in **this** journal)

-In the soon-to-be signed Watertown agreement on New York's Black River, AWA, New York Rivers United and others are working with industry and agency representatives, and FERC staff, to reach an understanding which provides whitewater flows and access to approximately 900 feet of primo surfing waves above the standard run. These waves provide training, potential racing, and an additional uncrowded resource for boaters.

One major issue in the Watertown proceeding was public access to the river.

Last year, this section was posted off limits and blocked by barb-wire fences.

From these negotiations, the signs and fences are gone, replaced with the City of Watertown "Waterworks Park." The park guarantees public access to the river, and provides adequate parking and put-ins.

AWA looks forward to additional agreements in the future. Georgia Power and AWA are only weeks away from signing an agreement on five week-end releases on the Tallulah Gorge. And, beginning in late October, AWA and others will begin negotiations with Central Maine Power over the relicensing of some 14 projects on the Kennebec River.

While the AWA is dedicated to improving our rivers by any means necessary, we believe that agreements are the best recourse for quick results. Besides fighting for rivers, we would like the time to paddle them also. Finally, agreements **allow** for river improvements that would be next to impossible without the cooperation shown in each of the above examples. In the Consumers, Deerfield, and Watertown agreements, river proponents were able to include support for river trust funds (for future environmental, educational, and recreational needs), and for funds to be put aside for the



Deerfield signing 10/5/94, Ken Kimball - AMC and Don Shields - Trout Unlimited

eventual decommissioning or **removal** of these dams.

RIVER UPDATES

Kern River (CA)

Unfortunately, not **all** hydropower applicants are as enlightened as those listed above (yet!). In May, FERC required Southern California Edison (SCE) to complete a whitewater study on the Kern. This study was to determine minimum and optimal boating flows on six separate sections and over 16 miles of river, and, the quality of boating for each section. In addition, FERC required SCE to conduct the study, and complete the final report, in cooperation with AWA and local outfitters on the Kern.

In July SCE submitted their **findings** on this study, and they were totally outrageous! SCE concluded that recreation is impeded by safety **and/or** access issues unrelated to the need for more water on this river. They found almost none of the sections to be worthwhile for boating, even though it is extremely popular when levels are high enough to offset flow diverted for hydropower.

Boaters and boating organizations were not involved in planning the study or the survey, setting evaluation criteria, or in preparing the final report to the commission.

What was learned from this study is that whitewater recreation is enhanced on the Kern at all flows above 200 to 250 cfs, and that private boaters can (and do) scrape down at even less. Rafting is possible between 550 and 700 cfs, and flows reach optimal (boaters understanding of optimal) for recreation on

the upper half at 1050 cfs, and in the lower half at **1400** cfs.

Under better conditions, the Kern could become one of the most popular boating rivers in the country. This relicensing process can provide these better conditions. AWA has commented on exactly how "bogus" this study was, and will be pressing FERC to conduct a full environmental impact statement addressing the full potential of recreation on this river.

Kern **River** No. 1, which determines releases on the Lower Kern below Lake Isabella, will be relicensed in April of 1996. AWA, commercial outfitters, and CA Dept. of Boating and Waterways have already intervened in this project.

Issues will include increased flows for recreation, and improved access to and from the river.

White Salmon (WA)

The relicensing of Condit dam on the White Salmon, a fantastic river right in the backyard of the hot Portland (OR)

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CONSERVATION

boating scene, and within easy reach of boaters from Washington State, is heating up!

Condit is the only dam on the White Salmon, provides no fish passage, and has blocked over 40 miles of natural fishery habitat for the last 80 years.

Besides being recognized by fishing and boating interests, the White Salmon is also a National Wild & Scenic River (above the dam), and a part of the Columbia River Gorge National Scenic Area.

AWA has long sought removal of this dam because it would restore an entire river watershed from its headwaters to its confluence; improve salmon and steelhead runs and habitat; open up additional sections of this river for permanent protection, and, perhaps most important for our goals; provide significant whitewater miles currently inundated below the impoundment, or locked away below the dam.

The FERC is preparing an Environmental Impact Statement (EIS) on whether, or under what conditions, this project should be relicensed for the future, including the unprecedented option of dam removal. Once this EIS is issued there will be one or two public meetings (hopefully in Portland) and only 45 days for written comments.

AWA urges boaters to follow this issue closely and have whitewater interests represented in any final decision. To find out deadlines, or get progress reports, call AWA Regional Representative Brook Martie at (206) 633-1661 or

Rich Bowers at (301) 589-9453.

Nechako River, BC

The Kemano Completion project is a multi-stage hydroelectric development located on the Nechako River in North Central British Columbia, the third largest tributary to the Fraser River.

Phase one of this project began in 1952, and followed a familiar and recurring pattern for other mega-projects (James Bay and the Bio-Bio are a few) — it evicted its native inhabitants and flooded some 800 square miles of land. In this case, the applicant (Alcan Aluminum) evicted the Cheslatta Indian band.

Phase two of the diversion of the Nechako was announced in 1979, and is just now gearing up for construction. The Kemano Completion Project would reduce river flows by another 56%, and could eliminate 20% of the entire Fraser River sockeye run. The Outdoor Recreation Council of BC calls the Nechako BC's most endangered river.

For more information, contact Candace Batycki, BC Biodiversity Campaign at (604) 354-1141.

Nolichucky River, N.C.

The Forest Service recently completed an Environmental Impact Statement (EIS) which recommends a 7.2 mile segment (starting in Poplar, N.C.) of the Nolichucky River for inclusion in the National Wild and Scenic River Sys-

tem. This EIS was passed by the Secretary of Agriculture, putting the ball now in Congress' court....

The fate of the permanent protection of the Nolichucky lies in the hope that Congress will pass a bill that designates this stretch as Wild and Scenic. Whether or not a local Congressman will sponsor such a bill depends upon the support of the local community. As explained below, this could be a problem.

It seems that many of the locals are suspicious of increased government involvement, despite the fact that almost all of the land in owned by the Forest Service and is managed like a Wild and Scenic River (complete with 114 mile buffer zone on either side). Another point of contention centers around the CSX Railroad that flanks the river. Despite being an exclusive right of way (i.e. private property), many people access the river via the tracks for fishing, swimming and hiking. If the river becomes Wild and Scenic, will the railroad become more vigilant in enforcing its private property rights?

Another hitch for the Noli becoming W & S is the ambiguous environmental records of the two Congressmen (Cass Balinger and Charles Taylor), whose respective districts are bounded by the river.

For a copy of the Forest Service EIS, contact:

Melinda McWilliams, U.S. Forest Service — North Carolina P.O. Box 2750 Asheville, N.C. 28802 (704) 257-4200

Forest Service finds Upper White Salmon suitable for National Wild and Scenic

The U.S. Forest Service has proposed to protect the Upper White Salmon River (WA) from Trout Lake Creek to Gilmer Creek, under the National Wild and Scenic Rivers Act. This designation would complement the earlier designation of the Lower White Salmon, and would offer protection for a large part of the watershed.

If this upper section is signed into law, then the only part of this river not protected would be project lands of the Condit hydroelectric dam. As mentioned earlier in this journal, studies are now underway to research the benefits of removing this dam, which would then be eligible for similar protective measures.

All sections of this river offer outstanding whitewater recreation.

While not as heavily used as the

lower stretch (15,000 people/year pay \$50-\$60 nearly for a half-day rafting trip down the Lower White Salmon), the upper offers outstanding whitewater runs and a wilderness experience. The Forest Service notes that the river is valued partly because of low use levels and the primitive character of the gorge, which make possible a more remote, uncrowded experience. The Forest Service estimates that this area attracts an estimated 30,000 recreation visits annually.

In addition to its merit as an outstanding recreational resource, the Upper White Salmon will provide an opportunity to restore endangered salmon runs of the Columbia basin. The upper reaches of this river will offer over 40 miles of traditional spawning and rearing habitat for salmon and steelhead

once fish passage facilities at Condit dam are constructed, or if the dam is removed. Because federal legislation has already protected the lower reaches of the White Salmon, Wild and Scenic designation of the upper stretches would make it the only Washington river to be protected from the headwaters to the mouth.

An additional virtue of the proposal to protect the Upper White Salmon is that federal protection will be extremely cost effective: there would be only limited federal acquisition; there would be little need for additional federal regulation of land use within the protected area; and the water quality and land values within the watershed would be enhanced by the entire river being administered by the U.S. Forest Service.

For years, river conservation

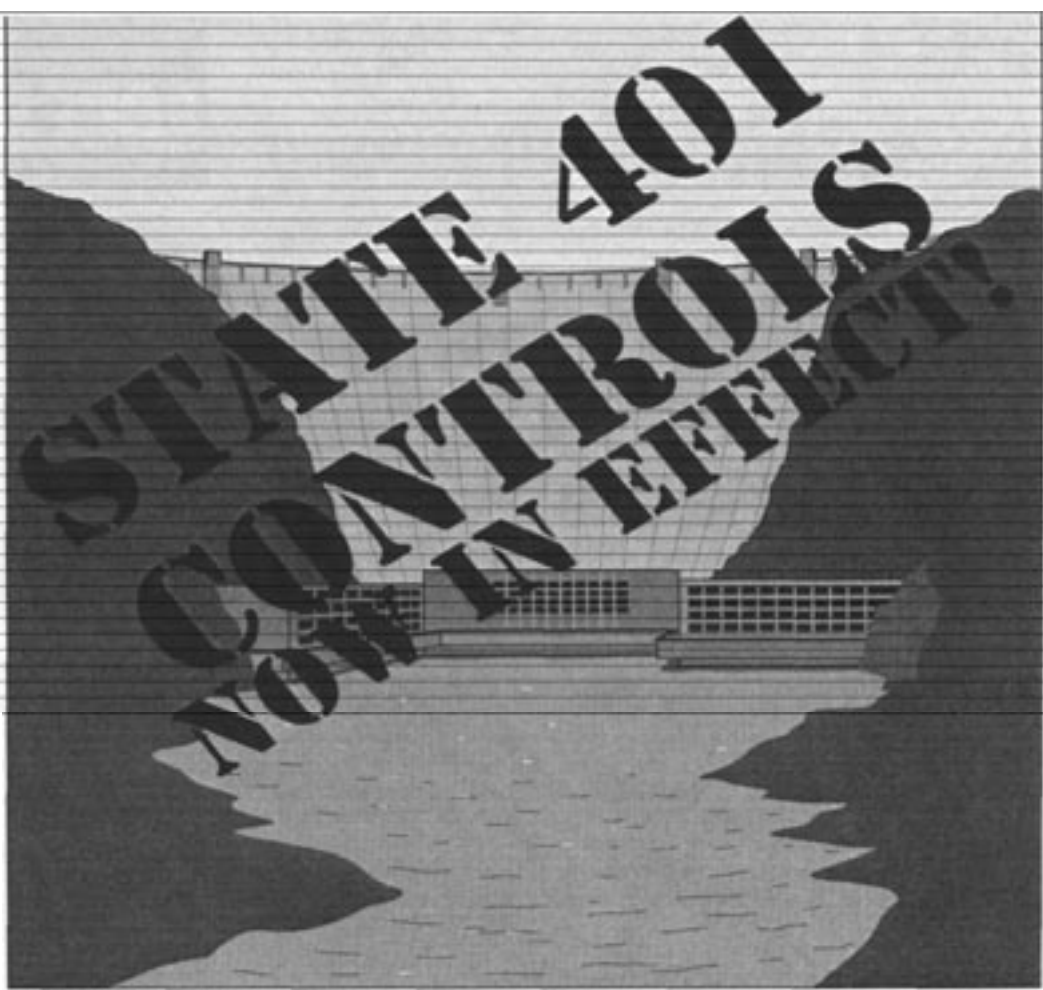
groups have lamented that we have only one tool for fixing river problems, the Federal Wild and Scenic Rivers Act. And as the proverb goes, "If you only have a hammer, soon all your problems look like nails."

Some jobs, like **major** engine repair and river restoration, just can't cut it with a hammer. So, over the years river interests have gone shopping for help — hopefully for something more appropriate, and with a speed drive!

A May 31st Supreme Court ruling in PUD No. 1 of Jefferson County v. Washington Department of Ecology (DOE) provides such a tool by expanding the scope of state authority to protect rivers under Section 401 of the Clean Water Act (CWA).

In this case, the city of Tacoma (also involved on the Nisqually and **Skokomish** rivers - see last issue) and a public **utility** proposed a hydro dam on the Dosewallips river within the Olympic National Forest, and just outside Olympic National Park.

To protect salmon and steelhead **runs**, and to keep the water in the river, the state DOE limited the quantity of water diverted as a condition of 401 **certifi-** cation for the project. For the **un-initi-**



Supreme Court Rules to Protect Rivers

ated, 401 certification is the state's only way of objecting to a dam. **This** has historically been limited to chemical pollutants into the river, and is regularly ignored by the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission — FERC (the agency in charge of giving out dam licenses to private companies).

However, in this case, the Supreme Court voted that states may use Section 401 to mandate release of stream flows by dams licensed by FERC. The Court also held that developers must comply with state designated use of navigable waters. "Such standards shall be such as to protect the public health or welfare, enhance the quality of water **and...shall** be established **taking** into consideration their use and value for public water supplies, propagation of fish and wildlife, recreational [and other purposes.]" In this case, the court offered an even broader description, including aesthetic values.

The court also held that **re-introducing** water around a bypassed river section constitutes a discharge, and that once this occurs, the state can then regulate any aspect of the project affecting water quality.

OK, so states can now protect rivers

if they designate each for specific use.

Is that a big deal? Well, several states, including New York, Vermont and California, are moving to do just that, and they need to hear from river users about which rivers are important. Perhaps more importantly, FERC thinks it's a big deal. **As** stated by FERC Chairwoman Moler during her July reconfiguration hearing, "(This decision) fundamentally altered **FERC's** role* in hydro.

For you home-grown river conservationists, here's the speed drive — since 401 applies to any federal **license/permit** which may affect water quality, this decision may offer state river protection in 404 permits granted by the Corps of Engineers, and in construction, grazing, mining and timber permits granted by the federal government.

As you might imagine, supporters of extractive industries are not overly thrilled. In fact, they are starting a campaign to overturn this decision at the legislative level. So, if we want to use this tool, we need to call and assist our state agencies in listing our favorite creeks and **streams**.

Otherwise, the big boys will short circuit this decision, and we will be back to using that hammer!

