

\$2.95 Newsstand Price

american whitewater

November
December
1 9 9 6



**Who is
this surfing
this Perfect
Wave?** page
26

Repair that wooden paddle

Page 33



**If you can't
get to a
hole, surf
here.**

<http://www.kayaker.com>

To order a catalog from a human,
dial 1-800-59KAYAK.



perception"
kayaks & gear



U.S. Canoe and Kayak Team
Official Supplier

american whitewater

Journal of the American Whitewater Affiliation

Volume XXXVI, No.6

Letters 6

Forum 4

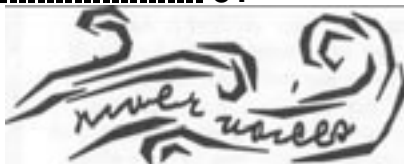
- ▼ Two for the road
by Bob Gedekoh

Briefs 60

- ▼ Upper Yough Race
- ▼ Annual Ohiopyle upstream race
- ▼ Book Review

River Voices 51

- ▼ Is Mayo Gravatt old?
by Bill Hay
- ▼ Boulder Drop
by Lisa Farin
- ▼ Wet behind the ears
by Andrea Weiser
- ▼ Learning Aquatic Anatomy
by Linda Peer



Conservation 12

- ▼ AWA supports Colorado River poll
- ▼ Hydro Update → page 14
- ▼ Good/Bad news on the Russelfork → page 14

Safety 29

- ▼ Kata Kayak Rescue
by Juliet Jacobsen Kastorff

Access 17

- ▼ Oregon Navigability
- ▼ Same flood twice → page 22
- ▼ Surfing the perfect wave at last. → page 26

Humor 72

- ▼ Kayaker soogy but safe

Overnight in the Gaps

by Lee Belknap

Steep Creekin' ...Pocono Loco?

by Terry Roller

Meet Joe Pulliam

by John Weld

Front Cover: Steve Frazier running Rig Splat on the Lower Big Sandy Creek, WV. Photo by Don Kinser
Back Cover: Ambrose Tuscano charges thru Triple Drop during the Upper Yough race. Photo by Bill Young Sr.



Printed on Recycled Paper

Publication Title: American Whitewater
Issue Date: November/December 1996
Statement of Frequency: Published bi-monthly
Authorized Organization's Name and Address:
American Whitewater Affiliation
P.O. Box 636
Margretville, NY 12544

Two For the Road

Although I have never been mamed, even once, I am beginning to understand why polygamy is not a very good idea.

It is not my dealings with the fair sex that have led me to this conclusion, but rather my relationships with shuttle vehicles. Specifically, the two pickup trucks that are currently vying for my affections.

Until last May I was strictly a one pickup man. I had been faithful to my blue Dodge Dakota for nearly eight years. For a long time we had a good thing going. I kept air in her tires, lubed her every 5000 miles, lovingly caressed her with the finest waxes. And I took Dakota Blue on some unforgettable vacations, kayaking in Quebec and Colorado and Idaho. We even went backpacking in Mexico. Not many guys treat their pickups as good as I treated mine.

And Dakota Blue treated me good, too. She was sturdy, reliable and had a great sense of adventure. No shuttle was too tough for her; the Cheat, the Big Sandy, even the dreaded Shaver's Fork. More often than not, loaded with eight or nine of my buddies, not to mention their boats and wet, muddy gear. Not many pickups would put up with that!

Yeah, I'll admit it, I abused Dakota Blue a little. Took her for granted. Treated her rough, especially as she started to get older. I even joked about it. Told my friends she liked to be handled that way. And I suppose it took its toll.

It was three years ago, about the time she rolled over a hundred thousand, that I started to notice that Dakota Blue was not



quite what she used to be. She was starting to show her age. At first it was just little things; her emergency brake would stick, some of her indicator lights started to flicker, her radio had to be replaced. Later her cap started to lose its sheen, and then, more ominously, one of her valves started to ping. She kept trying her best to please me, but it just wasn't enough.

A lot of my paddling buddies were trading in their old shuttle vehicles for jazzy new ones. I guess I caught the Seven Year Itch too.

My mind and my eyes started to wander. I started to cruise truck dealerships. I thoughtlessly admired my friends' sporty new shuttle vehicles, right in front of Dakota Blue. She pretended not to notice, until that sorry day when I actually drove her to a Dodge lot to do a little window shopping. I told her that I wasn't going to trade her in... that I was just looking around... but Dakota Blue didn't buy it.

EDITORIAL DISCLAIMER

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

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

STAFF

Editor: Bob Gedekoh, Box 228, R.D.#4, Elizabeth, Pa. 15037

Emeritus Editor: Chris Koll

Art direction/Graphic design/Production: John K. Victor, 370 Belleview Ave., Chillicothe, OH 45601

Contributing writers: Pope Barrow, Howard Davidson, Carla Garrison, Joe Greiner, Rich Hoffman, Jonathan Katz, John Weld, Mark White

Production Assistant: Teresa Augustin

Advertising Director: Phyllis Horowitz, Box 636, Margaretville, New York 12455 (914) 586-2355

Safety: Charlie Walbridge, 230 Penllyn Pike, Blue Bell, PA 19422; phone 215-646-0157; fax 215-643-0668; email 73514.1714@compuserve.com.

Conservation and Access: Rich Bowers, Rich Hoffman, 1430 Fenwick Lane, Silver Spring, MD, 20910 Phone (301) 589-9453 Fax (301) 589-6121, email:

72732.401@compuserve.com, 76435.731@compuserve.com

Missing Copies and Address Changes: Contact Phyllis Horowitz

American Whitewater is printed by SPENCER WALKER PRESS, INC., Newark OH. All rights reserved.

**KAYAK
RIOS HONDURAS**

Trip	Leaders
MARY	PHIL
HAYES	DERIEMER

BEGINNER
INTERMEDIATE
ADVANCED
EXPERT
CUSTOM

CALL FOR DATES

(800) 255-5704
10281 HIGHWAY 50
HOWARD. CO. 81233

She was really pissed! She popped a flat tire on the way home and backfired like crazy. The next morning she even refused to start. It took me a long time to get back in her good graces. I had to take Blue out for some high test and treat her to a new battery and one of those little pine tree air fresheners to get her settled down.

But that wasn't the end of it. As the miles rolled by, she continued to let herself go. Oh, Dakota Blue wasn't butt ugly, but she sure wasn't the sleek, shiny model that I had fallen for. My thoughtless boating companions insulted her, right to her hood. They said I only stayed with Blue because I was too cheap to buy another. (I am not cheap... just frugal!)

Under all this peer pressure, I started to cruise the Dodge dealerships again. But these flirtations were clandestine... on my bicycle... so Blue wouldn't know. Sure, I felt guilty about it. Buy hey, a kayaker has his needs, and Blue wasn't satisfying mine.

It came to a head one weekend last spring, high in the mountains of West Virginia, about twenty miles from the nearest town. First she blew a flat, then I discovered that her spare was *airless* too. Not that it would have made much difference, since Blue's lug nuts were so galled that we *demolished* two torque

wrenches trying to get them loose. I actually had to be rescued by some open boaters who happened by. They were really great guys, but I think they might have been ACA members... possibly even instructors! You can imagine how humiliated I was. I was so upset I wanted to throttle her. My relationship with Blue had really bottomed out.

A few days later I spotted Dakota Green, lounging in a corner of my local Dodge dealership. She had tight little chassis and a great big extended cab. And she had a pair of intermittent wipers to die for! She had tilt steering and, dare I say it, cruise control. It was love at first sight. I had to have her.

But when it came time to close the deal, I just couldn't bring myself to trade old Blue in. The fact that the dealer only offered me \$500 because she had 190,000 miles on her had nothing to do with it. I couldn't wheel and deal on Blue. No sir, I decided to keep old Blue because, even in her sad, decrepid state, I still loved her.

Of course things have been a little stormy around my garage since I brought Dakota Green home. Blue had one hell of a time absorbing the shock. After Dakota Green and I came back from Colorado in July Blue wept for days, until she was

exhausted. I could hear her muffled cries. There were tracks of her oily tears all over her rear window. And when Green and I rolled in from Idaho, I had to jump start Blue. Make no mistake about it, hell hath no fury like a pickup truck scorned.

Meanwhile, Dakota Green doesn't pay any attention to Blue at all. Why should she? After all, do you think Demi Moore feels threatened by Elizabeth Taylor?

My relationship with Dakota Green is definitely on the fast track. I just can't put the brakes to it. It's a case of manifold destiny. When I put my foot to her pedal she purrs like a kitten. Sailing over the top of the route 40 summit with Green is sheer ecstasy.

But nothing could match the joy of driving Dakota Green up to the AWA Board meeting the night before the **Gauley** Festival. It was like taking Sharon Stone to your twenty-fifth high school reunion!

Of course I still take Blue out on local trips, to the Upper **Yough** and the Big Sandy. I tell her that I still depend on her for all my really tough shuttles and that Dakota Green will never really take her place. I tell her that I want to be behind her wheel when she turns 200,000 miles and that I love her best. Blue probably knows I'm lying, but she pretends to believe me. Blue keeps plugging away, trying to rekindle that old spark.

But I just don't know how long I can go on this way... torn between two pickups. I feel like I'm caught in both their clutches. Especially now, that the whole sordid business is out in the open.

The chorus of an old country song keeps going through my head:

"Trying to love two women is like a ball and chain.

Sometimes the pleasure ain't worth the pain.

It's a long hard grind,
And it tires your mind!"

Bob Gedekoh

We have what you're looking for...

Whatever it is, you'll find it in our 88-page color catalog,
which is the biggest and most comprehensive
in the whitewater business.

We are Whitewater Raft specialists,
but we're also paddlers, and we carry the best names
in the business. Call or write for your copy of
THE Whitewater Catalog



Cascade

O U T F I T T E R S

P.O. Box 209, Springfield, OR 97477 • 1-800-223-RAFT (7238)



LETTERS.....

Who's On First?

Dear Editor,

A friend gave me a copy of your "letters" section of the July/August 1996 issue in which you published and responded to a letter from Rick Williams of Maple Valley, Washington regarding the "first descent" of the lower canyon of the NF Snoqualmie River (Setting "Ernie" Straight). I agree with your comment regarding not being able to know who has done a first descent of a river. In this particular case, I ran into Matt Davidson at Scott Matthew's house for a Thanksgiving slide show in 1988 and heard him excitedly describe his aborted run into the beginning of Ernie's Canyon. Scott and I had been scouting the run several times during the summer and had waited for lower water before we ran it on 28 October 1988, from top to bottom. I showed him my river notes taken during the run. Matt was disappointed but we encouraged

him that he did indeed run (or portage) at least the first few drops before we did.

We did not consider any run with road access as a first descent, anyway, and having just completed running the three canyons of the Hoh River in Olympic National Park a few weeks earlier, we hardly cared about a short little canyon in a clear cut that had a live gun club firing range in the middle. In any event, Matt and his friends went back many times, named all the drops, and the run is now "in the book". I have great respect for Rick's boating skills, but in this case the "gem" had been found and documented a couple of months before "that fateful day in January 1989"!

Sprague Ackley
Seattle, Washington

KAYAK - RAFT

CHILE: The best International Class IV - V kayak trip for experts.

OR: Intermediate combination raft/kayak tour - a whitewater & scenic tour of Chile.

YUKON, CANADA: Raft the famous Tatshenshini/Aisek, the rivers of glaciers and grizzlies.

SPORT INTERNATIONAL

1602 Alder Street, Whitehorse, Yukon,

Canada Y1A 3W8

Ph: (403) 633-2742 Fax: (403) 633-6184

Toll Free: 800-779-1784

Send \$15.00 for the new video KAYAK CHILE



Simply the best!

Nestled on a bend of the famed California Salmon River between the Marble Mountains and the Trinity Alps you'll find kayak paradise - Otter Bar Lodge.

Our amenities are unmatched - a deluxe lodge, sauna, hot tub, masseuse and the food — well — how many sports lodges do you see recommended by Bon Appétit? (Sept '92) And our rivers are gorgeous with sections for all levels of paddlers - a natural Disneyland with A to E ticket rides!

But what really sets us apart is our **instructional program**. We provide the best equipment and you provide the desire to give whitewater kayaking a try. Our instructors are some of the best paddlers anywhere and our student-to-teacher ratio is unmatched at 3:1. This allows us to tailor your week to your needs. Beginning, intermediate or advanced. Want more rolling practice? ...work on surfing? ...hole riding? Not a **problem** - your week is as challenging (or relaxing) as you want it to be!

Ask us about our fall Grand Canyon trip. Drop us a note or give us a call - we'll send you a color brochure!

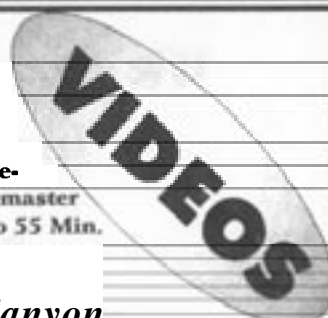
Otter Bar Lodge
Forks of Salmon, California 96031
(916) 462-4772

S
u
r
f

D
o
g

Whitewater Dancer II

This video has it all! Underwater rolls, the 89 Worlds, Rodeos, Hot wave and hole surfing, Class V wipe-outs, Tunes by world famous fiddlemaster PAPPA JOHNCREACH! HI-FI stereo 55 Min.



The Grand Canyon

Get into the GRAND CANYON. See the big drops and an innertube run of Lava Falls, with some really wild tunes. HI-FI stereo 43 Min.

The Upper Yough, Gauley, Big Sandy, and The Russell Fork

See all of the big gnarly drops on these 4 great rivers all on one tape! HI-FI stereo 43 Min.

How to Modify a Sabre

ALL you need to turn a Sabre into The hottest plastic play boat in the world! With action footage and truly outrageous tunes HI-FI stereo 49 Min. (Applies to most plastic boats!)

To get your copy, in VHS, send a check or money order for \$19.95 each, plus \$4.00 shipping and handling to:

SURF DOG PRODUCTIONS
12 Freedom Drive
Collinsville, CT 06022

Complete your whitewater library with an AWA publication



AWA Nationwide Whitewater Inventory

Edited by Pope Barrow, \$15 book/\$7 disk (\$2.90 postage)

*Revised listing of every whitewater river nationwide

*River maps for all U.S. rivers

*Includes mileage, access points, ratings

The Rivers of Chile

By Lars Holbek, \$5 (\$1 postage)

• A guide to more than 20 Chilean rivers

Rivers at Risk—The Concerned Citizens Guide to Hydropower

By John D. Escheverria, Pope Barrow and Richard Roos-Collins; cloth \$29.95/paper \$17.95 (\$2.90 postage)

• A study of whitewater's most serious threat
AWA Safety Codes

1-99 \$.25; 100-199 \$.20; over 200 \$.15

• The original criteria of boating safety

Send payment to AWA, P.O. Box 636, Margaretville, NY 12455

It's not how good you paddle... it's how good you look!
JUST ARRIVED!!! THREE HOT NEW AWA PRODUCTS --

SHIRTS • HATS • PATCHES • DECALS • POSTERS • LICENSES

WORLD WHITEWATER RODEO CHAMPIONSHIPS

CANEY FORK POSTER -- Tim Williams on the Caney Fork. Photo by Scott Shoup. Slide competition winner at the 1995 National Paddling Film Festival. AMERICAN WHITEWATER cover May 1995. Full color, 17x32. \$7.00 (postage \$2.00)

AWA MOUSE PADS -- A must for all cyberbreaks. The only way to truly surf the Web. Use it to check out AWA's Home Page at <http://www.awa.org/> \$7.00 (postage \$1.00)

AWA FRISBEES -- Help keep the shuttle bunnies active and shapey; the kids happy. \$4.00 (postage \$1.00)

item	size	total
AWA T-shirts available in M,L,XL unless noted (postage \$3.00 up to 2 shirts)		
■ Super Heavy, Super Sized T-shirts (M,L,XL).. New Log, SS only, Grape or Forest \$15		
AWA River Caps: \$10 (postage \$1)		
AWA License Plate Frames: \$5 (postage \$1)		
AWA Embroidered Patches: \$2		
AWA Waterproof Decals: \$.50		
Rodeo World Championship Posters \$6 (postage \$2)		
■ CANEY FORK POSTER : \$7.00 (postage \$2.00)		
■ AWA MOUSE PADS :\$7.00 (postage \$1.00)		
■ AWA FRISBEES : \$4.00 (postage \$1.00)		
	POSTAGE	

Mail to AWA, P.O. Box 636, Margaretville, NY 12455

Guidelines for Contributors

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Release For Publication

I hereby release my work (literary, graphic or photographic) for publication in American Whitewater magazine.

I understand that my work may be edited or cropped at the editors' discretion.

I understand that I will not be paid for my work.

I accept responsibility for the accuracy of the information included in my submission. I have not libeled or slandered any individual, corporation or agency in this work.

I understand that all or some of my work may be reprinted at some future date in an American Whitewater Affiliation publication.

I promise that this material has not been and will not soon be published by another magazine or publication and the rights to this material are clear and unrestricted.

I understand that once this material is printed in American Whitewater it may be reprinted or reproduced in other publications if I wish, providing I notify them that it has already appeared in American Whitewater.

Signed _____

Date _____

This release must be signed by all the contributing author(s), photographer(s) and graphic artist(s).

Send your material to Bob Gedekoh, R.D.#4, Box 228, Elizabeth, PA. 15037 Please use regular first class postage.... Not certified mail.

DIRECTORS

Anita Adams
Star Route 1, Box 46
Edmond, WV 25837

Ric Alesch
14262 West Warren Place
Lakewood, CO 80228
73624.2333@compuserve.com

Landis Arnold
P.O. Box 4617
Boulder, CO 80306
landis@wildnet.com

Pope Barrow
136 13th Street SE
Washington, DC 20003
72702.1552@compuserve.com

Lee Belknap
1308 Maryland Avenue
Glen Ellen, VA 23060
76513.2466@compuserve.com

Risa Shimoda Callaway
216 Inverness Way
Easley, SC 29642
risa@kayaker.com

Tom Christopher
931 Union Street Rear
Leominster, MA 01453

Brooke Drury
8224 14th Avenue NE
Seattle, WA 98115
brooked@mountaineers.org

Chuck Estes
114 Bay Path Drive
Oak Ridge, TN 37830-7801

David Fallside
1700 49th Street
Sacramento, CA 95819
fallside@rahul.net

Bob Gedekoh
Box 228, RD 4
Elizabeth, PA 15037

Bob Glanville
66 Deer Run
Glenwood, NY 14069
104121.567@compuserve.com

Joe Greiner
7316 Chicora Court
Raleigh, NC 27615

Barry Grimes
124 Hilltop Drive
Richmond, KY 40475
bagriml@pop.uky.edu

Chris Koll
352 Cameco Circle
Liverpool, NY 13090-2732
ckoll1234@aol.com

Kevin Mendik
135 Nathan Lane
Carlisle, MA 01741

Joe Pulliam
P.O. Box 1500
Harriman, TN 37748
72002.305@compuserve.com

Susan Scheufele
2121 Ocean Street Ext.
Santa Cruz, CA 95060
susans@eng.sun.com

Jim Scott
3715 Jocelyn Street NW
Washington, DC 20015
jscott@amfor.org

Pete Skinner
2 Snyder Road
West Sand Lake, NY 12196
skinnp@rpi.edu

Ron Stewart
P.O. Box 1337
Chattanooga, TN 37401
ron_stewart@baylor.chattanooga.net

Mac Thornton
6467 Wishbone Terrace
Cabin John, MD 20818
72634.316@compuserve.com

Barry Tuscano
RD 1, Box 32
Bolivar, PA 15923
tmr@westol.com

Charlie Walbridge
230 Penlyn Pike

Penlyn, PA 19422
73514.1714@compuserve.com

Susan Wilson
52 Albemarle Place #T6
Asheville, NC 28801
76017.3534@compuserve.com

AWA STAFF

Rich Bowers, Conservation
Program Director
1430 Fenwick Lane
Silver Spring, MD 20910
(301) 589-9453
72732.401@compuserve.com

Rich Hoffman, Access Program
Director
1430 Fenwick Lane
Silver Spring, MD 20910
(301) 589-9453
76435.731@compuserve.com

Phyllis B. Horowitz,
Administrative Director
P.O. Box 636
Margaretville, NY 12455
(914) 586-2355
74663.2104@compuserve.com

Kelly Mull, Events Manager
27 Park Avenue

AWA OFFICERS

President: Ric Alesch
Vice President: Pope Barrow
Secretary: Bob Glanville
Treasurer: Jim Scott

AWA Home Page
<http://www.awa.org/>



Rivers:
Rio Congrajal,
Linville Gorge,
Rio Papalozca,
Middle Creek,
North Johnsons,
Green, Chattooga,
Rio Humaya,
Overflow Creek,
Nantahala...

WaterWorks via e-mail:
H2OWORKSCO@aol.com

To order by phone: call NOC Mailorder
at 1-800-367-3521

To order by mail: please send check for
\$37.95 (covers postage) to WaterWorks,
PO Box 190, Tipton, NC 28781

essential

This is a thick, meaty video you can sink your paddle blades into. It's not fluff. It's not hype. An hour of cutting edge instruction, fantastic footage (shot in the US, Honduras and Australia) and cool original music. Tom DeCuir (of Grace Under Pressure) an NOC instructor,

teams with film director/musician/artsy guy Paul Bonesteel in a video that takes you from the foundation of solid boating skills: balance, navigation and timing, and flows into boofing drops, linking moves and river strategy. If you've never been far away, this will take you OUT THERE.

a new Waterworks
video production

boat control



*When it comes to paddling...
Come to the leader*

Kayak School ~ Customized instruction for all levels of experience - beginner to advanced...**Call for our Kayak School Brochure**

West Virginia's #1 Paddling Shop

CKS Salamander Lotus Teva Sport Sandal
 Sidewinder North Face
 Rapidstyle Man of Rubber Patagonia
 Savage New Wave Aquaterra Wave Sport

Demo Boats Available

North American River Runners, Inc.

800-950-2585

PO Box 81 Hico, WV 25854
 Rt 60, 1/4 mile west of US 19



Experience the Best, only \$995



Novice or Expert

these boats will perform for you

Strategically reinforced to be lightweight and tough
 Solo & Tandem models: 12' to 14' 3"

Amazing performance & stability • Dry running / Easy rolling
 Custom Outfitting available; done according to your body structure,
 Future paddling style and progression

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED



14690 Nantahala Gorge, Bryson City, NC 28713

(704) 488-2386

2362 Dresden Dr., Atlanta, GA 30341

(404) 325-5330

NANTAHALA OUTDOOR CENTER

It's time to

Push Your Limits!

Chile Jan & Feb dates

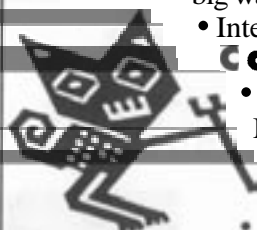
- Andean Week of Rivers: The ultimate winter destination - big water, vertical drops & ocean surfing!

• Intermediate & Advanced Kayak

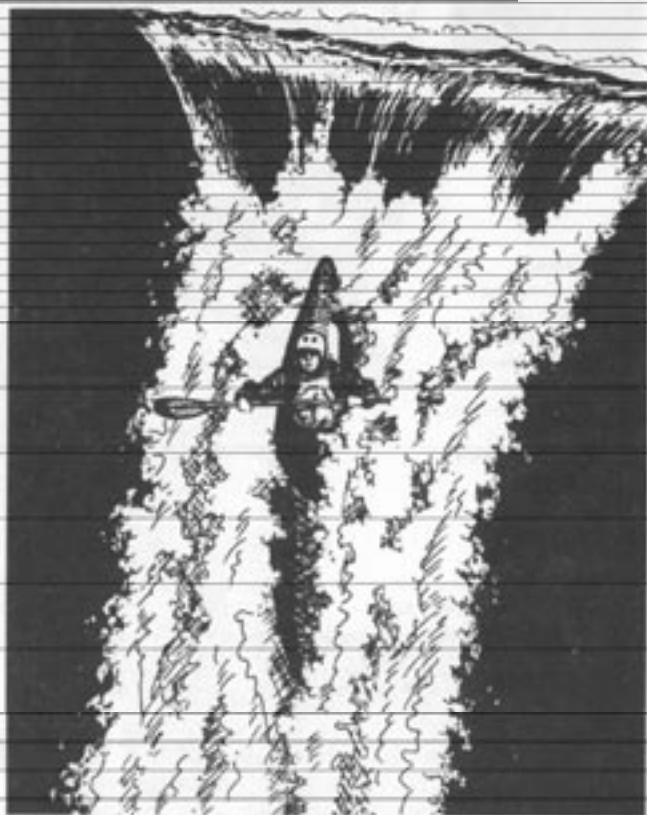
Corsica April dates

- A "whitewater paradise", this Mediterranean Island boasts over 50 technical rivers, French cuisine and choice wines!

• Intermediate & Advanced Kayak



For more information, call 704/488-2175 ext 333. <http://www.nocweb.com>



PURPOSE

The American Whitewater Affiliation

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

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

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

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

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

SAFETY: AWA promotes paddling safely, publishes reports on whitewater accidents, maintains a uniform national ranking system for whitewater rivers (the International Scale of Whitewater Difficulty) and publishes and disseminates the internationally recognized AWA Whitewater Safety Code.

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

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



Take the Plunge....

Get your own magazine. Support your sport.

Yes, I want to join the AWA and receive a subscription to *American Whitewater*. I've enclosed my tax-deductible contribution of **\$25.00** (\$30 Canada, \$35 overseas) to help conserve our whitewater resources and promote river safety.

Name
Address
City State / Zip

I would like to make an additional contribution to AWA's Whitewater Defense Project as indicated below.

New Member Renewal
AWA membership dues **\$25.00**
WDP contribution \$
Total amount \$

**Join the AWA today
and receive *American
Whitewater* at home!**

Yes, I would be interested in being an AWA volunteer.

Let \$25 find a hole in your pocket

Is whitewater access an important issue to you? How about the conservation of your favorite runs? The AWA plays tough when it comes to preserving, protecting and restoring our whitewater resources. And you can help. Your \$25 annual membership fee is funneled directly into our effective river access and conservation programs. Plus every member receives a subscription to *American Whitewater*—the best whitewater magazine in the world! Isn't it time you joined?

Mail to: AWA, P.O. Box 636, Margaretville, NY 12455

AWA'S 40TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

January 1st begins AWA's fortieth anniversary year (1957-1997) of: protecting whitewater rivers; fighting dams; seeking access; and representing boaters before rabid developers, corporate polluters, big-money politicians, and anyone else who targets

whitewater rivers for destruction. Thanks to all the paddlers who have supported us and made our efforts both successful and worthwhile. If you are not yet a member, please join up today by using the membership form on the back cover.

Throughout the coming year, AWA will be celebrating its anniversary with special events and vintage whitewater stories. Keep an eye out in both the Journal and on AWA's Web Site for more on this celebration of rivers and whitewater boating.

AWA is looking forward to another 40 years of working on rivers, and boating with our friends. Please come along for the ride; we promise you won't be bored!

Jet Boat Update on Idaho's Snake

by Rich Bowers, Conservation Director

In AWA's March/April edition of American Whitewater, we reported that the AWA had joined the Hells Canyon Preservation Council and other organizations in a lawsuit against the Forest Service - designed to limit the number and use of motorized watercraft (jet-boats) in the Hells Canyon National Recreation Area. In May, AWA traveled to Capitol Hill to offer testimony before the House of Representatives Resources Committee, and to oppose HR. 2583, a bill introduced by Congressman Wes Cooley (R-OR) and supported by Helen Chenoweth (R-ID). This bill would have allowed unregulated use of motors within Hells Canyon.

The good news is that river groups helped kill this bill, and its companion bill introduced into the Senate by Larry Craig (R-ID). Not only were they defeated in the House and Senate, but they failed to make it out of their required committees. Unfortunately, most bad river bills (e.g. Auburn Dam) seem to never go away. Congressman Cooley has vowed to reintroduce this bill in next year's 105th Congress - if he is re-elected and if he can find supporters for the bill. Supporters have been far and few in the past!

In September, the Forest Service released an Environmental Assessment which amended its earlier plan for Hells Canyon. This EA requires at least two of the provisions sought in the lawsuit: 1) allocated use levels for motorized boats (canoes, kayaks and rafts have been allocated since 1977); and 2) nonmotorized periods for river travel. While this is far from perfect (AWA believes that it still allows too many jet-boats), it represents a much needed management plan which will be in place by 1997, a plan which begins to address fair use by all users.

San Juan's Jet Ski Ban is Overturned

Last year's January/February Journal presented an article entitled "Cool Your Jets" on the impact of jet-boats and jet-skis on rivers and human-powered recreation. In January of this year, San Juan County (WA) outlawed the use of jet-skis in all salt and fresh water in the San Juan. This is the first county in the nation to officially ban personal watercraft.

On September 30th Whatcom County Superior Court Judge Steven Mura ruled that the county ban is invalid and conflicts with state law. Mura ruled that Washington has a history that predates statehood of giving its citizens access to waterways. The judge also noted that the state allows personal watercraft and, in fact, registers them. So the San Juan County ban conflicts with state boating laws.

AWA supports Colorado-Rivers Alliance poll on Animas-La Plata

Early this year, AWA gave a grant to the Colorado Rivers Alliance to fund a poll on the Animas-La Plata water project, an expensive Bureau of Reclamation pump storage project proposed for SW Colorado. The Colorado Rivers Alliance is a statewide river advocacy coalition that is working hard to fight A-LP.

The poll, released on September 22nd, revealed that Colorado voters displayed significant opposition to the Animas-La Plata dam project.

The poll, conducted by Ridder/Braden of Denver, was commissioned by Colorado Rivers Alliance to measure the extent of support there is statewide for the project. Executive Director, Nancy Jacques, stated, "We suspected that the public's voice was not being fairly represented in Washington by Sen. Ben Nighthorse Campbell, Sen. Hank Brown, or Rep. Scott McGinnis, when they tell their constituents that the people of this state want this project. We were right. The facts are that the people do not want this project."

When people were asked whether they had heard anything about the proposed Animas-La Plata dam project, 66% of the respondents answered "no," indicating an alarming lack of knowledge among voters on this issue. Of the voters who did know at least a little about it, opposition was evident, particularly when the project was linked to its cost in terms of their tax dollars.

Most tellingly, the survey indicated that water projects are viewed with skepticism if they are likely to harm the environment. Voters are very sensitive to the need to preserve and protect the environment for future generations.

Finally, the survey indicates that when it comes to choosing between the cost of the Animas-La Plata project and harm to the environment, voters are most concerned about the fiscal impact and the lack of economic benefits, especially Republican respondents. Of all respondents, 81% indicated that they are concerned about harm to the environment, the fiscal impact, or both. Only 2% of respondents indicated that neither is troublesome.

Lori Potter, a Denver attorney representing citizens who have successfully litigated against the Bureau of Reclamation on this project said, "Citizens who have the facts about the A-LP dam project realize that it is just another example of the government trying to pick their pockets."

In hearing the results of the poll, Jacques also expressed concern about the way the project is politicized. "The A-LP is being billed as social justice for Indian people, but trying to link

Oregon Clean Stream Initiative

by Ashley Henry, Campaign Coordinator

The Oregon Clean Stream Initiative is now Ballot Measure 38 for the November ballot. It would restrict livestock from grazing in and along waterways which the state Department of Environmental Quality has listed as polluted. Measure 38 gives private livestock operators between 5 and 10 years to comply with the law, and offers tax incentives and priority grant funding to assist with fence building or other riparian protection projects. These protections are essential if Oregonians are going to clean up rivers for recreation and fisheries. Currently, un-

this white development project to a rightful cause is an unjust political ploy."

Supporting that view, Sage Remington, a spokesperson for the Southern Ute Grassroots Committee said, "The survey underscores the undeniable need to totally rethink this project. The Indian people who know the facts are tired of being used by development interests in this state to further their own selfish ends. We of course want our water, but we don't think we have to fleece our fellow citizens to do it. That's someone else's plans, and we want them to know that we are not their props."

The standard telephone survey contacted 500 respondents who were registered voters likely to vote in the 1996 general election. The margin of error is +/-5% at the 95% confidence level.

controlled livestock grazing poses one of the greatest threats to Oregon's waterways.

Not surprisingly, the livestock industry and various wise use groups have amassed a \$550,000 campaign on Measure 38 using misleading information. The industry is playing on the fears of Oregonians by threatening to deny recreational access to private lands and by claiming that this will force them out of business. The opposition's cost estimates for compliance with Measure 38 are inflated by nearly 5 times the prices for fencing materials that are commonly listed in livestock publications. It is clear that the livestock industry simply does not want to take responsibility for the pollution it is putting into Oregon's waterways. Supporters of Measure 38 feel it is time for accountability!

Led by the Oregon Natural Desert Association, Measure 38 stands to set quite a precedent in western water policy. Already, ONDA has been victorious in a recent law suit under section 401 of the federal Clean Water Act. As a result of this decision, non-point pollution from federal grazing allotments are now classified as "discharge" which means that federal agencies will now have to seek state permits for such pollution. This suit will help reduce discharges into not only Oregon rivers, but those throughout the West as the opinion was written to apply to all Forest Service land. It is likely that the BLM will also be affected by this ruling.

Clearly, fundamental changes stand to be made which will benefit those interested in whitewater recreation. Oregon voters are encouraged to call and join our volunteer efforts during the final days of election season. Contributions to the grassroots Measure 38 campaign are welcome at 16 NW Kansas, Bend, OR 97701. Questions may be referred to Ashley Henry at 541-389-8367. Visit our web site at www.teleport.com/~ocsi.

