



AMERICAN WHITEWATER

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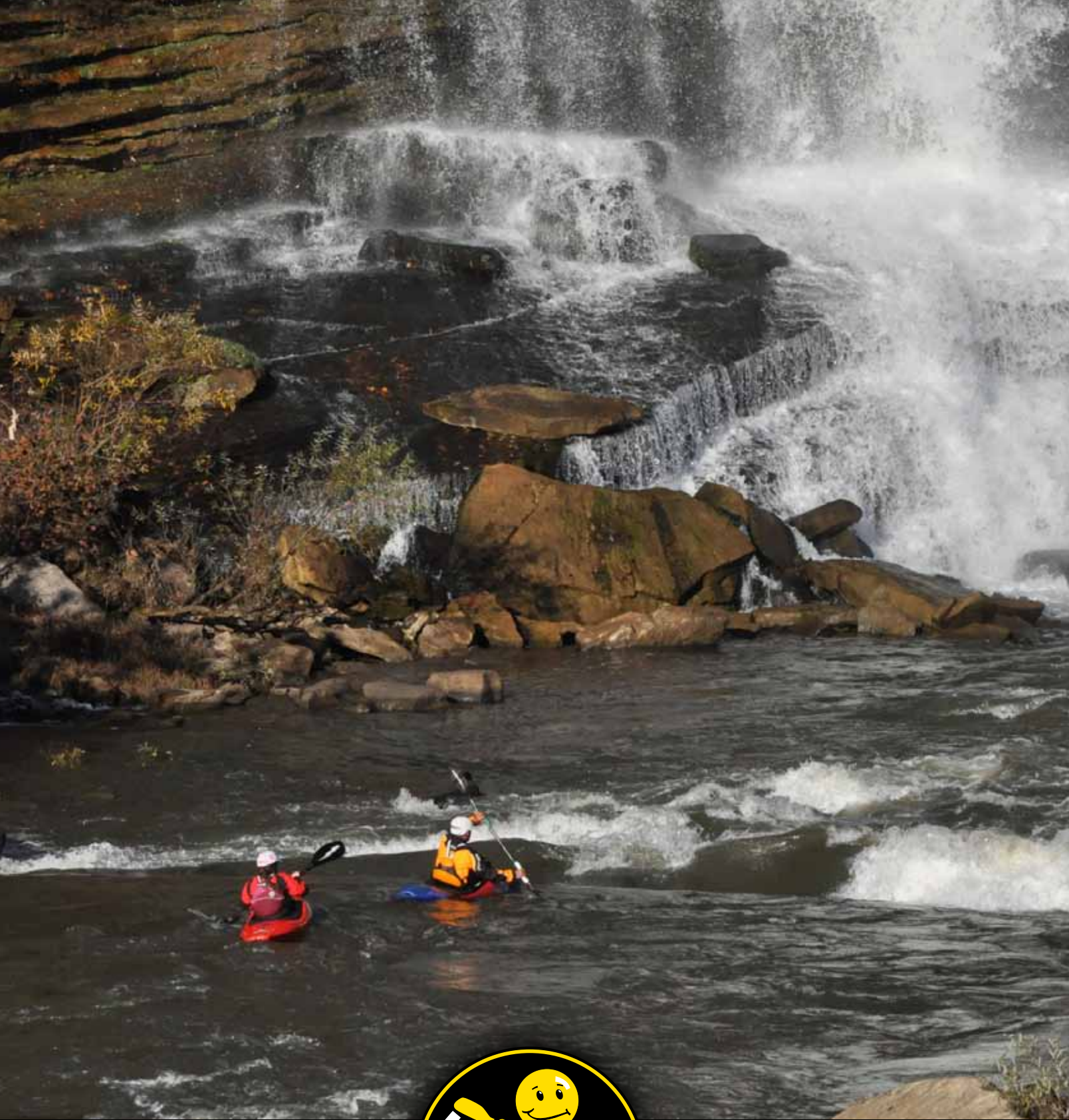
BY BOATERS FOR BOATERS
Nov/Dec 2013