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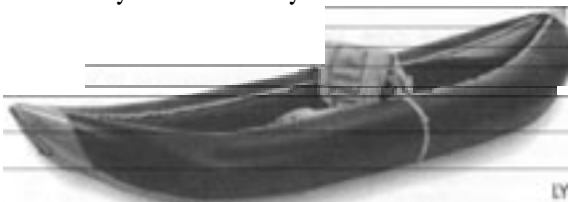
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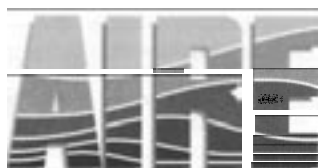
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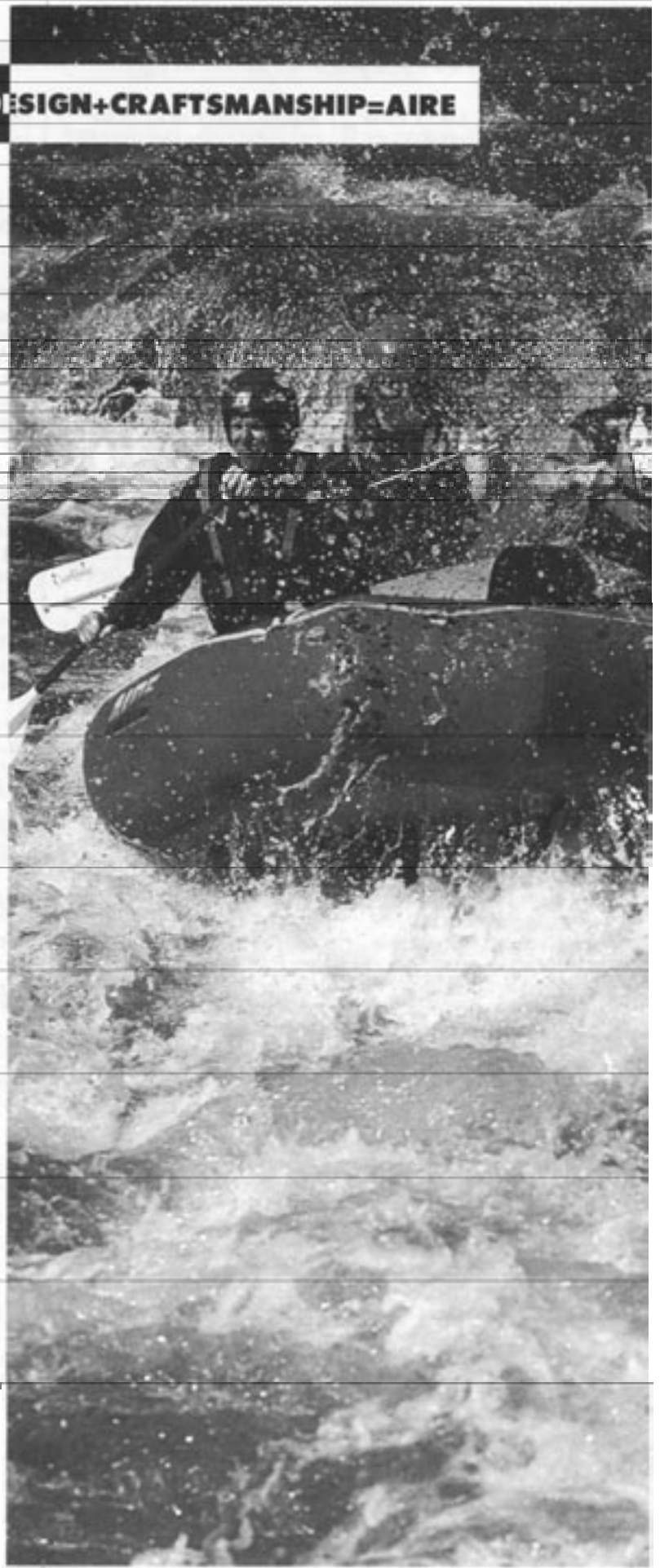
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Access Updates

N. Fork Smith River (CA.)

Access to this 13 mile class III-V stretch of river in northern California should be permanently guaranteed in 3-6 months! This situation is a prime example of the need to act proactively to secure river access.

49 unimproved acres of land located within the Six Rivers National Forest became available for sale in 1992. This land (called the Pentoney parcel) straddles the Wild and Scenic N. Fork of the Smith River—the centerpiece for the Smith River National Recreation Area—and provides parking and legal public access to the river. Only one road leads down to this section of the river.

Fortunately, the landowner was willing to work with the Forest Service to acquire this land. The catch was money. If the Forest Service couldn't come up with the coin, the landowner would be forced to sell. Already, several land developers had approached the landowner with the intention of subdividing. This scenario would not have boded well for public access.

The Forest Service's efforts to acquire money through the Dept. of Interior (Land and Water Conservation Fund) were unsuccessful at first, and AWA had started efforts to lobby DOI and Congressman Hamburg's office (D-CA.) to secure this funding. The fate of access to the N. Fork Smith hung in the balance.

With no additional funds forthcoming, Forest Service staff from the Six Rivers National Forest got together with Klamath National Forest (CA.) to arrange a land swap. This deal was successful and includes private wilderness inholding in the Mount Shasta Wilderness Area (CA.) to go to the Forest Service in exchange for second growth forest.

Currently, all parties have signed the agreement and lands officers for the Forest Service expect everything to fall into place in 3-6 months. AWA would like to commend the respective Forest Service outposts for working together to produce a win-win situation.

Smith River User Survey

As part of the Forest Service plan to assess the recreational potential of the Smith River National Recreation Area

(SRNRA), AWA is including the following questions for our members to answer.

The goal of this survey—sponsored by Rural Human Services, a non-profit organization—is to determine the type and quantity of jobs that recreation can provide to the once timber-based economy. Your responses to the questions will help to shape the decision making process that is charged with determining the types of activities to promote to encourage people to the SRNRA.

The SRNRA was dedicated in 1991 and has since been making the transition from a timber-based to a recreation-based management.

1. What kinds of information do you like to have (such as flow, classification of the river, or types of hazards) prior to your trip?

2. What types of facilities would you like to have available at the river that would make your experience better?

3. What types of services would make your experience better? Would a company providing logistical support services (not necessarily a guide service) for multiday trips bring you to the Smith? Would events such as races or festivals provide an impetus to travel to the Smith? Would you want the park managers to remove natural or man-made hazards?

4. How would you determine the carrying capacity of a river?

Send your responses to: Rural Human Services Attn. Scott Bowman 811 G Street Crescent City, CA. 95531

Section 0, Chattooga

Anyone familiar with the watershed of the Chattooga River (N.C., S.C., GA.) knows about a section of river that is managed by the Forest Service to exclude whitewater boaters. Local boaters refer to the stretch that lies immediately downstream from the bridge on Bull Pen Road (called Steel Bridge) as Section 0. Under the current Forest Service management plan, running this stretch can carry up to a \$50 fine. Rumor has it that this stretch contains gorgeous class IV-V creekin' that is a bit easier than Overflow, another mainstem trib to the Chattooga.

Within the next year, the Forest Service is going to revise its management plan for the Sumter National Forest. AWA is hoping to work within this process in order to legalize whitewater boating for this stretch. Our efforts are premised on the belief that whitewater boating is very compatible with the current

use of this stretch. While Section 0 is a very popular fishing destination, optimum water levels for whitewater and fishing do not coincide (boating is only feasible during high water).

Our efforts to revise the management plan will recognize that boating this stretch should be open during certain windows of time for private whitewater boaters (for example, during certain months or high flows).

AWA will likely present this option to local Trout Unlimited Chapters and boating clubs in the near future. Please contact Rich Hoffman (301-589-9453) if you have any suggestions.

Gore Canyon, Colorado River (CO.)

Access at the put-in for this classic class IV-V canyon remains touch and go. In 1992, the traditional access point (North Side) was restricted to boaters by a ranch with tremendous land holdings and influence in the state of Colorado. The problem was compounded by the willingness of the railroad to bust boat-

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ACCESS

ers who crossed their tracks in this location. Despite the fact that boaters and fishermen have been crossing these tracks for years (and throughout rural Colorado), the railroad claims concern over liability. These concerns are not entirely unfounded: The family of a deaf fishermen (ironically, a former railroad employee)

who was **killed** on the tracks sued the railroad.

Currently, boaters gain access to the river by **permission** of the Eagle Pass Ranch at the confluence of the Blue and Colorado Rivers. This spot is about one hour of flatwater upstream of the mouth of the Canyon and is at the end of a dirt road in bad condition.

AWA is looking into several options. Ideally, we would like to gain access closer to the mouth of the canyon. This could prove to be tricky. In the meantime, we are pushing for the acquisition of the current access point (either through BLM or AWA funds). As a last resort, boaters will be forced to **put**-in further away at the **High-**

way 9 bridge upstream (another 45 minutes of flatwater paddling). This option would prevent boaters from using Gore other than as a day trip.

Gauley River,

W.V.

Thanks to all of the boaters who wrote in about the Park Service's General Management Plan. The current status: AWA is investigating several options from commercial outfitters that are on the table. Many of these **options** would provide private boaters with an easement to get shuttled out of the gorge. AWA and West Virginia Rivers Coalition (WVRC) are only considering temporary solutions right now since the management plan for the National Recreation Area is still being written.

Middle Fork Salmon, Idaho

Earlier this fall, AWA submitted comments on a draft Environmental Impact Statement (DEIS) written by the Salmon National Forest. **This** DEIS was drafted after getting pressure from local environmental groups who were incensed by the Forest Service's disregard for three private camps within the Frank Church-River of No Return Wilderness. However, the DEIS serves to legitimize many of the illegal activities carried on by commercial permittees.

AWA took this opportunity to comment on the need for the Forest Service to allow kayakers to navigate some of the tributaries on the Middle Fork without a permit on a day trip basis. Big, **Camas**, and **Loon Creek** offer some of the best whitewater in Idaho when the water is up. These tributaries offer **mile** after mile of class III-V whitewater. AWA believes that kayakers should not have to wait for a permit to paddle these stretches because they are suited for an entirely different river trip (one day vs. **multi-day/camping**).

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The Middle Fork of the Salmon

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The menu was certainly nothing like our usual heartburn-inciting fare. But then, this entire expedition was a completely different experience for us. Instead of our usual low expense boat camping approach, we paid the big bucks and went with an outfitter. We spent six

days on the Middle Fork of the Salmon with Canyons, Inc., owned by veteran kayaker **Les** Bechdel. They did all of the work while we lived like **kings** on the river. It was quite a relaxing vacation.

Even the shuttles were easy. **Les**, who is the coauthor of a well known river safety manual, provided transportation to and from the remote river. All we had to do was show up in Boise with paddling gear. He even provided the boats. We had our choice of 10 different kayaks and 7 different canoes. Some of us sampled more than one, by trading off during the week. Other **customers** had choices of duckies, paddle rafts and oar rafts. Some fly fishermen fished for cut-throat trout from rafts without paddling all week.

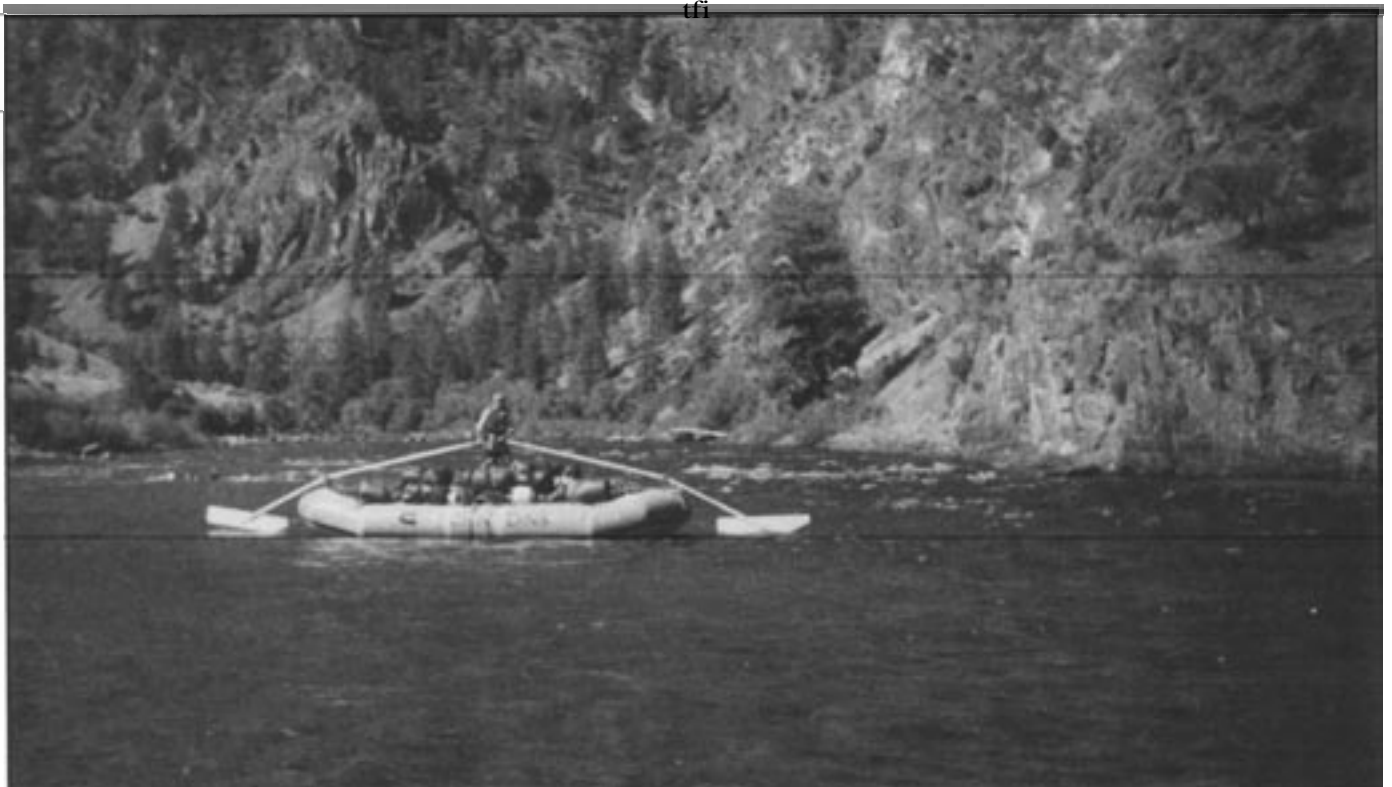
The Middle Fork of the Salmon runs through the Frank Church River of No Return Wilderness in central Idaho. The water is clear and cold, fed mostly by snow melt from high mountain ranges. We ran it in mid-summer following the heavy snowfall of 1993. In late July the water was still 50 degrees.