Update on A-LP

Last July, the House of Representatives voted down appropriations for the Animas-La Plata project. They stipulated that any remaining funds be used to assess reasonable alternatives that meet the country's obligations to the Indians but does not use taxpayers' moneys for private development, which would be the result of more than two-thirds of the current project design.

The Senate tabled the issue, sending the ALP question to conference committee in September. Due to the pre-determined make-up of that committee, especially in an election year, the measure passed, and ALP got a \$9 million appropriation. Still, it is apparent that, with the question of environmental impact and fiscal logic, this project is becoming progressively more unlikely as currently designed.

In October, the state of Colorado convened negotiations—led by Governor Romer and Secretary Babbitt—regarding the Animas-La Plata project between project proponents, opponents, Department of the Interior (DOI), Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), Colorado and New Mexico. These negotiations are an attempt to chart a course for this controversial project. Grassroots opposition advocates looking at non-structural solutions to water resource needs in the area, while project proponents argue that the 57,000 acre-foot reservoir of A-LP has already been "authorized" by Congress.



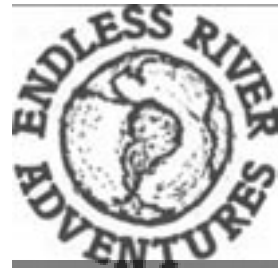
south this fall.

Costa Rica Whitewater '96

Our trip is designed to satisfy your insatiable desire to paddle. You will paddle stretches of memorable whitewater you can call your own for the day.

There are no crowded rivers in Costa Rica. Especially with a group size of seven. The only spectators on the river are the monkeys, birds, iguanas and other wildlife you will encounter.

Your time is shared with guides who are international paddlers and some of the most respected instructors in the field. We run the kind of trip you want to be a part of. Just ask another paddler - they have probably shared a trip with us. Or are coming back for another trip.



We offer Class III, IV, and V trips from October-November. Join us!

Contact us for trip itineraries for Costa Rica and our other paddling adventures.

P.O. Box 246, Bryson City, NC 28713 • Phone/Fax 704/488-6199
Worldwide E-Mail, 71604.1240 @ compuserve.com

Hydropower Updates

by Rich Bowers, Conservation Director

Summersville Dam (WV)

(reprinted and updated from the Gauley Festival newsletter)

The Army Corps of Engineers built Summersville Dam in the mid-1960's. In 1988, Congress designated the Gauley River a National Recreation Area – a part of the National Park System.

Since that time, there has been an ongoing and sometimes heated debate on just how to protect the area and how to provide recreational access (see Congressional update elsewhere in this Journal), and AWA has played an active part in this history.

In 1991, another chapter was started in the history of the Gauley. The city of Summersville, its agent Noah Corporation, and Catamount Energy (a power company based in Rutland, Vermont) formed the Gauley River Power Partners. This group applied and was granted a permit to add a hydroelectric plant to the existing Summersville Dam by the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC). These companies believe that the project can generate \$2 million per year for local government.

AWA, West Virginia Wildwater Association, commercial outfitters, and the National Park Service joined together early on and developed a Memorandum of Understanding with Gauley River Partners. This MOU protected the natural setting of the Upper Gauley, and provided new changing and restroom facilities for boaters, safety signs, improved put-in trails, and guarantees that construction would not mess with fall release weekends.

Recently however, the City of Summersville and Gauley River Partners have sought to change the initial license granted by the FERC in 1991. These changes are dramatic and well outside of the existing Recreation Plan, and could potentially have a huge impact on one of the country's most popular whitewater rivers. Here are some of the changes which concern AWA:

- earlier this year, the City of Summersville lost its power contract with Monongahela Power. When they found a new contract (with Appalachian Power) it meant rerouting the transmission line corridor for the project up the Meadow River, and condemning land owned by 28 local families. (Remember, the Park Service is not allowed to condemn land for access within the National Recreation Area)

- in September the Commission approved a second delay in construction schedules. The first delay was approved in June, 1994)

- on September 19th, just three days before the 1996 Gauley River Festival, FERC held a public meeting to discuss the transmission line issue. However, FERC never notified the public until the day of the meeting, and then allowed those who showed up just one day to submit written comments.

- recent news articles report that the Gauley River Partners are attempting to re-manage Summersville Lake levels and flows for power production, a direct violation of the 1991 license provisions.

- because the project can use only Army Corps flows, it cannot generate electricity on a regular schedule. This guarantees that the project will be only marginally economic. An uneconomic project, which can at best provide \$2 million per year in power, is not worth risking a recreation industry which generates over \$20 million in just 6 fall weekends.

AWA has intervened in the new license amendment, just to keep tabs on the project and to stay involved with how this hydropower project will affect boating on the Gauley and Meadow rivers. Stay tuned for new developments, or call the AWA Conservation/Access office for the latest news.

Good and Bad News on the Russell Fork (VA)

This summer, the Army Corps of Engineers issued a DRAFT Supplemental Assessment and Finding of No Significant Impact regarding the effects of whitewater releases on fish, endangered species and other issues at the John J. Flannagan Reservoir and the Russell Fork River. The Corps is now proposing operational changes to provide one October weekend out of four with whitewater flows at 1,000 cfs. Currently, the Russell Fork runs at 800 cfs for four weekends in October.

This is great news and AWA supports the Corps' pro-

posed change. Improving flow levels on the Russell Fork has been an on-going objective for this organization for many years. AWA stated that we would like to see flows increased for the following reasons: 1) increasing whitewater recreation and economic benefits on the Russell Fork, and 2) improved safety conditions on this river.

However, while AWA supports improved flows for the last weekend in October, one weekend will not sufficiently improve either recreation or economics on the Russell Fork. AWA requested that the Corps

take a closer and more detailed look at:

- Releasing higher flows on all existing release weekends

- Providing hydrological modeling output for the selected plan

- Conducting a three year review on higher flow affects on use, economics and safety

- Coordinating Russell Fork releases with other whitewater events

- Establishing a Whitewater Advisory Committee

Developing a study to analyze flow, and recommend changes to improve safety

Now for the bad news!

While boaters around the country were celebrating the defeat of Auburn Dam in the Water Resources Development Act, this same act was approv-

ing the controversial Haysi Dam on the Russell Fork. American Whitewater last reported on this scheme in the May/June 1995 edition and opposed this dam because its cost/benefit ratio was way off (\$700 million invested to protect \$178 million in property), and because it would destroy over 11 miles of natural free-flowing river.

While the approval of this project is bad news for boaters, there is still no money for the Corps to build any new dams, including Haysi. More importantly, the Administration has stated that they will include no money in next year's budget for this dam - so AWA will get another crack at defeating this proposed dam sometime in the future.

Rapid Transit — Food, Boating and Fall Foliage in the Northwoods!

At the end of September, the never-ending battle to improve whitewater through dam relicensing forced AWA's Rich Bowers to travel to Maine's Rangeley Lakes area in order to participate in yet another whitewater recreation study, this time on the Rapid and Magalloway rivers. This study is part of an ongoing negotiation process with Union Water Power regarding two dams in the headwater region of the Androscoggin watershed.

Based on previous experience, this was thought to be just another battle between boaters and dour dam employees, and days of arguing and posturing (typical hydro fare). And I'd like to tell you that it was exactly that — hours of grueling arguments, bitter controversies, and outright brawls. But things don't always go the way you plan. Instead of confrontation, I was forced to submit to generous provisions and accommodations, beautiful scenery, and friendly camaraderie.

For about 15 members of the AWA, Appalachian Mountain Club and New England FLOW, the hardest part of the day was getting out of bed! After that, the days consisted of eating, paddling, filling out survey forms, eating, paddling, more forms, eating, and then exhaustively falling back into bed. All courtesy of Union Water Power.

Somehow, we did manage to get work done, including uncovering a relatively unknown Class V hair run on the Upper Magalloway. While we didn't get to paddle this (tons of re-bar from old dams), we got to see it — and for these groups that was enough. Now we want the re-bar out and access to the river, at least under natural high flows.

We also documented a good Class IV run on the lower Magalloway at 1,200 and 900 cfs (below this it quickly becomes a nice but intermediate tandem open boat run), and a booming Class IV run on the Lower Rapid at both 1,300 and 1,800cfs. In the mornings we also ran the Upper Rapid, which is a great

Class III run at the upper flows, but necessitates a long lake paddle and longer shuttle to enjoy.

What we accomplished was to fine-tune the best (subjective?) flows for the Rapid and Magalloway, and to get a feel for how to improve whitewater on these rivers. And AWA will work to get additional releases on the Rapid, new releases on the Magalloway, and the re-bar out of the upper canyon — but don't expect to see season-long flows on these rivers. What each group came away with is an appreciation of the wilderness qualities of the area. And while we can improve whitewater here, no one is interested in creating another Gauley or Kennebec scene. Boaters, fishermen and others will have to work to enjoy these rivers — just like we did!



Photos by Bill Zuzevich

Top: AWA's Rich Bowers on Rapid's "smooth Ledge" rapid

Bottom: First drop on the lower Magalloway — Maine

FERC Upheaval – Major Downsizing of Hydro Staff

In mid-September, Chair Elizabeth Moler announced that FERC's Office of Hydropower Licensing (OHL) would be streamlined (i.e. approximately 30 out of 320 positions would either be terminated or transferred). The reason for this was the decision of Congress to cut FERC's budget request for FY 1997 (both the Hydropower Reform Coalition and Utilities had lobbied for approval of this budget), increasing competitiveness in the electric industry, and a significant drop in new license applications.

AWA is not **optimistic** about this recent development. While the number of applications has dropped, another surge (primarily in the West) is developing for the next five to fifteen years. Less staff means less opportunity to conduct needed studies, address all aspects of river use, and make thoughtful and scientific determinations on future license conditions.

John Clements is now the Director of OHL

Mark Robinson is Director of a combined Division of Project Review and Compliance and Administration

The Division of Dam Safety remains under the direction of Constantine "Gus" Tjomas

AWA would like to congratulate all parties, especially our fellow steering committee members on the Hydropower Reform Coalition – Michigan Hydro Relicensing Coalition and River Alliance of Wisconsin. Thanks also to **Angie Tornes (NPS)**, who helped represent many interests, including whitewater boaters, throughout this process.

Draft Upper Menominee River Settlement Agreement (WI)

In July, Wisconsin Electric, state agencies and non-profit environmental and recreation coalitions reached a conceptual agreement on the relicensing of eight hydropower dams in Michigan's Upper Peninsula and Northeastern Wisconsin.

This draft settlement is unique in that it was done prior to any FERC proceeding. The settlement includes environmental and recreation improvements at Wisconsin Electric's Big Quinnesec Falls, Peavy Falls, Kingsford, Twin Falls, Lower Paint, Hemlock Falls, Michigamme Falls and Way Dam/Michigamme Reservoir Hydro plants.

In return for a 40 year license term, Wisconsin Electric has agreed to:

- Increase minimum flows and better mimic natural flow conditions
- Improve whitewater flows through Pier's Gorge on the Menominee
- Provide intermediate summer whitewater releases on a 1.5 mile section of the Paint (previous flows have eliminated boating on this river)
- Establish new public access areas and recreation facilities
- Develop a water trail along the Menominee
- Protect two large scenic falls areas, one of which is very popular with boaters (this is a significant win as both of these areas are outside of project boundaries)
- Remove Sturgeon Dam immediately, remove Woods Creek Dam within two years of final settlement, and possibly remove Pine Creek Dam at the end of the license

Parties to this settlement include: Wisconsin Electric, the Department of Natural Resources for both Wisconsin and Michigan, Michigan Department of Environmental Quality, US Fish and Wildlife Service, National Park Service, Michigan Hydro Relicensing Coalition and River Alliance of Wisconsin.



After 25 years, we're still putting magic into every canoe we build, magic that turns an ordinary outing into an unforgettable adventure. The magic never wears out. Neither do our canoes.

It must be the rabbit.

Stop by *our* booth at
 American Whitewater Affiliation
 1996 Gauley Festival
 September 21 *and see the magic.*

Mad River Canoe* Waitsfield, VT 05673 • 1-800-843-8985

AWA Acquires River Access!

The American Whitewater Affiliation (with help from the West Virginia Rivers Coalition and Friends of the Cheat) has acquired a piece of land which will provide access to some of West Virginia's most outstanding whitewater rivers.

The land, located in the town of Hendricks, W.V., lies just downstream of the confluence of the Blackwater and Dry Fork Rivers. The Blackwater is one of West Virginia's most demanding and beautiful rivers, offering up to 9 miles of Class N-V whitewater. The Dry Fork is a widely-used intermediate river, with great play features throughout its 12 miles of Class II-IV rapids. In addition, the mouth of Otter Creek (with over 9 miles of Class III-V) lies only one mile upstream. In sum, this land provides egress for over 30 miles of outstanding whitewater.

AWA's River Access Director, Rich Hoffman, believes that this project is an important step to plan for the future of whitewater river access. "Because of the rugged and steep terrain that surrounds whitewater rivers, sites for river access are limited. Acquiring this property will guarantee that boaters and other river recreationists will be able to legally access these rivers in perpetuity," said Hoffman.

The Conservation Alliance (a group of 56 outdoor businesses whose contributions support grassroots groups and efforts to protect wild and natural areas) kick-started AWA's River Access Program with a \$40,000 grant in 1994. Since its founding in 1989, the Conservation Alliance has contributed more than \$1.7 million in support of outdoor conservation causes. According to Conservation Director Rich Bowers, "without the critical support of the Conservation Alliance, this project would have never happened."

Roger Harrison, Executive Director of the West Virginia Rivers Coalition (WVRC), feels that this project will make a stronger link between boaters and the local community. "This project demonstrates the recreation community's interest in stewardship

and willingness to solve land use issues. The current take-out on private property will be inadequate to accommodate the growing number of people who float these streams. This new site will provide a single access point to concentrate river recreation at one location."

Indeed, Hoffman explains that one of the goals of this project is to be proactive—to secure access before conflicts or restrictions occur: "What we're trying to avoid is an access situation like the one at the Numbers of the Arkansas River in Colorado." The put-in for this run, one of the most popular in the United States, was closed after an informal

agreement with the landowner was abruptly terminated. "River access is often arranged through the permission of local landowners. While these arrangements are important, they don't assure long-term access."

Dave Bassage, Executive Director of Friends of the Cheat (FOC), points out that river access is a pragmatic and beneficial use of this land. "This land is frequently inundated by high water. In the past year alone, there have been five substantial floods in the headwaters of the Cheat River. No permanent structure would survive down there for very long."

AWA is looking for other sites to duplicate this effort. So far, AWA, WVRC and FOC have obtained a lease to provide access and parking to West Virginia's Big Sandy and Gauley Rivers. AWA is also working to secure access at numerous other rivers, including Washington's White Salmon River, Colorado's Arkansas River, California's Cosumnes River, New York's Black River, and various rivers in Alabama.

In the near future, AWA's plans for the land in Hendricks, W.V. include providing parking and a gazebo for changing clothes, and working with local agencies on a long-term management solution.

Oregon Navigability!

by Rich Hoffman, River Access Director

This is a big one folks! For those of you who followed the Stream Safety Act in these pages—the joint effort of the Colorado White Water Association and the AWA to pass legislation to clarify the right of downstream passage in Colorado—this issue will sound familiar.

In the 1996 Legislative Session, a broad coalition representing the public interest in Oregon's waterways was successful in modifying a bill (HB 2697) that would have restricted the authority and scope of navigability determinations (Federal Title Test) by the Division of State Lands, and would have restricted recreational use on non-navigable streams. The version of the bill that was passed specified that the State must develop rules, especially with respect to public involvement, for determining navigability (a test used to establish stream bed ownership).

Recognizing that title determinations are costly and can be politically difficult, and that the public was primarily concerned about the issue of access, the State focused the debate to the concept of the "floatage easement." The floatage easement is a state common law doctrine (i.e. created by the courts, not the legislature) that articulates the public right to recreate on rivers

even if the beds and the banks are privately owned (i.e. if the river was determined to be non-navigable under the Federal Title Test).

In Oregon, about a dozen Supreme Court cases address the floatage easement. The Oregon Attorney General summarized the law in a memo that stated:

"The public has the right to float any waterway that could in fact be floated. The common theme of the cases is that the courts view waterways as "public waterways."

The AG opinion goes on to say that it remains an open question whether a boater is entitled to anchor on the river bed, get out and wade in the river bed, or land on the river bank and cast, picnic, camp, scout or portage: "The state's legal position is that, if faced with the appropriate case, the current Oregon Supreme Court could be convinced that the common law floatage easement guarantees boaters each of these rights."

Because of the increasing interest in this issue, in part a result of recent flare-ups between recreationists and landowners, the State called together "navigability stakeholder" meetings to see if consensus between private property interests and river

recreationists could be developed. Because the floatage easement is a common law doctrine that is subject to legislative action, a goal of these meetings was to determine if the groups could agree on whether the legislature should narrow the concept, expand it, or leave the issue alone.

In all likelihood, these meetings will not develop a solution that is acceptable to both sides, and the Farm Bureau will probably introduce legislation in the upcoming session to restrict public use on the beds and banks of non-navigable streams. As detailed in their position paper, the Landowners support the right to float on the waters of the State, and have indicated that they may support a limited right to scout and portage, but that any other use of the beds and banks is unacceptable. They have also indicated that a landowner must provide reasonable portage around such

obstacles as fences, and that the fencing of streams to prevent recreational use is wrong.

Currently, recreation groups are meeting to strengthen the coalition of river recreationists and other public interests. We will be developing a position paper and strategy for the upcoming legislative session in the next months. Please contact Access Director Rich Hoffman if you would like to be involved in this issue at (301) 589-9453. Look for updates on this issue in the future.

Colorado Access Success

In the last update on our Colorado effort, we outlined our efforts to identify and resolve "hotspots" (places on rivers where there have been con-

flicts between boaters and landowners). This summer, the CWWA/AWA team met with a landowners group (the Creekside Coalition) and the Colorado DNR to get down to work.

One of the rivers that we listed as a hotspot has been solved. A dangerous fence across the N. Saint Vrain River is being removed. This is a class III run near Lyons that is probably run mostly in high water years, but is close to the Denver/Boulder metro area.

Jim Scott and John Clark brought this problem to our attention, and the state Department of Parks and Outdoor Recreation staff were able to convince the landowner to remove the fence. Thanks to Jim and John and anyone else that may have helped on this issue.

On a related note, a recent opinion from the Iowa Attorney General offers an interesting counterpoint to Colorado

and Oregon. The Iowa AG states that the public may float on any stream that has "definite banks and bed with visible evidence of the flow of water" (Iowa Code section 462A.69 (1995)), and may engage in activities incident to navigation, including fishing, swimming, and wading. With respect to the fence issue, the Iowa AG opinion states that "Conflict between fence wires and canoeists is easily avoided. Cattle and canoeists tend to seek different areas of rivers and streams. Canoeists generally navigate in the "thalweg," the deepest navigable area of the channel, while cattle instinctively prefer wading the shallows to swimming in current. Fence wires can be insulated to afford boaters safe passage. With simple modifications, livestock 'watergap' fences can be maintained across navigable streams without obstructing navigation."



**Performance You Can Measure
With The Seat of Your Pants**

It's tough to quantify the performance of a boat. You can't gauge it with numbers and graphs. It's the feeling of control and maneuverability you have when you're on the river. It's something you just know.

AIRE inflatable boats give you that gut-level satisfaction. Our boats are designed to serve up high performance that puts a smile on your face and offer bomb-proof durability to keep you smiling for years to come.

TEN YEAR WARRANTY

We know our boats are the toughest on the water and we back it up.

INDUCER AIRCELL SYSTEM

Works like an inner tube in a tire for maximum durability and fast repair.

SEND FOR YOUR FREE CATALOG

AIRE

P.O. Box 3412-NU • Boise, ID 83703
Phone 208 344 7506 • Fax 800 701 AIRC



Congress Mandates Private Boater Access at Gauley

On the last day of the 94th Congress, at almost the last minute, Congress passed and sent to the President a 600 plus page bill containing hundreds of provisions relating to parks and public lands. Among the provisions was a section dealing with access to the Gauley River for private boaters.

The text of the new section is as follows:

"(A) In order to facilitate public safety, use, and enjoyment of the [Gauley River National] recreation area, and to protect, to the maximum extent feasible, the scenic and natural resources of the area, the [National Park Service] is authorized and directed to acquire such lands or interests in lands and to take such actions as are necessary to provide access by noncommercial entities on the north side of the Gauley River at the area known as Woods Ferry utilizing existing roads and rights-of-way. Such actions by the [NPS] shall include the construction of parking and related facilities in the vicinity of Woods Ferry for noncommercial use on lands acquired pursuant to [another provision] or on lands acquired with the consent of the owner thereof within the boundaries of the recreation area.

(B) If necessary, in the discretion of the [NPS], in order to minimize environmental impacts, including visual impacts, within portions of the recreation area immediately adjacent to the river, the [NPS] may, by contract or otherwise, provide transportation services for noncommercial visitors, at reasonable cost, between such parking facilities and the river.

(C) Nothing in subparagraph (A) shall affect the rights of any person to continue to utilize, pursuant to a lease in effect on April 1,

1993, any right of way acquired pursuant to such lease which authorizes such person to use an existing road referred to in subparagraph (A). Except as provided under [another provision] relating to access immediately downstream of the Summersville project, until there is compliance with this paragraph the Secretary is prohibited from acquiring or developing any other river access points within the recreation area."

The good news about this legislation is that private boaters will now have a good legal vehicular access to the Upper Gauley River downstream of Summersville Dam for the first time. The access is exclusive to private boaters. This means that no commercial rafting companies can crowd the private boaters out.

The "exclusively private" provision is a unique idea. No other national park legislation excludes commercial visitors for the benefit of noncommercial visitors.

Another desirable provision provides that, to avoid congestion and other problems, the NPS may operate a shuttle service at this site for private boaters at the Woods Ferry take out.

The bad news in this bill is that the access is at Woods Ferry, several miles downstream of the popular Sweets Falls takeout. Unfortunately the Sweets Falls take out is owned by several raft companies that are unwilling to sell their lands to the Park Service. However, private boaters have traditionally been allowed to take out at the Sweets Falls location and either carry their boats up the steep trail beside Mason Branch (a.k.a. Panther Mountain Trail) or use the AWA/WVRC \$5 shuttle vehicle to have their boats carried out. The raft companies have not indicated to AWA that this permission will be

withdrawn or change in any way in the future.

Another bit of bad news is contained in the last sentence. Apparently this provision is intended to put the screws to the National Park Service which has lagged in its land acquisition work in the Gauley, but it could backfire. The provision prevents the Park Service from acquiring other downstream access points until the Woods Ferry site is purchased. This could cause significant problems, especially if there are unexpected delays in purchasing the Woods Ferry site. AWA urged the sponsor of the bill, Congressman Nick Rahall, to

remove that provision, but Congressman Rahall felt that the provision was necessary in order to light a fire under the Park Service's land acquisition program for the Gauley.

Unfortunately, the bill passed in October does nothing to solve other access and land abuse problems which are becoming an increasingly serious problem in the Gauley River corridor with each year. Every year there are more roads and developments in the corridor. Meanwhile, the Park Service seems powerless to stop the deterioration of the scenic and recreational values of the area.

Metolius River, OR.

In February of 1996, AWA commented on the Metolius Management Plan - Draft Environmental Impact Statement (for copies these comments, contact AWA's Conservation and Access office at 301-589-9453.) The Metolius is a 17 mile Class III run in Oregon, described in *Western Whitewater* as "one of the West's most beautiful and enigmatic waterways." It is designated as Wild and Scenic and is managed by the USDA Forest Service.

AWA had several concerns about the DEIS. Primarily, we were concerned that the public did not have a fair decision making process on the Metolius. None of the alternatives presented in the DEIS were acceptable with respect to human-powered boating on the Metolius. Instead, the public was forced into choosing between management alternatives which attempted to limit or eliminate whitewater boaters from the river. As a result, the public was artificially limited from expressing their views and coerced into alternatives that they might not find suitable.

Another broad concern was that many of the decision making criteria appeared to be based on speculation rather than sound resource management science. For example, the DEIS stated that "there is potential for disturbance to nesting and foraging osprey and eagles in the lower river," and that there is "potential for conflicts between boaters and other river users, particularly anglers." These potential impacts shaped the management alternatives which limited whitewater boating.

Specifically, our comments addressed the following:

The management solution to minimize the "potential for conflicts between boaters and other river users, particularly anglers," was to limit whitewater boating to specific sections of the river and times of the year. We were concerned that whitewater boating was singled out to be limited, unlike other recreational use.

The Forest Service's preferred alternative recommended a permit system that would limit the amount of boaters at 300-500 per season. If instituted, this quota would be the most restrictive in the nation. We commented that the use of the Metolius by

boaters is already low and is likely to remain so because the river is remote, it has a long shuttle, and there is no commercial boating. Again, boaters were the only user group restricted by quotas in the DEIS. In addition, there were no data about current use and impacts to support such a restrictive permit.

The Forest Service identified June 1 through September 30 as the only acceptable season of use for boating. We commented that no reason was identified or substantiated to limit boating use to this window of time, that many boaters prefer to experience the river at different times of the year, and that the DEIS should not limit boating to a particular season.

The Forest Service stated that no wood could be manipulated for boating passage, and that wood accumulation will "eventually make boating infeasible. At that time, the river will be closed by agreement between managing agencies." AWA argued that the presence and accumulation of wood may deter people from boating the river, but that the Forest Service should allow the individual boater to make the decision about whether to run the river or not.

In our comments, AWA recognized that the Warm Springs Indian Tribe does not want anyone to float down the Metolius. We commented that boaters can appreciate the needs of the tribes on the Metolius and their concern for the river; indeed many individual boaters share these feelings. On other rivers, Native Americans have religious rites which may require solitude during certain times of the year. If this is the case on the Metolius, then AWA is willing to address these specific needs, but we do not support the complete closure of the river.

Finally, we commented that Federal and State law and the Public Trust Doctrine maintain the public's right to navigate down rivers. There is precedent in other areas of environmental law that holds that managing agencies must avoid

a substantial impairment of public uses and achieve a fair balance among competing uses.

In response to the comments from the boating community, the Forest Service recently issued a press release outlining significant changes in their management strategy for the Metolius!

Here is a copy of the recent Forest Service press release:

Forest Service Announces at Fall Festival Public Comments Make a Difference in Metolius River Plan

By Rod Bonacker, Sisters Ranger District

In October, 1995, the Deschutes National Forest released a Draft Environmental Impact Statement with a Preferred Alternative for protecting and managing the Metolius River. The Preferred Alternative was crafted by the Inter-agency Team of FS, State, and tribal members to address the issues relating to different resource areas of the River. Boating on the Lower River was, and continues to be, an area of primary concern to the Confederated Tribes of Warm Springs, and the boating actions were designed to address their concerns about trespass and fish habitat in return for removing their intent to ban all boating on the lower river. Unfortunately, Tribal Council would not agree to a proposal that would continue boating. Additionally, from public comment and additional research, we learned that many of our boating action were not feasible or outside our authority to implement. The organized boating community deserves recognition for an excellent job in reviewing and commenting on the Draft Plan. Those of you that belong to such organizations as Amercain Whitewater, Willamette Kayak and Canoe Club and Northwest Rafters Association are well represented by the boards - you are getting your membership monies worth.

Accordingly, we are currently printing the Final EIS which contains a number of changes. We are continuing to negotiate about boating with the Tribes and State of Oregon on a government to government basis. A final decision will be issued sometime next year after those negotiations either produce an agreement or we determine that further discussion outside the legal arena would be fruitless.

For the upper river, above Bridge 99, the plan in essentially as presented in the DEIS - no restrictions on boating; registration to collect user data from Gorge downstream; and some minor wood manipulation to maintain passage.

Several changes were made to boating actions for the lower river:

1. We clearly heard that our user numbers and limitations were not based on adequate data. We have dropped any limits on seasonal or daily use for the present. We will continue to apply a voluntary registration system for all users of the lower river, water and land-based, to collect better information on use patterns, seasons and numbers. We intend to maintain a primitive experience in the lower river, defined by the user's perceptions of solitude.

2. We also heard loud and clear that no agency had the authority to close the river for safety reasons - that provision has been

dropped. We agree that the boaters themselves should decide if the river reaches a condition that exceeds their personal skill levels. We do however, assert that the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act does give the Secretary of Agriculture the authority to take actions, including river closures, if necessary to protect river values. There is no current need or reason to predict a future need to take this kind of drastic action.

3. There are no seasonal closures proposed now. Monty Campground, the most accessible take-out, will be closed seasonally if we cannot maintain an enforcement presence there. A number of options associated with volunteers and the Pelton Dam relicensing process make it more possible that we will be able to extend the operating season of Monty. Otherwise boaters will have to paddle down-lake to Perry South Campground.

4. We will not manage or remove wood from the river below Bridge 99. We will rely on education and minimal hazard monitoring to make users of the lower river aware of the risks, the value of wood as fish habitat, and the Tribal values associated with the river.

If you have any questions, or would like to be on our mailing list, please call or write Rod Bonacker at the Sisters Ranger District, PO Box 249, Sisters, OR, 97759, 540-549-7729.

Argentina Access Closure

In August, Ernesto Cingolani of the Club Andino Bariloche in Argentina informed us that the head of their National Park System prohibited all floating on rivers within this system which include some of the best whitewater rivers in the country.

The reasons: environmental impacts from boating and conflicts with fishermen. After some polite negotiation, the leader of the Park Service suspended the prohibition for one month to allow boaters to suggest alternative management strategies and document impacts.

If you have information or scientific studies about the impacts of whitewater boating, particularly to wildlife, please send them to the AWA and Ernesto Cingolani at cchingo@cab.cnea.edu.ar.

White Salmon River, WA

The Forest Service staff at the Columbia River Gorge National Scenic Area in Hood River, OR are working hard on a land exchange to protect the Wild and Scenic White Salmon River. Approximately 560 to 700 acres will be acquired by the Forest Service in a land exchange with SDS Lumber Company and the Gifford Pinchot National Forest to protect the outstanding values of this Class II-IV 8 mile run. This important land exchange is expected to be completed in the fall of 1997.

Gifford Pinchot National Forest Supervisor Ted Stubblefield indicated that obtaining these lands from SDS Lumber along the White Salmon River is a significant benefit to the public: "The whitewater character of this river is important and it fits the character of the surrounding forest and agricultural lands. The Forest Service will manage these lands in perpetuity in a manner to protect its Wild and Scenic character; and in so doing, we will provide the greatest benefit for the greatest number of people over time."

A sincere thank you to Area Manager Art Carroll, Land Acquisition Officer Ed Medina and Hydrologist Steve Mellor for their hard work and dedication to this outstanding river! For additional information on this exchange, contact Cindy Swanson at 541-386-2333.

The AWA, River Network and the Forest Service are continuing our efforts to secure permanent access to the river at BZ Corners. For additional information, contact Rich Hoffman at 301-589-9453.

Cispus River, WA.

As detailed in last month's Top 40, the Lewis County PUD is applying to FERC to amend their license so that they will not have to provide for public access at the head of the reservoir. (FERC required Lewis County PUD (Public Utility District), through a condition to their license to build the Cowlitz Falls Hydro Project, to provide a take-out at the head of the reservoir as mitigation for the loss of 1.5 miles of whitewater.) The PUD maintains that they have already provided acceptable public access (at a boat ramp facility 3/4 mile down the reservoir) and that it would be unduly expensive (both financially and politically) to acquire the road (currently owned by a variety of timber companies and damaged extensively in land winter's floods). In October, Access Director Rich Hoffman met with Paul Foster, Manager of the Cowlitz Falls Project, to discuss options. For additional information, contact the Rivers Council of Washington at 206-283-4988 or the AWA.

FY '97 Land and Water Conservation Fund Appropriation

At the tail end of the fiscal year, Congress passed an omnibus appropriations measure for fiscal year '97 (FY '97) which includes funding for the Interior Department and related agencies. As part of this bill, Congress appropriated \$149.379 million for the Land and Water Conservation Fund, a fund that is used by agencies for land acquisition, which often includes land which is critical for river access and conservation. This amount was nearly \$50 million more than the House bill and \$22 million more than the Administration's request, and included earmarks for specific projects.

Kraft v. Burr Recision

In April, AWA, Friends of the Rivers of Virginia, and several fishing groups including Trout Unlimited filed an amicus brief to the case of *Kraft v. Burr* before the Virginia Supreme Court. In this case, float fishermen were cited for trespass for fishing while floating down the Jackson River below Lake Moomaw.

For boaters this case is more important for what it did not hold than for what it held. The court stated in that case that, under Virginia law, where a crown grant (from the King of England) deeded the streambed of a navigable river and exclusive fishing rights in the river to a landowner, the successors in title to grantee could enforce those rights against the general public and enjoin the public from fishing in the river over that streambed. The court also held in this case that the mere use of the words "etc." in the deed were enough to signify the crown's intention to grant fishing rights to the landowner. More importantly, however, the case did not involve the right of canoeists or kayakers to float downstream, without fishing, over the privately owned bed of a navigable waterway, and did not affect the public right to float in such circumstances. The case also did not discuss what the court meant by navigability in this context since the parties to the case had stipulated that the stream was navigable.

NANTAHALA OUTDOOR CENTER

THE Whitewater Catalog



800/367-3521
Fax: 704-488-8039
E-mail: storecatalog@noc.com
http://www.nocweb.com

Check us out on the WEB!