REMINISCING ABOUT THE EARLY YEARS OF AMERICAN WHITEWATER

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AMERICAN WHITEWATER

A VOLUNTEER PUBLICATION PROMOTING RIVER CONSERVATION, ACCESS AND SAFETY

American Whitewater Journal

Nov/Dec 2013 – Volume 52 – Issue 6

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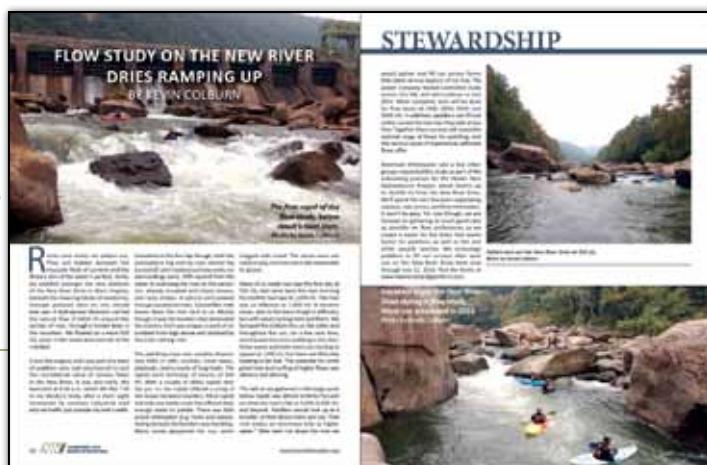
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Daniel Brasuell on the Cheakamus River,
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Photo by Darin McQuoid, darinmcquoid.com

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PURPOSE

RIVER STEWARDSHIP: AN INTEGRATED APPROACH

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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THE JOURNEY AHEAD

NEXT YEAR, 2014, American Whitewater turns 60 years old! As we prepare for our 60th Anniversary I thought it would be appropriate to ask some of the folks who were there when American Whitewater was founded to share some of their memories. Clyde Jones (American Whitewater's Circulation Manager and Executive Secretary from those early years) was nice enough to provide his recollections of the early years, which you can read about in this issue on page 14. In my communication with Clyde I was struck by how many of the issues that brought us together as an organization are issues we still face today. According to Clyde, "American Whitewater was needed and formed partly because there was so much controversy in the boating world. It involved dams, wilderness, and amateur vs. professional racing, need to improve skills, trespass questions, lack of national organization open to our needs and new ideas, and need to communicate between boaters nationally."

Much has changed in the last 60 years; the controversy in areas like amateur vs. professional racing is long past and current whitewater athletes would be hard pressed to understand what that brouhaha was all about. However, other issues like dams, wilderness, access, communication, and national representation are all still very important to the stewardship goals of the organization. All of us, as members of the whitewater community, have so much to be thankful for in the vision Clyde and others acted on 60 years ago.

As we continue into the next 60 years, remember that American Whitewater is your organization! As members, this is your opportunity to elect candidates to the Board of Directors to represent your interests. American Whitewater's Board embodies the ideal of grassroots advocates who live the AW mission "to conserve and restore America's whitewater resources and to enhance opportunities to enjoy them safely." Currently, the American

Whitewater Board consists of 12 voting members who serve three-year terms. As Executive Director, I work closely with the six-person Executive Committee comprised of organization officers (President, Vice President, Treasurer, Secretary) and two at-large members.

Because American Whitewater is administered at the staff level, the principle role of the board is that of governance and ensuring the administrative integrity and financial stability of the organization. American Whitewater is quite fortunate to have a committed group of volunteer board members who provide the organization with high-level oversight and strategic direction. To sustain this healthy and vibrant board, an effective process is needed to ensure an appropriate transition of our directors over time. This transition process must balance the need for fresh new ideas and energy with an appropriate continuity of governance and leadership. This time of year, members have the opportunity to elect the American Whitewater Board of Directors.