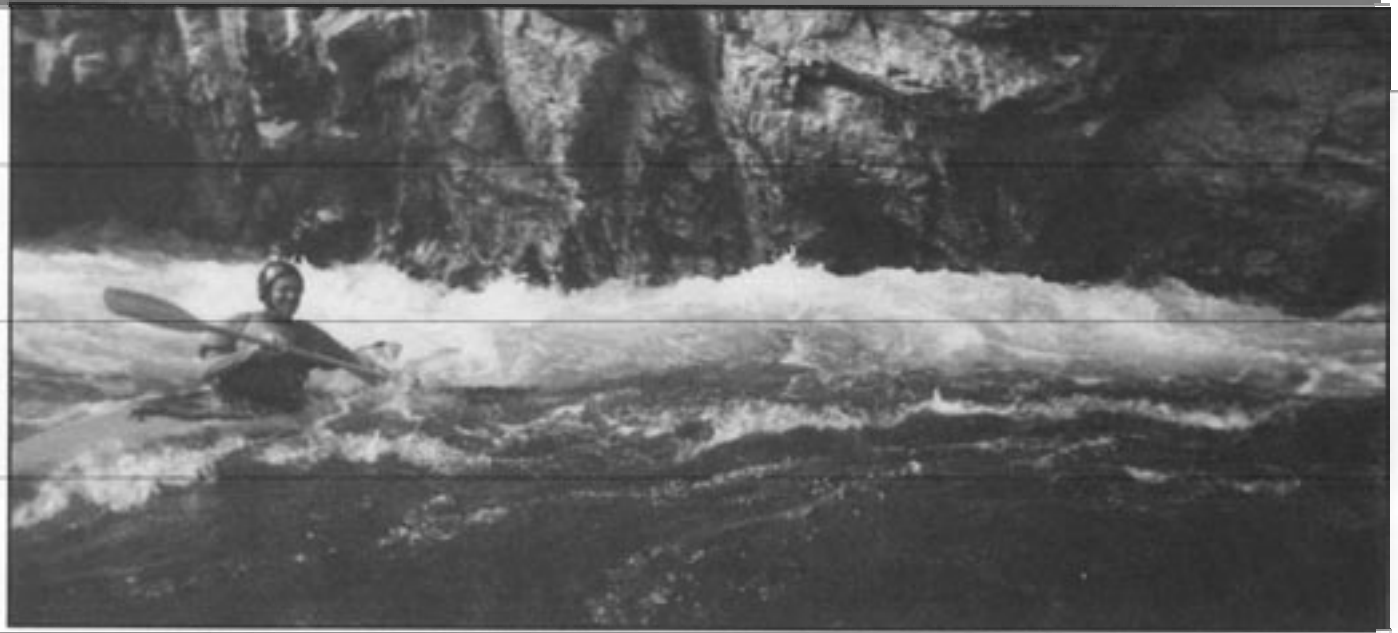
Our original intent was to do our own trip. We read everything we could **find** on the river and talked to people who had been there. We were told that if we could get a permit, finding locals with rafts and equipment would be easy. We sent in 15 **applications** for a permit and received none. (In 1993 the odds of getting a permit were approximately 1 in 23.) At that point 12 people dropped out. Three of us decided to cough up the money to go with an outfitter for a once-in-a-lifetime experience.



Above left: Just part of dinner on an outfitted trip.

Below: No need to travel light with this raft hauling gear.





Bottom right: Black bean salad, ham, and cheese omelettes for breakfast.

Bottom left: Relaxing in one of the smaller hot springs.

Top: The author looks for more action in the steep canyon near the end of the trip.

As we went through the check list of gear, we had one **major** concern. The brochure said, "Approximately 2 sodas and 2 beers per person per day will be provided." A phone call to Idaho seemed in order to let them know that we really don't drink much soda.

When Les told us that, "First, I've never **run** out of beer on a trip yet; and second, I'm going along on this trip, so I guarantee we won't run out," we knew it was going to be our kind of vacation.

What about the water? Someone described it to us as "100 miles of Lower Yough." Well, fortunately it is nothing like the Lower Yough, although that comparison accurately suggests the paddling **skills** required. We are not talking hair boating! The Middle Fork is mostly Class 2 and 3, with a 4 thrown in on occasion for fun.

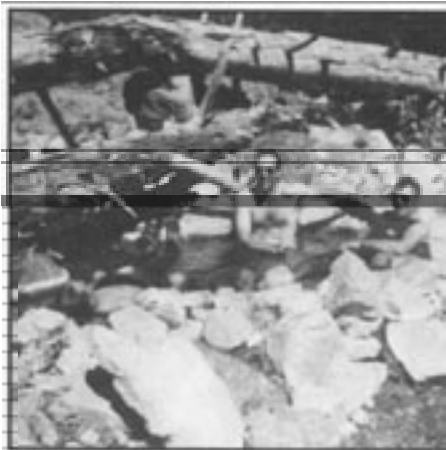
The drop in elevation is very continuous, so it was the 4th afternoon before we had to paddle any flatwater. At the low-moderate (2.6') level we ran, this river is play, play, play. There are surf waves everywhere; if you don't like one, take the next. **Pop-ups** and enders became easier as the volume increases, so each day it gets better.

Had we received a permit in the lottery, we would have been on the river much earlier in the year. No doubt some of the drops would have been much more difficult. But we really enjoyed the lower level, with constant rapids, but no concern about the "big one" around the corner. We saw people with absolutely no experience climb into a ducky and have a ball.

The scenery was incredible. Being Eastern boaters we weren't ready for it. We're used to boating in places with names like "Refrigerator Hole." Here we had 100 miles of non-stop scenic **vistas**. Unfortunately each of us assumed that somebody else was always using the camera, when it was usually tucked away in a boat. Some evenings we took hikes from camp; some days we took short hikes along the river.

We'll remember Veil Falls, where you could lay on your back and watch the wind waft water droplets back and forth as they plummeted from above. No wonder this spot was an important Indian ceremonial ground. The pictographs on the canyon walls add to the ethereal nature of the place.

Of course, the hot springs were a welcome novelty to those of us from back East. Some were right along the



river, while some required a short hike. Often there were multiple pools of slightly different temperature. We hiked a half mile one evening to one that was lined with logs back in the CCC days to create a pool that would hold 30 people.

There was even a hot spring along the river that formed a shower as it cascaded down the rocks.

You could not have **adjusted** a luxury shower valve to a more comfortable temperature. For a real thrill, you could jump out of the hot springs and dive into the frigid river.

Wildlife was abundant. During our week, we spotted black bears, deer, big-horn sheep and elk. Some grazed right along the river. One black bear ventured right into camp early one morning. Bird-watchers and star-gazers were in heaven. The fishing was great, no doubt due to the catch and release regulations. The cut-throat trout can be easily seen darting about in the crystal clear water.

We were amazed by the cleanliness of the riverside, especially the camp sites, considering that the river is so heavily used. We didn't see so much as a cigarette butt in the entire 100 mile trip.

Although there are many people on the river, the permit system serves to spread them out, so we really didn't run into many groups outside our own. There are a few signs of civilization along the river, ranches and air strips, but a sense of remoteness prevails.

In the end, we all agreed it was a great trip. Besides experiencing a fantastic river, our vacation was made all the more enjoyable by going with an outfitter. Of course we spent some money, but how can you beat coming off the river after a day's paddling, sitting in a lawn chair, enjoying a cold beer with **hors d'oeuvres**, while the guides cooked dinner?

There's a lot to be said for paddling in luxury!



Play, play, play. Paul Collins from Boise plays another straight surfing wave on the Middle Fork.

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"That's where the bodies were found... right by the put in. *Actually*, they haven't even found one of the *victim's* heads." I could hear *Richard* expounding *to Andrea*, my wife and *boating* partner, in *the next* room.

As I scrambled through the house in *attempt* to intercept and terminate *the* morbid *tale*, cousin *Richard* continued. "...the police speculate some *psycho* biker gang is behind it..." *By* the time I joined *the* *gristy* conversation, *Andrea* had *heard* enough *to* reconsider *the next* *day's* itinerary,

We were in California's epicenter at the height of boating season. Although that particular year had been drier than most, the Middle Fork of the American River was flowing high and I just had to run it. The Tunnel Falls section had eluded me during many previous trips to the Golden State. But we were now within striking distance.

I had a competent boating partner, the weather was superb and my cousin's wife, Stephanie, was a prime (yet unsuspecting) shuttle driver. A few mutilated bodies strewn about was not reason enough to cancel a day of kayaking.

Richard was grinning; obviously pleased with himself and the effects of his awful story. After all, he was saddled with a medical practice, two kids, another on the way, and a larger than average mortgage. Ruining my

fun offered a kind re-

venge. To divert Andrea's attention from backed-up corpses to

kayaking, I handed her the guidebook and suggested she read the river description.

Andrea began to read the description out loud. "... and then there are the portages: mandatory at **Ruck-a-Chucky**; recommended at Tunnel Chute, Murderer's Bar and Cartwheel. On occasion, boaters on the Middle Fork have run afoul of private landowners and mine n along the river. A few years ago a caretaker brandished a shotgun to emphasize his point."

This description was doing nothing to aid in trip promotion.

Some quick thinking was in order. "Remember the **Toulumne**?" I asked Andrea. "You liked that. Remember the Yuba and the Cal Salmon? You liked those too." She was nodding her head, almost smiling. My tactic was working, so I continued. "Remember Idaho's South Fork Salmon; you had fun there."

"No I didn't... YOU had fun! It was cold as Hell, the river was flooding and my sleeping bag got soaked... I almost drowned!" Sensing an opportune time to continue his mischief, Richard inquired if headless bodies were common near the Salmon River.

I had been beat. Andrea had no intention of becoming a statistic and Richard had every intention of

continuing his wildly exaggerated descriptions. We eventually went to bed, where poor Andrea was haunted by nightmares.

Class Love

by Mark White



The following day I intensified my crusade to the paddle the Middle Fork American. **All** previous strategies had failed to convince my loving wife, so I reverted to a highly effective tactic. I whined like a selfish jerk until she gave in.

Several hours and numerous detours later, we were lost. Stephanie and her two young children were delirious with hunger and Andrea was obviously unimpressed with my judgment. I could see the river and knew we were in the general area, but could not locate the take out. Over the howls of malnourished **kids**, I heard Stephanie tell Andrea this was not how she envisioned spending her **birthday**. From past experience, I know most women don't like to **mix** holidays with hunger and suffering. Fast action was required to keep the trip alive.

I presented a chocolate **PowerBar** to Stephanie and started singing the "Happy Birthday" song. As her **kids** chimed in with a **disharmonious** "...and many more!", Andrea produced smoked oysters, cheese and crackers from the cooler. It was by no means a standard North American birthday party, but the kids will undoubtedly remember their introduction to the sport of **kayaking**.

With the troops fortified and ready to advance, an important logistical decision had to be made. I announced we would leave the shuttle car right where we stood and proceed to the put in.

"Are you nuts?!" Andrea asked. (This rhetorical question has initiated many of our more memorable conversations.) "We don't even know if this road reaches the take out and we're probably three miles from the river!" Of course she was correct on both observations.

It's extremely **difficult** to argue against sound logic, so I summoned all the authority I could muster and said, "Andrea, situations **like** this have a way of **working** out. Once on the river everything will be all right; I promise to take **full** responsibility."

Andrea sighed hopelessly and reluctantly agreed to continue our fun-filled journey.

Cradled by velvety green slopes, the Middle Fork emerged cool and clear from a small dam. A quick reconnoiter revealed no bodies, headless or otherwise. The absence of dismembered parts was reassuring in itself. Even more encouraging was the **blaring** horn, no doubt, I assumed, a signal that more wa-

ter was about to be released.

It was shaping up to be a classic day in the Sierra **foothills**. The air was **warm** and the water reflected a cloudless blue sky. Andrea was boating in her typical smooth fashion and enjoying herself. A mile into the run we encountered two personable boaters from Sacramento. Their presence indicated that even knowledgeable locals run the section late in the day, so I was smug in knowing I had orchestrated a wonderful river trip.

In the last century, gold-thirsty miners altered the Middle Fork's original flow with a little ingenuity and lots of dynamite. The new course makes two 90 degree turns, blasts down a narrow ramp, free falls about eight feet, then flows through a tunnel. Although not extremely difficult, Tunnel Falls is definitely intimidating. While most boaters portage the rapid's upper section, then launch above the tunnel, they risk facing a shot gun-armed property owner.

Shortly after the tunnel one of our new friends inquired about our evening's camping plans.

"No camping for us," I explained, "we're just **making** a day run." One of the Sacramento kayakers flashed a very concerned look, the other started to laugh.

"Are you serious? Didn't you hear the siren at the dam... they've shut off the water!!"

I glanced at the shore **line**... indeed the river was dropping! Andrea shot the "why did I ever marry you" expression at me while the Sacramento boaters shook their heads in disbelief. Andrea and I had not planned to camp; we had no sleeping bags or food. We had one **option**—to catch the fleeting river-or be stranded in an empty river bed.

For the next three hours I didn't stop paddling; partly to keep pace with the water, but mostly out of fear. If I slowed, Andrea might catch up and inflict great physical harm. So in cat and mouse fashion, we frantically raced down the Middle Fork American.

Until this point, I had looked forward to Ruck-a-Chucky and had every intention of running it. The guide book suggested a "mandatory" portage, but I anticipated an exciting, **runnable** drop. Alas, the book's authors proved to be correct, so we shouldered our kayaks.

At Ruck-a-Chucky the Middle Fork of the American tumbled off sheer ledges twenty feet high and careened be-

tween huge undercut boulders. Running Ruck-a-Chucky would likely have proved fatal.

Carrying our boats around the rapid was frustratingly slow and time was at a premium. The underbrush had exploded into full bloom and the rugged terrain was not conducive to biped travel. Each glance at the water's edge reminded us of the river's diminishing existence and the ever increasing possibility of a **miserable** night.

Below Ruck-a-Chucky, the class III rapids were playful and plentiful. We caught the river's main flow and were able to enjoy a relaxing stretch prior to ending the run. At the take out, a gigantic sigh of relief would normally have been in order. **My shoulders** burned with fatigue and my parched throat screamed for a cold one; but it wasn't Miller **time** yet. We still needed to find the car.

I left Andrea with two Fig Newtons and a tin of oysters, promising to return before midnight. A long, dusty hike led to a familiar highway where I stood with an extended thumb for several hours. A **kind-hearted** Born Again Christian eventually picked me up. He explained he had passed an hour earlier, gotten home, then realized no one else would dare stop, because of the recent murders.

The thought of a retched kayaker standing alone in the wilderness was just too much to bear, so he returned.

As the sun slid behind the western horizon, I found Andrea patiently waiting next to our boats and gear. We were both sunburned, dehydrated, tired and hungry, but what a wonderful experience! It had all the elements of a memorable mini-epic.

"You **know** Drae, we'll always remember this special day," I stated.

"Probably so," came her terse reply, "but its NOT how I wanted to remember **OUR WEDDING ANNIVERSARY!**"

Ouch!!!

I had ruined cousin Stephanie's birthday, starved her **kids**, misplaced the car, emotionally tortured my wife, who I truly love, and forgotten our anniversary.

But hey, I got to run a new river!

EDITOR'S NOTES: AWA Regional Coordinator Mark White is a very lucky man.

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Padding Down the Moonlight Mile...



Halloween Descent

by Chuck McHenry



There are creatures that live in the St. Francois River, deep in the Missouri Ozarks, that have never been catalogued in the natural compendia of man. They are eldritch and hoary, and have existed for countless centuries isolated within these mountains, the erosion worn remnants of a once titanic mountain range on the super continent of Pangaea.

They are shy, retiring creatures by day, lurking in the dark green depths of pools and underwater caverns. Some are merely mischievous, content to gently nudge a bow out of line, or place a rock where none had existed before. Others are much more malevolent and only come out on nights when the moon is full. As your boat slides over blackened pools do not look into the depths, or you will see their eyes glowing with alien, icy anticipation. You may feel their tendrils and feelers delicately probing along the hull of your boat, palping for something delicious.

Do not lose your balance on a moonlit night, especially in the rapids, for being upside down in the water could be the most outre' adventure of your short life.