Boats, gear and more from the experts
13077 Hwy 19 West • Bryson City, NC 28713



The Same Flood Twice

Statistically, it's not supposed to happen like this. The frequency of a flood is inversely proportional to its magnitude, meaning big floods should only occur infrequently. But this year, the Potomac watershed was hit with two whoppers, one in January (see *March/April '96* issue) and one in September, with crests of 347,000 and about 300,000 cfs respectively.

However, despite having similar flows and occurring in the same year, these floods had important differences. First of all, the floods had different mechanisms. The January flood was triggered by an unusually large snowfall followed by unseasonably warm weather and rain, precipitating an epic meltdown. The one in September was the consequence of the intense rains of Hurricane Fran falling on an already saturated watershed.

These floods were also very different for boaters and river access. As described in the following accounts, boaters were able to get on the river in September and explore their local river, transformed into a raging torrent. And yes, Davey finally got to surf the Perfect Wave.

Not to say that there were not problems. As with any flood, the high water caused much damage and destruction of property. There were also accidents and deaths, primarily from inexperienced and ill-equipped thrillseekers with little common sense.

Consider the following incident from the September flood. On the nearby **Rapidan River**,

two men launched an open boat at 6:30 pm after drinking a few beers, lured by the prospect of high water adventure. Their canoe capsized at the confluence with the much larger Rappahannock River. One of men managed to grab the limb of a tree. He stayed in the tree until 11 am the next morning, when rescuers were able to reach him by boat. His partner was washed 10 miles downstream (that's right, TEN miles) and over a severe low head dam. Miraculously, he survived the swim (he was wearing a life jacket) where he was rescued at 11 pm in the City of Fredericksburg. As a result of this incident, the City of Fredericksburg has discussed instituting a \$1000 fine for anyone entering the river during high water.

It's clear that authorities have many legitimate concerns with high water management. To name a few: the cost of rescue, the risk exposure of personnel engaged in river rescue who may not have proper training or equipment, the problem of receiving false accident reports from bystanders who are not familiar with the sport of whitewater boating, and the limited resources of rescue squads that are expended during a "rescue" or body recovery.

Other accidents and deaths of inexperienced and ill-equipped floaters on streams swollen by Hurricane Fran have sharpened the debate about management policy for river use during high water. One solution that has been suggested by authorities is a closure to all recreational use.

AWA, the Canoe Cruisers Association and local clubs, and the ACA have been following this issue very closely. While we recognize the concerns of the rescue squads, we have pointed out that there is a distinct difference between properly outfitted and experienced whitewater boaters and the inexperienced and unequipped general public. In fact, experienced whitewater boaters frequently assist with education and rescue efforts. In addition, we have argued that high water is not always a good indication for danger; some rivers may in fact become easier during high flows when rapids "wash out."

We are currently discussing ways in which boaters can assist rescue personnel and agencies to improve river safety, including the concept of a "river patrol." We have also suggested alternative management strategies during high water, including an exemption for whitewater boats, and a registration system similar to what currently exists at Great Falls of the Potomac and at the James River in Richmond, Virginia. Stay tuned for more details on this issue in the upcoming months.



The Flood of '96 - The Sequel

by Emmy Truckenmiller

Deja-vu. Who woulda imagined?

Friday night, September 6, the calls started pouring in - the Potomac River in the Washington DC area was predicted to crest around 13 ft (Little Falls gauge). Flood stage is 10 ft. The rains from Hurricane Fran had dumped 14 inches or more in one day on the already saturated Potomac River watershed. Time for some big water boating! But by Saturday AM, the prediction was for 20+ ft!! - higher than the crest stage of the great flood last winter (January 21, 1996; crest 19.3 ft - 347,000 cfs) - bringing visions of all the incidents, adventures, panic, controversy over river access, and, not least, the certain impending devastation to the C&O Canal National Historic Park and Great Falls Park that occurred last time.

By Sunday morning the crest prediction, based on the levels upstream at Harpers Ferry, West Virginia, was for 21-24 ft sometime Sunday evening—much higher than the January flood. Could this really be happening again? The river actually crested at 17.85 ft early Monday morning about 1 AM - about 1.5 ft below the January level. As the waters receded, it was clear that this flood that was different. In January it was cold, the sleet with snow flumes. There were numerous stealth attempts to access the river just to look at it as well as paddle it, US Park Police helicopters were buzzing everywhere all day, and all access points were taped off. Tensions were high between park and rescue officials and those who believe in their right to at least look at the river if not paddle it. This time was different. Here are some impressions and experiences of this summer's flood from myself and area paddlers, including Olympian and World Champion C-1 paddler Davey Hearn whose arrest and court trial for paddling the river in the January flood was the subject of intense controversy (the charges were dismissed by the Federal Judge), and Paul Schelp, who was one of the few to come off the Potomac unscathed in the January flood.

Early Saturday AM, park rangers and volunteers began sandbagging and moving items to higher ground all up and down the C&O canal which parallels the river. The sandbagging around the historical tavern in Great Falls Park Md continued past midnight. That evening I went to the observation deck on the Va side, guessing the level to be about 10-11 ft. It seemed that the park stayed open to visitors longer than usual. It was a beautiful clear night and it would be the last chance to see the river from there for a while- the parks would be closed the next morning for who knows how long, perhaps weeks or months. On Sunday AM, the park was closed on both sides of the river, but I was allowed in the Md side to join in with the sandbagging crew at the Great Falls Md park. The Va side of GF park, which sustained less damage in January than the Md side, did not request volunteer help. Sandbagging, digging, and raking accumulating debris from locks at GF park and elsewhere continued all morning. It was hot and sweaty work, and the donuts were sticky too. Spirits and enthusiasm were upbeat - how else to deal with the knowledge that all the work that was put into restoration from the January disaster was about to be washed away? Also, it was a gorgeous sunny day, and the energy of high water on the Potomac was exhilarating. By around noon Sunday, we had done about all that we could, so, time to explore...

The 50-plus ft walls of Mather Gorge were filled up, and the towpath already underwater. The rangers, who had allowed no one to trod anywhere on park property during the January flood, gave us permission to hike downstream as long as we stayed high (in altitude). So we scrambled up to a trail along the ridge and hiked to a clearing with a rock outcropping permitting an expansive view of Great Falls, the observation decks across the river (now covered with water), S-turn rapid, Rocky Island, and Mather Gorge. There we sat, mesmerized, watching the flotsam - huge trees and logs, a washing machine caught in a debris pile. No, too big - a refrigerator? Maybe a whole side of kitchen, hard to tell. And where the tarnation are all those bright blue barrels coming from? And the 55 gallon drums? We watched their routes through the maw of exploding waves - Great surf! Nice ender!

All day long there was a noticeable absence of helicopters flying all over the place. A good sign. Quite a few other hikers showed up, having accessed the trail from various directions. Unlike during the January flood, neither rangers nor police were restricting access to this part of the park. We headed further down toward the Angler's Inn put-in area about 2 miles from park headquarters where we had been sandbagging. Widewater, a part of the C&O canal which had been dry since the January canal blowout at Angler's, was beginning to fill. Access to the river at the normal Angler's put-in was unrestricted; little kids and dogs were dipping their tootsies into the water. Then we headed back to the high trail leading back to our rock outcropping. Meanwhile...

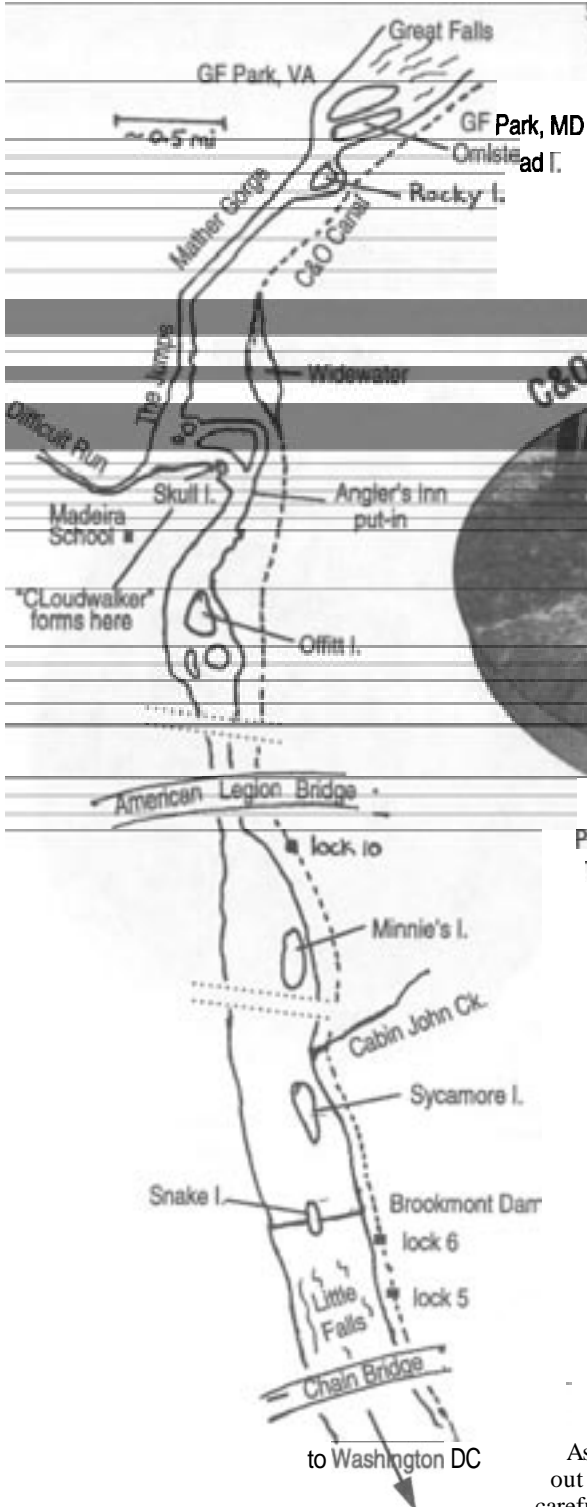
It seemed that a lot of area boaters who may have wanted to paddle stayed away from the river in droves, unwilling to deal with potential hassles. Many were already out of town at the Gauley and didn't know about it.

Sunday AM volunteers sandbagging at GF Park MD



Photo by Emmy Truckenmiller

The Flood of '96 - The Sequel continued



Some helped with sandbagging. Others: "I went rollerblading", "I mowed the lawn". Some did get on...

Jerry Gilligan reported that he put on at Angler's, surprisingly with complete permission from park officials. AWA Vice President Pope Barrow, who was out of town at the time, describes Jerry's run, "He got caught in a HUGE hole and swam but did not die." Jerry describes what actually happened, "I got caught in a HUGE hole and swam but did not die" (Pope, your reputation??). Actually, Jerry, who put on with four others, recounts his run this way, "As we walked down to the put in, a US Park Police officer jumped out of his car and advised us not to get on, but did not stop us. He told us we could take off the river at lock 10. The Little Falls reading was

C&O Canal lock 6, awash in rising Potomac waters

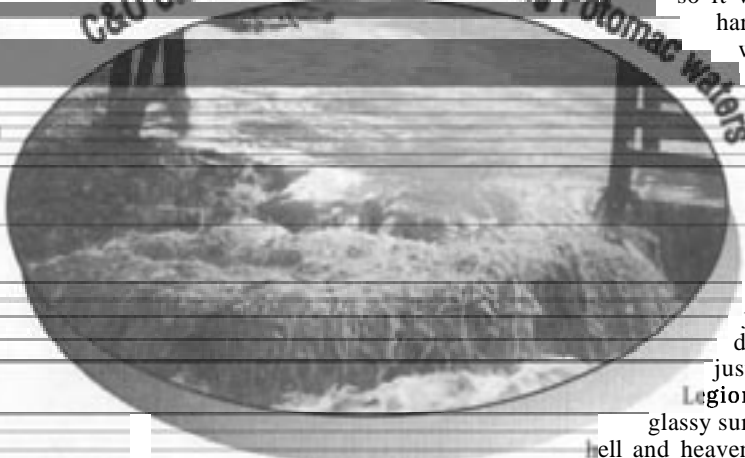


Photo by Emmy Truckenmiller

about 16 ft. The island just below the put-in was completely under water and there were two huge 10-15 ft. curling waves to the left, so it was necessary to ferry out hard from the put in." Jerry was the last of his group to go. He didn't quite make the ferry and dropped into the huge hole where the island used to be. "I got cartwheeled and sucked out of my boat and went deep." But he came up in an eddy, readily recovered his equipment, and rejoined the rest of the group downstream. Further down, just in front of the American Legion bridge, were beautiful glassy surfing waves. "This was like hell and heaven in the same run!" As for

river hazards, Jerry commented, "While paddling, the debris in the river was not really a problem because you're going the same speed. The bridge was the heaviest part of the run - funny stuff there, but not crazy, just a lot of bracing and looking for holes, and swirly afterwards, but nothing serious." At the lock 10 take out, they were confronted by an officer who threatened them with arrest. But he eased off after they explained that they were told to take out there. The bystanders were very excited at the sight of them. "...they were cool - they treated us like we were some sort of celebrities." At about the same time...

Paul Schelp and Gil Rocha, who successfully ran the Jumps section in January (two others in their group were not so successful), were back on again. When the water is high enough to fill the gorge, Great Falls flattens out (relatively speaking), and the gradient is "moved" downstream about 1.5 miles to the Jumps. Usually, even in "normal" high water, the Jumps is a flat mellow stretch and the main Potomac current makes a sharp bend around to the left of Skull Island. At these levels, the massive flow continues blasting straight through, over, and right of Skull Island. Paul recounts, "Gil and I ran from Va Rte. 193 down Difficult Run which enters the main Potomac just below the infamous Jumps rapids, and worked our way down to the classic surfing wave which forms at Brookmont Dam. A walk in the park compared to January, or so we thought..."

"Our commando put-in went off without a hitch. We really had the hang of it by now. As we paddled up the massive eddy on river right at Difficult Run, we surveyed the run-out of the Jumps. The center line, river right of-skull Island, was pretty hairy, but with a carefully executed peel-out, one could aim for the narrow window between the heavy action in the center and the unseen chaos of the flood-channel rapids on the right (aka Cloudwalker). Piece of cake. As I peeled out of the eddy, though, something strange happened. The water level in the heaving eddy just downstream plunged several vertical feet, and the whole eddy started rolling back downriver with me on it, like a suitcase going from the check-in counter down into the dimly lit bowels of the airport. I found myself being sucked towards a cluster of partially submerged, mature Sycamore trees and began paddling like mad just to get away from the trees. The hell with my carefully planned line into the main channel!

"I was accelerated into the foliage and got plastered by the last two trees separating me from open water. It is one bizarre feeling to be pinned on a tree in an eddy with the water going the wrong way!

The Flood of '96 - The Sequel continued

It held me fast for some 15 seconds, then reversed course and sent me back upstream toward the cliff wall at the top of the eddy. I had had enough of that routine and just bolted headlong into the downstream current.

"We knew that some of the waves in the center were cycling pretty bad and occasionally forming horrible breaking hydraulics, with 10-12 foot-high crushing foam piles. And we knew that much of the river dropped out of sight on the right into the Cloudwalker chutes between Skull Island and Madeira School. These were the rapids which had wiped out half of our party back in January. If we went into Cloudwalker today, we were pretty sure that, while the rapids would be smaller, there would be a lot more brush and rocks to contend with than in January.

"So, we headed right for the shoulder of the last big wave train and paddled full-tilt to get left of Skull Island. The pillow in front of Skull was truly grotesque, full of churning root balls and bright blue plastic barrels from somewhere up in West Virginia. But the thought of descending blind down into Cloudwalker was too much, so we pushed left across the front of Skull at all cost. Fortunately, we both made it, and we drifted down towards the American Legion bridge with sighs of relief and a surge of anticipation for the endless-summer surf wave at the dam.

"There's really nothing quite like Brookmont Dam at 16 feet. (The actual plank gauge at the dam was reading about 15.8 feet when we went by).

We had scouted the dam at about 9 AM, and it looked viciously un-surfable. We boated down to it cautiously, ready to take out above it. But the line along the far left was literally class 2, not even a wave. It was so flat here, in fact, that you actually had to crank to surf out to the wave from the eddy. What I remember most is the overwhelming noise created by 300,000 cfs swooping down a low-head dam and crashing back on itself across a 114-mile wide river. It's not the biggest or the steepest or the wildest wave you'll ever surf. But it is almost certainly the most impressive. On the far left, where we eddied out below the dam, there is a smooth, glassy surf zone extending some 50 feet from shore. It was moderately easy to punch upstream from the eddy around the corner of the concrete intake house and ferry out to the wave, at least while you had any energy left.

"Once we got settled on the glassy part, we couldn't help but wonder what it was like out in the breaking part of the wave to your left. It seemed to extend along the horizon into the next county (actually it was the next state!). Rodeo heaven or low-head dam hell? Only one way to find out: have your buddy (Gil) test the waters in his shiny new rodeo boat.

"Rodeo heaven it was! The funny thing was, though, no matter how many times you went into the breaker and got blown out after a couple of moves, you still wondered if it would be a little stickier next time. Nothing like a few butterflies to spice up your surf. Eventually, our energy levels faded and we called it a day.

"We took out at the lock 6 parking lot, literally, without seeing any police. The Lock 6 area was crawling with flood viewers, but no park officials. The only problem was the slalom gate wires hanging across the feeder. Some of the wires were popping wildly in and out of the current, so it was virtually impossible to get through, but easy to avoid by sneaking through the trees on the left or running the main current through Little Falls.

"While we were on the wave, the US Park Police "Eagle" chopper went right over our heads headed upstream without so much as slowing down. (In January, the chopper circled numerous times so close as to nearly blow people off the wave, with bullhorns blasting threats to get off the river.) Also, two staff members working at the intake house stood on the upper deck watching passively. And back up at Anglers Inn, we noticed two boaters putting in at the regular put-in. They said they had parked in the lot, chatted with a ranger, then walked on down to the river. A very mellow day compared to last January!"

And now—what you were all wondering ...would Davey Hearn dare to attempt to get on the river again? and, of all things, SURF BROOKMONT DAM?!? His response: "Of course! Am I not a paddler?" Yes, Davey and friends and fellow paddling family members finally got to surf that Endless Summer Wave to their hearts' content, and much more, as the Potomac neared crest level. See Davey's first hand account accompanying this article.

About the same time on Sunday evening that Davey and friends were getting ready to paddle, I was stalking around locks 5 and 6 looking for photoworthy action. I spotted a person, disguised in pink and yellow river camo, attempting a stealth put-in at lock 6 in plain view of several dozen bystanders, park police, and rescue squad members who were lingering about. His encounter with the officer who rushed over to stop him went on for, I'd say, close to 3 seconds, so they agreed to stage a reenactment so I could get a picture. The officer then radioed out to determine if the Widewater put-in (Angler's, I presume) was still open and suggested he go there. Such a contrast from the scene that occurred at that very spot last January. However, boater-police relations were not 100% rosy—a little earlier in the day, same place...

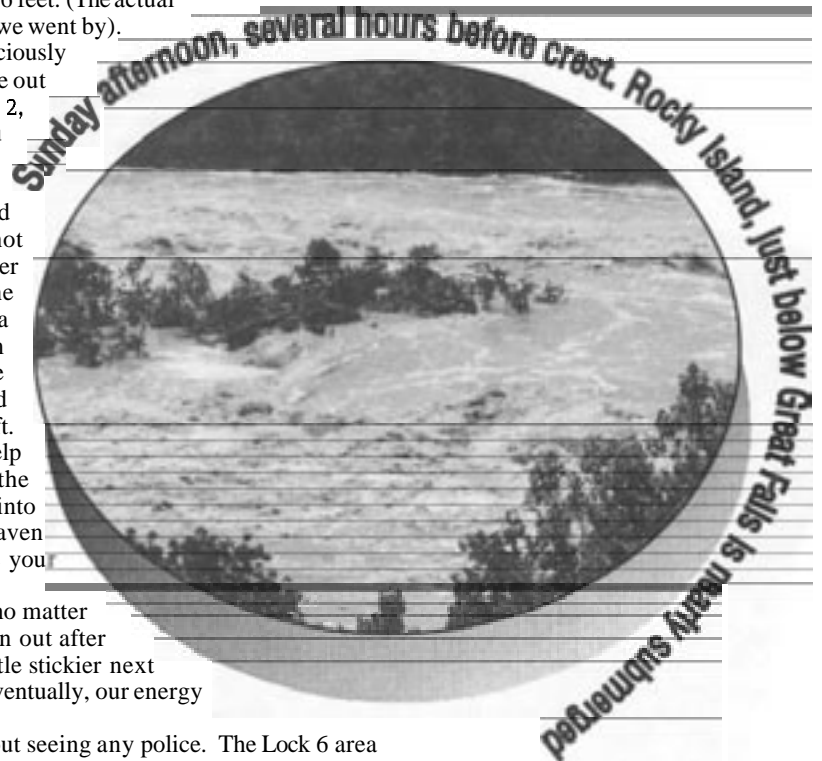


Photo by Emmy Truckenmiller

The Flood of '96 - The Sequel continued

A reliable source described one feisty young kayaker who went to lock 6 looking to put in for his third (or was it fourth?) outing on The Wave. Instead, he found trouble with the authorities— an all out name-calling, sprayskirt-wrenching brawl. But no arrest!

To what can we attribute this remarkable change in scenario? Everyone agrees that nobody wanted the same mayhem and misunderstandings that occurred last time. Davey Hearn adds, "Maybe it's just that it wasn't during a long winter with everyone having cabin fever. Maybe it's something that simple." US Park Police Captain Murphy stated that the policy was a "soft closure" - educating people about the dangers of going into the park but not writing any tickets. The question of river closure above flood stage is currently being discussed in meetings attended by State of Md and US park officials, AWA's Rich Hoffman, and veteran river-saver Steve Taylor. The question was answered for the time being - the river stayed open. Davey hopes that the basic message got across that "this was an example of how paddlers can safely enjoy the river at high levels...What happened in the last two days is more evidence that the river shouldn't be closed to experienced paddlers."

Back to late afternoon Sunday, perched on our river overview in Great Falls Park, Md, we could only speculate who might be paddling where, and what the aftermath of this flood might be. We watched as Rocky Island slowly submerged to its treetops, streaked in golden setting sunlight- which was also soon consumed by approaching thunderheads and lightning, adding to the already surreal vista. A solitary bald eagle flew close by, heading downstream - A good omen? A prompt for wish-making? I wished that the local damage would not be as catastrophic as we all were fearing, that anyone who put on the river would stay out of the newspapers, and for a good beer back in the cooler. I figured an eagle was good for 3 wishes. Next time I'll specify a cold good beer.

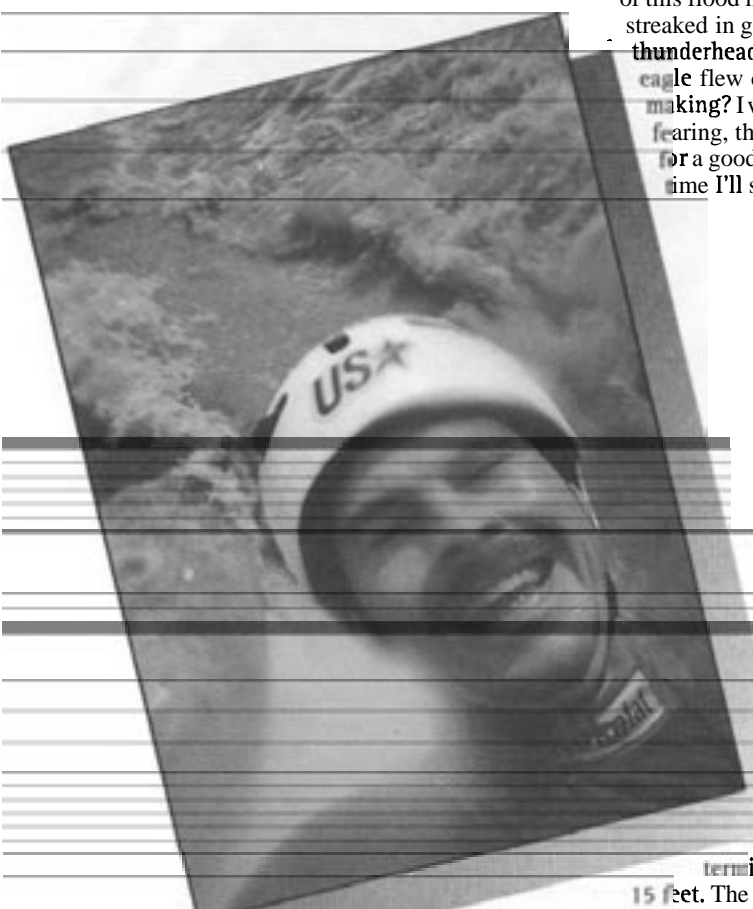
Surfing the perfect Wave, At Last!

by Davey Hearn

Wow, a twenty year flood twice in one year! I wasn't sure if I would ever again have the chance to surf that awesome Wave. The last time, on January 21st of this year, I reluctantly had to pull off after only about ten minutes of action due to authority overload in the area. I could have surfed that wave all day, and given another chance, I fully intended to do just that. The water temperature this time was around was 75 degrees, almost 40 degrees warmer, offering a far greater measure of safety.

The river level in the morning was too low for the wave to be well formed. I wanted a prolonged surf, but did not relish a terminal ride in the nasty hydraulic that characterizes the wave below 14 or 15 feet. The crest was forecast for late Sunday night, and I wasn't free until about 5 PM due to family and post-Olympic activities. By the time our group got organized, loaded boats, and planned our put-in strategy, it was almost 7 PM. Not much light left, but we set off without a hitch down Cabin John Creek, thereby accessing the river without crossing any Federal Park lands. We slalomed through the trees as the torrent of the Potomac, nearing its crest of almost 18 feet, hauled butt towards the Chesapeake.

Sycamore Island was awash. The cabin was partially submerged, so we paddled into the screened porch and out the other side. All seemed well here, so we proceeded down to The Wave at Brookmont. Careful navigation around the C&O side of the dam building kept us out of the restricted area above the dam, and a few quick strokes carried me onto the smooth flat end of the wave. We soon had six of us on at once. Even after it got darker, diffused light from the dam structure helped visibility. Suddenly, a bit before 8 PM, the floodlights went on. We were startled at first, then resumed our hijinks, criss-



Davey Hearn, self portrait, surfing American Legion Bridge

The Flood of '96 - The Sequel continued

crossing paths on the wave and exploring the far end near Snake Island. The wave had breaking foamy areas and smooth glassy places, and we could choose to surf high or low, allowing high speed passes going in opposite directions. It was surfers' paradise, and we shredded to our heart's content. A secondary **wave/hole** was useful for returning to the eddy when we occasionally got blown off the main wave.

Eventually, we decided to cruise **downstream** into Washington DC for a tour of the monuments by night. As our eyes became accustomed to the dark, we could see perfectly well. Little Falls consisted only of swells above Chain Bridge. The streetlights illuminated the crowds, shouting and cheering, as we danced by just a few feet beneath. A huge pillow and reaction wave off the bridge pier looked interesting, but we stayed just far enough away to miss the surf. Below were some **surfable** waves, but we blew off. We then tried to stay upright among the whirlpools, wild boils, and waves in front of Fletcher's boathouse. But again we could not catch the surf. This river just wanted to *go*.

We sighted the Washington Canoe Club and had to ferry determinedly to make it over in time. We stopped to visit the inhabitants and pose for photos. Next stop was the Potomac Boat Club just above Key Bridge in Georgetown. There, after chatting with paddling friends and borrowing film, we paddled into the first floor among the rowing shells stored just inches above the cresting waters. We paddled right up to a phone booth to order up a shuttle to pick us up about 12 miles further downstream in Alexandria, Va.

We were treated to a grand view of the city as we passed the Kennedy Center, Washington Monument, Lincoln Memorial, and Jefferson Memorial. Jets landing and taking off at National Airport gave a thrill reminiscent of Wayne's World as they streaked closely overhead. We passed Hains Point and, finally, after cranking along for a much longer and more fatiguing endurance workout than I had planned on, we spied the lights of Old Town Alexandria far in the distance. By now, several in our party were tucked in behind, riding wake. Takeout prudently took place a couple of blocks before the cordoned off zone, and we met our driver shortly. A very memorable session!

I got home to bed just after midnight to rest up for the next day's assault on The Wave and Mather Gorge. In the morning, Jason Beaks, Kurt Braunlich, and I walked up to Widewater and paddled up the newly rewatered canal to put-in above the Jumps. A bald eagle cruised by overhead— A great omen!

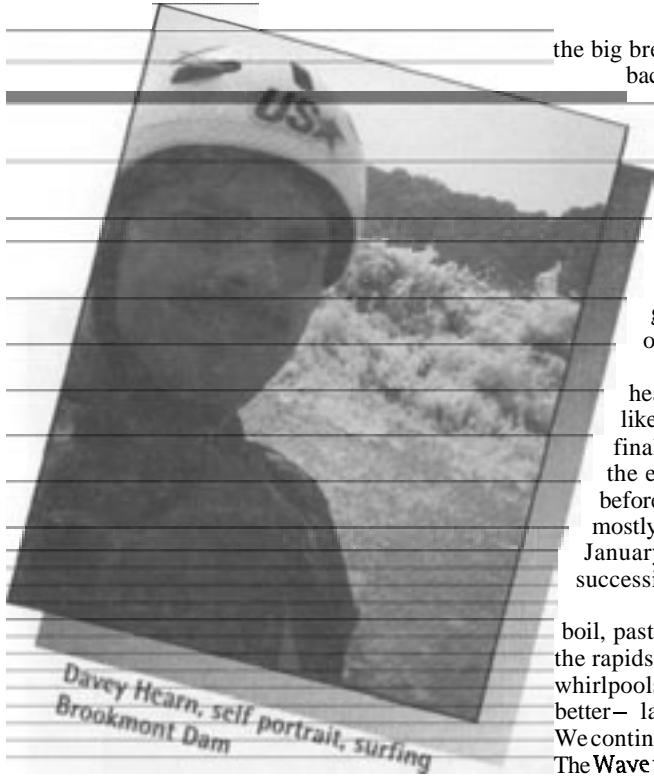
We got in above the stop lock, which was leaking a dangerous volume of water into the lower canal, filling up and overflowing like an old-fashioned bathtub. The upper canal had merged with the river, and the high wall was completely covered. After a few photos, I stashed the camera away to set off toward The Jumps. We knew not to try to eddy out anywhere after Sandy Beach, or risk a hammering on the vertical cycling eddy lines that rim the gorge and guard its currents. One had to stay center and thread the needle between diagonal curlers and boiling recircs. The level was 16.5 ft and dropping, and the waves were huge from Wet-Bottom on down. Intense concentration was required to match the river's relentless monstrous intensity. The three of us weathered the waves and set up the ferry angle to the left to make the slot away from the oblivion of Cloudwalker, just left of Skull Island.

Then Jason, who earlier had premonitions of paddle shaft hairline fractures, tried to surf



Davey and Billy Hearn at Great Falls @ 14'

The Rood of '96 - The Sequel continued



Davey Hearn, self-portrait, surfing Brookmont Dam

the big breaking wave below the Angler's access point. He was forced into a bench-press backstroke brace to recover from the wave crashing on him. His paddle shaft broke.

Fortunately, he was able to retain the long end and continued the trip downstream, albeit handicapped and missing most of the shredding action to come. He had said that he would be ready to tackle the Jumps hands-only. I'm glad this extreme confidence was not tested.

The waves above the American Legion bridge were great surfing, but we didn't stay long. We were more than ready to re-surf The Wave at Brookmont. Once again, we paddled around the building, avoiding the restricted area, and onto The Wave. I snapped photos from the hip while on the smooth parts, and got stills of Kurt shredding the breaking part. Soon we were worn out and took out for lunch.

By 4 PM the level was 14.5 ft, and I joined another wave of paddlers heading for the Gorge. After putting-in at Sandy Beach, we attained up the ocean-like, surging, swelling river-left side, across the Fish Ladder, the Island Channel, and finally to Olmstead Island. Here we hoped to get a view of Great Falls up close, but the eddy was surging so crazily I wasn't sure how we would get back in our boats before swamping. A quieter cove gave shelter. The overlook bridges and catwalks were mostly intact. It was only a month since this area had re-opened after repairs from the January flood. From the overlook on Olmstead Island, we could see the Falls was a succession of huge crashing waves— not as washed out as I would wish to run it!

No more dilly-dallying, back in the boats and down the river left around a huge boil, past the wall and into the gorge. The waves were smaller than in the morning, but the rapids were more chaotic and unpredictable. We avoided Jason's wave, and rode huge whirlpools at the top end of Offut Island. The wave above the American Legion Bridge was better— large enough to completely hide the surfer from view of the paddlers in the eddy. We continued on past the bridge through rough unsettled waters and onward to Brookmont. The Wave was too

low for safe surfing, so we sneaked around it and caught the wave that formed behind the rubble dam. This ride was great, and took us over to Snake Island, where we attained up to the far end of it. I dreamed The Wave would form larger Tuesday. But alas, the river dropped too fast, leaving a surging wave of memories of which I had dreamed since January.



Silvan Poleroy, Jon Altman, Cathy Hearn, Billy Hearn, Davey Hearn

Kurt Braunlich on The Wave at Brookmont Dam



CATA-KAYAK RESCUE

Improvising Emergency Evacuation

by Juliet Jacobsen Kastorff

After twenty-five years of teaching and guiding, you would think that nothing messes with the trademark calm facade of Ken Kastorff. But if you ask Kastorff what he worries about on the river the calm facade behind those Killer Loop glasses is betrayed. Forget making sure everyone has their equipment along for the day...or catching shuttle rides...or lunch. What causes the biggest sleep loss?