On page 45, you will find the bios of the four candidates to fill seats on the Board of Directors. The ballot for our Board of Directors election will be placed online from November 1st to December 15th. All current members will be emailed a link to this information. Candidate bios are also posted to the American Whitewater website, americanwhitewater.org, for membership review.

In this year's slate of nominees we have two new board member candidates from Kentucky and Tennessee and two returning board members up for reelection from California and North Carolina. Geographic diversity was seen as a key issue for American Whitewater's board work. A good geographic mix of representation keeps American Whitewater connected to the local communities where our Directors, staff and members live, work and play. Please join with me and exercise your membership to elect this outstanding slate

of candidates to the American Whitewater Board of Directors.

See you on the river,



Executive Director, American Whitewater



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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE



I'M SURE you have all been making the most of your summer and are now gearing up to stay warm, while you paddle in the late fall and winter. My President's Letter in the July/August 2011 *Journal* outlined specific goals for my two-and-a-half year term. I'd like to take this opportunity to give you an update of where we stand now on the four goals I set for the organization then: increase membership, increase revenue, create a new website, and start a Development Committee.

As I've said before, AW consists of a strong team of dedicated individuals – from our extremely effective Executive Director, Mark Singleton, to our experienced staff, contractors, knowledgeable board, and motivated volunteers and members. In the past two-and-a-half

years, while the economy has been struggling, AW has managed to grow and add another one and a half staff members to our team. This 10 percent increase in staff has directly benefitted our stewardship program and allows us to be even more effective in representing your interests.

In May of 2011, we had 5,178 dues paying members. As I write this, our membership now stands at 5,800, a 12-percent increase. As you may have guessed, this increase in membership translates to a similar increase in revenue for AW. More importantly, membership revenue is a sustainable source of income, unlike grants and gifts, which tend to fluctuate.

Our Development Committee, chaired by Chris Hest, created the Enduring Rivers Circle, a legacy giving fund that people can name in their estate plans. If you haven't already, please check out the 2012 Honor Roll (part of the Annual Report, available online and in the July/August 2013 issue of the *Journal*) and thank our newest members. I hope to see this list grow, as more of us get around to considering our estate planning.

As I said back in July 2011, we need a website that serves our mission, and is a go-to resource for all of you. I'm happy to report that AW plans to roll out its new website in the first quarter of 2014. This has not been an easy task and special thanks are due to Jeff Paine, our Outreach Director, for managing the Board's expectations and working directly with the contractors to make this a reality.

As my Presidency draws to a close at the end of December, I want all of you to know that AW will be in the very capable hands of Chris Bell, our current Vice President. In addition, I will be transitioning to the Board Nomination Committee so please keep your eye out for potential Board members and let me know if you have someone in mind.

In closing I want to thank all of you for your support. I look forward to finishing out another strong year, and watching AW grow in the years to come. Hope to see you on the river soon.



W. Norwood Scott





EXPERIENCING THE ELWHA

BY THOMAS O'KEEFE

Elwha Dam.

Photo by Thomas O'Keefe

FOR A CENTURY Washington's Elwha River was blocked by a set of dams that prevented salmon from accessing historic habitat and buried a river beneath a reservoir. With dam removal now well underway, a new landscape is emerging that is being explored by fish and paddlers for the first time in a century. The Elwha River is unique among the rivers of the Olympic Peninsula, with a watershed that represents approximately 20 percent of Olympic National Park and headwaters that reach to the very center of the Olympic Mountains. These mountains were formed by the domal uplift of marine sedimentary rock and basalt that the powerful Elwha River has carved its way through. The richly diverse geology there has been sculpted by the action of flowing water, the erosive power of sediment, and the persistent grinding action of the glaciers. The Elwha River of recent geologic history has all the attributes of a river that is well suited for the suite of species that include the Pacific salmon, while its deep canyons and diverse

geology create one of the region's classic backcountry whitewater destinations. Of course, the power and volume of a river descending from the mountains to the ocean over a distance of just 40 miles also made the river a prime candidate for early hydropower development.