The river itself comes alive under the full moon. Even the self-shuttle is a venture not to be taken by the weak of heart. As you secret your

boat in the brush by the put-in, you have the feeling that you may never see it again. Misanthropic elves might spirit it away and hide it in their caverns.

And there are locals living in old houses that are rotten and appear to be abandoned. They spend their days hiding beneath rotten front porches and roadless hollows, avoiding the daylight. But they are always out and about in the cool glow of the moon. They may take a liking to the bright colors of your gear and steal away with it. Worse, they may wait to meet the owners.

Leaving your car at the take out near D bridge, you enter the deeply forested trail and the hair on the back of your neck prickles. Your breathing increases, even before you start your jog.

Is your flashlight good? How old are the batteries? Wait! Go back and get your knife. Not the wimpy Gerber -the big one, with serrated edges and the point you filed expressly for piercing.

Why were there silver bullets for sale in that gun store in Ironton? These thoughts swim within as you begin the steady plod up the trail to the dam.

As you jog the flashlight dances

about, projecting a macabre dance of shadows and trees.

Something move over there? You stop; shine your light furtively about; a stump-it's just your imagination. Stumps don't move; but as you jog past it you hear a shuffling of something heavy trying to be quiet. Don't look back, just run through woods so deep that not a shred of moonlight reaches the trail. Yet, in the canopy above, the moonlight flitters about as if afire with cognizance.

As you reach the part of the trail overlooking the dam you look down 100 feet and see the river churning ominously, black and oily in the moonlight. Now there are sheer bluffs to the left. If something should come rushing out at you from the right, you would fall into a darkness deeper than your flashlight can penetrate.

The river murmurs and groans as you begin your descent to the Turkey Creek Campgrounds. There is a pervasive feeling that this place has just been abandoned. What wild rite

Paddling Down the Moonlight Mile...

or sacrifice was taking place on the picnic table, and why did they all go into hiding as you approached?

Now you must enter deeper, darker woods, on a trail less traveled, weedy and overgrown. What waits in the nettle to ensnare your ankle? What manner of goblin rests in the branches above to drop down on you? And it is a full moon! What manner of beast runs with you, just yards away in the brush, stopping when you stop, running when you run? Things rise in the darkness ahead, then melt away as the domain of your light engulfs them.

Your sweat is cold, the night is warm. Your flashlight dims at certain places for no apparent reason, as if the blackness has the ability to overpower it. There are fogs in the dales that do not shift in the wind. As you pass the Indian mound, where in daylight you might ordinarily raise your paddle and salute; on this night you slink by and pray that you do not disturb him, that he does not block your path.

As you break into the moonlight and jog past the overlooks section of the trail you begin to think about the river. In the river something could happen and no one would ever know. But returning along the path is unthinkable. You don't want to meet what has been following you; the shy fiends may be more bold upon see-

ing you return.

Reaching the put-in you find your boat and drag it to river's edge. As you stand by the water, pondering your fate, the moon slips behind a cloud and all is black. Insane howls come from the hills, heading swiftly your way. They must have your scent. The river is your only escape and you must shove off now!

The moon hangs in the East, huge and smiling, and the water dances its silvery ballet. Your paddle makes swirls of twinkling stars and scatters moonlight in miniature galaxies of splash universes. The river begins soothing frayed nerves with its hypnotic murmuring, regressing you to past incarnations of otters playing on mud banks, or barracuda speeding silently through crystalline reefs, and of orca gliding among silent icebergs.

It whispers to you of motives and meanings, and caresses your thoughts with soft songs of aeon-aged creation. Its atoms hum, vibrate and kineticize as you approach the first rapid. It speaks of the power of patience, of yin and yang, and of the Lotus. In the river's time rocks have melted like ice, and like Mohammed, the mountains have come to it, to be washed away and dissolved in its currents.

The river sparkles, it laughs and playfully nudges your boat. Pay at-

ention! This is the way its supposed to be. The galaxy moves through space at 100 miles per second. Our star rotates about the galactic center at 150 miles per second. The earth orbits the sun 18.5 miles per second, and, at our latitude, rotates about its axis 13 miles per minute.

The river flows 1000 CFS and you get lost surfing within all these motions, and your kayak breaks off the wave above Cat's Paw rapid. Gravity accelerates and everything gathers—all of these velocities in one fast surge-down the chute. It has taken all this time for all these motions to come together for just this moment. There is an explosion of molten platinum as you crash through the standing wave and then you are through and the universe slows down.

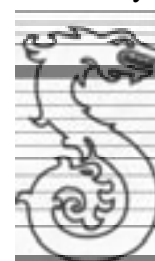
This is the way it is supposed to be. Gravity's glue holds you between Mother Earth and the sky, even though in the pools, where there are no ripples, you cannot tell where the sky ends and water begins. There are as many stars below you as above, and for all you know, you are riding on miles of moonlight.

The river has lulled you into a sense of security and contentment. All is so pleasant and peaceful... But wait!

There is a thought trying desperately to surface through your soft reveries. The river tries its best to placate you, but you break free of its spell.

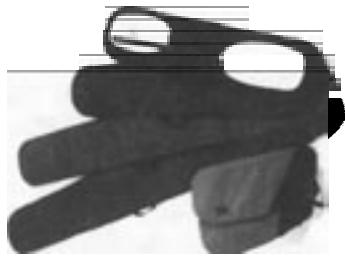
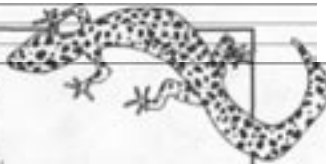
It's the dam! You're coming to the dam and you know there are things there! They know a morsel approaches. They are rubbing their appendages in anticipatory glee. They want to steal your paddle. They want

to flip you and tear you from your boat and drag you under.



You are alone.
The moon is full.
They are waiting for you at the dam.

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A boater tests the night stalking skills he perfected in Viet Nam on a moonlight run on the James River.

Night Moves

By Mayo Gravatt



“Workin’ on the night moves, tryin’ to make the front page kayak news...”



Top: Dave blinded by the light.. Bottom: Author surfing on the James.

It was dark when we met at the takeout. The moon was already up, so we headed up to the put in at Reedy Creek. The temperature was cool on this fine spring night. A few hazy clouds diminished the glare from the moon. We avoided the city park because of vandalism, electing to park on a residential street and **carry** to the river.

As I was unloading Dave hollered "Run", grabbed his boat, and ran into the darkness of the park. I grabbed my boat and gear and hastily followed. As soon as I could breathe I asked him what was wrong.

"Didn't you see the police car", he said.

"No, but so what?" I responded.

"It's **gotta** be illegal to get on the river at night," he said. I couldn't believe it. Here we were, about to do our first Class IV moonlight run and he was wor-

ried about getting arrested! Actually, considering Richmond's reputation as a leader in the **homicide/drug** race, many occurring near the river, I was glad the police were around.

But Dave grew up in Northern Virginia and has that D.C. mentality- "anything risky ought to be illegal."

I had called Dave Jeffrey that morning to suggest that the time had come to run the James by moonlight. Dave is a long step above me in paddling ability, having graduated from the Bio-Bio to the

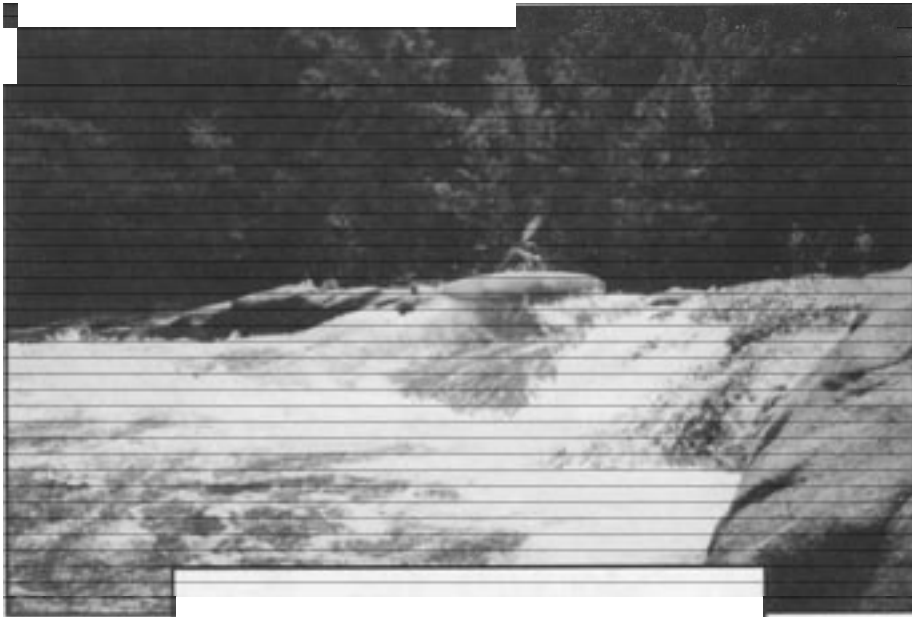
Futalafeu.

But I have the edge on him in the dark. I learned to prefer the night walking point in Vietnam. So I had to coax him a little. Since he's still young and semi-immortal, it wasn't a hard job. We agreed to meet after dusk at the takeout.

For those of you like me - old and cautious - but who would still like to try

a moonlight cruise, a few simple precautions are in order. Pick a river that you know well and wait for a comfortable level. Make sure the river is steady or falling, so that new strainers are less likely to be encountered. Finally, make a **preliminary** run during daylight to check for problems. During my daylight scout of the James I spotted a partially submerged log in one of the entrance chutes to Hollywood rapid. Running into that in the dark would have been a true nightmare.

"Workin' on the night moves, tryin' to make the front page kayak news..."



Dave riding the big curler at Hollywood (Hollywood Days)

The Lower James River is interesting primarily because it's a Class III-IV paddle thru the heart of Richmond, the capital of Virginia. The Lower James is short - only a few miles - and contains only five rapids.

First Break is a dam break followed by a series of surfing waves (which are slowly disappearing due to erosion). Hollywood is the **biggie** - a series of moves along Belle Isle climaxing with a big ledge drop, followed by a long **runout**. Next comes Vepeco, an easy **III**, and Second Break, a big dam break. Last is Pipeline, a long, three part rapid with an S-turn entrance, a few offset holes in the middle, and a good sized drop in a narrow chute at the bottom.

Since the James is a big river, the difficulty level changes substantially at higher flows. A useful rule of thumb is that the James begins to get pushy between 5 1/2 and 6 feet on the **Westham** gauge. One unfortunate quirk of geography - Hollywood is almost always in shadow, even when the moon is up, be-

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cause of its proximity to Belle Isle.

The put-in was deserted and it was dark in the side channels leading out to the main river. As always, it's the unknown that scares you, the things that go bump in the night. We were glad to get out to the main channel. I promptly took a few flash photos, consequently we both went blind for fifteen minutes.

First Break wasn't bad. We paused to surf the white breakers for awhile. Apparently Dave was afraid of running into bats, my photograph shows him laid over the front deck to surf.

Hollywood was next. Although it was in the dark, we decided to go for it. Negotiating the entrance was interesting, and the photo rock to the left of the



Dave at Pipeline (daytime)

main drop was barely visible. I parked there to get a shot of Dave. I knew that the glare of the flash might pose a problem for a paddler in a big rapid at night, but I didn't mention that to Dave. He had enough to worry about.

Although I couldn't see his run very well, I could tell from the sound of it that all went well. My run was equally uneventful. Now in high spirits, we

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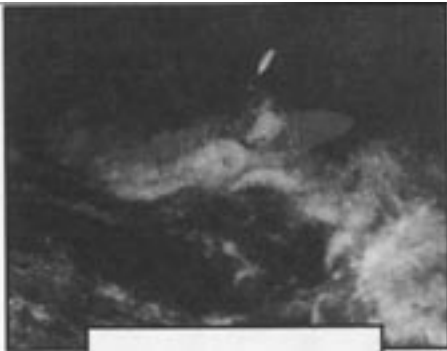
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"Workin' on the night moves, tryin' to make the front page kayak news..."



Author at Pipeline (nighttime)

cruised the **runout** to the flat section before Vepco.

As we paddled along under the new bridge, I happened to glance at the downtown skyline on the north bank of the river. There, spelled out in lighted windows in one of the new state skyscrapers, was the message: **BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY**. I fell out laughing.

"What do you think Division of Motor Vehicles would do if they caught you out here without your seat belt, Dave?"

Dave didn't respond. I guess he thought the police might still be after us.

Second Break, which is always turbulent, was clearly **illuminated** by the moon. The beautiful glassy wave drop was even surfable, as Ben Jones demonstrated on a subsequent night trip.

Then we ferried all the way across the river to the top of Pipeline. Pipeline was basking in the moonlight and by this time we were having a blast, making **all** the usual daytime eddies and ferries. After the bottom drop, we stayed for enders at the sweet spot. At the beginning of the night we never expected that we would stay and play.

Finally, exhausted, we headed home.

Dave just doesn't understand the police. In my hurry to meet him that night, I had been stopped in Chesterfield by a state trooper. As she wrote me a ticket, she asked where I was going with the boat on top of my car. When I told her that I was going up to run the James River at night, she suggested that I ask

the judge to send me to driving school. Makes sense to me - how about you?

Editor's note: Running rivers at night is a hazardous undertaking and not for everyone. Our publication of stories involving dangerous whitewater activities does not imply that we officially sanction them. The AWA believes that individual boaters should make their own informed decisions regarding the advisability of any risky whitewater activity.



Author and Dave at Pipeline Rock (self portrait at night)

Lee Bowditch running Shappards' Falls, Wind River, WA. Dave Slaver photo.

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Welcome!

An American paddler relishes the "civilized", yet spectacular, rivers and scenery of the Alps.

An Alpine Paddling Adventure

by Sara E. Wermiel

The color of the water is the first thing that catches your eye, reminding you that you are paddling far from home. The water is green — emerald green on a few rivers, but more often pale, "ice" green.

But the unusual water color is not the only clue. Round the bend and you see a spectacular succession of jagged, snow covered peaks. And yet, this is not a wilderness. Not the Rockies... not the Sierras... From the meadows on the mountainsides to the park-like forests, you can sense that this is clearly a place that has long been settled and shaped by man. The landscape is stunning... but civilized.

This is the Alps.

This past May I spent a week exploring Alpine rivers on a trip with Kayakschule Oberland, a paddling school near Munich. I went with a German-speaking American friend who learned to paddle with this school, and who raved about the fast and fun rivers in Germany. I long wanted to sample those rivers too, and this year managed to do it.

We signed up for the **Karnten** (Austria) and **Friaul** (Italy) trip, but did not know in advance which rivers we would paddle; this would be determined by the abilities of the other participants. As it turned out, we went to Slovenia rather than Italy. And while it was officially an instructional trip, our leader served primarily as a guide down the **rivers**, which were well within our capabilities.

The sun was out and the mountains sparkling when we left our rendezvous at Kayakschule Oberland on a Saturday afternoon, heading for the town of Oberdrauburg in Austria. As the afternoon wore on, the sky clouded, as it did practically every afternoon of our stay. But on this day, as on most others, the sky cleared by evening. When we reached Oberdrauburg, we set up camp, had a drink at the local **Gasthaus**, and then hiked to a ruined castle. **Oberdrauburg** would be our base for three days of paddling.