"It is the possibility of a paddler getting hurt on the river and not being able to walk them out", muses Kastorff.

Wait a minute: This does not sound like road-side boating on the Ocoee River!

When you are organizing trips in places like Costa Rica, Chile and Ecuador you must think beyond where the nearest **McDonalds** is located. "I spent many nights wondering how I would get an injured person out of places like the Upper Pacuare of the Cien Saltos Canyon, where you could not easily walk them out," confesses Kastorff.

From such restless nights evolved a rescue system for getting the wounded off the river: the Cata-Kayak Rescue. "I had it in the back of my mind that this would be the way I could get someone out if there was an emergency," states Kastorff the dreamer. Dream it up, but has it been tested?

Scenario One: It is a great day on the Cien Saltos section of Chile's Bio Bio River with the "Flyboys"—a trio of brothers who can paddle boats like they fly their planes. They are shredding it up in a great hole. With an instinct honed after many years of guiding, when one of the flyboys comes out of the hole, Kastorff is after him, before he has even rolled. It's a dislocated shoulder, the most common injury found in kayaking. Most boaters have a hard time paddling after such an injury occurs. In this case even after reducing the shoulder, the victim's condition is not favorable for paddling out of the canyon.

Scenario Two: A day on the Pacuare River in Costa Rica climaxes with Dos Montanas rapid. The group is primed to run the main line. Things get exciting. One boater probes a particularly good hole. When she finally pulls the cord, she comes out with three broken fingers. Certainly not able to paddle for another two miles.

What are the alternatives in the above situations? According to Kastorff, the ideal alternative in both situations would have been to walk the paddler out. But in both situations this was impractical. This is where Ken's "dream rescue alternative" came to be used. Once constructed, paddling off the river in the Cata-KAYak is again an option.


The construction:



1. Gather two boats, two paddles, two ropes and a break apart paddle.

From such restless nights evolved a rescue system for getting the wounded off the river: the Cata-Kayak Rescue.

AWA SEEKS EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR



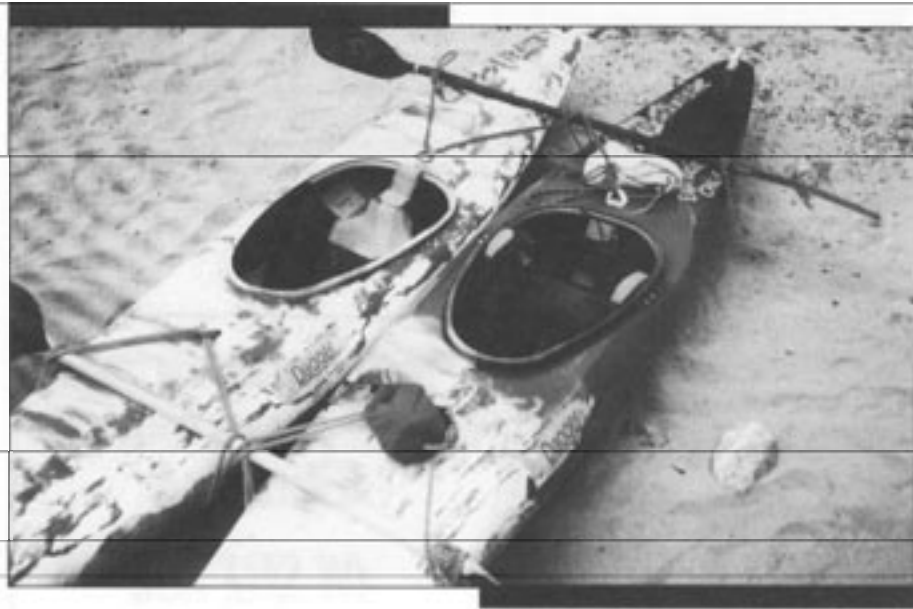
American Whitewater is seeking an Executive Director to lead and manage its national river conservation and access, events, safety, publications, communications, and fund raising programs. The ED will report to the AWA Board, supervise a staff of four, implement AWA's Strategic Plan, and participate in carrying out program activities. Business management, fund raising, people skills, conservation commitment, ability to supervise, and a passion for whitewater recreation are prerequisites. Maturity, drive, and substantial accomplishments are requirements. Use of modern communication techniques, such as e-mail, is a must. Starting salary commensurate with abilities but is anticipated to be about \$40-45K. Send a resume and letter explaining how your skills and experience would fulfill AWA's immediate needs for leadership and growth to: Ric Alesch, President, AWA at 1430 Fenwick Lane, Silver Spring, MD 20910, by November 25.

AWA SEEKS EVENTS MANAGER

The American Whitewater Affiliation (AWA) is seeking an events manager to lead and coordinate its national whitewater events program. The events manager will promote AWA, work to increase membership, and raise money for conservation and access through a variety of whitewater events such as rodeos, races, and festivals. The EM assists AWA staff and local volunteers in planning, scheduling, siting, organizing, and promoting the National Organization for Whitewater Rodeos and other AWA whitewater events. Applicant's knowledge and skills should include business management, people skills, event

management, writing skills, fund raising, a good basic knowledge of river conservation and access issues that need funding, and literate computer skills. Time commitment will vary from 20-50 hours per week, but is expected to average about 32 hours per week during the year. The EM must be a self-starter and be able to work with a lot of independence. Salary is expected to be about \$20-24K depending on experience. Send a resume and application letter explaining why you would be best for AWA's events manager position to: Ric Alesch, President, AWA, 1430 Fenwick Lane, Silver Spring, MD 20910, by November 25.

2. Put the two boats side by side and place the two paddles at opposite ends of the boats to provide maximum stability. One paddle should be placed midway behind the back of the cockpit and the stem loops, the other between the front of the cockpit and the front loops.



3. Lash the paddles to the boats, looping the rope around the paddle, to the boat, to the paddle and then around again. If the boats have security loops, these can be used to provide tighten up the cross lashing. If the boats do not have security loops, run an extra lashing between the boats, from the front paddle to the rear paddle. Pulling the two paddles together will tighten the cross lashings and stabilize the boats.

4. Set the injured paddler in one boat and close the sprayskirt around the cockpit. The rescuer paddles the second boat with one half of the break-apart paddle. Fashioning a t-grip to the end of the paddle makes for a more comfortable hand positioning.





What makes the Cata-Kayak work so well is that it offers a stable platform that can be controlled through whitewater rapids. Even so, Kastorff emphasizes that there are several points that must be kept in mind:

1. It is always better (if possible) to walk the victim out.

2. If you have to use this method, use common sense about what is **runnable** in this apparatus. (In one particular rescue, we dropped an injured paddler off to walk around a Class IV rapid, while another paddler got in the boat. Have the injured paddler walk any large rapids if possible.)

3. The rescuer must feel skilled at ma-


neuvering a strange craft.

4. It takes a fair amount of strength to move the boats around. The helmsman must be able to read the water well because it takes much more time to maneuver with power on only one side.

5. Reasonably open water that can accommodate a cata-kayak system is best. If you are in tight technical water, the system will not work as well. However, this ultimately depends on the river, the skill of the rescuer and how important it is to get downstream.

6. Having other safety boats in close proximity is advisable. As long as you are taking conservative routes and a conservative attitude toward the rescue, a flip should not be a problem. (Murphy's Law here)

Kastorff's Conclusion? In a remote or expeditionary situation, getting someone to medical help is critical. Keeping the above in mind, the rescue system has been tested and works. In both situations, several Class III rapids were negotiated with the injured paddler and without difficulties. In both of the tested cases it turned what could have been a very uncomfortable four to five hour hike (at best) into a short paddle out to medical attention.



**CANOE
AND KAYAK
TOURING
OUTFITTERS**


DRY BAGS • PFD'S •
INFLATABLES •
NEOPRENE CLOTHING
• ACCESSORIES

PLUS:


- BACKPACKING
- FAMILY CAMPING
- RUGGED CLOTHING & FOOTWEAR

NAME BRANDS AT
THE LOWEST PRICES

CALL OR WRITE FOR
OUR FREE CATALOG



For a Free Catalog,
Call 1-800-230-2151
or write
PO BOX 700-AWA
SADDLE RIVER, N.J.
07458-0700



Featuring music from:
The Neville Brothers, Blind Lemon
Stereo MC's, Waterhead Park,
The Blind New Heavens & more

**PERFECT
CHRISTMAS
GIFT!**

**ON SALE NOW
ONLY \$19.95!**

(orig. list \$24.95) 32min. VHS

"...top notch whitewater footage."
"... a rollercoaster ride."
- Paddler Magazine

Fast action and great music come
together in this new whitewater
Rafting and Kayaking Adventure.
This award winning video is a MUST
for anyone who enjoys the river.

To order, send \$19.95 + \$3.75 shipping & handling to:

River Coyote Productions
2261 Market Street #319, San Francisco, CA 94114
Call (415) 436-9670 for Rush or Credit Card orders
Dealer Inquiries Welcomed

WOOD PADDLE MAINTENANCE

by Keith J. Backlund

The most important detail of wood paddle maintenance is keeping the surface coating intact. Nearly all of the woods blended together in a laminated paddle are woods that will rot easily if water seeps into the paddle. Any scratch or nick that cuts through the surface finish will soak up water. Over time this will allow the paddle to weaken and finally break. Resealing any surface nicks in the varnish can triple the performance life of a wood paddle. The finish should be resealed anytime the surface coating is worn through to bare wood. The time required for regular maintenance far outweighs the cost of a new paddle.

A very durable coating system for wood paddles is a two part system - an epoxy base with varnish over the epoxy. Epoxy is an excellent coating in terms of its ability to seal and waterproof wood. One application of epoxy over bare wood provides a coating nearly as thick as three applications of varnish. However, epoxy alone is not adequate protection for any wood exposed to direct sunlight. Exposure to ultraviolet light will gradually break down the epoxy. The easiest solution is to cover the epoxy with at least three coats of a high gloss polyurethane varnish. A high gloss finish helps to reflect the potentially damaging ultraviolet rays. The varnish also contains ultraviolet filters which, like a sunscreen, add more protection from the harmful light rays. So - epoxy coats the wood and varnish protects the epoxy.

To begin the maintenance work, allow the paddle to dry for several days in a warm, low humidity room. Mix the epoxy in a Solo plastic party cup. You will also need several clean paper towels for wiping the dust off the sanded paddle.

Examine the paddle carefully for any nicks or gouges in the varnish. Black lines or gray spots are big warning signals that dry rot has made a home for itself in the wood. However, it is not necessary to sand the whole paddle down to bare wood just to refinish it. Instead take a piece of 80 grit sandpaper and sand through any spots of the damaged varnish to expose fresh, clean wood. Sand over these areas again with a piece of 220 grit sandpaper to polish the wood. Sand all of the damaged areas before you mix the epoxy.

Wear disposable gloves while mixing and using the epoxy. Once mixed, the epoxy will set up in 15 to 20 minutes. You have to be fairly quick to apply the mixed epoxy over the sanded areas before it begins to cure. Paint the exposed areas in a uniform layer with a small brush. After the epoxy has been applied, let it cure overnight in a warm dry room, not too close to a heat source.

If you do not opt to strip the varnish off the whole paddle, be very careful not to sand the fiberglass layer off the blade surface. Sand only the shaft and the edges of the blades. After the varnish is stripped, allow the paddle to dry for several hours in a warm area with low humidity, out of direct sunlight. Then coat the edges of the blades and the shaft with a freshly mixed batch of epoxy. On kayak paddles, start at one end, paint the edges and work down the shaft to the center of the paddle. Flip the paddle around and repeat the process, painting the epoxy down to the center of the shaft. Do not paint epoxy on the glass covered areas of the blade surfaces. There is enough epoxy in the fiberglass layer to adequately protect and reinforce the blade surfaces. Additional epoxy will not add much strength to the glass layer but it will add unwanted weight that can throw off the whole balance of the paddle. Lean the paddle up in an undisturbed corner and coat the area in the center of the shaft where you were holding the paddle. Allow the epoxy to cure overnight.

After the epoxy has cured, lightly sand the patches, or the whole new epoxy coating, with 80 grit sandpaper. Polish the whole paddle with 220 grit sandpaper. Avoid sanding through the old varnish or new epoxy layer. If you do sand through to bare wood, **recoat** any exposed areas with another application of epoxy. Try to sand away any traces of gloss of the old varnish coating. Wipe away any traces of sanding dust with clean paper towels. Let the dust settle before you paint on the new coat of varnish.

Get ready to varnish. Use a pair of disposable gloves and put the varnish container on a stable surface where you can comfortably dip the brush into the

varnish cup.

Polyurethane varnish sets up quickly on the surface to which it is applied. It is important to flow on a uniform coating by lightly dancing the tip of the bristles into the varnish coating and up and down the surface of the paddle. Too thin a coating leaves dry spots or "holidays". Too thick a coating will make sags and drips. Do not linger in any one area and do not over brush the varnish. Again on kayak paddles, paint one blade from the tip of the blade, both sides and down the shaft, flip it around and varnish the other end. Walk it over to a convenient corner and lean the paddle up as nearly vertical as possible. Paint in the unvarnished area where you held the paddle. Be careful to do your varnishing in an area where other people will not be exposed to the odor as the varnish cures. Some people are sensitive to uncured varnish, and it may cause a severe allergic reaction.

Allow the varnish to cure 8 to 12 hours before applying another coat. If you're in a **hurry**, one coat is better than nothing. Three coats are highly recommended for ample protection. Lightly sand each new coat with 220 sandpaper before applying the next coat of varnish. Some polyurethane may require three to four days for the final coating to harden to its maximum wear resisting properties. If you paddle with a one to two day old coat of varnish, it may easily gouge or scratch.

To keep the surface coatings in good shape, it's a good idea to watch where you put your paddle: Casually dropping it, throwing it on shore, tying it directly to roof racks or jamming it into your boat or vehicle will help to wear through the varnish quickly. Wood paddles often receive the most abuse traveling to and from the river.

Editor's Note: Keith Backlund is one of the world's foremost makers of hand crafted wood paddles. He is currently offering one week long personalized courses in paddle crafting and developing a new "Viking" line of synthetic paddles, with blade shapes based on his classic wood designs. He can be reached at (301)253-4947, 26115 Clarksburg Road, Clarksburg, MD 20871.

Overnight on the Gaps

I'm sitting on my couch looking at a picture. In the foreground there's a rapid, in the background there's a toothpick, and on the toothpick is a brown speck. So what? Well, the toothpick spans a river and the speck is a huge brown bear. As for the rapids, well, I can only recall a long flat pool between us and that bear.

Exploring California's

It had been that kind of a trip. I'd already been in California a week and a half and was getting beat up on the easy stuff. Then I found myself on the Generation Gap section of the North Fork of the American River. I'm convinced that California rivers are rated according to the amount of ibuprofen required to survive them. This river was requiring a lot of it. For the first time in my life I was having to use medication to save my vacation. I was feeling kind of like that tree with the bear parading across its back.

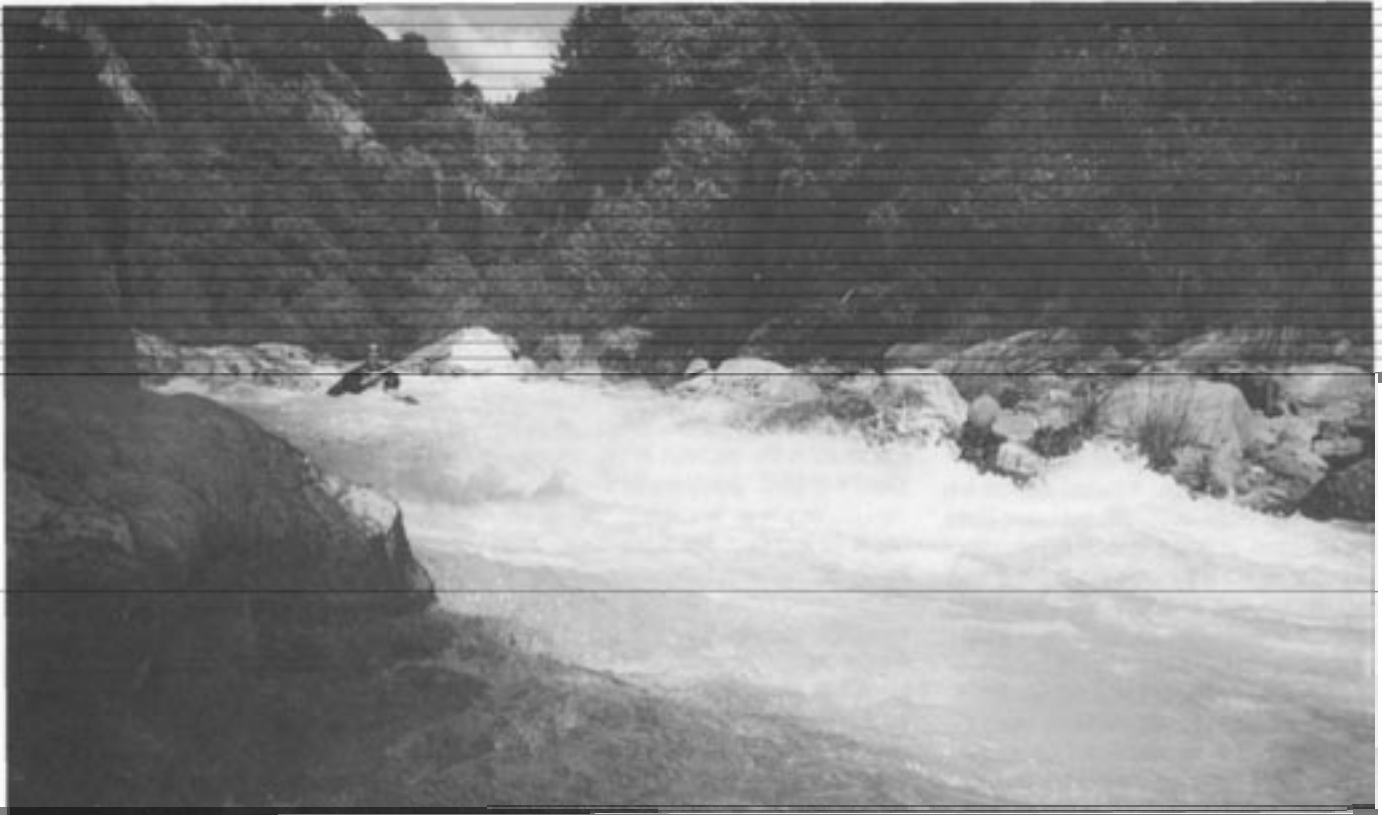
North Fork of the American

My partner in this adventure was fellow AWA Board Member Barry Tuscano. I'm sure we'd paddled together in the past, but I couldn't remember where or when. Generation Gap would be the 3rd paddling day of his vacation, at what we were told would be a perfect 1000 cfs.

by Lee Belknap



A medium size log.



Barry preparing to punch a hole.



Generation Gap

Our plan was **simple**. We would carry camping gear in our boats, run shuttle the day before and camp at the **Beacroft** Trialhead. Early the next morning we would drag our fully loaded boats three miles down to the river, and make the Class "II-IV" run, camping twelve miles later near the Eucre Bar Trail (the start of the Giant 6ap section.) Did I say simple? It was anything but simple.

We'd heard horror stories of **panniers** having to bushwhack to the water, **having** lost the trail. Just before it **dropped over** the edge, the **trail** crossed a **large ditch**. We noted a faint path down the ditch and decided to try A Bingo. Soon we were on a very obvious trail fighting to keep our boats on the trail.

Because the trail ran **along** the **steep** side of the wooded canyon, our boats **would** frequently slide **off** the trail as we towed them, presenting themselves sideways to the woods. I found myself off the edge of **the trail**, hands on **the** cockpit rim, pushing it like a bobsled. Half way down the canyon wall the woods got more humid and mosquitoes came out. Poison **Oak** became the prevalent underbrush and **guiding our**

loaded boats became real **complicated**.

Unfortunately, we hiked a little too far. Instead of sliding off a rock and into the river (like in the guidebook), we had to wade through a Poison Oak forest to a **cliff**, where we delicately roped our boats down a tiny, but beautiful, waterfall.

Sore and tired from the long haul, we found ourselves relaxing in a spectacular **box canyon**. We could see a waterfall **at the** top and the **magnificent** rack walls surrounding us. We had passed through hell and found ourselves in a wilderness heaven. The first few miles were simple and **scenic**. The rapids were rocky **with** water **crashing** over **small ledges** and into boulders. The banks were steep rock **walls** that ascended to a thick forest.

After a few miles we came to a bigger rapid — or was it just a rock pile? We scouted, looked at our heavy boats, mine with an old fashioned pointy nose, and decided to pass on **it**. Besides, this looked **like** a good lunch spot. As we carried our boats over the rocks at the **edge** of the riverbed, we had to thread our way through a sieve of 3 inch diameter trees that shouldn't have been there. They had grown during the drought a few years ago, then **been** toppled, but not **destroyed**, by **flood**.

After a snack and nap, we resumed **our** **trip**. We found ourselves navigating steeper drops with plenty of holes to avoid or crash through. Quick turns to avoid nasty **stuff** were the norm. Barry's loaded rental creek boat kept showing off **its** tail ending skills, while my boat **kept** to the surface with its own bag of tricks. Many times I careened **to-**wards a large **boulder** or canyon wall, **fight-**ing to **go the other** way, only to spin out on an unseen boll or eddy line. Several anxious moments later my **fight** with the boat would end and I would continue on my way to safety.

Near the middle of the day we noticed a horizontal log a good **fifteen** feet above the river. It was about 8 feet in diameter and made an excellent bridge. We were relieved that we missed the flood that delivered it there. Suddenly **Barry** yelled "**Bear!**" and tumbled for his camera. I soon **spotted the** source of his excitement. The **bear** was strolling across the log like it was a **side-**walk. Not once did it look up at us and soon it disappeared into the woods. As I mentioned earlier, I still, to this day, **only remem-**ber a **flat** pool leading to the log. By Barry's picture I stand corrected... there was a **rapid** there.

Generation 6ap featured several box

canyons and all were spectacular. It was on one of the many scouts in one of these that we found ourselves above two gnarly drops with no easy portage. In the first most of the water started on the far right and careened across the river between two monster ledges. The upstream ledge had a huge hole and there were rocks and holes and all kinds of mean and ugly things on the downstream side. Then was a nice tongue through it on the left side of the river. Below this was a boiling, fast moving pool with a few eddies, then the second drop.

The second drop had 2 doors and we were having a hard time determining what was behind each. From river left we couldn't see very well. It looked like the one on the right could be boofed, but were there rocks there? It was a substantial plunge. The door on the left looked like it might feed into an undercut, boulder sieve, some other unpleasantness, or a clean chute. I tried to move farther downstream but the extremely steep, briar infested hillside didn't offer much hope. I returned to my boat, passing Barry on his way to try the to scout. While I was getting into my boat, Barry returned to report that the left side would be the better choice.

We met in the eddy on the other side and I watched Barry enter the first drop with an extreme left ferry, but not extreme enough.

From my vantage point I looked like he might have been blown into the boulders that made up the downstream side of the tongue. The thought of him in there, or in the hole, wasn't very appealing, so I made sure I entered higher, narrowly avoiding the upstream surf on my way across the river. I flew off the end of the tongue and began my left turn over the lower ledge. Bulls eye. It wasn't as hard as it looked, when entered correctly.

Now I could relax and look for Barry. He wasn't visible in the hole and I couldn't see him lodged in the boulders, so I scanned the bowl between the two drops and found him safely in the shadows of the canyon, camera in hand. Somehow he'd managed to fight his way back on course. Now all we had to do was to paddles through door number 2. My stomach started knotting up again. I hadn't seen this drop myself and was going on faith. Barry disappeared around the corner and I followed right down the middle. The chute curved slightly right and my nose hit an unseen rock. A final crash through the bottom wave and I was home sweet home.

Later we came to another wild drop. Scouting revealed a fast tongue bouncing straight into a cliff that jutted into the river from the right. The water then finished an '8' into a 4 ft. ledge, that beckoned us to

drop in sideways. We looked at our heavy boats, felt the fatigue of a long day, and started our last carry. Barry carried about twice as far as I did so he could put back in at river level. I found a 'V' shaped ledge and prepared to drop in from 10 feet high. After carefully looking into the crystal clear water, I pushed off. The sides of the boat stuck to the sides of the 'V' and the boat pivoted straight down. Despite my careful look, there must have been a small shelf on the wall deep down, because I hit hard. With sore toes plus a newly flattened nose, I paddled out into the current.

A short time later the footbridge at our camp came into view. But there was one more innocent looking rapid. Barry ran first and tail ended in a steep little hole at the bottom. I took note and boat scouted a little more.

Barry seemed to motion right, but I later discovered he was actually trying to motion left. From above the right did look like a perfectly good way to go, sort of like the top of Entrance on Section IV of the Chattooga. But after I entered I quickly discovered a series of holes coming off the right bank. I should have picked one and surfed it, instead I tried to snake between the last hole and a pillow. Barry asked me later exactly when I knew I was done for. This was the moment.



Barry in his submarine.



The infamous "ledge" in Giant Gap.

Instead of bouncing off the pillow, I dropped sideways over it into the meat of Barry's tail **ender hole**. Instinct took over and I fought it until I was completely out of breath. **Huffing** and puffing, I could only get half way out. I flipped a few times and was sucked back into the hole. I started looking for options and found none. **After** a three mile hike with a loaded boat, **twelve** miles of tough river, three portages, and several scouts, I was just too tired for this.

As I prepared for my disgrace, my luck changed, thanks to an unlucky **grizzly** bear who had fallen into the rapid. He was swept right into my hole. He knocked me out and I easily paddled to shore. As I got out of my boat for a better view, I twisted my knee. The bear finally came out of the hole, **obvi-**ously too whipped to harm us, so Barry nudged him to shore with his boat. After a few minutes of rest the bear thanked us for the rescue and went on his way. I thanked him for **preventing me from swimming** and then limped into camp, where my boat was waiting.

(Editor's note: It's a good thing that bear came along, because AWA Board members never swim!)

THE GIANT GAP

Day two on the **Giant** Gap section was easier and less spectacular, but I was glad. We were extremely sore and walking was very painful. **Scouting** wasn't much of an op-

tion **anyway**. **Because we knew that every-**thing should be runnable, having talked to paddlers who'd been through Giant Gap a couple of days before, **we were** able to **make due with piece meal scouts**. **We kept remembering the report in the guidebook suggested that paddle rafts bomb down this stretch with abandon.**

On one occasion we found ourselves **deep in another box canyon**. **The riverbed** was **lettered** with many large boulders and **there appeared to be a eight foot river wide ledge at the bottom, presumably feeding an unpleasant hole**. **Scouting left Barry confident in a route** through down the left, with a last minute hook. I was not so sure. Barry went first. I couldn't see if he hooked between the two boulders or to the left of both. I started my run, aiming between them. Barry made a **signal suggesting the farther left route**. Alas, that **disastrous question that every paddler faced from time to time**. Turn left immediately, or turn right immediately? **No time to think, just choose**. I was already lined up **for the slot**. Abort? End up in **what might be a river wide hole...**

I looked back at where I had just run. **The slot I chose ended with several closely spaced meat cleaver rocks**. There was **very little room for a boat**. **But the tongue I had taken had been sweet**. This time I was glad I trusted Barry's signal.

In the middle of the run was Giant Gap. And, **indeed, the mountain at the entrance to the gap sure looked like a giant's head**. Half way through the gap we came upon our

worst **nightmare**: a box canyon with a river wide waterfall. The only eddy had a sling attached to the wall. There was a **narrow shell** that, with some trouble, I was able to climb onto to scout. I couldn't see the whole rapid very well, but there was only one choice. As we paddled down the left the current cooperated and allowed us unimpeded access to the right edge, where a perfect tongue awaited us. One crashing wave at the **bottom** and we were home free. It may not have been difficult, but it was still hard to believe that this nasty mess could be considered a class IV.

We reached the takeout early in the afternoon and quickly loaded up. **Some boaters putting in at our take out suggested we could cut off many shuttle miles by taking back roads**. They mentioned a dirt road and we had a map that "showed the way". We soon found ourselves using the 4 wheel drive on Barry's rental sport utility vehicle. The road didn't follow the course outlined by the map and we found ourselves circling a small lake. **Fifteen minutes later we were back where we started**. This time we used the paved roads to find my van.

As Parry hurriedly departed to return his rental boat before closing time, I limped back to my van and noticed, for the first time, the bear tracks on my windshield, ... and my hood, ... and my back window, ... and my roof! I glanced at the spot on the ground where Barry had slept two nights before and amused myself thinking of the possibilities while I started my dinner.

**Remos
Tropicales**



Hand-Crafted Wooden Paddles and Kevlar/Carbon Helmets
for dealer inquiries call:
770.390.0900

Introducing... The **Stiletto** Inflatable Kayak



Inflatable Kayaking has been taken to a new level!! The Stiletto is downright hydrodynamically proper & criminally fun - coming soon to a drop near you!

WaterShed River Sports

11145 - 120th Ave NE • Kirkland WA 98033

(206) 828-4075
Dealer Inquiries Invited

STEEL CREEKIN... KEYSTONE STATE STYLE



Glenn Schaffer running a three tiered drop.

■ Jim Stracka running a three tiered drop.

Jim Stracka on the third tier.

Pocono Loco?

Story and photos by
Terry Roller



Totally stupid! This thought clouded my mind as I fought not to lose the grip on my boat. Rather than allow my boat to go over the 40' plus drop on its own, I chose to portage the steep and rugged mountain side. Experiences like this are just part of paddling creeks not listed in the guide books.

Paddlers willing to spend the time studying topographical maps and foot scouting can still find new and excellent runs. This is

how Jim Stracka discovered the two exceptional creeks we paddled in the fall of 1996. While traveling the state of Pennsylvania for his job, Jim is always on the lookout for creeks and streams with excessive gradient.

Today, Jim's research led us into northeastern Pennsylvania. Individuals familiar with Pocono plateau know it drops sharply through the Delaware Water Gap Recreation Area.

At the first put in, I looked down stream and saw that the creek immediately plummeted over a six-foot ledge.

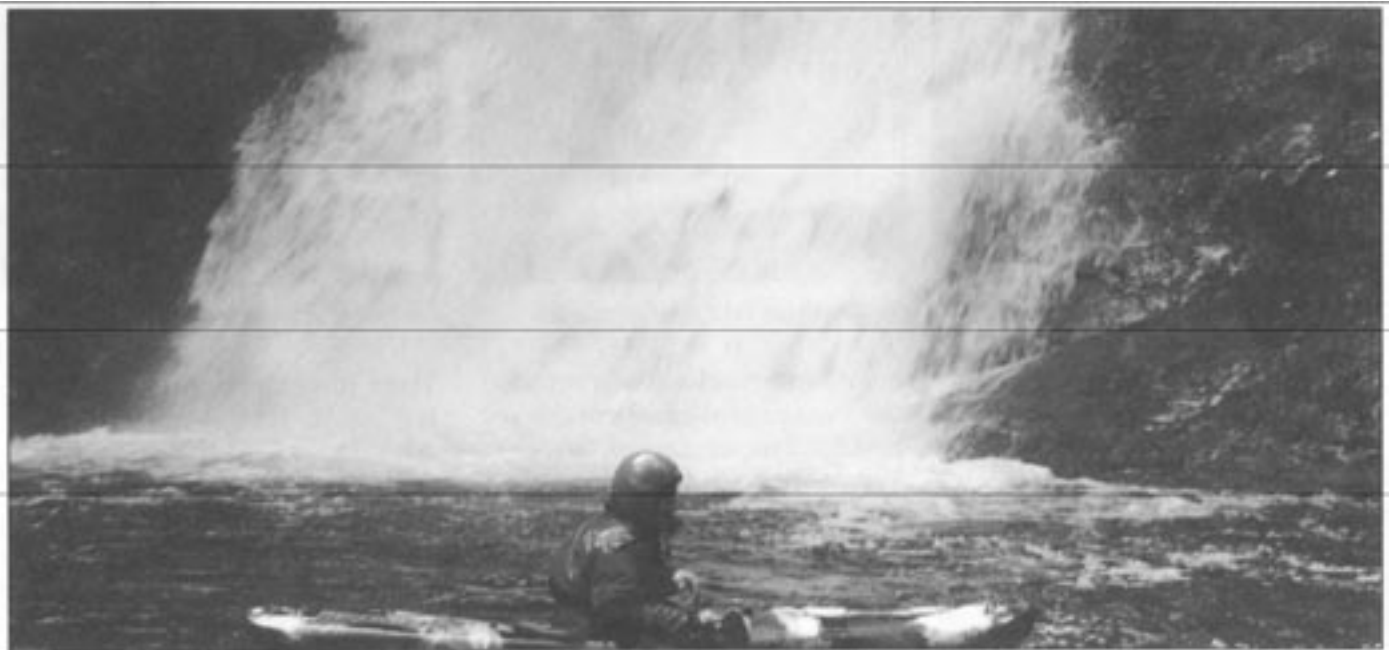
Then it disappeared around a left bend. Jim, Ron (Froggy) Alexander and Glenn (Bossy) Schaffer had previously paddled this one. They named the first drop Rottweiler, and informed me Rottweiler II was waiting around the bend. Such friendly names, I thought.