History of Hydropower on the Elwha

In 1882 the world's first hydroelectric project began operation on the Fox River in Wisconsin and with it came ambitious plans to harness the power of rivers nationwide to generate electricity and fuel industrial development. Thomas Aldwell, one of the Olympic Peninsula's earliest civic promoters and developers, located a "homestead" on the Elwha and over the next 20 years, quietly began accumulating the land necessary for the development of a hydropower project. Where the Klallam people, native to the river valley, had found a fishery resource that sustained their community, Thomas Aldwell looked upon

the river and determined that it was "no longer a wild stream crashing down to the Strait; the Elwha was peace and power and civilization." As Aldwell worked to secure the financing, construction of the Elwha Dam commenced in 1910. The dam was not anchored to bedrock but instead set on glacial alluvium—"a dam on roller skates." Shortly after the dam was completed in October of 1912, it failed in spectacular fashion when the river blew out through the gravel below the dam. Repairs were cobbled together and by the end of 1913 the Elwha was no longer a free-flowing river and electricity flowed from the powerhouse to Port Angeles and beyond. At first the power was integral to the early development of the Olympic Peninsula, but as the decades passed and the regional grid was developed, the value of the project diminished. Over the same time period, a river that had once supported salmon runs of up to 400,000 fish dwindled to just 4,000. In 1927, a second dam was constructed at Glines Canyon, which was subsequently

STEWARDSHIP

included within the boundaries of Olympic National Park.

The Effort to Remove the Dams

Decommissioning the hydropower projects on the Elwha was an effort that took several decades. Although the 50-year FERC license for the Glines Canyon Dam had come up for renewal in the late 1970s, the FERC relicensing process continued to stall out into the mid-1980s. Around this time, local conservation advocate Rick Rutz made the observation that FERC did not have the jurisdictional authority to

OUTFITTER SPOTLIGHT

OLYMPIC RAFT & KAYAK

Olympic Raft and Kayak is an outfitter based on the banks of the Elwha River. While the dynamic nature of the river has made it difficult to run commercial trips there, that may change in the future. Owner Morgan Colonel and his staff do lead sea kayak trips at the mouth of the Elwha, where you can witness the newly forming estuary, and if you are passing through the area in search of recent beta or paddling partners, the folks at Olympic Raft and Kayak can always provide the most current information on river conditions and share aerial photos of the project that hang in their shop.

If you are planning a family trip to Olympic National Park, even if you do not have a kayak with you, you will find a trip to the Elwha fascinating. The old reservoir sediments are open for hiking and exploration, the newly-forming beach at the river mouth is a great spot to visit, and the overlook at the Elwha Dam site and the old access road to the powerhouse all provide opportunities to see what this project is all about.



The Elwha Dam comes down in 2012.

Photo by Thomas O'Keefe

license a hydropower dam in a National Park. It took several years, but local river advocates worked with the tribe and ultimately succeeded in convincing the mill that owned the dams that they were a poor investment. The dams produced a small amount of power relative to their size and the impact they had on the landscape. Ultimately, Congress stepped in and in 1992 the audacious idea to remove the dams inched closer to reality with the passage of the Elwha River Ecosystem and Fisheries Restoration Act. It was during this time that American Whitewater became formally engaged to support the effort with local paddler Gary Korb writing about the project for the *American Whitewater Journal*.

All that remained was the “small matter” of securing the funding for the project, a task that ultimately required two decades and a series of federal appropriations bills. With a final shot of economic stimulus funding from Congress, the project was finally underway in September 2011. As actor and river advocate Tom Skerritt looked out upon those assembled for the occasion and declared, “Elwha Be Free!” an excavator set to work and began to

break up the concrete and dismantle the dam that Thomas Aldwell had worked so hard to build. In the end most agreed that this dam’s time had passed, and the environmental costs associated with its continued operation greatly exceeded the small amount of power it produced. At the official ceremony to mark the occasion, Bureau of Reclamation Commissioner Mike Conner remarked, “Dam removal is not the best option everywhere, but it is the best option here...and it’s the best option in a lot of places because the process that we are going through these days is we are reassessing the costs and benefits of certain facilities that exist today... I think this is not only a historic moment here but it’s going to lead to historic moments elsewhere across the country.”