We paddled two sections of the Gail and the Lieser **Rivers**. The upper Gail and the Lieser each have a few drops of consequence, but at average water levels are class III. The lower Gail is a II+. These rivers are free-flowing and are fed by melting snow. Many of the Alpine valleys were carved by glaciers rather



Photos by Sara E. Wermiel

An Alpine Paddling Adventure



than river erosion, so the banks that parallel them are generally flat and beach-like. I was initially under the impression that the rivers had been channelized, but learned that this was their natural state.

These beaches provided convenient spots to take out and stretch, which was good, since there are few places to pause and rest on these rivers. The gradients are steep and continuous and eddies uncommon and hard to catch. My eddy-catching was further hampered by the fact that I had borrowed a huge plastic

kayak that handled like a tugboat.

Our next destination was Bovec in Slovenia, where we would paddle the Soca and Koritnica Rivers. The trip between Austria and Slovenia took us over a spectacular pass into the Julian Alps. The valley of the Soca is more rugged than the valleys around Oberdrauburg, and the rivers' banks are more craggy, with sheer rock gorges along both the Soca and Koritnica. We portaged one gorge on the Soca, a class IV.

As remarkable as the color of the

water was in Austria, in Slovenia it was even more stunning. Bovec sits on limestone and the river beds are lined with white stones and sand. Here the water ranges in shade from perfectly clear, in the shallow sections, to turquoise, to dark green, in the deep pools. With trees over-hanging the banks, you could almost imagine you are in the tropics, at least until you put your hand in the freezing water!.

Both the Soca and the Koritnica rivers provided marvelous play spots and drops, but the scenery was the most impressive feature.

After our week with the Oberland group, we met a German friend and paddled the Loisach River, near the town of Garmisch on the Austrian border. Except for the odd green water, this river was of a familiar nature to us... a rocky creek. It was technical in spots, though still class III.

German paddling culture is quite different from that in the States. Most of the groups we encountered on the rivers paddled steadily downstream. I scarcely saw anyone, save from our group, playing. In fact, there is no word in German for playing; what we call playing, they call "training" - using the English. Perhaps this means that playing is considered mainly skill-building, rather than an end in itself. But I must concede that

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bombing down these rivers at top speed is great **fun**, too.

Paddling is very popular among Germans and, we were **told**, has recently become particularly fashionable. Even so, none of the rivers we paddled were crowded, and I don't recall seeing one **raft!**

Anyone seeking high adventure would be disappointed with a trip like this. Even Slovenia was hardly exotic. Bovec was **filled** with German paddlers, a Slovenian Ohio-pyle. Our **campground**

had hot showers and the proprietors gladly accepted D-marks. We had some excellent meals in the local restaurants.

But all this beauty and civilization does not come cheap. If you are **lucky**, like we were — can **borrow** boats from friends, **find** obliging people with whom to car-pool, and camp rather than stay at guest-houses — the cost can be moderate. If you want to go on your own, you can plan a trip from the fine river guide-books that are available, provided you can read German.

An Alpine Paddling Adventure

But if you go with a German kayak school, you or someone in your party should speak German, if you want to be integrated into the group. Another way to go is to take a tour designed for Americans.

This was a real vacation for me, not just a paddling trip. I wound up my stay with a visit to the Deutsches Museum in Munich, where I found an exhibit on the history of sport **kayaking** in Europe. A fitting conclusion! I left Germany with a sense of being a part of this history.

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SAFETY

We were past all the big rapids when our surprise came. By now we had spread out. *Mary* was several hundred yards ahead and out of sight. I was about 100 feet behind Jack, as he entered no more than a Class 2 or 3 rapid. However, near the bottom were two partially covered rocks, about six feet apart, side by side. You really could not see from above if both these were rocks or waves, and Jack apparently decided they were waves. The nose of his boat hit the left rock, and the force threw his stern against the right rock. In an instant, Jack was pinned sideways, still upright, but tilted upstream.

Water was pouring over his cockpit. He didn't dare release his cover, because water would fill up the boat and pin him inside. I was able to eddy right below Jack behind one of the pinning rocks. I tried to push him with my paddle, and he pulled on my blade. Not much else I could do there, since we were in mid river. Jack tried to rock the front or back of the boat off, but it was locked solid.

Fortunately, for years I have carried a throw rope IN FRONT of me, so I could reach it without getting out of my boat. I originally carried it there for my own protection, in case I got pinned. Then, I could throw it to some nice person, who could pull me and/or my boat to safety. On this occasion, I threw one end to Jack, then paddled to the right bank. I had to get out of my boat for more leverage.

After Jack finally attached his end to his cockpit rim, I was able to unpin his boat. He washed over both rocks sideways, and flipped. The rocks or the flip also released his sprayskirt so Jack was not able to roll before swamping. He had to swim. Luckily, there was nothing bad below.

This scary experience made us realize how lax we can get about safety. I just read recently how an Olympic Gold medalist almost drowned on the Ocoee River due to complacency.

Editor's Note: The following is excerpted from a longer trip report recounting a high water run of Alabama's Class IV-V Little River.

Close Call on the Little

by Hank Klausman

Here is what I learned, and will try to practice in the future:

1. Every boat should have a throw rope. You never know who will need help. Sometimes the occupant of the pinned boat needs to have the rope.

2. Every paddler should be able to reach his or her rope from their NORMAL paddling position. This means kayakers should carry their rope in front, and open boaters within arm's reach.

3. Every paddler should be in sight of at least one other group member AT ALL TIMES. Except for the point and sweep boats, all paddlers in a group should be in full view of the boats BOTH BELOW AND ABOVE at all times. Anyone can get in trouble fast, even on easy stuff.

4. And finally, never relax safety precautions, even in "easy" rapids.

Here's to safe -and not just lucky- paddling.

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BRIEFS

1996 National Paddling Film Festival Announced

Bluegrass Wildwater Association's Smalley Planning Fandango

The Twelfth Annual National Paddling Film Festival will be held on February 24 and 25 in Lexington, Kentucky according to Scott Smalley, Festival Coordinator. The Paddling **Film** Festival, sponsored by the Bluegrass Wildwater Association, has become one of the premiere whitewater events in the nation... and an exciting kick-off for the eastern whitewater boating season.

Proceeds from the Festival are donated by the BWA to river conservation organizations. Last year \$1700 was divided by the AWA, the River Network and the West Virginia Rivers Coalition.

The **fun** begins with a Friday night reception, where winners from previous Festivals are shown. Those who attend the annual AWA Gauley Festivals can attest to the quality and intensity of these films; Smalley and the BWA team graciously orchestrate the whitewater videos presented in **Summersville**.

The National Paddling Film Festival competition begins in earnest Saturday

morning, with both professional and amateur film makers competing for a boat load of prizes and plaques.

Last year twenty one entries were submitted to the Festival; because of time limitations only fourteen could be screened for the public. Smalley expects even more entries this year.

Looking Back at 94

What can those attending the Festival expect? Here's a look at last year's winners:

Amateur Best of Show/ Amateur Recreational Scenic went to Ted **Vandell** of Lansing, West Virginia for his white water **film**, The River Gauley, which featured some spectacular whitewater crashes as well as the lifestyles of the wet and shameless.

Amateur Conservation went to Paul **Kammer** of Lexington for Season Suite, a slide show including scenic shots from a number of his favorite whitewater runs, set to music.

Amateur Hair went to Eric Sitzow of Signal Mt., Tennessee for Tennessee Trashed, a **compilation** from runs of the North Chickamagua Creek, Cain Creek, Bee Creek and the Tellico.

Amateur Humor went to Kent Wigginton of **Westminster**, South Carolina for Rock and Rainbow, a **documentary** on the first descent of Rainbow

Falls on the Horsepasture River by a legendary paddler known as Rock.

The Best Paddling Slide Award went to Michele Wernick of Aspen, Colorado, for a shot of Jeff Snyder running a 50 foot waterfall on the Santa **Domingo** River in Chiapas, Mexico.

The Professional Best of Show Award went to Russ and Allison Nichols for Heads Up: River Rescue For River Runners.

The Ender Award went to Kent **McCracken's** Pemutual Motion, a video which featured boaters at play. The Ender Award is given to the entry that receives the largest number of votes from the audience.

Come on Down!!!

Like last year's Festival, the 95 event will climax with a megaparty on Saturday night that will include a boat raffle and silent auction, rock and roll and lots of unexpected surprises. Over the years the members of the BWA have earned their reputations as fierce party animals. Their shindigs are legendary in whitewater circles.

Whitewater enthusiasts interested in attending or entering the National Paddling **Film** Festival should contact the BWA at P.O. Box 4231, Lexington, Kentucky 40544. (606) 233-4012.

MILLER, JAYCOX TIE FOR FIRST AT GORE

REPORTED BY JOHN JAYCOX

The 1994 Gore canyon race was one of the best ever, featuring a large crowd, stiff competition, and great weather.

The mob that gathered at the pump house on August 20 for the pre-race party, roughly estimated to be "bigger than **Woodstock**," set a new record for the speed with which they polished off two kegs of beer, leaving none for **post-race** consumption.

Because the late-season water is provided primarily by dam releases to satisfy downstream needs, a year of low natural runoff (like this one) usually results in more water on race day. **This**

year, though, our expectations were not met. The river rose only to a moderate level of approximately 950 CFS. This was a relief to many, but frustrating to those determined to make the tight moves at high speed.

The most remarkable development in Sunday's race was the tie for first place between Matt Miller, a Colorado native who races slalom and down river, and Gore veteran, John **Jaycox**. Miller, who had never raced Gore before, had announced early in the season that he intended to "**kick** some butt at the race" and he made good on his threat.

Jaycox meanwhile, a perennial winner in previous Gore races, had been disabled through the entire spring runoff by a shoulder injury. **Jaycox** trained furiously in the weeks before the race, **desperately** determined to "keep his butt outside of Miller's **kicking** range."

A strong third place finish, just ten seconds back, was posted by Charlie **MacArthur**, always a dark-horse threat at Gore. Bob Blount and Charlie Ebel distinguished themselves by finishing

eighth overall in a Topo Duo.

With four women racing **this** year, the class was complete for the first time. Their times were separated by only 25 seconds. The winner, **Buffy** Bailey, was the only one who had never raced Gore before.

The field was filled out by the usual bunch of hooligans in rafts, who were split into two classes this year, quieting some of the grumbling heard in the past. The top time for an inflatable was in the range of several kayak times. A flip and a pin in **Kirshbaum**, the rapid near the finish, provided entertainment for the kayakers gathered to observe.

Nobody got thrashed in this race, and equally important, nobody got arrested! Compliments to Bill and Sue Mattison, the primary organizers, for a **first** class production.

Race results next page...

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Records Fall at '94 Upper Yough Race

Four of the current AWA Directors participated in this year's event; Bob Gedekoh, Joe Greiner, Susan Wilson and Mac Thornton, finishing 20th, 45th, 49th and 50th, respectively. Tom McEwan, a seasoned racer who operates the Valley Mill Camp in Washington D.C. posted an impressive time of 32:25 in a Wavehopper, the new plastic wildwater boat from Perception. His fourteen year old son Andrew was not far behind, paddling a slalom boat to an impressive time of 34:20. And so the McEwan racing dynasty grows!

Most competitors managed to cut more than a minute off their times from previous years thanks to the natural flow in the river that augmented the release. There were several close calls, perhaps the most dramatic involving a pin on the infamous Tombstone Rock at F@#& Up Falls, but all of the competitors managed to finish the course.

This year's event was organized by squirt pioneer and master boat designer Jesse Widdemore, who received universal kudos for a job well done. Widdemore also hosted the traditional race party held at the Friendsville town park later that evening, a shindig which featured an eclectic band and a scrumptious spread, catered by Friendsville's favorite restaurateur, Twila Friend.

Prizes were awarded to the leaders in each division and all of the competitors received a commemorative Tee shirt, but most everyone agreed that the satisfaction of successfully completing the difficult course was reward enough.

And so the Upper Yough Race and Party continues to be one of the highlights of the eastern boating season, featuring intense, but friendly competition, which celebrates the spirit of one of the Appalachian's greatest rivers.

Upper Yough Race Times (Slalom kayak unless otherwise indicated.)

Roger Zbel WWK	27:04
Jeff Snyder WWK	29:25
Chris Huffman WWK	30:04
Andy Bridge WWC1	30:33
John Weld WWK	30:42
Bob Vernon	30:46
Howard Tidwell	30:50
Steve Kaufman	31:00
Phil Coleman	31:18
Scott Stough	31:23
Clay Wright	31:32
Kara Ruppel	31:45
Mark Gallagher	31:47
Dave Bassage	31:51
Rich Gusic	31:56
Tom McEwan	32:25
John Mason	32:26
Rudy Camacho	32:59
John Cornwell	33:05
Bob Gedekoh	33:14
Jamie Klein	33:29
Jesse Widdemore	33:33
Bill Heller	33:33
Bill Love WWK	33:34
Chris Hipgrave	33:43
Dean Tomko C1	33:55
Chuck Stump	W06
Mykl Herrera	W07
Cara O'Brien	34:08
Chris Wolpert	34:09
Andrew McEwan	W20
Chris Wilson	34:20
Scott Hesson	W27
Chris Danz	W28
Coleen Laffey	W36
Doug Lieb	34:48
Charlie Bokor	34:54
Wade Zinter	35:03
Kurt Casey	35:27
Karen Koehnlein	35:32
Bob Allen	35:35
Matt Darpli	35:37
Don Watkins	35:49
Ken Kyser	36:25
Joe Greiner	36:27

Jan Messer	37:14
Ted Newton WWK	37:19
Keith Blonerz	37:22
Susan Wilson	37:24
Mac Thornton	37:29
Michael Burns	37:46
Donald Genz	38:02
Eric NiBrooks	38:10
Jim Fortune	39:14
Christine Opdah	39:21
Brian Dresher	39:39
Steve Andranka	39:40
Cathy Love	40:13
Jim Sheppard	40:35
Jeff Cook	40:38
Scott Jerniger/Steve Plane K2	40:39
Jane Allison	40:45
Bill and Lindsay Blauvelt K2	42:35
Tim Spangler OC1	42:33
John Deardorff OC1	45:27
Jocelyn Hernreid	45:37
Robert Johnson OC1	47:52
Russell Ford OC1	49:56
Lynn Spangler OC1	56:13
Paul Jeffrion OC1	64:53

Thanks to the following organizations and individuals who made the '94 Upper Yough Race a success: Pennelec, NARR, Demaree Inflatables, Mountain Surf, Precision Rafting, Laurel Highlands River Tours, Wilderness Voyagers, Ohio Pyle Prints, Ohio Pyle Trading Post, Yough Outfitters, Whitewater Adventurers, Twila's Restaurant, Jake Nill, Kim Krall, Dave Mills, Jeneen Salvesson, Windrush Gallery, John Regan, Beau Harshine, Terry Peterson, Bill Welch, John Mason, Chris Iezonni...

And most especially Jesse Widdemore... Congratulations on a job well done!

94 Gauley Race Leaves Competitors Breathless

reported by Donnie Hudspeth
Race Organizer

"Hey!"
"Hey!!!!"