In retrospect, this creek proved to be a great warm up. Most of the drops were in the 6' to 10' range. Ron told me not to worry, it was just a "no skill, big thrill" run. While most of the rapids were not that complicated, the combi-

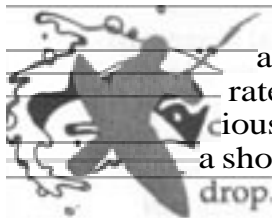
It was just a "no skill, big thrill" run.



Ron Alexander running a typical drop.



Jim reflects in the pool.



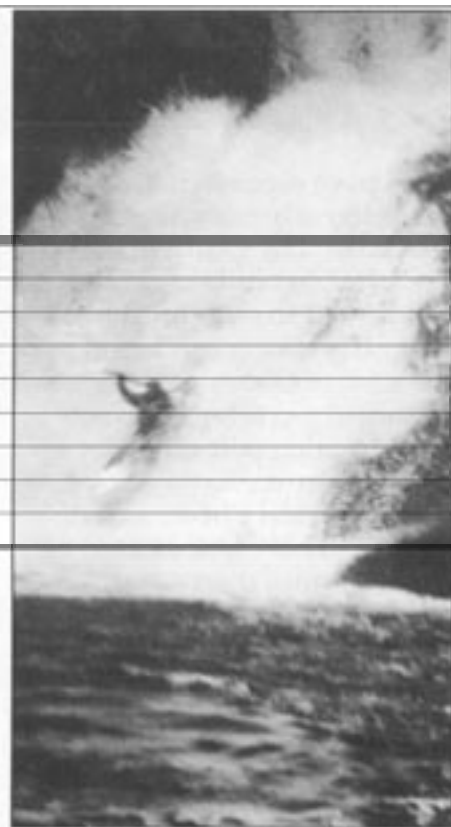
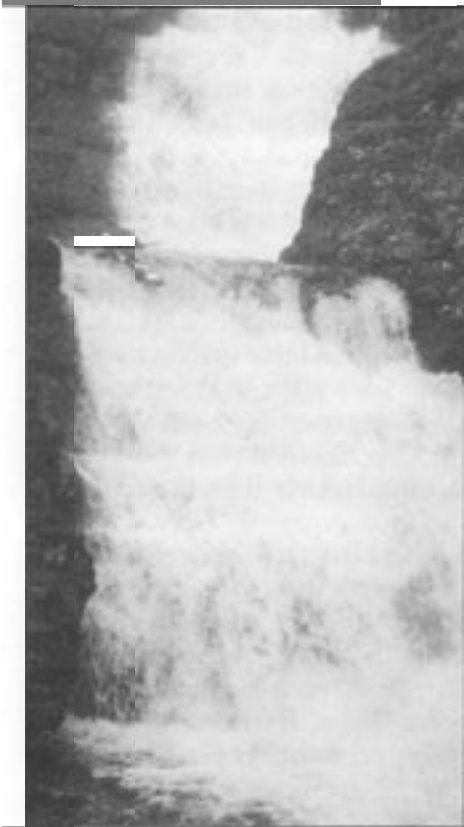
nation of gradient and remoteness rated class IV+. Graciously, nature placed a short pool below each drop.

During one mandatory portage I came to discover that my companions have a streak of sadism. Fortunately, my sixth sense kept me from becoming initiated to

"bowling for kayakers." This game consists of sending someone down a steep hill. Stationed at the bottom, this person attempts to stop a kayak launched from the top. Because this part of the portage was steep and slippery, this did make some sense. Attempting to carry your boat could lead to a nasty fall. Everyone was eager to have me

go first. Prudently, I allowed Bossy the honor. Just as I suspected, Jim and Froggy thought Bossy should be able to handle two boats at once!

Mid-way down the creek, a series of waterfalls presented an impressive display of nature. Each dropped 40'. The upper and lower falls were formidable. However, Jim decided that the middle falls



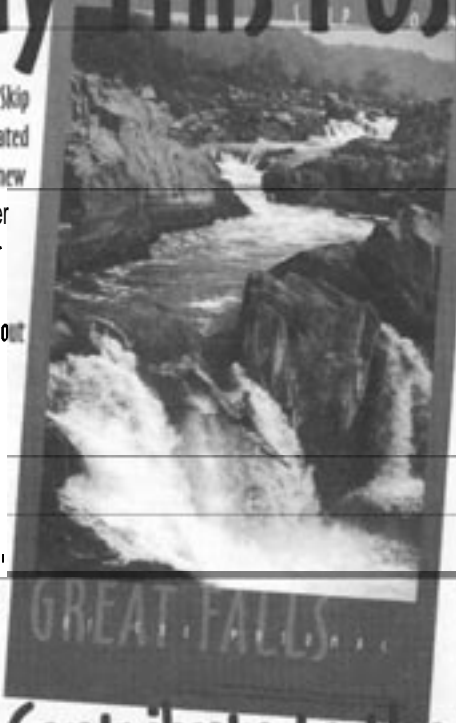
Jim running the middle falls of a series of three.

Jim further down the falls.

Sudden impact for Glenn!

Buy This Poster

Photographer Skip Brown has created this awesome new paddling poster featuring C-1er Norwood Scott running the spot at Great Falls, Potomac River. Super Design and great printing make this 18" x 24" poster a must for your rec room wall.



Price is \$22.50 including postage and handling and \$5.00 of every sale goes to AWA!

To place an order call

301-320-0752

write

7511 Arden Rd, Cabin John, MD

20818, or E-mail

Skipphoto1

@aol.com.

and Contribute to the AWA!

KAYAK ECUADOR!

Undiscovered Whitewater Paradise

- Mystical Jungles
- Indigenous Cultures
- Toucans and Oropendulas
- First Descents. . .

In the middle of the world, at the foot of the majestic Andes, among the headwaters of the mighty Amazon River lies some of the most spectacular whitewater on the planet.

RJOS ECUADOR invites you to be one of the first to come and explore what may soon be the next world renown white water destination.

Expeditions for Intermediate, Advanced and Expert paddlers.

For Itineraries and Dates contact our U.S. office at:

RJOS ECUADOR

P.O. Box 114 Index, WA 98256 • Tel./ Fax (206) 793-1705

needed closer scrutiny. After scouting, he launched and made a successful run. Setting safely at the bottom, we were all relieved, because only a short pool separated him from the extremely hazardous bottom falls. The gradient eased over the next mile or so as we paddle out to our shuttle vehicle. Throwing our boats into the back of Glenn's truck, we crammed ourselves into the club car and sped off to set up the next shuttle.

The second put-in was deceiving. This creek started as nothing more than a swift moving brook. A father and son stood along the bank asking questions. As we moved down the stream, they ran along the bank. After a short distance, the stream suddenly

turned back in their direction and exploded over an &foot falls. Feeder streams pumped in additional cfs. The stream bed literally started to fall out from under us. Many drops sloped and twisted. This made for a rocket ride. Very small pools between drops forced Jim to set up at the tip of the next drop as the last person cascaded into the pool behind him.

Finally, we eddied out above a complicated drop. As I looked at this 30' plus plunge, I was dreaming of a reprieve. My adrenaline had pumped nonstop for over an hour. Portaging offered a break. Wrong! Everyone told me just to push my boat into the current and let someone retrieve it at the bottom. I just

could not fathom this concept. So, as I climbed the steep slippery mountain side, I struggled not to drop my boat. Fortunately, Froggy had made arrangements with Bossy to send his boat over the drop once he reached the pool at the bottom. By following my path without his boat, he provided my only salvation. I am sure that without his assistance my boat would have tumbled down the mountain side into the creek and subsequently been flushed down stream.

During my class V portage, Jim and Bossy scouted the drop. Starting at the top, it dropped ten feet into a micro pool. Then, it immediately dropped another six feet into a sloping chute. This led to a



PHOTO BY ERIC EVANS

The **Outburst** redefines the all around whitewater kayak offering full-sized river running stability for the challenging rapids and Dagger's heritage of no-holds-barred, cutting-edge, rodeo play technology.

Chris Spelius, Olympian, play paddler extraordinaire and Dagger design consultant


Only Dagger, nothing less

Dagger
Canoes, Kayaks and Sit-on-tops

Dagger Canoe Co., Inc.
PO Box 1500
Harriman, TN 37748

Phone: 423-882-0404
Call for a free catalog
<http://www.dagger.com/dagger.html>


Tools for Teaching




The Kayaker's Edge
Whitewater kayaking, the basics and beyond. 58 minutes. **"The best general instruction video on the market"** Outside Magazine

Take the Wild Ride
Freestyle kayak competitors. 52 minutes.

"My husband borrowed this video, and after 5 days of watching it, he had to return it. But he got depressed, and went into withdrawal. So I bought him one." Eileen Butchkowski, Petersburg, PA





Solo Playboating
Whitewater open canoeing. 43 minutes. **"Entertaining... super job of presenting technical points."** Charlie Walbridge

Send \$29.95 for each tape, plus \$4.00 S & H.

PERFORMANCE VIDEO

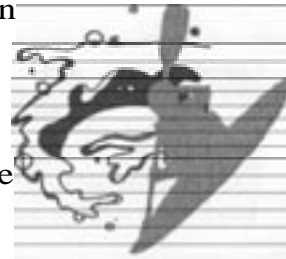
Performance Video & Instruction, Inc.
550 Riverbend, Durango CO 81301
(970) 259-1361 Fax: (970) 259-4148

twenty five foot vertical falls. By catching the micro eddy at the top drop, Jim controlled the speed of his descent and made a flawless run. Bossy, concerned about missing the micro eddy ran straight through. His incredible speed and the impact at the bottom pushed him backwards into the rim of his cockpit with such force that it knocked the wind out him. After he regained his breath, we paddled the few remaining anticlimactic miles to the vehicles.

There is a common assumption that all the really good runs are recorded in guidebooks. This is not true! You will

not find these two Pocono creeks in any paddling guide. Virgin runs or ones that very few individuals have descended offer the ultimate in adventure paddling. Runs of this type require strong paddling skills, a dependable party, and a bit of masochism.

Depending upon where you live or travel, a good topographical map and a little spare time could produce amazing discoveries.



THREE GREAT INSTRUCTION VIDEOS


GRACE UNDER PRESSURE: Learning The Kayak Roll
Length: 47 min. Teaches: paddle roll, hand roll, offside roll, bracing and combat roll.

KAYAK 101: Mastering The Basics
Length: 47 min. Teaches: strokes, eddy turns, peel outs, ferrys, wet exits, safe swimming, water reading, plus much more.

JUST ADD WATER: Instant Rodeo Star
Length: 35 min. Teaches: surfing, bock surfing, 360's, enders, pirouettes, whippets, MC Twists, cartwheels and other linked moves.

TO ORDER: Send check or money order
\$29.95 US + \$4. S&H for one or
\$74.95 US + \$9. S&H for all three videos.

TO: Joe Holt
P.O. Box 97, Almond, NC 28702
Phone/Fax (704) 488-6857




High Performance Canoe and Kayak Paddles.

- Hand crafted from the finest materials
- Custom orders from 9 styles of blades
- Composite reinforcement options
- Repairs

Call or write for more information:

2450 Jones Road
Lenoir City, TN 37771
(615) 986-9387



Fly south this winter.
Ecuador Whitewater '96

Use rivers to explore new cultures. ECUADOR. Latitude 0 00" Straddling the Andes. Fantastic animals, ice-capped volcanoes, Pacific coast and amazonian jungles. Awesome paddling.

The striking geographical and cultural contrasts are what make Ecuador such a fascinating place to visit. The rivers are what make it a great place to paddle.

We set the same trip standards we have in Costa Rica. A relaxing, full-service vacation for the insatiable kayaker. Your time is shared with guides who are international paddlers and some of the most respected instructors in the field. We run the kind of trip you want to be a part of!

This year will premiere with Class IV trips in January and February.

Contact us for trip itineraries for Ecuador and our other paddling adventures.

Don't get left out in the cold!

P.O. Box 246, Bryson City, NC 28713 • Phone/Fax 704/488-6199
Worldwide E-Mail, 71604.1240 @ compuserve.com



For more information

Call **800-255-5784**



Rocky Mountain Outdoor Center
10281 Hwy. 50, Howard. Colorado 81233

E-Mail rmoc@compuserve.com
Surf <http://www.rmoc.com>

The Arkansas River provides an extraordinary classroom for leading the art of paddling a kayak or canoe. RMO is right in the middle of one hundred miles of beautiful river, ranging from easy first-day-in-a-boat water to the stuff experts dream about. We can always match your skills and desires with the right stretch of water.

We offer weekend seminars, private instruction, custom designed instructional packages and ACA Instructor and River Rescue certification.

Guatemala's 3 R's...
rapids, ruins and rainforest

- *First descents
- *Intermediate to Expert
- *Dagger, Perception and Wave Sport Kayaks



Area Verde Expeditions
P.O. Box 476 Saluda CO 81201 (719) 539-7102

NEW!
WAVE
KAYAK PRODUCTS

Custom, hand crafted composite boats

Featuring Jim Snyder squirt boats: **Bigfoot**, **Shred**, **Maestro** and **Prize**.
And more than 65 models by various designers including all plastic boats
♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

Innovative designs molded from durable crosslink plastic

SLEEK

Cruise Control

MONGOOSE

Buzz

And now the

ATTITUDE

For a catalog and the dealer near you call us at 717-944-6320, fax us at 717-944-0422 email us at newkayak@aol.com or visit our web site at http://www.awa.org/awa/yellow_pages/newwave/

New Wave Kayak Products, Inc. ♦2535 Roundtop Rd. ♦Middletown, PA 17057

FOUR CORNERS RIVER SPORTS

The Whitewater Store

- Free Mail Order Catalog
- Same day shipping
- Paddling School
- Kids Program
- Whitewater Festival

1-800-426-7637



Durango, Colorado
Boating at its Best

1997

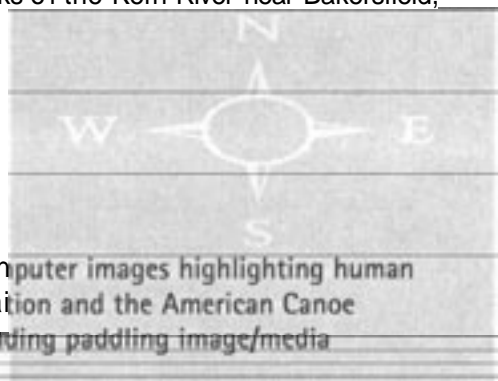
14th Annual

The National

We are pleased to announce the addition of a new western US location for paddling slide and video competition in 1997. On **February 21,22,1997** the first phase of competition will occur at the **traditional Lexington, Kentucky site** hosted by the Bluegrass Wildwater Association. The following week on **Saturday, March 1,1997** there will be a continuation of the NPFF competition at the Rio Bravo Resort on the banks of the Kern River near Bakersfield, California hosted by the Kern River Alliance.

Paddling

The National Paddling Film Festival is a competition of film, video and computer images highlighting human powered watercraft sport co-sponsored by the American Whitwater Association and the American Canoe Association. In 1997 the NPFF will be celebrating it's 14th year of outstanding paddling image/media competition. Deadline for entries is January 24,1996.



Film Festival



For more information please contact:

National Paddling Film Festival East:

Barry Grimes
P.O.Box 4231
Lexington,KY 40544
e-mail) bagriml@pop.uky.edu

**February 21,
22, 1997**

National Paddling Film Festival West:

Todd Stands
1139 Pepper Dr.
El Cajon, CA 92021
e-mail) kernflow@aol.com

**March 1,
1997**

Meet Joe Pulliam

Dagger's Driving Force

An interview by John Weld
Contributing Editor



I first met Joe Pulliam, the president of Dagger Canoes, when he came up from his plant in Harriman, Tennessee to look into buying out my employer. At the time, I was the sole employee at Valley Mill Boats, a composite boat shop outside of D.C. owned by Andy Bridge. We made about 90 or so slalom and downriver race boats a year, few enough that I can almost remember every boat I made during my four year stint.

While Joe was sitting casually on our cloth cutting table talking with Andy that day, I was thinking that Dagger had probably produced 90 boats that morning alone. So here was Joe Pulliam, I thought. The man behind the growing armada of Dagger boats. He seemed pleasant enough—a guy in his early 40's with a beard and a relaxed posture, easy southern drawl, wearing jeans and tennis shoes, taking time to ask me what I thought of things. But I remember wondering exactly what kind of a person it took to create one of the largest whitewater boat manufacturers in the world.

Joe and Andy negotiated to move Valley Mill to Harriman, and call it Dagger Composites. The new site is a cavernous 9,000 sq. ft warehouse situated right next to the Dagger campus. I decided not to move, but Andy, who had for almost a decade lived on the financial edge, would, for the first time, have job security in the whitewater industry.

Valley Mill represented the way boating used to be. As Joe himself points out, there was a time where you couldn't go out to your local store and buy a boat; you and your friends had to build one. That was pretty much Valley Mill: two guys in small shop in the woods, where every single boat order was noteworthy. I'm sure Joe, who started out just like that 20 years ago, recognized the Old School quality of the shop when he came to inspect the premises: there's the drum of resin, over in the corner a table full of modified carpentry tools, in the backyard a pile of boat molds. On the wall is a bathing suit calendar where I wrote in my hours.

Since the move I have been to Dagger many times, and as someone who can remember (barely) the days before plastic boats, I am always amazed by the size of the Dagger plant in the same way I am amazed by a 25 million dollar Olympic Slalom course with 15,000 spectators. Joe Pulliam is interesting because he has not only watched the sport progress from backyard hobby to major industry, he was one of the architects.

What I like about Joe is that he's not the ruthless, alpha-male, Donald Trump type that you would expect behind a company as big as Dagger. "When it comes to making business decision," one of his employees explained to me, "he's always quick, crisp and seems to be exactly right. But even though he's got a lot going on, if you get him out on the river, you'll start to see a smile crawl across his face. He'll still stop and talk to you about whitewater for hours...I guess he's like a good ol' boy who just happens to own a large boat company."

A few evenings ago, I managed to track down Joe, still working late in his office, and he found an hour or so to answer some questions.

When did you start boating?

I started going on canoe trips when I was about 12 years with the fathers of several of my friends. Their sons wouldn't go with them, but I would. We would go down to South Georgia and Northern Florida and do two or three day trips on the Blackwater Rivers. This was in the mid to late 60's.

Are you still a canoeist now?

Yeah...over the years I have spent a lot more time in a kayak than in a canoe,

but I consider myself both a kayaker and canoeist.

Your company Dagger has grown to be huge by whitewater standards. Is owning a giant boat factory something that you have always dreamed of, or did it just end up that way?

It just happened. No, I didn't have this dream from when I started paddling. It just evolved that way.

How did you get involved with building boats?

In 1973, I was a freshman at Clemson University in South Carolina. One of the reasons I went there—not the main reason, though—was that it was close to the Chatooga. This was right after the movie Deliverance, and I met some people there who were involved with paddling. It was very different then, you didn't just go to the local store and buy a kayak...

And you were already paddling a kayak?

No, I owned an aluminum canoe, but, boy, I wanted a kayak. At the end of that year, I built my first kayak. I met some friends who told me about this guy who lived in Liberty, South Carolina named Bill Masters [now president of Perception]. He had a couple of molds to build boats. So I met Bill, and bought some materials and went over to his backyard. We made boats for two or three of us.

What kind of boats were you guys building?

It was a Lettmann Mark IV. One of the standards at the time. It was a hot boat. This was just after the Augsburg Olympics and it was still considered one of the hot boats.

You ended up building boats professionally with Bill Masters later on. What happened with that?

We were friends all through college and then I came back and worked with him before Percep-

tion existed in any way. Bill had a couple of molds in his back yard, and I think Bill was also making foot scoops for Corvettes or anything else out of fiberglass that you could think of. I left for a while and came back and worked at Perception full time from 1982 to '87. But I had stayed in touch with Bill and Perception from '73 on.


What happened? Why did you end up going out on your own?

I guess I would say that it was burnout more than anything... There were some differences of opinion with how things were going there. But, really, burnout more than anything else.

You left Perception in '87, what year did you start Dagger?

In April of '88.

When you started, how many people did you have working for you?




When all that matters at the moment is the immediate responsiveness of your craft, Dagger is the boat of choice.

Dagger.
Canoes, Kayaks
and Sit-on-tops

Dagger Canoe Co., Inc.
PO Box 1500
Harriman, TN 37748

Phone: 423-882-0404
Call for a free catalog
<http://www.dagger.com/dagger.html>

 Only Dagger, nothing less



Spiderwinderz

Black Magic
CUSTOM SYNTHETIC PADDLES

1692 Second St. Pike
Richboro, PA 18954
215-598-3669

I hired one employee.

So how big is Dagger now?

Just under a hundred employees.

How many boats do you guys produce a year?

Thousands.

Do you enjoy what you're doing?

Yeah. I've got one of the great jobs in the world. It is a job... I work a lot, and I don't get a chance to paddle as much as I want. On one hand, I do what anybody does that runs a small business. I deal with lawyers and insurance agents and employee problems and that part sucks. But then I get to walk into the plant and see the products that we make and talk to customers that think they're great. And go on a trip to Europe. I just got back from a sea kayaking trip in Alaska. Then I think, wow, my job is tough, but there are some nice rewards too.

I didn't know it before I arranged this interview, but I understand that you are involved with AWA.

Yeah, not as involved as I would like to be, but I am on the board of directors. I think that the AWA is an amazing organization, considering the size of the budget. You have some wonderful people doing some wonderful things. One of the things that makes AWA so strong is that it has a very, very active board of directors. Whereas a typical board of directors may just oversee and direct the employees, AWA's board is very hands-on, doing things, from organizing events to access issues to whitewater recreation issues. So much more than a typical board of directors.

I would guess that Dagger and Perception produce most of the whitewater boats on the river. Would you say that's true?

By my estimation, yes..

Is there anyone gaining on you? Is there anyone now who you are looking at and saying, "Wow, these guys are getting big"?

There seems to be a new one every year. But as quickly as I see some one coming on, I see others start to fade. And that's regional. Perception and Dagger seem to be stronger across the board; whereas some of the other companies tend to be really strong in one region. They only have pockets of strengths, as opposed to being strong in virtually all of the markets.

So the advantage that you and Perception have over other companies is that..

We're strong across regional boundaries, as well as across product lines.

How is your relationship with Perception now?

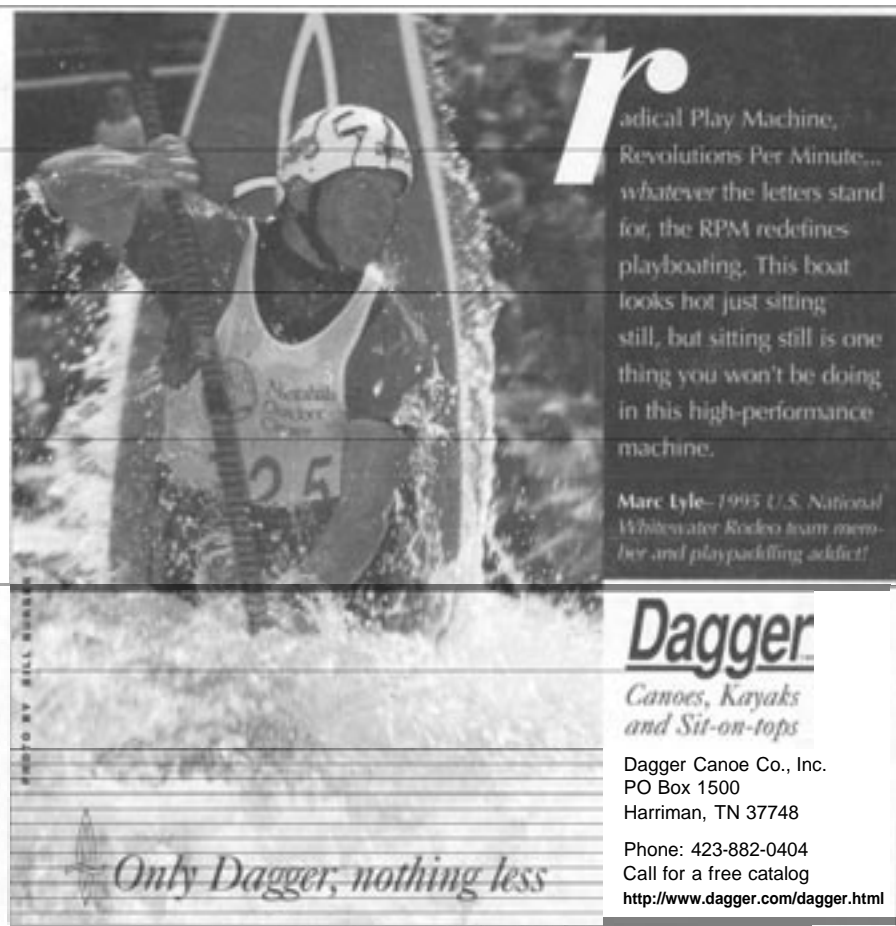
It's mixed. There are some good personal relationships between some people at Dagger and Perception, but unfortunately there are some relationships between other people that aren't very good. But I think as companies, we get along fairly well. I believe that we compete on a pretty good level.

How much does Perception influence you in terms of boat design?

We watch what everybody is doing. We watch other companies at least as much as Perception.

Who designs your boats? I know that Steve Scarborough is in charge of that, but..

Steve is the primary designer, he pulls everything together. But whatever we are working on, whether it's recreational canoe or a sea kayak or a whitewater kayak, we almost always consult outside experts. We just finished a new whitewater kayak—in fact we just pulled the first one out of the mold yesterday—that is aimed at the first time buyer. Typically these folks have been put in the hot boat from some bygone era, whether it's a Crossfire or a Corsica S. The latest greatest thing from five years ago, but now on the downward trend. So we decided to make a boat especially for these people. In both the concept stage and the testing stage we had our hot-shots like Marc Lyle and Chris Spelius, along with some people who had never been in a boat, try it out. We also brought in some premiere instructors like Brian Toolev and Gordon Black. That's typical of what we do. We have a tremendous amount of in-house knowledge, but we also like to bring in as much outside knowledge and experience as we can.



radical Play Machine.
Revolutions Per Minute...
whatever the letters stand for, the RPM redefines playboating. This boat looks hot just sitting still, but sitting still is one thing you won't be doing in this high-performance machine.

Marc Lyle—1995 U.S. National Whitewater Rodeo team member and playboating addict!

Dagger
Canoes, Kayaks
and Sit-on-tops

Dagger Canoe Co., Inc.
PO Box 1500
Harriman, TN 37748

Phone: 423-882-0404
Call for a free catalog
<http://www.dagger.com/dagger.html>

PHOTO BY BILL BURKE

Only Dagger, nothing less



Joe Pulliam adjusting a gate.

Where do you see boat designs going in the next five years?

Well, we're working on boats right now for '98, although we're still busting our butts getting ready for '97. But I don't think there is some quantum leap waiting to happen. I like to tell people this story, though. Eric Evans used to be the editor of this paddling magazine called...*River World*, I think it was. And, of course, Eric Evans was a god at that time. And I remember very distinctly something he said. "Boat designs have gone as far as they are going to go. The changes in the future are going to be mostly in materials." This was in the late '70's, so this was the era of the Holoform and the Quest. The Mark IV was the hot slalom boat. I don't mean to be critical, but he missed out on that one. Things have changed so much! What's next? I don't know, We've got our ideas, but I don't have any wonderful words of wisdom here.

What's going on with rodeo? Up on the **Yough** we get the feeling that the six feet of river surrounding Hell Hole has had a disproportionate influence on the sport. Do you think that's true?

Yep. That has been true a long time. One of the things that I want us to do is to develop not just

a rodeo boat, but figure out what exactly is a river running boat. A **kayak** for the way that most of us **put** out and **paddle** a river. What is the ideal boat for that? Someone said to me [concerning hull speed] "you don't miss it if you never had it!" A lot of boats are like that now;

they aren't really made to go anywhere. People who have been paddling them and nothing else don't miss not having hull speed. But those of us who have been around for a while know that there is something more to an all purpose river running boat.

It's funny, I meet a lot of people at Riversport who have chosen a radical creek or rodeo boat as their only boat. They're thinking often is, "I used to have a cruising boat, but now I'm going to be doing steep creeks, or just tons of whippets in huge holes." But the fact is no matter what you plan to do, 99% of your boating is going to be on a local class **III** river, where it makes a huge difference to have a boat that just catches eddies well. Maybe do an attainment or two. You should pick your first boat accordingly.

I agree. But beginners often get steered towards a creek or a rodeo boat. I don't believe that's right.

Let's talk about **C-1's**. What's going on with **C-1's** these days?




Not much.

I see that you have only one **C-1** design, as opposed to however many kayaks, Do you think that it's a sport that's petering out?

L'EAU VIVE
(l o v e v) n., Fr

IS
WHITEWATER
AND WE'VE GOT THE GOODS!

P.O. BOX 18978 BOULDER, CO 80308
303-417-1957

L'EAU VIVE, Inc.
Boulder, Colorado, U.S.A. P A D D L E

L²™ & SUPER SHOCK™ SPRAY DECKS ■ KOBER & MOLL PADDLES

Im sure there are lots of frustrated C-1 paddlers out there...but maybe that's why they're C-1 paddlers to begin with, because they're frustrated. But I think that as long as it's in the racing scene or an Olympic sport, I think that will keep it from dying out. You know, it's tough to justify spending the money for specialized C-1 designs, and that's too bad.

How much do you spend on developing a boat, from start to finish?

Probably in the neighborhood of 60 to 70 thousand dollars. You have to sell a fair number to make that up.

What's the breakdown for you guys in terms of sales from kayaks to sea kayaks to canoes to sit-on-tops?

Whitewater canoes is the smallest part, it's a small market. Fortunately, the development cost of a canoe is much lower than a kayak. The design is much simpler...essentially you are just designing a hull, there is no deck to deal with. The cost to tool a mold for a canoe is substantially

lower, also. Overall, the cost to introduce a new canoe model is much, much lower. So if we introduce a new canoe model, and sell 3 or 400 of them a year, that's pretty good. If that's all you do with a roto-molded boat, you've got problems.

Do you sell more sea kayaks or sit-on-tops now, or are whitewater kayaks still your biggest market?

We break things down into 5 categories: Whitewater canoes, touring canoes, whitewater kayaks, sea kayaks and sit-on-tops. Whitewater kayaks are still the biggest single segment of our market, but sit-on-tops and sea kayaks are the fastest growing segment.

What was your biggest seller of all time?

The Crossfire. Im sure of that.

I think that most people have no idea how many boats you guys sell a year...

Some people think that we sell 50,000 boats a

year, and some think we sell 500. The number is pretty far from either of those.

What was the worst decision you ever made as the CEO of Dagger?

To try and make urethane kayaks. I think there is something there, but it's going to take someone who has a lot of patience... It was not a wise financial investment.

What was the best decision?

Oh, I would say to start the company. We haven't made ourselves rich, but we can pay the bills, and lead normal lives, and have a lot of fun. We really have changed this whole business. We came into a market that was flat. with not a lot of new products. We started introducing three, four or five products year, and that was unheard of. Now everybody does that. Now there are an incredible number of boats out there. Probably too many. We've gone from one extreme to the other. Back then everyone paddled Dancers. I think Dagger was largely responsible for getting the ball rolling and turning the market into a competitive one.

ECUADOR

Just say NO to winter!

We'll be boating in South America.

Like to join us?

CHILE

SMALL WORLD ADVENTURES

P.O. Box 262 Howard CO 81233 1-800-58KAYAK (52925)
719-942-3507

RAPIDSTYLE

Whitewater Clothing and Accessories
by Olympic Medalist Dana Chladek

NEW * High quality, bombproof bungi cord sprayskirts!

* Paddling jackets&pants... racing float vests... pogies... neoprene tops, shorts and pants...and more.

..We make custom gear for individuals and groups !

**5302 Flanders Avenue
Kensington, MD 20895
Tel/Fax: (301) 946-9686**

IS MAYO GRAVATT OLD?



by Bill Hay



Mayo Gravatt's birthday was on July 4, 1996. Does that mean he's the same age as this great nation? Well, the real question is not how old Mayo is. He'll readily admit to being fifty. No, the real question is whether Mayo is OLD.

I recently had occasion to speak at Mayo's fiftieth birthday party on this very question. I was reluctant to do so and risk being accused, as I have in the past, of telling lies. Why not let the facts speak for themselves? So, let me tell you a true story. At the end, draw your own conclusion as to whether Mayo Gravatt is old.

Five years ago, Mayo and I and Dennis and Corinne Martin from Gainesville, Georgia, went to Idaho to paddle whitewater rivers.

Toward the end of the trip, we found ourselves at the Lochsa River in north central Idaho. This is a beautiful clear green river surrounded by heavily forested wilderness. A road, the only road across Idaho in this part of the state, follows the river from east to west for over fifty miles.

The Lochsa contains many miles of Class III and IV whitewater, two sections of which were of primary interest to us. The Upper Lochsa is characterized by long Class IV rapids. The Lower Lochsa has shorter, more intense rapids. One of these, not the most difficult, but the most visually attractive, is Lochsa Falls. There, right by the road, the entire river plunges over a seven foot sloping drop into a big wave. This is followed by a series of smaller waves and then a beautiful moving green pool. Like I said, it is visually dramatic.

On our first day we ran the Lower Lochsa. As usual, Mayo took 3789 pictures of an empty river, the surrounding mountains, various fuzzy objects, the rear of the car ahead, and all of his friends running the river. No one else took pictures so Mayo's day went undocumented. We all played hard, had a great time, and told lots of lies around the campfire that night. It was your typical day on the river.