The River Today

While work to remove the upper Glines Canyon Dam is still underway, Elwha Dam is gone and a new landscape has emerged before our eyes. Where the stagnant waters of a reservoir once sat, a hungry river is eagerly devouring the mountains of sediment that were captured by the reservoirs for the past century. For anyone



The Elwha River flows freely through the former Elwha Dam site.

Photo by John Gussman

who enjoys rivers, the grand experiment that is unfolding is nothing short of fascinating, and in recent months paddlers have had the opportunity to explore the new landscape. Massive salmon have been finding their way upstream and the river offers ample opportunities for exploration where one can witness first-hand what it means to restore a river.

For paddlers, most of the new whitewater is Class II but the river is far from stable as entirely new river channels are formed

and wood hazards can appear at any time as buried logs emerge from the sediments or are redistributed within the dynamic landscape. Any blind corner could be totally clean one day and then choked with a massive log jam the next. Those who want to experience the river in person should come with solid Class IV skills, a recent scouting report, and exploratory boating experience. Higher flows are likely to be particularly hazardous as the river actively establishes its preferred channel. While the opportunity to experience this place

and witness the restoration first-hand is the defining feature of a journey down this section of river, the trip reaches a crescendo as you approach the site where the Elwha Dam once stood. As you enter the gates of Elwha Canyon, the bedrock walls that spoke to Thomas Aldwell as the natural place to put a dam, the river now explodes forth in the most challenging piece of whitewater on the run. A great technical Class IV+ rapid at lower flows and a big water monster at higher flows, this one gives everyone something to think about. Downstream of this point the river continues on its journey to the ocean, joining the Strait of Juan de Fuca at a new beach that has formed at the river's mouth.

Dams were once thought of as permanent features on the landscape, but the Elwha shows us that these projects do in fact have a finite lifetime. Many dams provide important benefits for our communities—electricity, flood control, water storage, and even scheduled releases for whitewater recreation—but sometimes those benefits do not outweigh the costs and in those cases removal of the project needs to be part of the discussion. In the case of the Elwha the discussion was a long one but the results are nothing short of amazing.



Larry Little charges into the rapids at the former Elwha Dam site.

Photo by John Gussman



FLOW STUDY ON THE NEW RIVER DRIES RAMPING UP

BY KEVIN COLBURN

*The first rapid of the
flow study, below
Hawk's Nest Dam.
Photo by Kevin Colburn*

RIVERS HAVE BONES we seldom see. They are hidden beneath the muscular flesh of currents and the illusory skin of the water's surface. Eerily, we paddled amongst the rock skeleton of the New River Dries in West Virginia, beneath the towering blocks of sandstone, through polished slots no one should ever see. A hydropower diversion carried the natural flow of 6000 cfs around this section of river, through a tunnel deep in the mountain. We floated on a mere 500 cfs, down in the nooks and crannies of the riverbed.

It was late August, and I was part of a team of paddlers who had volunteered to test the recreational value of various flows in the New Dries. It was also early. We launched at 9:30 a.m. which felt like 7:30 to my Western body, after a short night tormented by constant industrial road and rail traffic just outside my tent's walls.

Sometime in the first lap though, both the atmospheric fog and my own mental fog burned off, and I realized just how pretty my surroundings were. Cliffs ascend from the water to overhang the river at the canyon rim, sharply streaked with black, brown, and rusty stripes. A natural arch peeked through paulownia trees. Damselflies rode leaves down the river next to us. Mostly though, it was the boulders that dominated the scenery. Each was unique: a work of art tumbled from high above and polished by the once rushing river.

The paddling crew was suitably diverse: nice folks in rafts, duckies, creek boats, playboats, and a couple of long boats. The rapids were technical, of course, at 500 cfs. After a couple of slidey rapids near the put -in, the rapids offered a string of slot moves between boulders. Most rapids had only one viable route that offered deep enough water to paddle. There was little actual whitewater (e.g. holes and waves). Seeing beneath the boulders was humbling. Many sieves peppered the run, some

clogged with wood. The sieves were not really in play, but they were also impossible to ignore.