I heard Marco shouting to me as we blasted through Iron Ring. We were 46 grueling minutes into the race and he had been gaining steadily on me since Lost Paddle.

"Hey!"

I stole a quick look to see where he was. He was right behind me!

"Hey!!! I'm catching up to you!!!" I think that is what he jeered. Maybe not his exact words, but certainly his intent.

The race was now just between Marco and me. We were side by side. Forget the other forty competitors. And to add to the indignity, Marco had started a minute behind me and he was paddling a boat that he had borrowed from me the night before. And now he wanted to beat me to the finish at Sweet's.

"Hey!!! How do you feel after paddling 48 minutes full tilt?" Marco asked, obviously trying to distract me so that he could make his move.

"Oh, I feel fine... been waiting for you to catch me so I can blow your doors off!"

But my tired body said otherwise. BREATHE. BREATHE. BREATHE.

A moment of truth. "I'm dying, Marco!"

We were still side by side.

"How do you like that boat?" I gasped, trying to reverse his tactics. BREATHE. BREATHE. BREATHE.

"It's great, man! I did the boof in the fourth drop of Lost Paddle at Warp Speed!"

By now we were at the top of Baby Z. And Marco was a boat length in front of me.

We both hit fast lines and I managed to paddle up beside him again. If I hadn't been so whipped I would have laughed. Neither of us would back off, but neither of us could pull away either.

BREATHE. BREATHE. BREATHE.

This was, after all, a race!! And so we were still side by side as we passed Fingernail Rock.

BREATHE. BREATHE. BREATHE.

In the last small rapid above Sweet's, we both struggled to pick up the pace. With heads down we cranked full speed across the pool. We were still exactly neck and neck.

"So... are we going to race for the tongue?" Marco gasped as we surged toward the lip of the falls. We were still side by side... and we both knew that tongue was narrow... too narrow for two boats!!

BREATHE. BREATHE. BREATHE.

The specter of Marco's boat impaled in my ribs was the deciding factor.

"Go for it!" I wheezed, pausing just a second to let Marco move in front. He surged ahead, but only by a couple of feet.

And so we both cleaned Sweet's Falls and sprinted for the finish.

This was, after all, a race!!!

And what a race it was...

More wildwater boats than last year.

John Jaycox and Billy Hearn and Mike Hipsher and local favorites Howard Tidwell and Coleen Laffey.

There were open boats racing... even a tandem.

Some of the country's finest paddlers, and some home boys, boatin' buddies, all in one place at one time for one reason.

To go fast!

And for a good cause, too. All proceeds from the 94 race went to West Virginia Rivers Coalition, to keep up the good fight.

As for you, Marco... see you NEXT YEAR!!!!

Special thanks to: Our title sponsor- Wendy's of Summersville, New Wave Kayaks, Perception Kayaks, Ridge Rider and Blue Ridge Outdoors in Fayetteville, Whitewater Photography, S and R Boardroom, Sidewinder Paddles, Mountain Surf in Friendsville, Md., TV2 Productions, and the National Park Service.

Very special thanks to North American River Runners for their fantastic support and to all the volunteers who assisted with timing and safety.

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1994 UPPER GAULEY RACE RESULTS

Category	Racer	Place
Time		within overall
		class

Wildwater

Men's K-1

45:10	Roger Zbel	#1 . #1
46:15	Heinz Rothenmund	#2 . #2
46:35	Mike Hipsher	#3 . #3
47:36	Mark Hamilton	#4 . #4
51:17	John Jaycox	#5 . #6
52:13	Jason Sullivan.....	#6 . #9
53:20	Greg Gill	#7 . #12

Men's C-1

DNF Bob Powell

WK-1

7206 Carol Porter#37

Slalom

Men's K-1

50:54	Howard Tidwell.....	#1 . #5
51:44	Clay Wright	#2 . #7
52:07	Steve Kauffman	#3 . #8
52:45	Rick Gusic	#4 . #10
53:17	Marco Collela	#5 . #11
53:46	Scott Hassen	#6 . #13
53:59	Bryan Hunte	#7 . #14
54:19	Donnie Hudspeth	#8 . #15
55:46	Eric Lindberg.....	#9 . #18
56:01	Bob Gedekoh.....	#10 #19
56:05	Patrick Hinchey.....	#11 #20
56:33	Chris Emrick	#12 #21
56:43	Henri Colomb	#13 #22
56:50	Dan Brabec	#14 #24
57:12	Jason Lucas.....	#15 #25
58:09	Scott Coulter	#16 #26
59:27	Mike Burns	#17 #28
59:33	Bailey Herron	#18 #29
60:26	John Weatherford.....	#19 #30

WK-1

5500	Saskia Johnson	#1 . #16
5645	Colleen Laffey	#2 . #23
58:12	Jocelyn Herrried	#3 . #27
65:06	Katie Neifert	#4 . #34
69:39	Shannon Carroll	#5 . #36

Men's C-1

55:40	Bill Hern	#1 . #17
60:43	Tom Ploski	#2 . #31
62:13	Boso Gibson	#2 . #32

wc-1

63:00 Heidi Domeisen#33

Open

Canoe

69:01	Steve Frazier	#35
73:13	Philip Belcher.....	#38

Tandem

88:25	JT More	#39
88:25	Kathy Zerkle	#39



Top: Roger Zbel. 'the champ'. hauling ass. Photo courtesy of Whitewater Photography

Bottom: Dan Brabec makes the pass at Pillow Rock. 'note the paddler in top left corner. Photo courtesy of Whitewater Photography

GAULEY FESTIVAL 1994

THE WEATHER WAS SO GREAT, WE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE WE WERE!!!

This was by far, the hugest Gauley Fest in history — over 2500 boaters came out for a fun filled, star lit evening. Many thanks to the dozens of volunteers who made it all possible, and especially to:

Festival Chief	Phyllis Horowitz
Electrical Wizards	Denis McLane Barry Tuscano
Festival Construction	Paul Epstein Carl Erb Pat O'Connor Glen Tsaparas
Volunteer Coordinator	Joe Greiner
Camping Directors	Susan Wilson Marian Greenfield Anne Boomhauer
Mr. Video	Scott Smalley
Gate Keeper	Pete Skinner
Head Auctioneer	Chris Koll
Festival T-Shirt Design	Nancy Green
Volunteer T-shirt Design	Mary Green
T-Shirt Salesman	Ric Alesch
Whitewater Games	Coastal Canoeists Bluegrass Wildwater Assn.
Ace Shuttle Drivers	Risa Shimoda Callaway Forrest Callaway



Top Left: Setting up shop. Photo by Rich Bowers. Top right: Gauley festival coordinator Phyllis Horowitz enjoying silent auction with volunteers Paul Epstein and Marian Greenfield. Photo by Lee Belknap. Bottom left: Bidders examine auction boats. Photo by Lee Belknap. Bottom right: Crowd gathering at band tent. Photo by Lee Belknap

Guidelines for Contributors

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

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

If possible articles should be submitted using Wordperfect 5.0 on a 5 1/4" single sided flexible disc. Please use the standard Wordperfect default settings; do not alter the margin or spacing parameters. Send a printed copy of the article as well.

Those without access to a word processor may submit their articles neatly typed and double spaced.

Photos should be submitted in the form of color or black and white prints. Keep your originals and send us duplicates if possible; we can not guarantee the safe return of your pictures. If you want us to return your pictures,

include a self addressed stamped envelope with your submission. If you have slides, it is best to have prints made and to mail these instead. Because we publish in black and white, photos with a lot of contrast work best.

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

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

If you are writing about a commonly paddled river, your story should be told from a unique perspective. Articles about difficult, infrequently paddled or exotic rivers are given special consideration. Feature stories do not have to be about a specific river. Articles about paddling techniques, the river environment and river personalities are also accepted. Pieces that incorporate humor are especially welcome.

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

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

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

Articles will be edited at the discretion of the editors to fit our format, length and style. Expect to see changes in your article.

The American Whitewater Affiliation is a non-profit volunteer organization; the editors and contributors to American Whitewater are not reimbursed. ■

Ocoee Rodeo A Rousing Success

by Risa Shimoda Callaway

One hundred and fifty competitors participated in the Ocoee Rodeo held on June 5 and 6. The weekend's events included a Squirt, Surface Boat and Open Boat competition and a Downriver Raft Race. The event raised \$6000 to support the conservation efforts of the AWA.

"Just eight short months after the staging of the World Whitewater Rodeo, some of the logistical elements were a bit easier to handle," said Susan Wilson Gentry, organizer and AWA Director. "We are now able to count on the tremendous cooperation of both the Forest Service and the TVA (Tennessee Valley Authority)."

Thanks to the hard work of Gentry and her volunteer staff, who have proven to be both responsible and enthusiastic over the years, a solid relationship has developed between the TVA, the Forest Service and the Ocoee Region Canoe and Kayak Association (ORCKA). ORCKA serves as the organizing committee for all whitewater slalom and wildwater races on the Ocoee.

This year's rodeo was remarkable in that more than twenty competitors eighteen years of age or younger challenged the oldtimers. Meanwhile, several of the top finishers, including Chuck Kern of **Stowe**, Vermont and Jocelyn Hernreid of Cabin John, Md., traveled some distance to compete on waters far from home.

Several new names surfaced as major contenders, including Deb **Ruehle** of **Asheville** and Richard Oldenquist and Barry Kennon of **Topton, N.C.**

Rodeo veterans and masters Chris Spelius and Jim Snyder served among the judges.

The Rodeo climaxed Saturday night with a lively party hosted by the **Nantahala** Outdoor Center. The shindig included a dinner, raffle, auction and live music. Organizers credited the NOC staff for helping to accommodate the crowd, keeping the new Ocoee Outpost store open late, and helping with the cleanup after the lights went out at midnight.

The Ocoee Rodeo was one of three events which served as **qualifiers** for the Pre-World Rodeo to be held in Augsburg, Germany in September. The National Rodeo Steering Committee decided to permit anyone who finished in the top three positions at either the Bob's Hole Rodeo, the Animas River Days Rodeo or the Ocoee Rodeo to represent the U.S. at Augsburg.

U.S. Competitors Qualifying for the Pre-World Rodeo

1994

Notes:

Classes may not all be medal events
Fourth or fifth place finishers may be eligible if others placed 1-3 in more than one event.

BOB'S HOLE

OCOEE

ANIMAS RIVER DAYS

Men's Surface

1. Lee **Bonfiglio**
2. Scott **Shiple**
3. Shane **Benedict**
4. Bob Patterson

Marc Lyle
Richard **Olderquist**
Corran **Addison**
Dan Gavere

Bob McDonough
John **Brennan**
Marc Lyle
Adam **Shandro**

Women's Surface

1. Roxanne McDonough
2. Kelly **Ravener**
3. Nancy Wiley
4. Barbara Moore

Rebecca **Weis**
Deb Ruehle
Roxanne McDonough
Karen Mann

Nancy Wiley
Janet Wiley
Amy Wiley
Susan Wilson-Gentry

CI

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Norwood Scott
Tim **Masincupp**
Shane Benedict
Alan **Braswell**

OC1 Men

1. Dale Johnson
2. Tyler Elm
3. Richard Borek
4. Jeff Richards
5. David Rose

Dale Johnson
Jeff Richards
Bailey Johnson

Shawn Lund
Joel **McCune**
Alan **Whittern**

OC1 Women

1. Lori **Lodzinski**
2. Patty **Laidlaw**
3. Peggy Mainer

Sharon Richards
Kathy **Howerton**
Lynn Johnson

K1 Men's Squirt

1. Dan **Gavere**
2. Scott Bowman
3. Todd **Rettman**

David **Frierson**
Tony Reeves
Chuck Kern

Bob McDonough
Corey Nielson
Corbey **leith**

K1 Women's Squirt

1. Katherine **Lindberg**
2. Chris **Jonason**

Susan Wilson-Gentry
Risa **Shimoda Callaway**
Jocelyn **Hernreid**

CI Squirt

1. Barry Kennon
2. Chris **Manderson**
3. Norwood Scott



Photos by
Sandi Loftis



STORM

by Jonathan Katz

The Storm River rises in North Appalachia, flows south and east to merge with a bigger river, and drowns in the cesspool of Long Island Sound. Its upper reaches are **runnable** only during **snowmelt**, a steep, eyeball-ripping Class Five. The big hydro dam at **Kingsbury** traps the river and forces it through turbines to make electricity, which the Great American Power Company—**GAPCO**—sells to the locals. It powers their **TV's**, **CD's**, **VCR's** and the rest of their alphabet. Below the dam are six miles of **twisty**, crackling Class Four whitewater at the base of a green and virgin valley. The dependable, dam controlled water and boreal scenery combine to make the Storm one **bitchin'** paddle. But GAPCO owns the mountains on either side of the riverbed, prohibits access, and prosecutes all the trespassers it can catch. Sometimes it beats them first.

Ken Omaha open boated the Storm with two friends on April 27, 1994 and escaped capture. That night in a greasy pizzeria he dropped tearfully to his knees and begged his friend and partner Dr. Theodore McBride to please do something—anything—to open up access to the **Storm**.

Two nights later the McBride—Omaha brain trust held a council of war. The trusted brains who attended were frustrated and angry. Here was this primo river, right in their back yards, which they couldn't paddle because some **damn** electric monopoly said no. They considered many solutions to the Access Question, most of which were violent crimes. Each time McBride urged caution.

"We must talk to senior management of GAPCO, show them the error of their ways, and teach them why it is vital that they open up this river for the good of the American **paddling** public."

"You want to **reason** with them?" asked Omaha incredulously, for logic was not his style.

"Yes," said McBride.

"Then I guess blowing up their generator is out?" Chopper asked, fearing the worst.

"**This** time we try words, words spoken by a beautiful woman, and endorsed by a professional athlete," said McBride.

"Jocks and sex can sell anything, but even sex sells easier at gunpoint," said P.T. "Let me explain."

P.T. was **McBride's** staff physician, a part-time trauma doctor and amateur naturalist who treated gunshot wounds in the inner city and spent her spare time paddling, slowing down other people's river trips. She was forever eddying out

RIVER SEDUCTION

to grope in the mud for bugs and lizards for her collection. There were live things in muck in the bottom of her boat by the time she got to the takeout. Her boyfriend was a rough hombre, a professional sailor so addicted to water that he jumped into his kayak the moment his ship dropped anchor. Once she caught a water moccasin with a forked stick, stuffed it in a **drybag** and made him paddle it down the river, with nothing but a **fastex** buckle between the enraged snake and his genitals. When he didn't scream, she knew the bag had held. They had a good time that night.

P.T.'s idea was simple, elegant biowar. McBride bought in because he had no choice: the others would have blown up his lab. Still, he led with diplomacy.

For bait McBride enlisted his publicist, Arden Tygart. She was a hot and gorgeous woman who had survived a year in Omaha's van before leaving him for Chopper. Her mission was to weaken, and at her option seduce, a high level GAPCO executive who was known to have an eye for women. So she dressed accordingly. Arden had modeled too many bathing suits and **wetsuits** not to know her weaknesses in a business suit. Too short. Too big on top. So, overcast gray linen pinstripe, skirt cut to flaunt killer legs, **lace-bordered camisole**, French Broad hairdo, plastic nails (her real ones were short and chipped from **kayaking**). A strand of pearls, a few drops of **parijata** oil, and she was done. If looks could kill, her quarry was dead and buried.