The next morning, all of us except Mayo got up early to greet another fine Idaho day. It was snowing. We built a morning fire, made breakfast, sat around and refined last night's lies, and hung gear out to dry in the blowing snow. There was no sign of Mayo...except for snores coming from his tent. He was obviously fatigued.

Finally, as the group was getting restless, I went over to the tent. "Mayo," I called. No answer. "Mayo! Come on old buddy. Time to get up. We want to get on the Upper."

I could have been a Vietcong colonel, "Hello, Glavattsan. Time to rise and shine. Reeducation class starts in five minutes!" It wouldn't have done any good. Gravatt was comatose.

But I persisted. Finally there was some movement inside the tent. I went back to the campfire and my coffee.

A few minutes later, Gravatt emerged from the tent. "Come on Mayo," someone



On our first day we ran the Lower Lochsa. As usual, Mayo took 3789 pictures of an empty river, the surrounding mountains, various fuzzy objects, the rear of the car ahead, and all of his friends running the river.

said, "It's a great day. We want to get on the Upper Lochsa."

Gravatt looked around at the lovely conifer forest, he wiped a snowflake from his wrinkled brow, he looked at the blustery Idaho sky, he looked at the deep green water rushing by not fifty yards away, and he said, "Huh?"

Well, to make a short story long, **Mayo** decided not to paddle that day, pleading fatigue. "Look, guys, I'll drive along the road and just take pictures." We all looked at each other in concern but shrugged and accepted his plan...

Almost accepted his plan. I made a counter offer. "Look, **Mayo**, since you don't want to paddle today, why don't you take pictures for the first half of the trip and then run into town and buy some supplies?"

Due to his fatigue, Gravatt's sense of caution was working poorly that morning and he readily agreed to this plan.

So we proceeded to don our paddling gear, rig our boats, run the shuttle, and do all that stuff in preparation for the Upper Lochsa. Just as we were ready to walk to the river with our boats, **Mayo** asked, "Bill, what supplies do you need?"

I again looked at our friends, concerned by **Mayo's** obvious confusion. They shrugged, and I offered a blinding glimpse of the obvious, "Beer, **Mayo**, we need beer."

"Oh," he got it. "Well, where is town?"

Again perplexed (since there was only one road in this part of the state and we hadn't passed any towns coming from the east), I pointed to the west, "That way, **Mayo**." I didn't think I needed to tell him town was sixty miles that way.

Mayo turned to leave, but stopped and turned back. "Bill, since I'm going to do

you this favor, how about taking a picture of me running **Lochas** Falls when I get back? I need to prove to my family that I really came out here to paddle whitewater."

"Sure, **Mayo**. If that's what you want. I'd love to."

So, we paddled and played and had a great day. **Mayo** took pictures the first half of the trip as promised (thus taking only 1865 pictures that day) and then took off to the west in search of town and "supplies". We went on with our trip.

At the take out a couple of the guys, being from Idaho and thus being better "supplied", left for camp to revitalize themselves. Dennis, Corinne, and I waited on the banks of the Lochsa for **Mayo**. We waited. And waited.

Dusk approached before **Mayo** arrived. "I couldn't find a town," he offered. "I had to drive 60 miles."



We ignored this sign of confusion and focused on his resupply mission. Meanwhile, a brain cell must have flickered to life for Gravatt remembered that he had extracted a promise from us to photograph him running Lochsa Falls.

But light was fading. So he hurriedly got dressed, unloaded his boat, and walked to the edge of the Lochsa beside the falls. We didn't pay much attention to all this activity until Gravatt came over and handed me his camera.

That's right, he handed me his own camera! The fancy one with the automatic focus and motor drive. The AK-47 of cameras, capable of firing 50 shots a minute, one after the other. All I had to do was point, hold down the button, and shoot. History was in my hands.

Then, he handed Corinne Martin another of his cameras!

Okay, you might see this as rational behavior. For so far **Mayo** had handed out only his own cameras, equipped with his own film, film he could "lose" at a later date (as he, in fact, did) when the details of this event were called into question. But Gravatt then asked Dennis

if he would get the Martin's camera out and take pictures, too. Was this the thinking of a rational person?

Thoroughly resupplied by now, we all cooperated, though the day was waning, the air was cooling, and the warmth of a campfire and further supplies beckoned. Dutifully, we allowed **Mayo** to situate us ten yards apart along the banks of the river just below Lochsa Falls. Dutifully, we allowed Gravatt to make sure our cameras were focused, had the correct shutter speed and aperture set, and had plenty of film. Dutifully, we waited while **Mayo** walked up the bank, slid his boat into the river, and got in.

We waited while he paddled in a couple of circles to warm up (as if that would do the job). We pointed the cameras while he paddled up to the edge of Lochsa Falls and peered through the dusk at the line through this drop. We tensed our fingers on the shutter buttons as he circled one final time and approached mighty Lochsa Falls and his moment in whitewater history. Yes, **Mayo** paddled right up to the falls...and fell over.

That's right, fell over. As if the cameras we wielded indeed fired real bullets, Gravatt flopped over like a wounded pigeon.

At this point, I began utilizing the advanced features of **Mayo's** camera. Dennis and Corinne, also sensing an opportunity here, commenced snapping off shots, too.

Upside down, Gravatt drifted to the lip of Lochsa Falls and over the drop. I clicked, Dennis clicked, Corinne clicked. At the bottom of his boat, **Mayo** reached his paddle to the surface, waited for just the wrong moment, and began to roll.

Now rolling an upset boat is a basic and essential kayaking skill. It is necessary to prevent unnecessary swims and uproarious stories told around campfires.

Mayo started to roll his boat...and failed. He was just too slow; one of the waves below the falls knocked him back over. I snapped a shot or three, Dennis snapped a shot, Corinne snapped a shot.

Mayo's head popped to the surface. I snapped a shot. **Mayo's** body followed. I snapped another shot. **Mayo** began swimming frantically toward the shore, his paddle firmly gripped in one hand and his boat in the other. We snapped more pictures.

Dennis, also of advancing age, briefly forgot his role as recorder of this moment in history. He put his camera down and

American Whitewater Affiliation Safety Cards

ISBN 0-9649913-0-6

Waterproof and compact, these flashcards provide on-the-spot reminders of wilderness emergency procedures.

SNAP CLOSING VINYL POUCH INCLUDED

Topics covered:

RIVER RESCUE: Tag Lines for Pins and Entrapments, Z-Drag, Chest & Seat Harnesses, Knots

MEDICAL: CPR & Rescue Breathing, Shoulder Dislocation, Spinal Injuries, Head Injuries.

Hypothermia, Litters

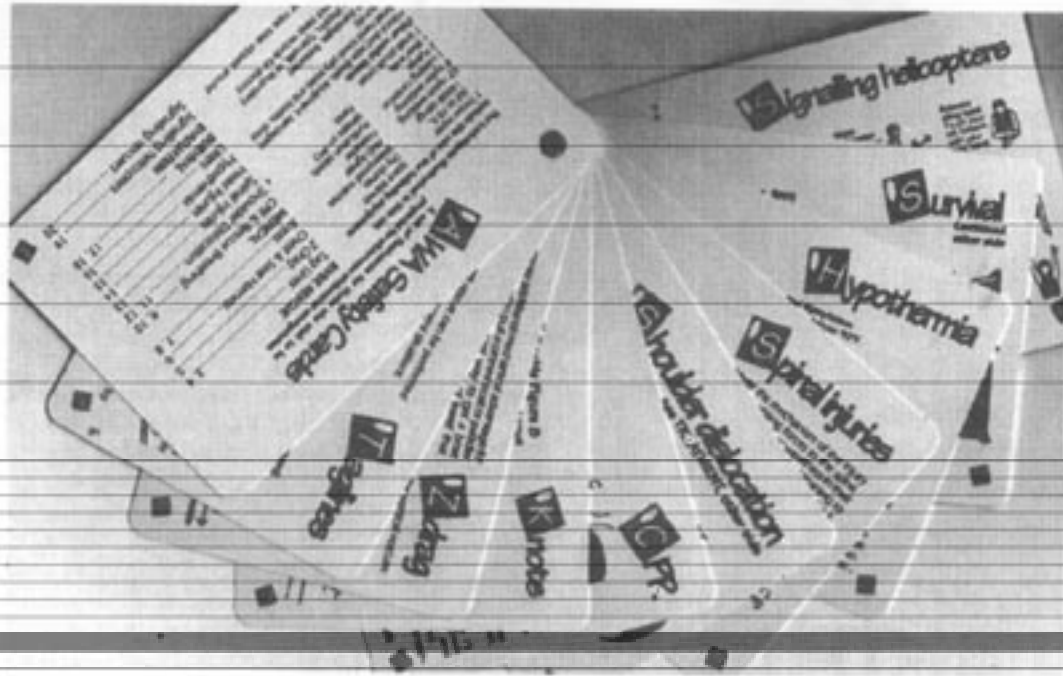
SURVIVAL: Priorities

EVACUATION: Signalina Rescuers, Signalina Helicopters



**american
whitewater
affiliation**

(Actual Size)



ONLY \$8.95 + \$2.00 postage
• Bulk discounts available to Club
Affiliates and Dealers

For more information contact:
The American Whitewater Affiliation
P.O. Box 636
Margaretville, NY 12455
Phone: 914-586-2355
Fax: 914-586-3050

IS MAYO GRAVATT OLD?

turned toward the car (and a throw rope) located a mere 100 yards away. "Forget it," I shouted, reminding Dennis of his duties and of the fact that only a cool, green pool lay below Lochsa Falls, "Take pictures." Dennis did. I did. Corinne did.

Well, you can imagine the rest. Mayo struggled to shore some 50 yards downstream. We happily galloped down the bank to offer encouragement and support as he emptied his boat and dragged it up

to the road. Then we proceeded back to camp where we commiserated with the other two guys at their misfortune in missing this spectacle.

Enough said. End of story. But before I close, let me ask you a couple of questions. Then, you make your own decision as to whether this event depicts the actions of a confused, disoriented, unwary, tired, perhaps even senile, certainly an OLD person.

Did Mayo Gravatt decide not to paddle the Lochsa on the day in question pleading fatigue?

Did he then agree to go to town to get "supplies", forgetting

what supplies are and how far away town might be in the wilderness of Idaho? In his defense on this point, I will offer that Gravatt himself stopped his own aggressive resupply campaign some years ago. And, since he comes from Blackstone, Virginia, he may have confused the word "town" with "city".

Did Mayo beg his own friends to photograph his descent of

Lochsa Falls? And did he give them his own camera and, worse,

let them use one of theirs for this mission?

Did Mayo forget that his "friends" might use cameras to

nefarious ends? Did he get confused and think we would take pity on an old man in his plight? Did he assume we would keep silent and hide his condition from the world? Obviously, his confusion and forgetfulness in this regard bordered on the delusional.

Did Mayo show any sign of physical weakness, even fatigue, at

the tip of Lochsa Falls? Didn't he flop over like a deflated balloon?

Did he show any signs of slow reactions at the base of Lochsa

Falls when, knowing we had cameras, he struggled, but failed, to right his boat? Ask him what excuse he offered later for his failure. ("The water was too soft".)

I think that, upon sober reflection, you will all agree that the Lochsa Falls story cements our knowledge that Mayo Gravatt, great friend and paddling companion that he is, is thoroughly senile, and is, in fact, OLD.

I rest my case.

Editors Note: The real question here may not be whether Mayo Gravatt is old, but whether Bill Hay can outrun him!

HTP stands for "Hochleistungs-thermoplast", or High Performance Thermoplast. HTP is the product of Prijon's unique manufacturing process which creates the most durable, best performing kayaks in the World. Found only in Prijon and Eskimo Kayaks worldwide, HTP boats enjoy the greater



abrasion resistance, material stiffness and shape memory of any whitewater, touring or ocean kayak available. The material is 100% recyclable and carries a limited five year warranty—the best in the industry. For your next kayak, choose HTP plastic; because you want your fun to last.

CALL FOR FREE PRODUCT INFORMATION

303-444-2336

WILDWASSER SPORT USA, INC. PO Box 4617, Boulder, CO 80306

Fax: 303-644-2375 Website: <http://uvwww.wildnet.com/>

BOULDER

DROP



by Lisa Farin

The end of another exhilarating day on the river. Eating nachos, drinking the local specialty, the conversation soon turned to the river's major rapid: Boulder Drop.

"There was a time," Amy said, "when everyone in succession crashed and burned - after they were out of our sight below the first big drop. Like lemmings racing over a cliff, we inadvertently followed one another to what was to become a major yard sale of boats and equipment. I was so intent on making it down safely that I didn't notice until I reached the bottom that I was utterly, completely alone - the only one still in my boat."

"What about the time Richard bragged

about a clean run down Boulder Drop - despite the fact that he rolled no less than four times!" said Julia.

"Four times? The run's only a quarter-mile long. Was he upright at all during his run?"

"What about Larry, the Boulder Drop 'virgin' who flipped and swam and very efficiently got himself into the downriver swimming position with his feet in front.

He landed in one of Boulder's enormous holes and it held him - vertically. We all looked upstream and saw Larry walking on the water."

My own first encounter with Boulder Drop was from the road. Standing with the other spectators, watching the rafts and kayaks go bouncing down, it didn't look bad at all. It didn't even sound intimidating. Not like Killer Fang Death Falls or The Meatgrinder. No, Boulder Drop, a technical class IV rapid on the Skykomish River in Washington state, sounds like a run-of-the-mill rapid. But my first look at this rapid should have tipped me off. At the time I was naive, but now I know the first rule of whitewater: where spectators flock, carnage follows.

*Not Politically Correct
Not Your Father's Oldsmobile
Not a New Guide to River Etiquette*

River Stories

(Tales from Bo Rockerville)

By
Monte Smith

"Only Monte Smith writes like this ... expressly for **hardcore** river zanies... wild and outrageous." Bill Barkley

"...appeals to the instinct for freedom, rebellion, and wildness many of us have repressed since adolescence."

Coastal CaNews

Look for **River Stories** at your favorite outdoor specialty shop. Or order direct from the publisher: Pahsimeroi Press, PO Box 190442, Boise, ID 83709. \$14.95

Also by the same author:

Southeastern Whitewater \$22.00
The Obed/Emory Watershed \$11.95

Enclose \$1.74 for Book Rate shipping or \$3.00 for Priority Mail. (Free shipping on orders of two or more books.)



Whitewater Kayaking in Chile *It's the trip of a lifetime!*

Expediciones Chile trips are more than just paddling challenging rivers. They're an extraordinary experience. **Imagine the best day of paddling you've ever had**, greeted at the end of the day by an ox cart shuttle capped with a relaxing sauna and massage. Our trips have gained an international reputation — the best-of-the-best. Please contact us for more information.

Expediciones Chile

333 Earls Road, Bryson City, NC 28713
Compuserve 71774,756
Fax 704/488-9082
Phone 500/488-9082

The Skykomish is such a nice river in every other respect. Wide, gentle, class III rapids punctuate the run. Until you get to Boulder Drop. Just like a vacuum cleaner, it sucks you in and twirls and spins you around. Time and again I'd set off kayaking this stretch of river, but every time I reached Boulder Drop I was overwhelmed with an insurmountable urge to climb up on the rocks for a better look. The further from the water, the better.

Ah, the joy of scouting. The pleasure of letting your legs revert to their natural position: straight. And if you're lucky, you have the vicarious thrill of watching someone else make the mistakes that you're not supposed to make. And, best of all, you get to postpone the inevitable.

"Just a few more minutes, while I analyze this boulder garden," you tell your friends, while all the time you're actually composing a prayer to the river gods: "please river gods, get me through this alive and I'll never do anything to pollute you. Wait, I said that last time. Well, I'll never, um, eat fish again. At least freshwater fish."

But scouting can only last so long. Sooner or later you're going to have to



walk it or run it. And when scouting Boulder Drop you can only see the first half, before the river plummets over some boulders and out of sight.

My first chance for an escorted run down this rapid was in midsummer when the water was lower than the rafters like it but still adequate for a kayak. My friend Anne told me 1100 CFS was as easy as it gets. Technical, sure, but relatively friendly - if a drop like this can ever be called friendly. And, besides, I had Clay, the local kayak club expert, along to show me the way.

"See the entrance at the top," Clay said to me, "you can pretty much sneak it on the right." Yeah. I like that word, sneak. This guy was speaking my language. "I'll meet you in the eddy below and give you more instructions." What? What happened to my mentor, my leader, my guide - not even telling me

the whole story. Making me wait and sweat it like some kid watching a horror movie on TV, glued to his seat through twenty commercials because he can't stand the thought of momentarily looking away and missing the hero's escape from the clutches of the evil space-pods.

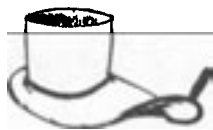
But I was beginning to get a feel for this. Sort of like a scavenger hunt: find a red stick, then look for instructions next to it. Only this time, I missed the last eddy (my "stick"), and with it my final instructions. Once I overcame my temporary paralysis and my arms began working again I started paddling as hard as I could, following the second rule of whitewater: when in doubt, paddle like hell. Unfortunately, I paddled over a **pourovers** and into an enormous hole. I flipped immediately and tried in vain to roll. Funny, my roll usually works, but it seemed uncooperative this day.

I set up again to roll and then, for some reason, my arms became immobile. I remained tucked on my front deck, arms extended. Eventually the hole spit me out, but I was still upside down. By the time I realized that the river would never right me of its own accord, I'd drifted into another big hole. I was still underwater, still not **breathing**, and not much closer to home than when I'd flipped. At that moment I decided that I was not having much fun. So far, it was Boulder Drop one, me zero.

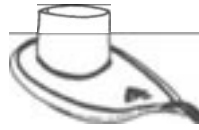
As the summer progressed, I managed to run Boulder Drop several times without incident, making the entrance move and eddy, scoring to the next eddy, then through what we called the "Airplane Turn". I've always wondered why it's called Airplane Turn. Maybe because paddling it elicits the nauseous feeling one often gets when an airplane makes a steep, banking turn. Or maybe because, as in flying, you just have to go on blind faith that this endeavor is actually going to keep you alive until touchdown. In a plane, it usually does. In Boulder Drop, it's a little more iffy.

As the water rose with the winter rains I became more confident. Maybe too confident. One sunny Saturday Robin and I found ourselves kayaking this river in the midst of a flotilla of commercial rafts. Around here, you get used to seeing rafts on the river. I guess they have the right-of-way, since they're bigger (the third rule of whitewater: yield to bigger craft). I had ducked out between two rafts, thinking, I'm faster, I'll be eddied out below the first turn long before they're even close. Well, once again I missed an eddy and fell into a sticky ledge hole. As I struggled, sidesurfing to stay upright and rocking back and forth to try to break free, the raft came closer and closer.

If you're gonna squirt in a skirt, wear a sealskin!



1-800-249-4112
1-315-768-1568



Specialists in only the best skirts for squirt boats, glass boats, and plastic boats by:

- New Wave • Perception • Dagger • Prijon •
- Wave Sports • Savage • Pyrahna •

We're serious about you not blowing your skirt!

NEW!
WAVE
SPORTS

587 Main Street
New York Mills, NY 13417
a division of Northern Outfitters, Inc.

See us on the Web at:
<http://www.horg.com/~newwave/index.htm>
E-mail: newwave@borg.com



Robin sat in the eddy to my right (I'd asked him to keep an eye on me, and, sure enough, he was. Unfortunately, all he was able to do was keep an eye on me.) Milliseconds before the raft would have run over me, I broke out of the hole and tumbled downstream, paddling as hard as I could to stay in front. I don't know who was more frightened - the raft guide, me, or my companion watching helplessly from below. The raft passengers, I'm sure, thought it was all just great fun.

Well, you know what they say about jumping back on the horse. The following weekend I ran the river, at an even higher level. Unbeknownst to me, the holes I'd become so intimate with had become a veritable "wall of water". Buried in the waves, unsure of the usual route, I let gravity take over until I was hit by the Berlin Wall of whitewater. I was, once again, upside down. I tried to roll. It didn't work. I tried again. It still didn't work. The memories of my inaugural swim still fairly fresh in my mind, I decided I was going to keep trying until I righted myself. When I finally did, on my third try, I noticed a throw rope draped across my bow. One of the rafters on shore was convinced I wouldn't make it. But he didn't know my determination. Or lung capacity.

One late summer day, I volunteered to lead a "Boulder Drop Virgin" down the rapid. Big mistake. He handily followed me, weaving in and out among the rocks. At the last minute, I decided to go around, rather than over, a 3' ledge near the bottom. I ended up pinned against a rock, thinking "I sure hope he's not following me right this minute."

I telepathically tried to relay alternate instructions to him: "go over the ledge, into my boat and you'll knock me out." Imagine my dismay when I saw him niftily avoid me to the right. "Wow," he said as he paddled by, "that was close. I almost hit you." I wish he had. Boy, I really wish he had. After a few uncomfortable moments, I finally got myself unstuck, with some expert coaching from one of the other members of our group.

I won't go into details about all the other mishaps I've witnessed in this rapid - both firsthand and when watching my friends. Suffice it to say that airborne, vertical rear-ender, and flying leaps over pourovers are not uncommon occurrences here. If nothing else, we've provided oodles of entertainment for the spectators on shore. But hope springs eternal, and I keep thinking that someday, somehow, someday, I'm going to lick Boulder Drop. Or die of embarrassment trying. 01996

Resin Head

Head Covers



- * Kevlar Composite Layups
- * 17 Models Available
- * Head sizes extra small to extra large
- * Minicell Outfitting
- * Metallic Flake & Pigment
- * Solids, Spatters, Runs, Drips, Blotches, Blends
- * Graphics
- * Outfitting Kits

Distributed by

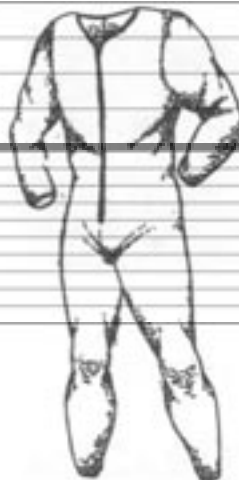
Central PA Kayak School

P.O. Box 263
2535 Roundtop Road
Middletown, PA 17057
Phone (717) 944-6904
Fax (717) 944-0422



(301) 746-5389

Second Skin Pile®
tights, vests, and
one-piece suits



Sasquatch Skins®

Quality
Innovation
Service

Full Force Jacket®



"Upper Yough"
Riverside Shop
P.O. Box 70
276 Maple Street
Friendsville, MD
21531
call for
Free Catalog

Stay DRY
Stay WARM

Monsoon Pants®

Manufactured in the
United States by Mountain Surf, Inc.



WET BEHIND THE EARS

by Andrea Weiser

They say a combat roll is just a start. Twenty years from now I'll be kissing the waves with my boat, smiling so much that it hurts. The first combat roll is an instant to remember. I can recall mine as if it were yesterday, because it very nearly was. The Middle Fork of the Flathead River in Montana will give me a smirk for years to come.

In the early afternoon I slid my body into the spongy grip of Neoprene. A

dozen other boaters did the same, suiting up in wetsuits, **drysuits** and synthetic fleece, some of them finishing off early beers. The air was damp and the chase of clouds -- light and dark -- was cat and mouse. At the put in, we shouldered our kayaks and took deep strides under the weight, our slippered and **saddled** feet pushing tentative steps into the loose gravel.

I had been lifting weights in my liv-

ing room, alone, toning my shoulders and back after my tiresome paddling two weekends before. At the water's edge we squeezed into our cockpits, wiggled our toes and shifted our knees into place against the foam buffers inside. We watched the river go by—snow melt in transit—while we stretched spray skirts over the lip of combing on our cockpits.

I could feel a smile coming over me as my boat scraped sand and I lifted my paddle to push. The still water of the eddy cradled my boat like a buoy. My paddle strokes were uncertain at first. I lingered in the comfort of the eddy, remembering how to **ferry** into the current and lean on the downriver side with my paddle to steady me. Easier said than done, I thought, beginning to try the maneuver. Kayaking tests the instincts of common sense, I had learned. To lean downriver is to do something stupid, if not fatal—this is how my mind churned as I took a deep breath and did it anyway.

The other boaters were right again; the more steady you lean, the better it works. Big waves can catapult a boat forward if the paddler knows how to use body weight and arms to work with the current and not against it.

At the first big rapid, water crashed over my hull and clapped against my face from all directions. I kept my hips loose and forgiving and my paddle strokes assertive through the white caps of bone crusher rapids. I stabbed my pointed bow into an eddy downstream to rest after the exhilarating ride.

Before each rapid, I listened carefully to the advice of boaters who knew this river like the blood in their veins. Stay left of center, paddle hard, take the eddy on river right, they advised. Part of me felt I should know this already. I had been over this before and was learning slow. It didn't seem to matter. They smiled at me anyway, seeing the fresh excitement in my eyes. They wanted to share the rush of this sport without preening their egos. The river has low tolerance for a cocky approach they had learned. The river, the almighty, can humble the best of the best.

Being underwater, upside-down, in a boat, is a curious experience—a rush of current and cold, a silence only the bubbles underneath can break through. As I clutched my paddle, I was vaguely aware of my actions—a sweep stroke, a snap of hips, bending back the wrist of my pivot arm. This motion tipped me up enough to gasp for air, one ear tuned to

Square Spot Eliminates The Wet Spot

Changing platform

- Interior mesh pocket
- Clean changing area
- Leak proof to hold wet gear

Gear Bag

- Seamless bottom
- Sturdy handles
- Easy transport

\$34.50

SALAMANDER
PADDLE GEAR

541-388-1821 • FAX 541-388-1831
E Mail 72642.2022@compuserve.com

P.O. Box 1363 • Bend, OR 97709
Call For Your Nearest Authorized Salamander Dealer and Catalog

the thunder of water, the other deafened underneath. I knew as I slid back under, that I would wet-exit and swim. The next time I would keep my head down and finish the sweep, I thought. Easier said than done. The group of boaters darted in like sharks, eager to help. "Grab my stem," one yelled. "Drop your boat," said another. They corralled my boat and urged it to shore, bumping its red sides with their bows. I kicked hard as another boater paddled cross-current to shore, dragging me on his stem loop. The water wrapped around me like ice and flushed from my clothing as I stood up in the cobbles. Shivering, I emptied my boat while my rescuers floated patiently in the eddy, ready to help. There was only time for a few deep breaths, wringing my fleece hat and strapping my helmet down again. I couldn't make them wait. I slid squeakily into my boat, stretched the spray skirt into place, and was ready to paddle and get warm. We took gentle strokes on the moving water and my shivers subsided, just in time for the next wave train.

In the sluice of bubbles below the whitecaps, I slammed to the world underneath, the bubbles talking like laughter. Again, I was vaguely aware of my motions; the sweep, the snap of hips, the bend of wrist. A little voice said, "head down," and I resurfaced in a matter of seconds—my first combat roll. Water flushed from underneath my helmet, the heaviness of my wet hat close against my ears. I could hear the muffled yells of paddlers—cat calls and whoops—to celebrate my triumph.

Between the place where I rolled and the take out, I was able to look up at the hills without holding my breath. I noticed a bird sailing overhead, and the railroad snaking above us on the terrace. The green peaks of tree-covered hills enveloped us and the air was tangy with the smell wild country. At the last bend before West Glacier, I looked up to see the old bridge arched like a backbone over the wide stretch of water. My crow's feet wrinkles had deepened from smiling a good part of the day. I could hear the laughter of new friends above me on the bridge, trading stories and beers, catching the dim light of early Spring on their cheeks. ■ 1996

Editors Note: Andrea Weiser is a poet and archeologist who works for the Forest Service. She is currently finishing her first novel, set in the Bob Marshall Wilderness in Montana.



LEARNING AQUATIC ANATOMY

by Linda Peer

How does an intelligent middle aged woman end up in a short rubber skirt attached to what looks like a nine foot long plastic seed pod, upside down in a rapid full of rocks? Truth is stranger than fiction and this is how it came about:

In March a colleague said to me, "Linda, you have a whitewater river in your back yard. You should try kayaking. You would love it and you will learn the anatomy of water."

"The anatomy of water? Yes!" I thought, and in mid May I was at my first kayaking class, which was sponsored by the A.M.C.

My first wet exit was not promising. I didn't know to pull the grab loop toward me, couldn't get the skirt off by pulling it away from me, and needed help to get out. Fortunately my next try was fine, but I needed to practice a bunch of times before I was convinced that it really worked.

The next day we graduated from a pond to a river - real whitewater. The boat felt so wiggly with water flowing under it! I felt like an infant. I didn't know what to look at, or what the things I saw meant. My body didn't seem to do what I told it and I kept forgetting which side to paddle on to make the boat turn

the direction I wanted it to turn. I ran into rocks and other kayaks. It was unnerving. However, after an hour or two I noticed that if I trusted the boat and the water they seemed more competent than I.

Next we went through a little wave train. That was really fun. Water splashed over the kayak and me and flew every which way in the sunlight. The trees on the bank waved in the wind and little white clouds floated around in the sky. It was idyllic. I entered an eddy low because it was full of other boaters and thought the water looked a little strange there. I stuck my paddle in it and it snatched the paddle and pulled it under the boat. Of course I followed. I was out of the boat so fast I didn't even get water up my nose. I held on to my paddle and the boat and the instructor towed me to shore.

But what had happened? What was that funny looking water? Why was the water sometimes so hard and sometimes so soft? I got back in the kayak and paddled a short distance to the take out.

The next time I went paddling, again with an A.M.C. group, I felt a little timid. Again I felt like an infant. I didn't know what to pay attention to and both my body and boat seemed obstinate and out of control. The river was more difficult, and although I got to the take out with only one swim and had some fun, I didn't feel I had learned anything and was pretty terrified.

I had acquired a new problem and it was mental. I loved the water but also feared it. What to do? I also didn't seem

LEARNING AQUATIC ANATOMY

to be able to say "No" when people invited me to go paddling.

A couple of trips later I had become somewhat less terrified and went to practice with some open boaters in the water below a wing dam. During the morning I got very interested in ferrying and attaining and was feeling pretty fearless by afternoon. After lunch a kayaker in his sixties spent half an hour or so showing me how to attain current I hadn't been able to tackle in the morning, and how to ferry across a swifter current with bigger waves than I had attempted before. He showed me the small eddies in the fast current and completely changed the way I saw the water.

This was great! Finally I could see some of the anatomy of the water. My fear disappeared completely, blown away by my fascination.

The next time I went out I felt confident. I had a great time studying the water during the class one and two section of the trip, going in and out of eddies, ferrying, leaning this way and that and attaining. I even tried a little surfing. I didn't feel like an infant anymore. As a matter of fact, the paddling itself felt physically wonderful.

We got out to look at the short class three section and I thought I would try it. Everyone said, "Just stay out of those two big holes and keep pointed downstream and you'll be OK." We got back in our boats.

The second eddy our river leader went into didn't look friendly. It was behind a rock with another boulder just below. I was uncertain that I could be precise enough to get into it. However, I tried. And missed. I broached and into the water I went, before I had even reached the top of the rapid!

In a rubber skirt, attached to a plastic seed pod, upside down. Two big holes later I was still hanging onto my kayak and paddle and people were throwing me ropes.

I got back in the boat, played around in the bottom of the rapid for awhile to recover my nerve and called it a day. I had learned that I should trust my judgment, that I should try to avoid making mistakes at the top of rapids and that I could survive such a swim with little fear.

My colleague was right. I love kayaking and investigating the anatomy of the water. The surprise has been that I have also glimpsed the anatomy of my mind. I would hate to have missed the feeling of being an infant. And the chance to see the rocks and eddies of fear, and what makes them disappear, has been fascinating.

I wonder what will happen next.

THE WORLD'S BEST KEPT WHITewater SECRET!

Tropical rain-forests, stunning whitewater rivers, and the richest culture in the New World make Mexico a paddlers' paradise.

For a decade we've been exploring and guiding the rivers of Mexico. We know how to put the best rivers within your reach. Spend a relaxing week paddling rivers you won't believe. Sample the best of Mexican whitewater and culture with our top-notch guides and instructors.

<http://methow.micron.net/~aguaazul/>



Expediciones Agua Azul
Box 111 • Garden Valley • ID • 83622
72773.3106@compuserve.com
208/343-5855

Class III-IV • Travertine rapids • Waterfalls
Warm, clean water • December - April
Call for a copy of our video!

500-448-2482

SECOND ANNUAL UPPER YOUGH CHALLENGE

ATTAINMENT WARS!

WINNER — NATIONAL PADDLING FILM FESTIVAL — RACING



★ **58 MINUTE VIDEO** ★

\$19.95 PLUS \$3.95 SHIPPING

Send Check or Money Order to:

BO-POK PRODUCTIONS
6008 S. Twp. Rd. 113, New Riegel, Ohio 44853

or Call Boze to Order:
419-447-9542

ALSO AVAILABLE AT:
FRIENDSVILLE, MD.



WATERLINE CUSTOMER SERVICE: 1-800-945-3376

Zbel Still King of Upper Yough

Master hair racer Roger Zbel trounced the competition again at the sixteenth annual Upper Yough Race, held last August in Friendsville, Maryland. Zbel paddled the four mile, class IV-V course in 27 minutes and 34 seconds, nearly a minute and a half ahead of the second place finisher, John Weld.

Zbel, piloting a glass wildwater boat down the exquisitely technical course, also managed to cut nearly a minute off of his own time in the 95 race. Zbel has won the event fifteen out of sixteen times it has been held.

But the Upper Yough competition may be heating up. Weld, also paddling a glass wildwater boat, cut nearly two minutes off his 95 time to capture second place. The head of kayak instruction at Riversport and a contributing editor to American Whitewater, Weld seems to be the man most likely to give Zbel a run for the money.