Many of us made two laps the first day at 500 cfs, and came back the next morning for another two laps at 1,000 cfs. The river was so different at 1,000 cfs. It became easier, akin to the lower Yough in difficulty, but with sieves lurking here and there. We bumped the bottom less on the slides and throughout the run, ran a few new lines, and enjoyed the extra padding in the slots. Some waves and holes were just starting to appear at 1,000 cfs, but there was little play boating to be had. The potential for some great lines and surfing at higher flows was obvious and alluring.

The talk as we gathered in the large pools below rapids was almost entirely focused on what the river is like at 3,000, 6,000 cfs, and beyond. Paddlers would look up at a boulder 10 feet above them and say "that rock makes an enormous hole at higher water." After each run down the river we

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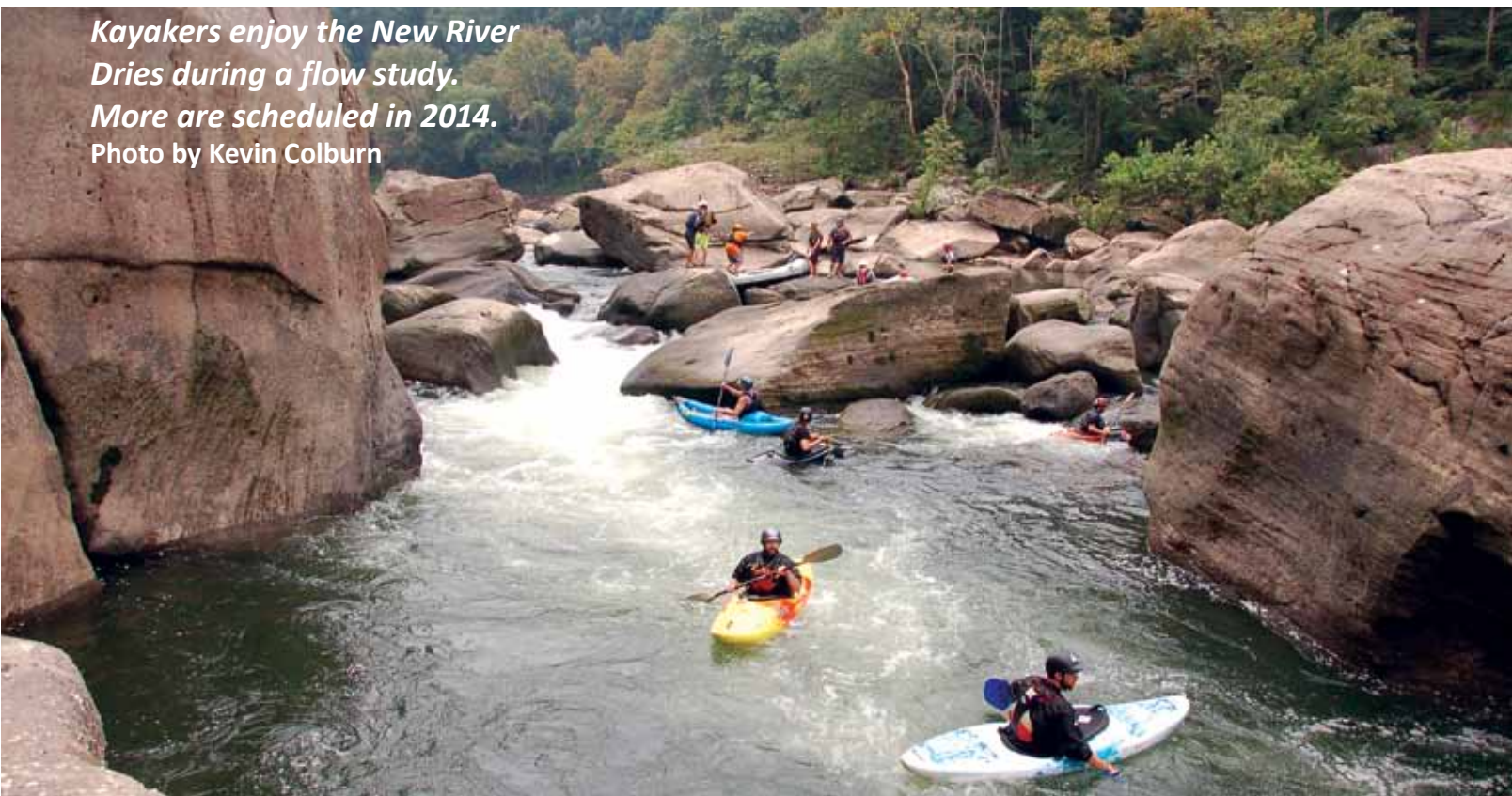
would gather and fill out survey forms that rated various aspects of our trip. The power company hosted controlled study events this fall, and will continue to into 2014. When complete, tests will be done for flow levels of 1500, 2000, 2500, and 3000 cfs. In addition, paddlers can fill out online surveys for any trips they take at any flow. Together these surveys will reveal the optimal range of flows for paddling, and the various types of experiences different flows offer.