David Michael Miller—Harvard **MBA '74**, 20 years consecutive earnings growth, President and Chief Executive Officer of Great American Power Company, didn't think of himself as quarry. He **adjusted** his tie in the gilded mirror of his private washroom and thought of the advice his father had given him when he'd graduated college long ago. "You've got the pedigree, and you've got the **stats**, but it never hurts to look good." So Miller dressed in thousand dollar suits and drove a Porsche. "Look good for McBride," he said aloud. And

look good for the mystery woman McBride was bringing with him, he thought. In matters of women Miller was single and single-minded—he collected them like butterflies.

Miller's staff had checked out McBride. He had won a Nobel prize in chemistry at age 23, and founded McBride-Omaha Chemical Company, a small, privately held concern that made **surfactants**, detergent additives to get your dishes cleaner and brighter without those annoying water spots. McBride did not publish his financial information. His associate Marcus Chopper was an ex-nose tackle who had used the money he'd made in the **NFL** to obtain a doctorate in applied physics. Smart boy. **Big** boy, too.

Miller's research team reported that Kenneth Omaha was a drunken, twisted savage, totally unpresentable. McBride had not offered to bring him to their meeting.

Now, nestled into his executive chair, Miller looked at his **visitors**. The football player had blue eyes and a blonde **crewcut** decorating a head mounted on top of a Berlin Wall of meat. McBride was a smallish, **fuzzy** faced man who had to be smarter than he looked. The woman—Ms. Tygart—was **breathtaking**. He deliberately avoided staring at her and concentrated on McBride as he spoke into the intercom. "Miss **Remington**, please bring a round of drinks for our guests. Adirondack Water for Mr. Chopper, a can of Keystone for Mr. McBride, and a Vermont Margarita for Ms. Tygart."

Miller had gotten the drink order perfect without **asking**. McBride knew that Miller's spies must have been watching the Depot Tavern. Maybe, just maybe, Miller was scared of him.

The executive spoke into the intercom again. "That's right, a Vermont Margarita. A shot of Jose **Cuervo** Gold and two shots of maple syrup. On the rocks. No salt."

Miller caught a whiff of Arden's perfume. It hit him below the belt. Miller once calculated that in his lifetime he had spent over a hundred thousand dollars on perfume. But he couldn't identify what she was wearing: a hot, lusty, bayou babe aroma that crawled up his nostrils and grabbed him by the balls. Miller debated asking, then decided to solve the problem another way. He removed a platinum cigar case from the inside pocket of his jacket and selected a three dollar Macanudo. He clipped the end and moistened it with his lips and tongue. He saw Arden watching him lick



the cigar before he fired his platinum lighter.

Arden decided not to roll a joint on the boardroom table and smiled through the smoke. "Macanudo makes a smooth cigar, particularly their smaller numbers," she said, "but I prefer the **Uppmanns**. In the evenings, of course, with **Courvoisier**, not tequila. After a hard day on the river, especially in mosquito season."

Miller saw the twinkle in her eye—what did it mean? Was she putting him on, or applying for membership in his private rod and **gun** club? "I agree, Ms. **Tygart**. With brandy in the evenings, I mean. I don't canoe. I golf."

"You should try paddling. Its better for the heart," McBride said, and proceeded to explain his position in detail. Miller listened carefully. Only once did he glance over, and Arden made eye contact. He smiled at her just as he caught **McBride's** last words, "We are not terrorists, Mr. Miller."

Underneath the table, in his left hand, McBride held his secret weapon. Flat, square, elegantly engraved, sharp edged, it was all he needed to force a confrontation on whether GAPCO would offer regular, recreational whitewater releases on the Storm River. Slowly he raised his hand above the mahogany table and placed the weapon directly in front of Miller. The light from the crystal chandelier caught the gleaming silver tracery engraved along its edges. Miller recognized it **instantly**—a GAPCO stock certificate.

"I am glad to see you bought our stock, **Mr. McBride**. You must have confidence in current management," Miller said.

"I do," McBride replied. "I am confident you will want to avoid a proxy fight about river use issues. Bad publicity about **GAPCO's** environmental policies could hammer the price of your shares."

"I have the votes to defeat any shareholder resolution you offer, Mr. McBride."

"But not to prevent debate," McBride answered. "I've read the bylaws. We can discuss granting public access to the Storm for days. While we're at it we can intervene in your **FERC** relicensing case. We'll have standing both as paddlers and stockholders."

"We're customers, too, David," Arden said. "Here is a copy of your electric bill for my summer cabin." She removed the bill from her decolletage and handed it across the table to him. He needed to sniff it. He touched it once to look at it, and then pushed it out of haxm's way and concentrated on not smelling his fingers.

While Miller wrestled with his lust, Ken Omaha sat in the back of an Acme Moving and Storage panel truck, suck-

ing on a beer and waiting for the driver to get to the wide spot in the road which was the nearest access to the Storm. There was no put-in, just a barbed wire fence between the road and the woods, and a brutal half mile bushwhack to the base of the dam. It was pitch black and pouring rain, and without Chopper's night vision goggles he would stumble through the woods like a sick moose till he broke an ankle and went down. Then would follow a long, cold night, the search, the beating, the arrest for trespassing, and a Federal indictment when they figured out exactly what he had in his boat. With luck he'd get five years in a real prison, not that Canadian bordello where last he'd done time.

P.T. was driving. Suddenly she pulled over and opened the cargo bay door. "All clear," she said. "Go. And be careful. My little friends are priceless. Set them free or bring them back alive." She helped Omaha lift his camouflaged open boat over the barbed wire, gave him a boost up, and sped away. It had taken less than a minute to insert Omaha and his live cargo onto GAPCO land.

Omaha lifted the boat over his head and balanced it on his shoulders. He picked up his paddle and started steeply down to the river below. The goggles turned his world green, and the rain covered his sounds.

Twenty minutes later he slipped into his boat and paddled through the first rapids, down a quarter mile of dark and pushy water to a good left eddy. He tucked in, took out his portable cellular phone, and waited patiently in the blackness. Alone at last, he thought, just me and ten pairs of P.T.'s precious newts. And he kicked the plastic container wedged under his airbag and wondered why he did the things he did.

In the boardroom Miller ordered another round of drinks and tried to stop imagining Arden naked in the cabin of his **ChrisCraft**.

"Tell me, McBride. Can you get lawyers to represent you in court for free?"

"I know good lawyers who would do anything to boat the Storm. They could tie up your relicensing for years. You'd have to show a contingency in your annual report, deal with your regulators, explain to your ratepayers why you're

squandering millions on attorney's fees to keep the public off a public resource, and answer to your Board of Directors when the stock price drops."

Miller knew McBride was right—at least about bogging him down legally. "I hate litigation, McBride. Litigation is a device invented by lawyers to keep lawyers employed. Tell me why I should let you people paddle this river."

"Whitewater recreation is here to stay, Mr. Miller. Its the fastest growing outdoor sport in the world. And its a booming business. People have to drive to where the rivers are, and they'll go where the flows are guaranteed. Bryson City, North Carolina. **Summersville**, West Virginia. **Ohiopyle**, Pennsylvania. **Monroe Bridge**, Massachusetts. **West Forks**, Maine. Paddling keeps these towns on the map. They all have rafting companies, river guides, whitewater outfitters, paddling schools, cheap motels, campgrounds, pizza joints, general stores, gas stations, fast food outlets, honky-tonk bars, drug stores, liquor stores and hospitals. They supply the essentials paddlers need to survive: gas, beer, **Advil**, duct tape, condoms, cholesterol, x-rays and replacements for lost or broken river gear. They employ people, make money and pay taxes. And they buy electricity, which you make with the people's river water and sell them at a profit. Don't you think the starving metropolis of **Kingsbury** could use a piece of this action?"

Miller nodded and listened, knowing that there are times when it is profitable to nod and listen. He looked again at Arden. She smiled radiantly and spoke.

"On the river men and women are equals. Anything he can paddle, I can paddle. And I'll look better doing it. Whitewater boating is a beautiful sport. It takes you to wild places you can't go on foot or by car. Canoes and kayaks make no sound and leave no exhaust. During the fall foliage season, **Hudson River Gorge** is one of the most beautiful places in the world, and you can really only see it by whitewater boat."

Arden gazed deeply into the eyes of the handsome executive seated across from her. He was cute. . . . truly cute. Too bad the table was so wide, she couldn't play footsie with him. She spoke again. Her bedroom voice, but the emotion came from the heart.

"The Storm is a beautiful river. You control the access and the flow. You have it in your power to deliver the beauty of this river to thousands of people who will squeal with glee when they run the rapids, and leave **Kingsbury** with memories they will treasure for a lifetime. Why not give them a thrill?"

Miller felt himself swaying, falling into Arden's eyes. He checked himself. Be tough, Miller, he thought. His voice

was impersonal.

"Liability reasons, for one. I don't want to get sued if anyone gets hurt out there."

Chopper spoke for the first time. "I don't mind **taking** risks, but boating is really quite safe, even for a fat **glute** like me. Properly trained paddlers, running rivers within their **skill** levels, rarely have serious problems. The Storm at recreational flows is a good, fluid class four run. There's no reason why thousands of people a year can't run the Storm and live to brag about it."

"I'm still not convinced its safe."

This time McBride responded. "The raft companies take good care of safety. They provide helmets, lifejackets, wetsuits, safety **kayakers** and proper instruction. They want repeat business and they don't want to get sued. Private boaters take care of themselves. This day and age its a rare canoeist who gets on a Class Four river without knowing what to expect."

"I don't think I can justify **taking** those sorts of risks on GAFCO land."

Chopper exploded. "Last year more people died playing softball than running w **tewater!** Did you outlaw softball at the GAPCO picnic? And where's your pride? Aren't you an American? Don't you know whitewater boating is an Olympic sport? And the Europeans **crap** all over us in the Worlds every year!

You **gotta** get behind American **whitewater!** How we gonna close the whitewater gap if we can't paddle?"

Chopper had jumped up, rocking the **big** table. Miller flinched. That guy's huge, he thought. Don't get him mad.

Arden caught Chopper's sleeve, pulled him back into his seat, and turned again toward Miller. "I'd love to paddle the Storm, David, and Ill gladly sign whatever release or hold harmless form your lawyers want in order to get the chance."

"And to think I was going to ask you for your autograph!"

"Whitewater is fashionable right now, David. Very big. Very hot. Very wet. Very corporate. Champion International spends a fortune each year helping to promote whitewater paddling in America. Citizen Watches and Centerbank use kayak motifs in their advertising. So does **Toyota**. And Meryl **Streep's** river movie is due out this fall. The raft sequences are **breathtaking**."

"I love her," Miller replied, "She's such a chameleon."

"There were no women in Deliverance," said Chopper. "Not till the very end. And they could have used some in the middle."

"That couldn't happen now," said McBride. "All those good old boys would be **raft** guides today, and Burt Reynolds would be surfing holes in

squirt **C-1's** with Lonnie Anderson and Geena Davis. Whitewater boating is here to stay, and now its your turn. In or out?"

"Its a **fifty** year license we're talking about, Mr. McBride. I have stockholders to answer to."

"Yeah. I'm one," said McBride.

"I'm afraid the answer is no."

"You better say yes, Mr. Miller. The Storm is one of the navigable waters of the United States. You hold it in trust for the people. You may own the land, but you don't own the river."

"Sorry. No."

McBride nodded. "Have it your way. Show him, Chopper."

Chopper took a **Tupperware** container out of his briefcase and opened it. It was full of wet grass. "Come here, Mr. Miller," he said. "Come meet a couple of real animals."

Miller rose and walked around the table. He peered into the container as Chopper lifted the grass. In the soggy bottom were two small yellow salamanders, about three inches **long**.

Chopper explained. "They're newts, Mr. Miller. **Wickendon** hairy newts. So high on the endangered species list they need oxygen just to hold their place. In fact **McBride-Omaha** Biolabs may have the only ones left in the world. But they breed **fine** in captivity and we think they'll do real well in the Storm **River** Valley. A buddy of mine is sitting in the river below **Kingsbury** Dam right now, and he has a container with a dozen pairs in it. If I call him on my cellular phone he'll release them, and your precious valley will be the only wild Wickendon hairy newt habitat in the world. I'm sure you'll be more ecologically responsible if you have an endangered species living at the base of your **dam**."

Miller looked at the little yellow newts and began to sweat. Endangered species! He could feel the Federal red tape contracting around him, constricting, cutting off his circulation, strangling him. . . He sputtered when he spoke.

"They don't look endangered. They look fine."

Chopper replied, "You can have these two for your wildlife biologists to dissect. In the meantime I'll tell my buddy to let his newts go. If they're not an endangered species it won't matter. OK with you?"

Miller's heart pounded. Executive decision time, he thought. Why they pay you all that gold. . . And in the back of his mind he heard a strange **drumbeat**: Endangered. . . DOOM! Endangered. . . DOOM! Endangered. . . DOOM! And the sound of one stock falling. He made his choice:

"No newts is good newts. I'm going to appoint a committee to look into whether GAFCO should include whitewater recreation in its river management program. I want two paddlers on that committee. Mr. McBride, Ms. **Tygart**, will you serve?"

"On one condition," said McBride.

"And that is?"

"We need to test paddle this river, to determine the optimum release level. When the time comes, Arden, Chopper and I get to make the run, with my friend and partner Kenny Omaha."

"As long as I get to meet him you've got a deal. My staff tells me he's a wild one."

"The wilder the better," said McBride.

"I have a condition, too," said Arden.

"Yes?" Miller asked.

"The Kennebec Festival in Maine is coming up in two weeks. I want you to raft the river with me."

My God, she's **asking** me out, Miller thought. Do something. "What if I tell you I can't swim."

"Don't **worry**, you won't," she replied, "And if you do, I'll save you."

The meeting was over. As Miller shook hands with Arden she stepped in and **kissed** him on the mouth, a moist **kiss**, ripe with promise. "Thank you David," she said. "You've made me very happy tonight."

In the **parking** lot Chopper turned to her. "What the hell did you have to kiss him for?" he asked.

"To set the hook, darling. He's mine now," she **replied**. "Call Kenny and tell him to come on in."

Shaking his head, Chopper punched buttons on his pocket phone. He listened intently, and heard a voice that had never lived: "Your cellular customer has left his vehicle or travelled beyond the calling area. . ."

Storm River Valley was dead to radio. In the dark and pouring rain a sopping, chilled Omaha held a plastic box in his hands. The phone had not rung. He would **carry** the newts back to their tiny terrariums in the lab, back to a life of specially formulated diet lizard flakes, back to captivity. Omaha hated captivity. He was born to be wild. So were they.

He dumped the contents of the box onto the riverbank and peeled out into the black, roaring rapid.

© Jonathan Katz
September 6, 1994

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IT'S TIME TO VOTE!