Third place went to veteran river guide Steve Kauffman, who also elected to paddle a wildwater boat.

The fourth fastest time overall was posted by Ted Newton. Perception, Inc. awarded a synthetic paddle to Newton for posting the fastest time in a Wavehopper. Wavehoppers have become the boat of choice for many at the annual event.

Squirtmeister and whitewater innovator Jeff Snyder finished fifth in a wildwater kayak, followed by race organizer Jesse Whittemore in sixth. Rick Gusic and Mike Herrera placed seventh and eighth, respectively, also in Wavehoppers.

As in last year's race, Bob Vernon posted the fastest time in a slalom kayak, finishing ninth overall. Local high school teacher Scott Stough rounded out the top ten.

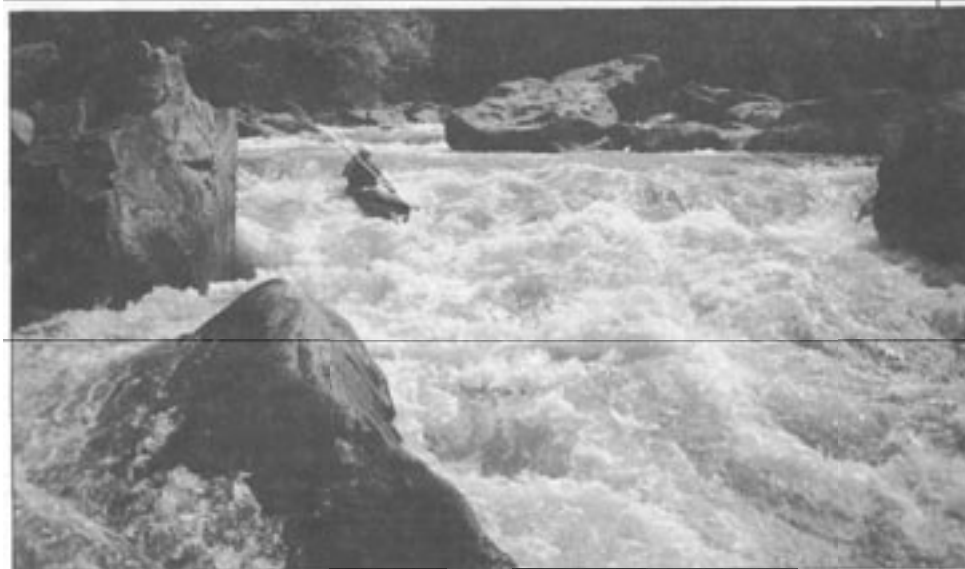
Veteran U.S. Slalom team member Kara Ruppel Weld set the pace in the women's field, with Chara O'Brien and Coleen Laffey placing second and third, respectively.

The fastest time in an open canoe was posted by Upper Yough regular John Derdorf. Tim Spangler placed second and Kathy Howerton placed third in the open boat division. Kayaker Hanley Loller successfully handpaddled the course in an impressive 45 minutes and 31 seconds.

The Upper Yough Race was organized by Jesse Whittemore with the assistance of Mountain Surf and the AWA. The tra-



Barry Tuscano tackles Triple Drop in the Upper Yough Race. Photo by Bill Young Sr.



Roger Zbel headed for victory again!! Photo by Bill Young Sr.

ditional end of season party held at the town park attracted the usual large crowd of merrymakers, who hooted and howled during the awards ceremony, then danced to the tunes of the band, Parhelion. By the end of the evening most of the fifty competitors were already plotting their strategy for next year's event!

More than \$1400 in prizes were donated for this year's race.

0-50 Demaree Inflatable Boats, Laurel

Highlands Rafting, Twila's Restaurant, Cindy Frantz, J.D. Lucas Printing, Bob Vernon, Alice Vernon.

50-100 Wisp Ski area, High Mountain Sports, Precision Rafting, Riversport School of Kayaking, Trading Post, Mike Herrera, Jay Northete

■ 100-200 Wilderness Voyagers, Rudy's Ski Shop

200+ Mountain Surf, Ohiopyle Prints and Perception Kayaks

Zbel Still King of Upper Yough cont.

The participants in this year's race would like to thank race organizer Jesse Whittemore, and the management and staff of Mountain Surf. once again. for a job well done!

96 Upper Yough Race



Sharkman Bill Young Jr. punches a hole in the Upper Yough Race. Photo by Bill Young Sr.



Hanley Lawlor hand paddling the Upper Yough Race. Photo by Bill Young Sr.

Name	Class	Time
Zbel. Roger	wwk1	27:34
Weld. John	wwk1	29:00
Kauffman. Steve	wwk1	30:29
Newton. Ted	wh	30:31
Snyder. Jeff	wwk1	30:40
Whittemore, Jess	wh	31:13
Gusic. Rick	wh	31:42
Herrera, Mike	wh	31:45
Vernon. Bob	k	31:53
Stough, Scott	wh	32:12
Stump. Chuck	wh	32:18
Hoda. Paul	wh	32:45
Cornwell. John	k	33:04
Weld. Kara	k	33:13
O'Brien, Khara	k	33:59
Kyser. Ken	k	34:12
Sarich. Dan	k	34:25
Zebel. Colby	k	34:34
Laffey. Coleen	wh	34:36
Gedekoh. Bob	k	34:36
Heller. Bill	k	34:42
Oliver. Ken	k	34:56
Lieb. Doug	k	35:08
Tuscano. Ambrose ...	k	35:28
Bassage, Dave	k	35:31
Hiber. Don	k	35:31
Miller. Robert	k	35:33
O'Neill, Kevin	k	36:01
Patz. Phil	k	36:42
Jordan. Kimberly	k	36:44
Brooks. Erik	k	36:48
Prenot. Frank	k	36:53
Wilson. Steve	k	37:32
Moyer. Charlie	ck	37:39
Nelson. Jeffrey	k	38:59
Tuscano. Barry	k	39:01
McCarty, Michael	k	39:07
Young. Bill Jr.	k	40:44
Norton. Pat	k	41:05
Martin. Nikki	ck	42:13
Derdorf. John	oc	44:52
Knechtel. Jeff	k	45:19
Loller. Hanley	k(handpaddled)	45:31
Spangler. Tim	oc	46:28
Howerton. Kathy	oc	47:20
Joffrion. Paul	oc	53:17
Aycock, Lynn	oc	60:55
Willard. Robin	oc	65:00

SEDA

Serving the
paddling sports
since 1969

SHOGUN - *The ultimate whitewater play boat*
RIVER RUNNER - *Top recreational kayak*
RAPID - *Proven freestyle winner*
Still made using tough cross-linked polyethylene construction

Our SEDA Sea Kayak line consists of the famous Glider, Viking, Swift, Tango and Vagabond.

Our SEDA open and decked recreational canoes are highly regarded by customers throughout the nation and Canada.

Our SEDA accessories include Coast Guard approved lifevests, top design wet suits and a comprehensive line of whitewater and flatwater gear.

Call today for our 40 page bargain-packed catalog and dealer nearest you.

SEDA PRODUCTS, 926 Coolidge Ave., National City, CA 91950
Tel: 6191336 2444

AUSTRALIA/NEW ZEALAND

WHITewater RAFTING TOURS



Experience the thrill of a 8-day
Rafting Vacation on either
Australia's North Johnstone River
in tropical Queensland, or
New Zealand's Alpine
Landsborough River.
Regular departure dates.
Priced from \$1,200 per person.

For details contact:

Worldwise Travel Services
1739 Franklin St., Suite A,
Santa Monica, CA 90404

Ph: (310) 829-5334 or e.mail:
<http://www.worldwise-travel.com>

WORLDWISE
TRAVEL SERVICES

Viking Paddles

Handcrafted quality is now available in composites.

Viking Paddles has combined the most advanced composite technology with Keith Backlund's unsurpassed blade design.

Composite skins are molded over machined Spruce/Cedar cores. **WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?**

YOU get a paddle with the feel of wood and the durability of synthetics at a competitive price.

Potomac Standard kayak paddle 33 oz

Potomac Carbon kayak paddle 29.5 oz

David Hearn Gold Medal C-1 paddle 23 oz

1-800-272-4141

Dealer Inquiries Welcome

P.O. Box 97 Ohiopyle PA 15470

DEERFIELD RIVERFEST 1996 HIGHLIGHTS

by Brik Miller

Who would've thought that Massachusetts, of all places, had a whitewater gem? Isn't that state just a suburb of Boston anyway?

Try telling that to the campers down at the far end of the Deerfield Riverfest site whose cooler got shredded by a Black bear. We're not talking surf moves here.

My friend Russell and I from West Virginia got the award for farthest distance traveled to attend the festival. There were a couple of people there from California, but they didn't qualify. They were just on holiday in New England and managed to luck out.

How cold is the Deerfield? "Well, it's the temperature of water with all the electricity taken out of it", exclaimed one festival attendee. This is the only place in the eastern United States where I have seen anyone wearing pogies in August. A full compliment of splash gear definitely made one more comfortable on the river.

You wouldn't want the water temperature to make you hesitant to go for an ender at the bottom ledge of Dragon's Tooth rapid, now would you?

Since the Rowe nuclear power plant was closed for decommissioning several years ago, the water temperature has decreased seven to fifteen degrees, depending on who you ask. Not running a huge portion of the river through the cooling jacket of a major nuclear reactor has brought the water temperature back to where a Yankee trout stream should be.

Running fast, with cold, clear water, the Monroe Bridge section is raucous. Fast, dashing, with no really huge drops, it surges to class 4 in spots. There are play waves and holes, but if you flip a quick roll is essential to avoid having your head function like an underwater geologist's hammer.

Now consider the subject of river manners. Ever notice that on the Ocoee people would just as soon run you over as not? On the more populated rivers down

south, it often seems that boaters are engaged in either aquatic slam dancing or combat whitewater.

Not so on the Deerfield. People make eye contact in eddies. Though the river is short and class 3-4, like the Ocoee, folks wait their turn to surf a wave. People apologize for inadvertently bumping into you. Those Yankees stand in sharp contrast to the myth of Southern conviviality.

A special note of thanks needs to be given to Tom Christopher, whose tireless efforts ensured a successful festival. Without the work of enthusiastic volunteers like Tom, releases on the Deerfield would still be just a dream. The A.W.A. could use more folks like that.

So the Deerfield is not a "world class" Class 5 river. Big soggy deal. In all honesty, it won't - to paraphrase Burrell and Davidson - appeal to those who only enjoy class 5 to the exclusion of everything else. But the rest of us can enjoy it, thank you.

During the Festival not only is the Monroe Bridge section running, but the easier Zoar Gap is a wonderful place to introduce someone to the joys of whitewater boating. It's less crowded than the Nantahala. And, in spite of my prejudices for things Southern, it's just as beautiful.

Popular Kayaker Dies on West Virginia's Lower Meadow

contributed by Bill Tanger
Roanoke Chapter, Float Fisherman of Virginia

Hasson was an expert level kayaker

Scott Hasson of Roanoke, Virginia died while kayaking the Lower Meadow River in West Virginia on Monday, September 9, at about 1:30 p.m. Hasson was paddling with a friend, Joey Beck, when he was pinned in a sieve in Hell's Gate, the second major rapid below the Route 19 put-in.

Scott was paddling a Pyrhana Migo 230 when he flipped in a hole and was pulled into the sieve. Beck tried to locate Hasson for about twenty minutes, but to no avail. At that time two other groups of boaters, led by Woody Callaway and Steve Campbell, amved. They tried for over an hour to locate Hasson, but were also unsuccessful. Around 6:00 p.m. a friend and former roommate, Rob Dobson, located the body.

The Meadow was running a murky 750 cfs secondary to rain from hurricane Fran when the accident occurred. This is considered a low to moderate level by Lower Meadow regulars. Hasson had reportedly been pinned in the same sieve in 1994.

There have been two other fatalities on the Lower Meadow in recent years: one at Coming Home Sweet Jesus and the other at First Island. The Lower Meadow is considered a very difficult river (Class V+) which features innumerable dangerous undercuts, sieves and siphons.

who had been boating since 1990. He was said to be very safety conscious, as was his companion, Joey Beck, who had recently taken a river rescue class offered by Glenn Carlson.

Hasson was raised in Botetourt County and graduated from Radford University in 1994 with a degree in marketing. He had lived in West Virginia for four years, working as a kayak instructor and videographer for commercial rafters. He had moved back to Roanoke in January and had opened the Roanoke branch of the Appomattox River Company, where he was manager.

Scott Hasson Remembered

Scott was positive, outgoing and helpful to beginning boaters. He was considered a friend by everyone who met him.

He was a good friend of mine.

I will always remember Scott at Sweets Falls on the Upper Gauley. He was shooting video for Mountain River Tours when some real carnage developed in the Box Canyon, about ten feet from the rock he was perched on. A rafter had been flushed under an inverted raft which was

pinned tight against a rock.

Even though there were a half dozen videographers on the rock, Scott was the one who put down his camera and jumped off the rock, without a life jacket, to push the raft away from the rock so that the rafter could get some air. That was Scott Hasson, more concerned about others than himself.

On another occasion we were surfing Greyhound Bus Stopper on the New River and Scott was shooting video nearby. We were having a wild time and had flipped our raft twice in the surf. When Scott had finished shooting, he dove into the water, swam over to our raft and climbed in for some surfing. After we flipped two more times he dove back in and went back to his work, shooting video down-river.

At his funeral the memorial card said "Celebrating the Life of Scott Hasson." This is the way we should remember him. Scott lived his life to the fullest and was happiest on the river. Few people pack as much in as Scott did. He would have told us all to get out there and paddle a river for him.

But when you're out there paddling, remember that even excellent paddlers can get nailed, and be extra careful. Scott would have told you that, too.

ANNUAL OHIO PYLE UPSTREAM RACE

The View From Sixth

by Scott Bortree

It's been a great summer on the Lower Yough: 3 feet, 4 feet, 5 feet, 11 feet... lots of water! Great for surfing, but tough for attaining. Now I'm sitting at the starting line of the oldest, longest and toughest attaining race. The Entrance Upstream Race was first held around 1980 (can you believe no one can really remember), and we've been doing it on a fairly regular basis ever since.

The Upstream Race started as a precisely organized event with starters, judges and timers. But now our basic idea of race organization is less is better, much better. We just go racing, the purest form of whitewater racing, a mass-start head-to-head contest. It's just you, the rapid and the other racers. Everyone can see who's winning and by how much. There is one timer, and there's only one rule - you can't push off of other racers.

Today's level is 2.3 feet. All of the moves are achievable, but there are several spots that are far from easy. It's August 24th, and 16 boaters are in line for the start - five real wildwater boats, a couple slalom race boats and some cruisers. It looks like the most competitive and diverse field in years. There are men, women and raft guides; world class racers, burned out boaters and raft guides. Roger is here to defend his seven-year undefeated streak, and there's also the number 4 and 10 men's kayaks and the number 4 women's K-1 from the recent Olympic trials.

GO. We all surge out and I'm right beside Roger, then I'm on his wake for a couple of strokes, and then I'm in the surging wakes of all of the wildwater boats. We zip to the bottom of Entrance in two and one half minutes, and at the turn rock, I see all of the boaters starting to spread out, seeking their lines through the easy shallows. I start to follow Scott McElroy. He's in a regular boat, but he's fast, and as we get near the first real attainment he moves way left. My line is the center, then head right. I head for my line; up ahead is the pumpkin wave hopper.

As I get to the first power move, the wave hopper is still on my line, but stalled. It's my first real decision - wait for my line

to clear or head right? Eric Martin is on the right side line, so I wait and breathe. It's clear now, so I start pounding up through a shallow eddy, then lift my bow and head for the next eddy - pound it, pound it hard, harder, shit, now I'm stalled! Pound it, pound it, I'm blowing the first move! Back down to the shallow eddy. Now, go hard, and I make it back up into the eddy this time. Sweep left, my bow just clears the rock and I'm on my line to the right.

Cool, let's go. Eric is gone - way ahead, and Mikey is in the wave hopper heading to the middle. My line is all mine and I'm pushing. This is my spot to get past everyone who's close to me, if I just make the next four easy moves. I make them all and head left, and there's Mikey, again ahead of me, trying to get up the hard slot that leads to the far left move. He's flailing and losing time. I go hard and make it past him.

It's clear the whole way to Brysons. I start sucking in as much air as possible before THE MOVE at Brysons. In the eddy just below Brysons, there is one wildwater boat that has missed THE MOVE and Ric Gusic in his weird race boat. Ric fires out across, makes THE MOVE, but drops low, not quite into the eddy on river right. He'll make it, but he has lots of work to do. I get to the on-deck spot before the wildwater can turn around, so I'm next to try THE MOVE.

At this level I know my chances are a little better than 50/50. I get a great line, blast across, almost into the eddy. A little more work and WOW, I'm ahead of Ric! The next attainment is really the toughest at this level. If you miss it, you're probably headed back below Brysons and you have to try THE MOVE - AGAIN. Ric is right on my stern, so I have no time to try to get some extra air. I have to go NOW. It's very shallow and there's very little water to sink a paddle in.

I want to stay right, it's way faster than going back across the surfing wave. I get my bow out of the eddy, FULL POWER AHEAD, but I'm stalled. Four big strokes and I'm still stalled. I look left and am

pretty sure I can make it to the little surfing wave. It's the slow line, but I make it.

Now it's a pure sprint to the finish. I look back to see Ric heading for the fast line on the right. I look back again and he's trying, but not making it. I pound ahead, I'm sure he can out-sprint me, so I've got to take advantage now. No more looking back, just crank it. There is no one in sight ahead of me, but Ric had got to be closing in. Push it, push it, I finally make it to the pool and I look back - no Ric. I look again and still no Ric. He must have blown the fast line, too.

Now I can see the finish line. I start thinking about getting some air and pushing it hard to the end. There is no one around me to goad me on and my mind wanders, thinking about Roger and how hard he still pushes to finish, even though he knows he is far ahead of everyone else.

Yeah, I'm going to push hard, I say to myself, push hard. Well, my lungs hurt and I'm all alone and now I know the difference between paddling hard and really racing. I have had fun, made almost all of the moves clean, and passed six or eight boats that were ahead of me. But I don't think I was really racing. Next year I'm going to have to learn to really like pain... if I'm really going to RACE IT!

FINAL TIMES: 1996 UPSTREAM RACE

Roger Zbel	9:20
Brian Homberg	10:08
John Weld	10:13
Scott McElroy	11:10
Eric Martin	11:11
Scott Bortree	13:21
Ric Gusic	14:07
Ted Newton	15:01
Steve Kauffman	15:26
Kara Weld	15:40
Scott Stough	16:51
Bob Vernon	19:19
Mike Herrera	21:03
Dan Sarich	22:00
Ambrose Tuscano	30++

(Run interrupted to rescue a pinned boater)

"Journeys" Fails to Deliver

a review by George Mower

What the River Says: Whitewater Journeys Along the Inner Frontier

by Jeff Wallach
\$12.95, paperback, 224 pages, ISBN 0-936085-35-5
Blue **Herron** Publishing, 24450 NW Hansen Road, Hillsboro OR 07124
503/621-3911 voice; 503/621-3911 fax; bhp@teleport.com
Web site at <http://www.teleport.com/~bhp>
Individual orders, add \$3 shipping and handling.

Unfortunately, this book doesn't live up to its promise. In his "Preface," Wallach says he means "to address the metaphysical journeys that participants on any river trip undertake" and he claims that in the wilderness setting of the river "people discover the opportunity to confront their true selves" Wallach notes that Frederick Jackson Turner claimed that many characteristics commonly attributed to Americans such as democracy, rugged individualism and self-reliance were products of the wild, untrammled frontier - where we could test ourselves and let our spirits run free. Wallach THINKS that many guests are drawn to the Salmon River at least in part by Turner's notion of the western frontier. After a quote from Turner's *The Frontier in American History*, he claims that "river guides are the rightful heirs to the mythology of the American West" (57). We have been led to expect stories of the river telling people that they can do more, that they have hidden resources of courage that they weren't aware of, of people's exploration of their inner frontiers. Those could be some examples of what the river says. Wallach never gets to those stories.

He tells us THAT "guides have to discover the appropriate way to push people to challenge themselves in the outdoors" instead of giving us stories of HOW guides

discover the ways. He says "we can trick them into experiencing something wilder, into doing some of the things that will make for a potentially life-altering experience", he claims that people changed on the river, but he doesn't show any of the tricks or how the experience altered someone's life. At least we could expect that he shows it happening with him, and maybe that's supposed to be the purpose of his next-to-last chapter, "The Slide", but it, too, comes off as just another description of running a rapid.

Wallach gets caught up in thinking that because some customer may reveal some dark secret to the guide on a five day raft trip, that customer has explored an inner frontier because of the wilderness experience. If you spend five days driving across the country with someone, the chances are good that that'll happen. And again, we don't hear the stories; we just get assertions. I don't want to hear THAT one woman "described her pain at having decided to stay with a husband who didn't want children" or "another guest confessed that he'd left his wife recently and taken up with a much younger woman" (93). When that's all we know of the situation, that's on the par with the gossip mongering that occurs when "we swap stories of strange things we witnessed: somebody sneaking out of someone else's tent just before dawn, a small flower tattooed on a middle-aged buttock, a conservative guest who seemed to be getting high every time he visited the unit (our portable toilet). We debate about whether a certain woman's breasts were really her own. We exchange secrets we've uncovered. . . ."

These secrets are not what the river says.

The book which gets in the way of the book Wallach he says he's writing is about his guiding on the Salmon, actually the experience of one summer. As he says

"I hadn't rowed whitewater in two years, and I felt nervous about proving to the other guides that I could hold my own. I also needed to reassure myself

that I knew what I was doing. It didn't help matters that right before the trip, Curt Chang pulled me aside for a 'pep talk.'

'You're going to have to prove a lot of people wrong this summer,' Curt said, running a hand through his hair. 'They seem to think of you as a celebrity boatman,'—meaning I was a guy who showed up for one or two trips each season, often with friends as paying passengers, and never really learned the systems or perfected my skills."

As a result, too much of the book is more concerned with the systems and proving himself than with what the river says about exploring inner frontiers. He describes the complexities of running the shuttles, of loading the boats, of camps, of cooking for such a variety of people out of a boat, of having to lug portable toilets around, of guides, of passengers, of the dories themselves, etc. Frankly, I'm not much interested in all this stuff, and I don't think many other people are either. Yet Wallach devotes chapters to all of these topics. Sometimes they may serve as vehicles to draw in some point about pollution or some game contributing to bonding or the loss of the genuine spirit of adventure characteristic of river trips in the old days - but they're just points thrown out as tidbits; he doesn't spend much time developing them.

If these points were what the river says, they get lost in the trivia. If you're interested in this stuff instead of what the book claims to be about, buy it.

Attention AWA Members

You can support AWA's Conservation and Access Programs through either the Combined Federal Campaign (CFC #2302) or through the United Way. To target AWA through the United Way, just write in AWA -2302.

WAVE SPORT

DESCENTE

KINETIC

FRANKENSTEIN



970/736-0080

PO Box 775207
Steamboat Springs, CO
80477

River Stories: Tales from Bo Rockerville

By Monte Smith
Reviewed by Don Ellis

Monte Smith & River Stories. The two are synonymous. Smith is well known in the paddling community for his river stories in the form of two outstanding whitewater guidebooks. *A Paddler's Guide to the Obed/Emory Watershed*, with its humor, innovative story elements, and in-depth information, has achieved the status of a classic. It remains as the only comprehensive guidebook covering the Obed system. *Southeastern Whitewater: 50 of the Best River Trips from Alabama to West Virginia*, was published just last year. Innovative in design, Smith incor-

porated a new river rating scale (the TRIP Scale) in which all 50 of the trips in his book can be compared with each other against ten different river characteristics, including overall difficulty. Both of these books are very real river stories, just as Monte Smith is a very real river enthusiast.

River Stories: Tales from Bo Rockerville is Smith's first full-length work of fiction. This collection of interconnected short stories follows the antics of Eugene (Bo)Rocker on and off the river. Whitewater settings range from

West Virginia's Gauley River to the log-infested Deadwood Canyon in Idaho. Off-river venues literally circle the globe, from the frozen Tibetan Wilderness to Julio's By The Beach in California.

Although the stories center around Eugene (Bo)Rocker, the book's strongest feature may be its cast of supporting characters, who are drawn with convincing detail, especially the women. The men in *River Stories* are often preoccupied with the excitement of negotiating Class V whitewater and barroom drinking. The women, however, invariably develop more personal agendas. They are self-directed women interested in much more than simply running

wild rivers. These women, ranging from exotic dancers to fast-track business entrepreneurs, make for interesting reading.

River Stories is not a collection of trip reports as you might expect from the title. If you have seen Smith's guidebook to the Obed/Emory Watershed, you have some idea of what to expect. The Obed book begins with two Eugene (Bo)Rocker short stories in which characters and events

WHERE THERE'S THUNDER...

THERE'S
LIGHTNING

Full line of whitewater and touring paddles

Lightweight High performance Custom Paddles

LIGHTNING PADDLES INC.
22800 So. Unger Rd.
Colton, OR 97017
503.824.2938

Dealers Inquiries Welcomed

Lee Bueflinger running Shappards Falls, West River, WA. Dave Sloner photo.

represent deeper symbolic meanings and achieve almost mystical significance. *River Stories* abounds with such symbolic representation. In many ways, reading *River Stories* is like floating an unknown river. There is often more in front of you than first meets the eye. Like any challenging trip, this one demands your full attention in order to successfully negotiate its cross currents.

If you are a river runner, you'll want to read this book. The river scenes are crafted by a veteran paddler who knows of what he writes. To my knowledge, this is the only book of its kind. It is a unique celebration of free-flowing rivers and of the free-spirited exuberance of river runners everywhere. If it is not available at your local paddling shop or favorite bookstore, it can be ordered direct from the publisher.

River Stories: Tales from Bo Rockerville. © 1996. Published by Pahsimeroi Press, P.O. Box 190442, Boise, ID 83709. Softback, 6" x 9", 292 pages, ISBN 1-886694-01-X, Price: \$14.95 + \$1.74 shipping.

WATER ARROW

by Jamie McEwan

Bound and braced in a glass canoe
(Plastic science to a humble end),
Rushed and crowded by the press of
water,

Lifted sparkling, then buried green,
Squeezed like an orange seed
And arced upward
Bow streaming
Bravely....

Here in my grip,
Under my hand
Resisting,
Comes the pulse -

I am the bow, the pull, and the shot
Speed to the mark,
Unerring -

Here is my freedom,
Here is my hand
Under the grip
Unrelenting.

Tossed and churned,
Gripped from under,
I smooth out my course
Rough-hewn by the water,
Harness the power that shoots me -
Slays me, gladly dying
Into the eddy's foamy core -
Quivering, vibrant I rest.

Editors note: A member of the US team many times over, Jamie McEwan competed in both the Munich and Barcelona Olympics.

Northwoods is your complete Paddlesport Adventure Dealer

Kayaks & Canoes Gear & Accessories Sales Rentals Instruction

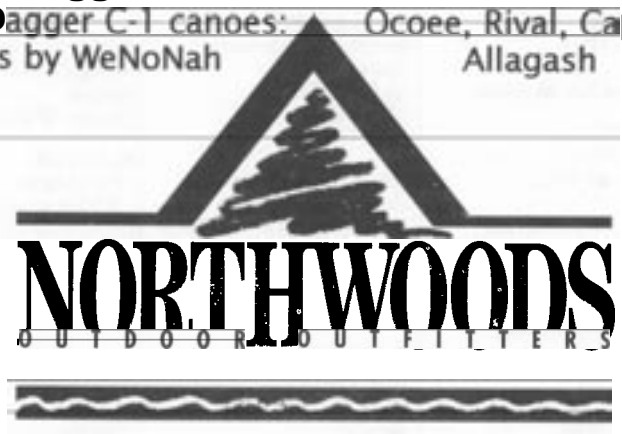
We stock full line Dagger, New Wave and Wilderness Systems

Great deals on Dagger C-1 canoes: Ocoee, Rival, Caption, Prophet

Also boats by WeNoNah

Allagash

Kiwi



3275 Lincoln Highway East, Paradise Pennsylvania 17562 (717)768-8956
Between York and Philadelphia on Route 30

Your complete kayak, canoe, backpacking and snowshoe outfitter.

The trail to adventure begins at Northwoods !

A F F I L I A T E S

ADK Genesee Chapter
c/o Jerry Hargrave
47 Thorpe Crescent
Rochester, NY 14616

ADK Schenectady
P.O. Box 733
Schenectady, NY 12301

Adobe Whitewater Club
P.O. Box 3835
Albuquerque, NM 87190

AMC Berkshire Chapter
c/o Mike Zabre
34 Russell Street
Greenfield, MA 01301

AMC Boston Chapter
c/o Jim Cavo
33 Chester Avenue
Waltham, MA 02154

AMC Connecticut Chapter
c/o Jan Larkin
151 Hamilton Drive
Manchester, CT 06040

AMC Delaware Valley Chapter
c/o Peter Zagorzycki
837 Lombardy Drive
Lansdale, PA 19446

AMC Maine Chapter
c/o Wolfgang W. Kaiser
P.O. Box 331
Woolwich, ME 04579

AMC New Hampshire Chapter
c/o Stanley J. Solomon
4 Whittier Road
Lexington, MA 02173-1717

AMC New York
c/o Trudy L. Wood
41 W. 96th St., Apt. 3C
New York, NY 10025

AMC SE Mass.
c/o Mark Klim
49 Record Street
Stoughton, MA 02072

America Outdoors
P.O. Box 10847
Knoxville, TN 37939

Club Andino Bariloche
20 de Febrero 30
(8400) Bariloche
Argentina

Appalachian Paddling Enthusiasts
c/o YMCA
P.O. Box 60
Erwin, TN 37650

Arkansas Canoe Club
P.O. Box 1843
Little Rock, AR 72203

Atlanta Whitewater Club
P.O. Box 33
Clarkston, GA 30021

Badger State Boating Society
c/o Karin Papenhausen
918 E Knapp #5
Milwaukee, WI 53202

Bayou City Whitewater Club
P.O. Box 980782
Houston, TX 77098

Beartooth Paddlers
P.O. Box 20432
Billings, MT 59104

Birmingham Canoe Club
P.O. Box 951
Birmingham, AL 35201

Blue Ridge River Runners
P.O. Box 10243
Lynchburg, VA 24501

Blue Ridge Voyageurs
c/o Larry Gladieux
208 Jefferson Street
Alexandria, VA 22314

Bluegrass Wildwater Assoc.
P.O. Box 4231
Lexington, KY 40544

Boat Busters Anonymous
2961 Hemingway Ave.
Jakdale, MN 55128

Buck Ridge Ski Club
P.O. Box 179
Sala Cynwyd, PA 19004

Burned Out Canoe Club
c/o Fred Vaughn
Box 15
McConnell, WV 25646

Canoe Club of Greater Harrisburg
c/o Mary Klauw
R.D. 1, Box 421
Middleburg, PA 17842

Canoe Cruisers Association
c/o Mac Thornton
6467 Wishbone Terrace
Cabin John, MD 20818-1707

Carolina Canoe Club
P.O. Box 12932
Raleigh, NC 27605

Central Georgia River Runners
P.O. Box 6563
Macon, GA 31208

Central New York Whitewater Club
c/o Nancy Howells
RR 1, Box 77D
Morrisville, NY 13408

Chattooga River Frisbee and Paddling Club
c/o John Snell
Box 603
Danielsville, GA 30632

Chicago Whitewater Assoc.
c/o Marge Cline
1343 N. Portage
Palatine, IL 60067

Chota Canoe Club
P.O. Box 8270
University Station
Knoxville, TN 37916

Clarkson Outing Club
Box 8565
Potsdam, NY 13699-8565

Clemson Whitewater Club
251 Fike Recreation Center
Box 344015
Clemson, SC 29634-4015

Club Adventure
c/o Adventure Quest
P.O. Box 184
Woodstock, VT 05091

Coastal Canoeists Inc.
P.O. Box 566
Richmond, VA 23218-0566

Colorado Rocky Mtn. School
c/o Bob Campbell
1493 Rd. 106
Carbondale, CO 81623

Colorado Whitewater Association
P.O. Box 4315
Englewood, CO 80155-4315

Coosa River Paddling Club
c/o Lonnie Carden
Southern Trails, Inc.
5143 Atlanta Highway
Montgomery, AL 36109

Cornell Outdoor Education Program
c/o Paul Kempner
301 The Field House, Campus
Zodiac
Ithaca, NY 14853

E. Tennessee Whitewater Club
P.O. Box 5774
Jak Ridge, TN 37831-5774

Eastern River Expeditions
c/o Dave Kareken
Box 1173 Moosehead Lake
Greenville, ME 04441

Foothills Paddling Club
P.O. Box 6331
Greenville, SC 29606

Friends of the River
Long Beach/Orange County Chapter
c/o Marvin Panzer
5122 Greencap Avenue
Irvine, CA 92714

Garden State Canoe Club
c/o Joseph Pylka
30 N. Greenwood Avenue, Apt. D
Hopewell, NJ 08252

Georgia Canoeing Assoc.
P.O. Box 7023
Atlanta, GA 30357

Georgia Tech ORGT
c/o Suzanne Beaumont
SAC-0110
Atlanta, GA 30332

G.L.O.P.
c/o James Tibensky
P.O. Box 2576
Chicago, IL 60690

Greater Baltimore Canoe Club
P.O. Box 591
Ellicott City, MD 21041-1841

Headwaters Paddling Assoc.
Box 1392
Bozeman, MT 59715

Holtwood Hooligans
c/o Dave Rostad
922 Marcia Lane
Lancaster, PA 17601

Hooper Outing Club
c/o Mike Sklavos, Water Safety
Memorial Union
800 Langdon Street
Madison, WI 53706

Hoosier Canoe Club
c/o Dave Ellis
7650 Poplar Road
Brownsburg, IN 46112-8412

Housatonic Area Canoe & Kayak Squad
c/o Robert Beringer
12 Boltis Street
Mt. Kisco, NY 10549

Huntsville Canoe Club
P.O. Box 52
Huntsville, AL 35804-0052

Idaho Rivers United
c/o Wendy Wilson
Box 633
Boise, ID 83701

Idaho State Outdoor Pgm.
c/o Ron Watters
Box 8118, ISU
Pocatello, ID 83209

JPL Hiking & Backpacking Club
c/o Philip G. Mullen
3628 El Caminito #A
La Crescenta, CA 91214-1713

Kansas City Whitewater Club
c/o G. Rebecca Stark
5600 Kenwood Avenue
Kansas City, MO 64110

Kayak & Canoe Club of Boston
c/o Roger Belson
Box 526
Henniker, NH 03242

Kayaking I-IV
c/o Schumacher
471 Hagemann Dr.
Livermore, CA 94550

KCCNY
c/o Pierre De Rham
P.O. Box 195
Garrison, NY 10524

Keelhaulers Canoe Club
c/o Cathy Schilling
3384 Marcella Avenue
Stow, OH 44224

Lansing Oar & Paddle Club
c/o Karl Pearson
P.O. Box 26254
Lansing, MI 48909

Leaping Lounge Lizards
c/o Rick Norman
3437 E Green St.
Pasadena, CA 91107

Ledyard Canoe Club
Box 9
Hanover, NH 03755

Lehigh Valley Canoe Club
P.O. Box 4353
Bethlehem, PA 18018-0353

Lower Columbia Canoe Club
c/o Russ Pascoe
6009 NE 35th Circle
Vancouver, WA 98661-7229

Meramec River Canoe Club
c/o Earl Biffle
26 Lake Road
Fenton, MO 63026

Merrimack Valley Paddlers
c/o George May
157 Naticook Road
Merrimack, NH 03054

Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak
P.O. Box 021868
Brooklyn, NY 11202-0040

Midwest Foundation for
Whitewater Excellence
7187 Manchester Road
St. Louis, MO 63143

Missouri Whitewater Assoc.
P.O. Box 3000
St. Louis, MO 63130

Mohawk Canoe Club
15 Andrea Lane
Trenton, NJ 08619

Monocacy Canoe Club
P.O. Box 1083
Frederick, MD 21702

The Mountaineers
300 Third Avenue West
Seattle, WA 98119

Moxie Gore Paddling Club
P.O. Box 455
South Paris, ME 04281-3455

NORS
c/o Mary McCurdy
Box 6847
Colorado Springs, CO 80904

NOVA Riverrunners Inc.
P.O. Box 1129
Chickaloon, AK 99674

Ohio Valley Whitewater Club
408 West Water Street
Newburgh, IN 47630

Ontario Voyageurs Kayak Club
P.O. Box 41
Adelaide Post Office
Toronto, Ontario M5C 2H8
Canada

Oregon Kayak and Canoe Club
P.O. Box 692
Portland, OR 97207

Outdoor Adventure Club
P.O. Box 402
Dayton, OH 45404

Outdoor Adventure Program
Bldg. 2807
Mt. Home AFB, ID 83648-5000

Outdoor Centre of New England
10 Pleasant St.
Millers Falls, MA 01349

Ozark Mountain Paddlers
P.O. Box 1581
Springfield, MO 65801

Ozark Wilderness Waterways
P.O. Box 16032
Kansas City, MO 64112

Paddling Bares
P.O. Box 22
Milltown, NJ 08850-0022

Palmetto Paddlers
c/o Mandy Maier
284 Shoreline Drive
Columbia, SC 29212
Perception Kayak Club
c/o Perception Inc.
111 Kayaker Way
Easley, SC 29640

Philadelphia Canoe Club
4900 Ridge Ave.
Philadelphia, PA 19128

Pikes Peak Whitewater Club
c/o Sarah Dentoni
533 North Wahsatch Avenue
Colorado Springs, CO 80903-3001

Project Challenge
8306 Mills Drive, #190
Miami, FL 33183

Rhode Island Canoe Association
c/o Dave Hevner
254 Bailey Woods Road
Brooklyn, CT 06234

Susan DeFoe
The River Alliance
236 Stoneridge Drive
Columbia, SC 29210

River Rendezvous
P.O. Box 888
Telluride, CO 81435
River Touring Section
Sierra Club - Angeles Chapter
c/o Dave Ewoldt
9624 Saluda Avenue
Tijunga, CA 91042

Rivers Council of Washington
1731 Westlake Avenue North,
#202
Seattle, WA 98109-3043

Roanoke County Parks & Rec.
c/o Bill Sgrinia
1206 Kessler Mill Road
Salem, VA 24153

Rocky Mountain Canoe Club
P.O. Box 280284
Lakewood, CO 80228-0284

San Joaquin Paddlers

P.O. Box 595
Friant, CA 93626

San Juan College Outdoor Program
4601 College Boulevard
Farmington, NM 87403

Sequoia Paddling Club
P.O. Box 1164
Windsor, CA 95492

Shasta Paddlers
c/o David Bish
1637 Cessna Court
Redding, CA 96001

Sierra Club Loma Prieta
c/o Dave Kim
3309 Oxford Lane
San Jose, CA 95117

Sierra Club RTS
c/o Wini Heppler
18 Columbia Circle
Berkeley, CA 94708-2104

Sierra Nevada WW
Club
3485 Zion
Reno, NV 89503

Smith River Valley
Canoe Club
c/o Harry B. Rhell,
President
15 Cleveland Avenue
Martinsville, VA
24112

Spokane Canoe &
Kayak Club
P.O. Box 819
Spokane, WA 99210

Steep Creek Films
4104 Shoal Creek
Boulevard
Austin, TX 78756

Texas Whitewater
Assoc.
P.O. Drawer 5429
Austin, TX 78763

Three Rivers Paddling
Club
c/o Barry Adams
811 Smokey Wood
Drive
Pittsburgh, PA 15218

Toledo River Gang
c/o Charlie Schultz
2321 Broadway, Apt.
5
Toledo, OH 43609

Triad River Runners
P.O. Box 24094
Winston-Salem, NC
27114-4094

U. of Maine at
Machias
Library
9 O'Brien Ave.

Machias, ME 04654

University of Tennessee
Canoe & Hiking Club
2106 Andy Holt Avenue
Knoxville, TN 37996-2900
University of Utah
Outdoor Recreation Program
Building 420
Salt Lake, UT 84112

USU Canoe & Kayak Team
c/o Jean Lown
UMC 2910, USU
Logan, UT 84322-2910

Viking Canoe Club
P.O. Box 32263
Louisville, KY 40232

Washington Kayak Club
P.O. Box 24264
Seattle, WA 98124-0264

Waterline
c/o ~~W. Tolles~~
103 Bay Street
Manchester, NH 03104

West Virginia Wildwater Assoc.
P.O. Box 8413

S Charleston, WV 25303
Western Carolina Paddlers
P.O. Box 8541
Asheville, NC 28814

Willamette Kayak & Canoe Club
P.O. Box 1062
Corvallis, OR 97339
Yayasan Arung Jeram Indonesia
J1. Bungur Raya 113, Depok
Jakarta, Indonesia 16432

Zoar Valley Paddling Club
c/o Ken Ahlstrom
46 Albany Avenue
Dunkirk, NY 14048

WERNER PADDLES

Fast and Clean



PHOTO BY ED MICHAEL

Werner paddles have been helping paddlers be fast and clean for more than thirty years.

Our paddles the Wenatchee and the Ocoee have been setting the standards for years. We're now offering three new blade shapes to enhance your paddling pleasure.



The Rogue has an asymmetrical shape and less dihedral for those paddlers who prefer a flatter power face.



The Quest is shaped like the Rogue but with a smaller blade face for anyone who wants a quicker stroke rate.



The Rodes is narrow at the tip for finesse in the green water, widening toward the shaft for power in the pile.

The Werner name stands for quality, performance and great design—exactly why Werner Paddles are the ones you see on the water! Call 1-800-275-3311.



WERNER

EVERETT WASHINGTON, USA

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

See where Werner can take you!



The Bleatin'-Journal

Sunday - March 9...the day after the alledged accident

The peoples rag

KAYAKER SOGGY BUT SAFE

The Story of a Rescue That Got a Little Out of Hand,,,

by Jeff Campbell

Sunday - March 9

The day started as innocently as picking your nose while driving, and looking over to see a car full of teenagers pointing and laughing hysterically- sapphire blue sky, crisp pre-spring air that smelled vaguely of spritely rock lizards perched atop warm boulders, blankly adjusting their bikini tops, high water rushing past brunching yuppies in the Gorge Overlook Hotel. Who could have foreseen the danger, nay, the horror, that lay in wait.

We met upstream of the Gorge run of the mighty Cuyahoga River, in the parking lot of You Want It We Got It Outfitters; Stu McFlip, QuigPonytail, and a rag-tag bunch of paddling groupies and hangers-on, including myself. The plan: Stu and Quig would do a quick run of the Gorge, then the group would head for the lower section of the Cuyahoga for an afternoon of fun and frolic. The mood was relaxed, bordering on the absurd. The customary animal sacrificial ceremony was vetoed in favor of the passing of the communal stick of Wrigley's spearmint gum. Then we all then took our appointed places - Stu and Quig headed for the put-in, and the rest of us headed for the observation deck of the Overlook Hotel. A few of us with cameras ventured down the steep riverbank to the overhanging ledge above the last nasty drop, for a better photographic vantage.

Having been there only a few seconds, we heard a voice. Looking upward, we spied a petite female hotel employee standing in the shadow of the beer-gut of a very official looking fellow wearing a blue workshirt with some sort of badge painted onto his breast pocket. He had a two-way radio in one hand and his ego firmly grasped in the other. "You people come up from there! That's hotel property and it's too dangerous for non-hotel personnel! If you were to fall into the river where you are, you'd probably be swallowed up by trolls and all we'd find of your remains would be your ratty Texas!"

The petite female hotel employee's female body swayed in rhythm to the undulations of his stomach as he spoke. She was in obvious awe of his raw power, as were we. Having heard these warnings, we immediately scumed up the riverbank to escape such a horrible fate. We regrouped on the observation deck. This portent of the evil to come went unnoticed by all, save possibly the riversharks that licked their thin rivershark lips just below the boiling surface.

Stu and Quig were now perched just above the 15-foot low-head dam, preparing to drop into the eddy below to begin the run of the gorge. You could physically taste the anticipation - a culinary combination of king crab steeped in butter and beer vomit - as a crowd of over-dressed hotel diners gathered at the windows of the river-view restaurant to ogle the paddlers. The Quigster ventured over the drop first, a graceful sight in his red Pirhanna 280, nonchalantly disappearing in the hydraulic below and popping up in the eddy. Stu paddled back and forth above the drop, his green Corsica S an extension of his lean, mean paddlin' machine, eyeing the ice formation projecting from the edge of the dam, inches from his chosen line, like a mountain lion contemplating whether to pounce on a rabbit for lunch, or take a **crap** and drop for a nap under a shade tree.

Finally Stu sprinted over the drop - angled just a little too much sideways. Stu

disappeared, then popped up, still within the grasp of the hydraulic. But Stu was upside down. He rolled, but in slow motion.

A restaurant patron, Mr. Sony, with 8mm video camera in hand and dollar signs in his eyes, was already dialing 911. Stu's slow roll was probably his downfall, his Waterloo, his Little Big Horn, his Pearl Harbor, his Spaceshuttle Challenger, his premature ejaculation - you get the idea. The hole sucked Stu in and held him like a \$20 whore - no way it was letting him go without paying the price. Stu wrote out a short note with his name and phone number, with a P.S. to his wife telling her he'd be home a little later than expected, duct taped it to the bow of the Corsica, popped his spray skirt, and parted company with his boat. At this point, Mr. Sony's 911 call was completed and the wheels were set in motion. The evil had been loosed upon an unsuspecting world, there was no turning back now.

Between the hole at the base of the dam and the first class III drop lie 75 yards of class I and II water, so Stu, with a bit of nudging from the Quigster, easily swam to the shore on river left. His only mistake in choosing this shore over river right was that there was no access up the riverbank, only sheer, icy rock walls. The only damage done was to his pride. Our band of renegades had witnessed Stu's swim from the observation deck, and by this time we were all relocated to a smaller deck on river right directly opposite Stu's precarious position. As we yelled chides across the river to Stu regarding his dubious paddling skills and innuendoes about his masculinity, the fighting men of the Red White and Blue Fire & Rescue Squad began showing up and huddling in groups, perplexed looks on their collective faces.

One friendly-looking gentleman in fireman garb approached us and inquired, "Under the present precarious circumstances, what intended rescue plan, if any, have you formulated?"

"Huh?" we replied.

He pointed to Stu. "How are you going to get him back over here?"

"Oh," we replied. We all pointed at Quig, who was still ferrying back and forth in the class II current. "He's going to ferry a line from Stu to this side of the river, tie it to his boat, Stu will pull the boat back to his side, and then he'll ferry back over here. It'll take about 5 minutes."

"That sounds logical," replied Mr. Fireman. "Anything we can do to assist y—"

"HOLD ON RIGHT THERE, KIDDIES!" boomed a voice from behind us. "DON'T ANYBODY MOVE!"

We looked down the deck to the hulking figure moving toward us, his bulging muscles straining the seams of his gold lame' fire rescue suit. Could it be...? It was! It was... CAPTAIN AMERICA!

At his arrival, the calm breeze began to pick up; the sky darkened a shade, but no clouds were visible; the birdsongs quickly quieted. The only sound to be heard was the rushing of the wildwater below, and the pounding of the Captain's heart deep inside his massive chest. "Nobody's doing anything until I have time to assess the situation!" The red, white & blue vein at his temple pulsed wildly.

Just then the door from the hotel res-

taurant opened and out pranced Mr. Sony. "I have it on video - I have it on video!" he squealed, waving his camcorder in circles above his head, and heading for the Captain. The Captain swung his huge arm in an arc and caught Mr. Sony squarely across the throat, knocking him in an unconscious heap 20 feet away.

"Okay, somebody fill me in," said the Captain. There was a flurry of brown canvas and yellow reflective tape as the Fire Rescue Team swarmed the Captain, everyone talking at once. The Captain crossed his arms and rested his chin in his hand, his steely black eyes focused on some unknown distant point.

I looked over at Stu and his muscular paddler's body seemed to be **morphing** before my eyes. His usually erect stance became slouched, and I thought I saw a jagged cut on his cheek that I had not noticed before, and his nose was bleeding from both nostrils. The bleating from the flock of firemen quieted, and bodies exploded in all directions as the Captain flexed his shoulders and chest, and strode over to the deck railing facing the river.

He pointed to Quig. "First, get the girly-boy out of the water so we can get to work."

Before the rest of the squad could shuffle

their feet, the Captain leaned over the railing, grabbed the Quigster's pony-tail, and hoisted the Quigmeister and his boat up onto the deck. Quig looked at the Captain with adoring eyes.

The news people were starting to show up - The Bleatin'-Journal, Channel Z, CNN, ABC News, MTV Sports, The Ricki Lake Show, Cooking With Weasels... Mr. Sony had regained consciousness and was flitting from one reporter to the next, waving his video camera in each respective face, screaming, "I taped it! I taped it! I taped it!" He was "accidentally" beamed with an 800mm Nikon lens, a 60-lb camera bag, a fully extended tripod, a cameraman's elbow, and a roast beef sandwich before he collapsed in a puddle in a corner. A stinging rain had started to fall, yet there were no clouds in the sky. The river's level rose and the current increased - a nasty whirlpool appeared in front of Stu, and I thought I saw a small puppy swirling around in it.

"Ok, here's the plan!" the Captain boomed. "We're bringing him up the other bank. No way are we bringing him across that churning cauldron." He pointed to the river below - it was bubbling up and spitting out things that had been buried under the surface for decades. I looked at Stu. He was



PADDLING CENTRAL

The center of paddling in southern New England is Zoar Outdoor. Our ACA certified school, fully stocked Outfitter's Shop, and location on the Deerfield River put us at the heart of it!

Come visit us this season!

Looking for a new boat? Come paddle any Dagger, Mad River, New Wave, Perception, Prijon or Wavesport boat on real whitewater before you buy it.

Call for our color brochure **1-800-532-7483**

Charlernont, Massachusetts 01339



Creekin' USA

New Release!

- Green Summer**
20 minutes
\$21.95
- Southern Fried Creekin'**
45 minutes
\$26.95
- Plunge!**
45 minutes
\$26.95
- Vertical Addiction**
45 minutes
\$26.95

Gentry Video Productions

Announces the release of **Creekin' USA!** It's 90 minutes of hardcore paddling action as GVP takes you to eight regions around the United States to paddle over 30 creeks and rivers with the local experts. Features runs in Maine, Alaska, West Virginia, the Southeast, Colorado, Yellowstone Area, the Northwest, and California. Only \$29.95 plus \$3.00 shipping.

Gentry Video Productions, 646 Deer Creek Trail, Hoschton, GA 30548. (706) 654-2725. gentvid@mindspring.com New Web site: <http://www.mindspring.com/~gentvid/index.html>

Kayaker Safe But Soggy

huddled into an indentation in the rock face, sitting with arms crossed around his knees. Small trees were crashing down the bank into the water and were swept away in seconds.

"Let's get moving!" shouted the Captain. "Call for back-up - send about 15 more men. Let's re-group above the pitiful victim on the other bank and start preparations for rescue. Block off the entrance ramp and close down all southbound lanes of Route 8 except one, we may need to call in the Life Flight helicopter, and we need to clear a place to land."

The Captain was spitting out orders like a machine gun. "Tell the manager to evacuate the hotel - it's blocking our light and we may need to move it. CMON PEOPLE, LET'S MOVE!!!"

The Captain was growing larger with each word. His rescue garb hung in tatters from his massive muscles. He turned to a hotel employee standing nearby, "Call Stallone and see if he's available - we could sure use his help." The press hung on every word; the glow from their eyes offset the continuing darkening of the sky - like torches in a mineshaft. The rescue team was gathering on the cliff above Stu - 40 men and 13 vehicles strong, so far. I could barely see Stu now for the 10 foot standing wave that had formed in the river in front of him. He was hunkered down in the spray, muttering to himself. It looked like both his legs were broken and useless. The roar of the river had become deafening, but I thought I heard Stu murmur, "Oh, help me mommy, I'm so afraid."

I could see the Captain coordinating the rescue efforts above Stu. The static electricity he was generating was making the others' hair stand straight up. "Set up a six line Z-drag! Tie it off to the concrete pylon of the overpass; we don't want to take any chances!" The rescue team was a blur of activity. The Captain stood with his hands on his hips, his brow furrowed and his jaw set.

I could no longer see Stu, as the team had dropped a net, anchored with two Oldsmobile Cutlass Supremes, over the cliff, in case Stu accidentally fell from the rocks. I thought I could hear the faint sound of sobbing.

The rescuers were completing their preparations, and had begun lowering one of their crew down the cliff face to Stu's location. Suddenly the rescuer's lines all snapped simultaneously, and he plunged down. He crashed off a boulder, missed the net, and disappeared into the river. I saw the Captain lick the tip of his index finger and tap the air in front of his face.

"We won't make that mistake again," said the Captain. "Bring in the 400-ton winch." After an hour or so, with the aid of the winch, the Fire Rescue Team began lowering a full-size ambulance down the

sheer face of the cliff. This time it went without a hitch. The news crews were all focused intently on the action. Mr. Sony was up and about again, running hither and yon, but no one was paying any attention. The mass of spectators had grown to Noodstock-size proportions. Rock bands were performing on the sidewalks and a traveling 3-ring circus had set up on the hotel's roof.

Just then a roar arose from the crowd! The Captain was motioning to his crew to prepare to raise Stu and the ambulance. The ropes were unhooked from the winch, and a solitary figure dressed all in white strode deliberately toward the edge of the cliff. The figure turned toward the crowd and removed his white cowboy hat - it was Roy Rogers! The crowd went wild with adulation! After a few perfunctory bows, Roy grabbed the loose end of the rope attached to the ambulance, formed it into a lariat, and stepped up to the shoulder of Route 8. He raised the rope over his head, gave it a few spins, and gracefully tossed it toward an oncoming 18-wheeler, all the while singing a soulful rendition of "Happy Trails", occasionally throwing in one of his trademark yodels for effect.

The lasso caught the gas tank of the speeding semi and before you could say - Deployment of National Sauces, Wandercraft Division - the ambulance was jerked up the cliff and onto the road above, Stu strapped securely to the roof. Timing it perfectly, Roy cut the rope at the moment the ambulance reached the top of the cliff, the 18-wheeler driving off into the sunset, the frayed rope trailing in its exhaust fume wake.

The scene was a madhouse! Cheering broke out from every corner of the city!

The sky cleared and the sun shone brightly. The river miraculously became class II again. Birds began to sing from every tree, and butterflies landed on smiling babies' faces. I looked over and The Captain was surrounded by news crews and reporters. He had changed into a brilliant emerald green sequined jumpsuit. People were dancing in the streets and spirits were high!

We pushed our way through the throngs and headed for the bridge to meet Stu. As we crossed the bridge, we spied Mr. Sony darting in and out of traffic on Route 8, running toward a parked Channel Z truck, waving the 8mm video tape above his head. Suddenly there was the screeching of tires and Mr. Sony was flying through the air, the video tape preceding him in the air by a good 10 feet. As Mr. Sony crashed through the windshield of an oncoming Volvo, his video tape landed at the feet of the Channel Z cameraman. We rushed to the Volvo in time to see Mr. Sony lying face down in a pool of his own blood on the front seat, and we noticed a tattoo at the hairline on the back of his neck - three small numbers - 666.

We turned and walked back toward Stu. He was just exiting the back of the Rescue Squad's truck, looking as fit and healthy as ever, as the Captain approached him, tailed by a couple dozen news people.

"Howdy, young man," said the Captain, "how 'bout a photo with me for the papers?"

Stu flipped him off with a smile and walked to where we were standing, waiting for him with a fresh stick of spearmint gum.

"Hey Stu," I said sarcastically, "any comment?"

"Let's run it again," replied Stu.

Moral: Don't believe everything you see or read in the news- ■ 1996

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

Airtight Inflatables
412 - 329 - 8668
P.O. Box 36
Ohiopyle, PA 15470
Ask for Toni

SHREDDER THE ONLY SELF-BAILING inflatable cataraft!
NO HARD PARTS!

Mohawk

Write or call for free color brochure and lots of information

World Leader in Short Whitewater Playboats
Designer & Builder of Whitewater Canoes Since 1971

Over 100,000 canoes built since 1964

VIDEO PLAYBOATS PLUS
OUTFITTING YOUR BOAT \$8.00



PADDLER: Vernon Keith

PHOTOGRAPHER: Bobby Hall

We build Probes in 4 different sizes to accommodate a wide range of paddlers of different sizes and skill levels. High performance, yet user friendly. We believe our Probes meet the needs of a greater variety of paddlers than any other whitewater playboat. We have sold many hundreds to paddlers who praise their performance.

PROBE 11, 12 & 12-II — Viper-like performance, yet extremely user friendly. Dry, agile and quick to accelerate. Spins on a dime and slips into the smallest eddys. Yet they easily hold a ferry angle and track surprisingly well. Due to the extreme flare of the sides, the Probes have an amazing amount of final stability. A choice of three lengths to fit your weight and/or paddling skill. The paddlers who own these boats rave about their performance. This is a playboat you may never outgrow. rocker 4-1/2" and 5" **\$612.50**

RODEO... A new shorter playboat for rodeos and steep creeks. Never have ends been so easy. Spin in the hole - Surf on the wave - Grab a smaller eddy. 10'6" **WOW!** This canoe took 4 of the top 6 places in the 1995 World Rodeo.

VIPER 11 & 12 - Dry, quick and agile. The choice of steep creekers and rodeo competitors. A winner if you can handle the edge. rocker 4-1/2" and 5"
Winner 1993 World Rodeo (1st, 2nd & 3rd)
Winner 1993/1994 Ocoee Rodeos
Winner 1994 Ottawa River Rodeo

PROBE 14... Mohawk's new tandem/solo playboat has all of the hot performance features of the Probe 12 in a larger boat. A great boat for those tandem paddlers looking for extra performance. The Probe 14 can be factory outfitted in a three position, two position or a solo configuration. An excellent choice for larger paddlers or those who prefer a longer boat. As a solo boat, it's so quick and easy to spin you think you're in a much shorter boat. length 14'2" beam @ gunwale 30-1/2" rocker 6"

XL13... Dry, stable, user-friendly. A Mohawk classic. Good for beginners and large paddlers. It is still a favorite of many Paddlers. rocker 3"

XL14... For large paddlers or tandem paddling. It can be outfitted with two position outfitting for tandem paddling or three position for both tandem and solo paddling, rocker 3"

XL15... A tandem whitewater boat and favorite of outfitters, schools and anyone during tripping or play on whitewater rivers. Available bare, with web seats, with kneeling thwarts or foam saddle (2 or 3 position). rocker 3"

NEW ADJUSTABLE THWARTS

Allows you to adjust your Probe, Rodeo or Viper for maximum performance or maximum stability. **\$25.00/pr**



963 CR 427 N.,
Longwood, FL 32750
(407) 834-3233 PHONE
(407) 834-0292 FAX

Save 30%

Why Buy Factory Direct?

- FASTER SERVICE:** Most orders shipped in 1-2 days.
 - INFORMATION:** You talk directly to the people that design and build the canoes.
 - SELECTION:** Greater selection of colors, models and seating options.
 - SAVINGS:** Substantial savings.
 - DESIGN:** The very latest canoes in terms of construction and design.
- Thousands sold factory direct to satisfied paddlers

MOHAWK'S NEW SADDLE with THIGH RETAINERS

Mohawk has a new foam saddle with integrated quick release thigh retainer and knee wedges. It holds you comfortably and firmly in place and is adjustable so it will fit practically anyone. This innovative thigh retainer holds its shape so the paddler easily slips into "paddling position" without readjustment or having the hassle of getting into thigh straps.

By pulling on a single strap, located just forward of your lap, both legs are released at once for a quick exit. The four inch width of the unit and its thick micro cell foam give very comfortable and firm support to your thighs and hold you firmly in the boat with very little knee lift.

place. It is very comfortable." (Jeff Richards - Steep creeker, winner 1992 Ocoee Rodeo & Winner 1994 short boat class Dixie Division (slalom races).

"I've used a Mohawk thigh retainer on big water in Costa Rica, the Upper Yough and Steep Creeks and it's just great. It is extremely comfortable and holds you tightly in the boat. It fits anyone, is easy in and out, and fast but not loose, pull on one strap that is practically in your lap, and it releases both legs at once. The students in my canoe rolling classes just love it." (Mike Arnold - ACA Instructor, Washington DC area.)

PROBE 12-II: The narrower version of the Probe 12-II is my first choice among the new 12 footers. I have tried the others but like the predictability of the symmetrical hull. The design makes the II quick and very responsive. Upstream attaining, ferrying, turning, and surfing maneuvers are very easy and effective. Crossing currents and peel outs feel solid and predictable; without surprises as with some asymmetrical hulls. The R-84 lay tip makes the boat a pleasure to carry and after a year of hard use, is holding up fine. The boat does great on big rivers and creeks. My boating pals and students who have Probe II's are happy with them. If people don't try the II they may be literally missing the boat. **Mike Aronoff** - ACA instructor, (Washington DC area)



MOHAWK'S NEW SADDLE WITH THIGH RETAINER

Includes saddle, thigh retainer, thigh wedges, knee pads, Yakima foot braces **\$132.00**

Specs	Length	Beam	Depth	Weight	Material	Suggested List+	Factory Direct
RODEO	10'6"	26.5"	16.5"	42 lbs	R84	\$850	\$595.00
PROBE 11	11'8"	28"	15.5"	45 lbs	Royalex	\$875	\$612.50
PROBE 12	12'8"	28.5"	15.5"	49 lbs	Royalex	\$875	\$612.50
PROBE 12 II	12'2"	27"	15.5"	46 lbs	R84	\$875	\$612.50
PROBE 14*	14'	30.5"	15.5"	59 lbs	Royalex	\$940	\$658.00
VIPER 11	11'6"	27"	15.5"	45 lbs	Royalex	\$875	\$612.50
VIPER 12	12'6"	27.5"	15.5"	49 lbs.	Royalex	\$875	\$612.50
XL13	13'3"	30"	15.5"	56 lbs.	Royalex	5920	\$644.00
XL14*	14'3"	32"	15.5"	60 lbs.	Royalex	\$940	\$658.00
XL15*	15'4"	35"	15.5"	65 lbs.	Royalex	\$970	\$679.00

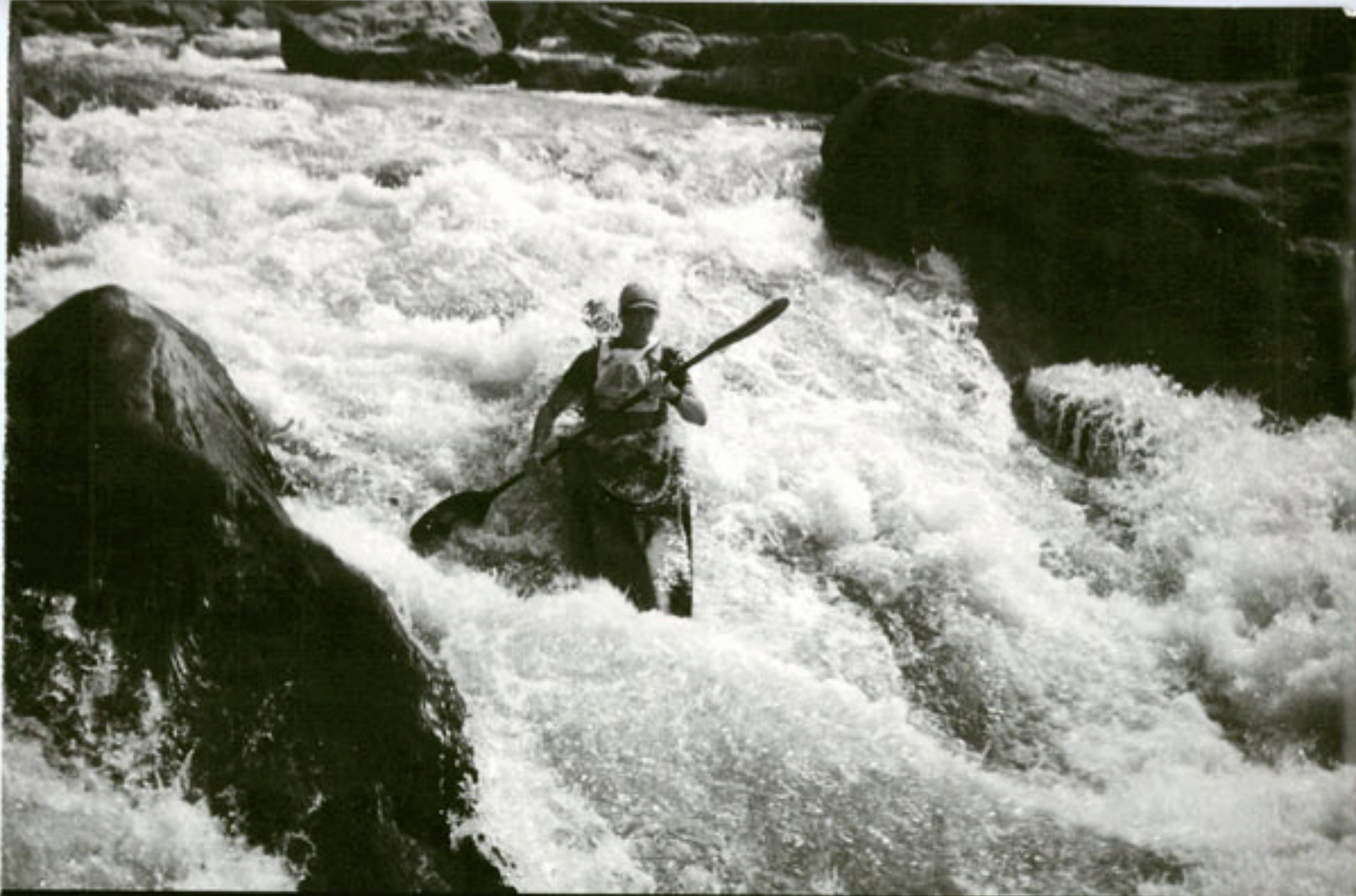
* Tandem or 500lb + Prices do not include height

WOOD GUNWALES AVAILABLE

WHITewater OUTFITTING... Whitewater playboats are available fully outfitted and ready to paddle. This outfitting includes: Foam saddle or pedestal, knee pads, thigh straps or retainer(s), Yakima foot braces, air bags & quick disconnect lacing kit.

\$235 Solo \$350 Tandem \$395 triple

MOHAWK ACCESSORIES... Air bags, lacing kits, life jackets, rescue ropes, Yak foot braces, foam saddles and much more
ALL DISCOUNTED



american whitewater

AWA Journal _____

PO Box 636 _____

Margaretville, NY 12455 _____

Address Correction Requested _____

NON- PROFIT
U.S. POSTAGE

**PERMIT #622
NEWARK OHIO**