Risa Shimoda Callaway

Hi. I have paddled since 1979, inspired by the energy, individuality, and zest I saw in members of the Cincinnati Sierra Club. Since then I have lived in the east (Massachusetts, New Jersey, Georgia and the Carolinas) and made several trips to western rivers. First 'recruited for duty' as an AWA Director in 1984, my contribution has been one of organization and interface with the paddlesports trade, highlighted as follows:

- Re-establishing the Ocoee Rodeo from hiatus in the late '80's, under the AWA Banner. Focusing the Ocoee Rodeo proceeds on resource protection has since catalyzed a new standard for whitewater festivals around the country.

- Founding the National Organization of Whitewater Rodeos, the national series of

whitewater events which has grown the profile of freestyle paddling 'get-togethers,' throughout the country.

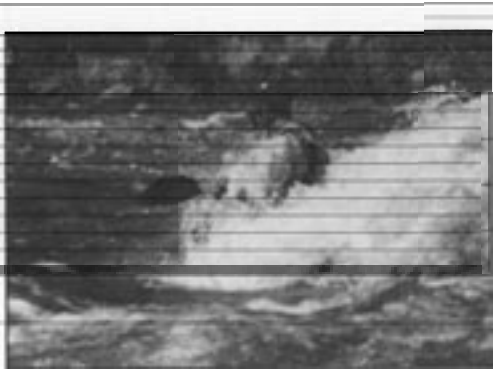
- Initiating the Gauley Festival Marketplace, a highlight of the annual AWA Gauley Festival.

- Encouraging corporate support for AWA projects. I am a worker bee at Perception, Inc.: having met many supporters of AWA among members of the outdoor industry, last year I had an opportunity to lobby successfully for the funding of AWA's Access Project.

I plan to be paddling around for awhile to come...and hope to continue my service to AWA.



Jim Scott



I have served on the AWA Board for three years, including the last two as Treasurer. During this period, AWA has experienced significant programmatic and financial growth, and I believe the outlook for continued success is excellent. Much of our success is a direct result of the support of our members, which will always constitute the core of

our financial support and program strength.

To continue our growth, however, we need to increase our membership base from the current level of 3,300 to at least 10,000. Increased members will make our river access and conservation programs stronger, as well as provide the needed revenues to expand our activities in these crucial areas. In addition, a stronger mem-

bership base will make it easier for AWA to attract other sources of public support, including foundation grants.

AWA is a dynamic and powerful voice for whitewater, and has won major victories for the rivers we love. But we must press our mission now, in the next five years, to set the stage for whitewater river conservation in the 21st century.

With your support, I am committed to assisting AWA for a second term in two areas - financial operations and **fundraising**. Financial operations includes preparation of our annual budget and quarterly financial statements, and ensuring sound financial practices are followed.

Fundraising support includes continuing and expanding AWA's participation in the Combined Federal Campaign (CFC) and other workplace drives, which has provided needed revenues to expand our programs over the last three years.

The future is ours. Let's work together to make it happen.

Charlie Walbridge

I've been involved with the American Whitewater Affiliation since learning to paddle with my college outing club almost 25 years ago. Since then I've boated rivers **all** over the country, and whitewater paddling is a central focus of my life. My interest in river safety began as a search for a more interesting alternative to gate judging assignments at races and developed into an effort to learn from accidents so that I and others paddlers will not make the same mistakes. Unfortunately the glossy paddling magazines **find** this material too depressing to publish; working with the AWA has allowed me to get this information

out via the Journal. I believe that everyone should be free to attempt any rapid that they feel is within their **skills**. I have used my expertise to educate river managers and to help the AWA counter **unreasonable** "safety" regulations which would restrict river access. I want to work on the board to help our organization reach more boaters, raise money, and protect rivers.



IT'S TIME TO VOTE!

Susan Scheufele

Santa Cruz, CA

When I learned to paddle a few years ago, it got my nose out of a book and my butt off the sofa. Since then, I've spent most of my spare time paddling, or wishing I was paddling, or wishing I was paddling on a protected river!

As Director, I will continue to work with river groups in the state to help preserve and protect California's precious few remaining wild rivers. However, there are few **undammed** rivers left in the state, and many of the rivers with dams, such as the North Fork Mokelumne, have been almost plumed out of existence with canals, tunnels, penstocks and other water diversions. I plan to focus my efforts on bringing the benefits of AWA intervention in the **FERC** relicensing process to California, so that we, too, can see dams relicensed with guaranteed recreational releases, recreational enhancement funds, guaranteed access across utility-owned properties, and dam decommissioning **funds**.

I am currently serving as the AWA Regional Coordinator for **California** and Conservation Chair for the **Loma Prieta Paddlers** Sierra Club River Touring Section. In the past few years, I have helped Friends of the River lobby local **politicians** to vote against Auburn Dam, and worked

with the **Tuolumne** River Preservation Trust to help save the Clavey. I've also been helping Cal Trout produce a boater's pamphlet for the **McCloud** River, **working** with Friends of the River to protest proposed El Dorado County water diversions on the upper South Fork American, and writing letters to **FERC** **asking** for recreational releases on the upper runs of the Mokelumne.

I've also put AWA onto the **on-**ramp of the information superhighway, so that they can more effectively communicate with boaters and environmental groups around the country. You can now contact AWA through the **Internet** at: 72732.401@compuserve.com.



Brooke Drury

Seattle, WA



ation issues. Settling in Seattle, I have since passed the Washington State Bar and am heavily involved in river conservation efforts in the state of Washington.

I entered **UVA** law school in 1990 with a B.A. from UC Berkeley, a few **years** of inner beltway **experience**, and **the goal of becoming** an immigration attorney. I emerged three years later with a dog, two plastic boats, and an avid dedication to river conservation and recre-

In addition to **working** full time for Friends of the Earth on hydropower licensing and relicensing issues, I am volunteering with a plethora of non-profit groups including the AWA, American Rivers, and the Rivers Council of Washington on FERC proceedings such as the Nisqually Project (see article last issue), Condit, Newhalem Creek, and many others. These experiences lead me to opinion that the **AWA's** conservation work is a vital ingredient for a **well-**balanced and effective river conservation movement in the Pacific Northwest.

The fate of our salmon **runs** is incontrovertibly linked to hydro project operations around the region. The same goes for the continued existence of our region as one of the premiere whitewater boating destinations in the U.S. Alas, all too often I notice a significant lack of whitewater boater representation in FERC and other pro

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First AWA/ CWWA Arkansas River Fest a Major Success

by Rich Alesch

More than four hundred people rallied at the first annual AWA/ CWWA Arkansas River Festival (Arkfest) held on July 9 in **Salida, Colorado**. More than \$3000 dollars was raised for river conservation projects within the state.

The Arkansas Festival was modeled after the AWA's Gauley Festival, held each fall in West Virginia. The Arkansas Festival was covered by U.S. News and **World Report**.

The Arkfest ran from 4:10 p.m. and featured live music, a silent auction, whitewater videos, boat demos, a equipment swap, vendors and food and beverage stands. The AWA, the CWWA (Colorado Whitewater Association), the Colorado Rivers Alliance and the Rocky Mountain Canoe Club all had informational booths at the festival site.

Four donated boats and a dry suit were included among the items sold at the silent auction, which allowed boaters to get a great deal on equipment while providing financial support for river conservation. The equipment swap was also quite popular.

Rich Bowers, AWA's Conservation Program Director and the only full time whitewater advocate in the United States, was on hand, as well as a number of other AWA Board members from back east, including river conservation gurus Pope Barrow and Mac Thornton.

The event had been scheduled to coincide with the annual CWWA and Rocky Mountain Canoe Clubs' annual



Arkansas weekends, which feature club sponsored activities and river trips. More than 100 CWWA members camped together at the Arkansas that weekend. The Colorado Cup race was also held on the Numbers section of the Arkansas during the Arkfest weekend.

The Festival was held after the hottest June on record. As a consequence most Colorado rivers were running low, but the minimum 700 cfs release assured by the Bureau of Reclamation assured that the Arkansas would be runnable throughout the Festival weekend.

Jim Martin of Boulder, Colorado, who coordinated this first Arkfest, received universal congratulations on a job well done from the many canoeists, kayakers, rafters, guides, equipment manufacturers and dealers on hand. Scott Reuman, a well-known Colorado boater and artist, created the logo for the Arkfest, which was featured on posters and T-shirts.

All of the proceeds after expenses from the Arkfest have been earmarked for river conservation and access projects within the state of Colorado.

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Bigfoot Stole My HeartPart II

by Carla Garrison

Our story to date:

While soloing a wilderness river in the high Sierras, Carla is abducted by a gigantic Sasquatch. She soon discovers, to her chagrin, that the Bigfoot is not lusting after her body, just her kayak. Yes, Carla's Sasquatch has been bitten by the whitewater bug; he wants to run rivers. And Carla is just the woman to teach him how!

When Bigfoot finally managed to drag my kayak onto the bank after his retched attempt to go it on his own, I was waiting. You best believe I let him have it. I was willing to overlook the fact that he had barged into my camp in the middle of the night and carried me off like a sack of potatoes. (Actually, I kind of liked it... though I would never tell him that.)

I could pardon him for mooning over my kayak while ignoring me all night long in that smelly cave of his. I could even forgive him for failing to serve breakfast in bed. But when he started to mess with my boat and gear... it was time to lay down the law!

Well, Bigfoot looked like hell, all bloody and battered. He had taken a terrible thumping in the rapid, but he would get no sympathy from me. When I decide to teach someone, or, in this case, something, to kayak, I do not tolerate whining and sniveling.

"Carry my boat and gear back to the top of the rapid this instant, you duffus, and I'll show you how to do it right!" I snarled. He gave me a deer in the headlights look, but after I cuffed him along side the head, he obeyed.

I must say that I put on quite a demonstration in that class N rock garden. I caught every eddy, boofed every pourover and when I reached the pool at the bottom, I spun around and paddled right back up through the rapid. By the time I finished there was one bug eyed



Sasquatch on shore.

"Now it's your turn, you big Bozo," I snapped. I adjusted the foot braces, showed him how to don a skirt, PFD and helmet and nudged him into the boat. I waded into the pool and taught him how to roll. It took less than five minutes. Once I showed him how to grip the paddle, he was a natural! Those long arms of his- when he stands up his hands hang below his knees were a real asset. Within fifteen minutes the bugger could hand roll on either side.

I have never believed in teaching beginners to boat on class I, II or III whitewater. They just pick up bad habits in that piddly stuff. Instructing on class III water is like teaching a pig to sing. It wastes your time and it bores the pig!

No sir... I start my students out right... in a good solid class IV rapid. That way I find out real quick whether they've got what it takes.

Well, my Bigfoot had it. Oh, he was awkward at first and he flipped a lot, but his roll was solid. By the end of our first

session he was ready for class V. By the end of our second day of instruction, he was handling the class V stuff a hell of a lot better than most of my friends, including that wimpy cousin of mine, Gary Carlson. Bigfoot was a hell of a lot smarter, too.

By the third day I knew that I had found the perfect boating companion. He was big, strong, agile, quiet, considerate and obedient. And, most importantly, the only thing he was afraid of was me.

I hiked out of the canyon, drove into Sacramento, bought another kayak and a mess of gear, and paddled it down the canyon to Bigfoot's place. We spent the next week polishing his technique – soon he was poetry in motion. Dare I admit it... yes... Bigfoot was almost as good as me!

Inevitably, as his mastery grew, our relationship changed. I started to see him in a different light, to realize that there was a **magnificent kindred** spirit buried under all that hair. And, naturally, I started to wonder what else might be hidden there.

Well, I'll cut to the quick... as incredible as it may seem, I fell madly in love with Bigfoot... and he was equally smitten with me. We were quite simply made for each other. After a lifetime of tawdry affairs, I finally found a love that would last. Bells rang, birds sang, stars fell from the sky. I started to get itchy all over. (And it wasn't just the lice!!) We just couldn't get enough of each other.

I'll never forget the night he proposed. The mosquitoes were **terrible**. Of course I said yes.

At his insistence we tramped over the mountains to meet his family. I had a lot of misgivings... not knowing how they would feel about a mixed **marriage**. Well, as is so often the case, his father and I hit it off swell, but his mother and sisters were a little tougher sell.

I overheard one of them refer to me

as a Schucks! I decided it was time to assert myself, to show those female Yetis that I could stand my ground. Well, let me tell you, those Bigfoot women really know how to wrestle! But when it came to hair pulling, I clearly had the advantage. It was tough, but eventually I won them over. Bigfoot's mom even taught me how to make his favorite dish, salmon stuffed with acorns and grubs.

Once we made peace with his family, I loaded him into my pickup and we headed east to meet mine. Although you might expect otherwise, this posed no problem. My mother had reluctantly concluded a long time ago that I would never get married, so when she heard that I had found the man... okay, creature!!! ... of my dreams, she was delighted. Actually, Mom was so desperate to see me married, she probably would have welcomed Charlie **Manson** into the family.

But she genuinely liked Bigfoot. I think it was his table manners that did the trick. She didn't seem to notice that he was seven feet tall and covered with golden hair. My sister said he was the best **looking** guy I ever dated!

And so with our families' blessings, we preceded with our nuptials. The ceremony was a small, intimate affair conducted by a stoned, new age minister on the brink of a 50 foot waterfall in the **Adirondacks**. Bigfoot was so excited... when the preacher pronounced us "Thing and Wife," my Big **Babylove** did a spectacular half gainer right off the cliff. I followed with a magnificent swan dive... and we kissed in the pool below.

The honeymoon... aaaahhh, yes!!! It was indescribable. And I'm not going to describe it either, you perverts! If Julia Roberts and Lyle Lovett are entitled to their privacy, so are Bigfoot and I. Besides, the editor of this magazine is a real prude; he'd just water it down. But I will tell you this, the feet are not the

only things that are big on a Sasquatch!!!

We spent the summer paddling; we hit rivers all over the country. You might think that Bigfoot would be a bit conspicuous, but we didn't run into any trouble. Interstate travelers have come to expect that any vehicle with kayaks on its roof will have unusual... even downright wierd... occupants. And once we pulled into any boating town with a sizable community of raft guides, Bigfoot looked quite at home. Waterton, **Albright**, Fayetteville, Boone, Banks, Salida... no problem!

Things did get a little tense in Aspen when we stopped to paddle the Roaring Fork. Some crazy animal rights activist smacked Bigfoot with her purse (vinyl...not leather). She thought his fur coat had been stripped off somebody else!!!

Well, it's late fall now, and Bigfoot and I have settled into our secluded Sierra lovenest. The rivers here are running really low, so I doubt I'll be doing much boating for a while. I suppose that's just as well... all things considered.

You remember a couple of years ago I told you that I was looking for someone to father the Perfect Boater Baby. Well, my dream has come true. Yes, Bigfoot and I are expecting. I'm not sure when the little critter is due, but I'm getting really big, really fast. I hope I timed it right; I want to be back on the rivers by March.

I'll keep you posted.

Meanwhile, take heart all you lonely, unfulfilled paddlers. Listen to Carla. If you just keep searching, somehow... somewhere, you too might just **find** that perfect someone... or something... for you!

Editor's *note*: Carla *and* a *Bigfoot*! Is this bestiality? And *if it is*, which one is the beast????

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