American Whitewater and a few other groups requested this study as part of the relicensing process for the Hawks Nest Hydroelectric Project, which diverts up to 10,000 cfs from the New River Dries. We'll spend the next few years negotiating releases, river access, and flow information. It won't be easy. For now though, we are focused on gathering as much good data as possible on flow preferences so we create a vision for the Dries that works better for paddlers, as well as fish and other aquatic species. We encourage paddlers to fill out surveys after each run on the New River Dries from now through July 31, 2014. Find the forms at www.hawksnestandglenferris.com.



Rafters test out the New River Dries at 500 cfs.
Photo by Kevin Colburn

Kayakers enjoy the New River Dries during a flow study.
More are scheduled in 2014.
Photo by Kevin Colburn



PADDLING AS AN ANALOGY

BY JAMES REED



*Daniel Brasuell paddling on
Callaghan Creek in BC*

Photo courtesy of
Darin McQuoid,
darinmcquoid.com

THE HARSH GLARE of the operating room light played off the glistening, wet scalp of the boy who had just become my son after he was thrust howling into my arms. With that, I fell headlong beyond the edge of the horizon line that had been approaching for months. No drop on any river could have prepared me as I fell and fell and fell into a landing that I knew nothing about. The slackwater of the pool that lay above the drop that I had just plunged over had seemed never-ending as the distant, seemingly abstract event approached with the steady dip, dip, dip of my paddle. The burgeoning belly of my partner heralded the

mandatory big drop that lay ahead, unscoutable and unportageable, that I had no choice but to navigate.

As the inevitable grew closer and closer, I realized that paddling serves as an apt analogy for a life lived fully. The significant events in our life, when viewed at arms length, are all characterized by the presence of horizon lines. These horizon lines all share one irrefutable attribute, which is that once we're past the point where no matter how hard we might stroke for that last eddy, the current will pull us inexorably over the edge, we must commit. The vague, gnawing feeling

MENTAL GAME

in the pit of your stomach grows as what must be navigated both on the river and in life steadily approaches. At last we stare at the lip and with a deep breath and a final stroke of the paddle we commit to the pull of the space beyond it. We hold on, roll up, and realize that we are a father, a graduate, a survivor, a business owner, a mother or whatever else you may have doubted you were going to be before you committed to going beyond that edge. With that realization, the knowledge floods in that horizon lines are transformative both on rivers and in life.

Once past a horizon line on a river, the paddler is irrevocably changed by embracing the one-way nature of running committing drops. In life it is just the same. Life is only lived in one direction and all of the seminal, defining events in life don't allow us to stroke for that last ditch eddy at the lip. Having committed ourselves to the current, we must be content with the realization that what we bring to the river is the sum of our hopes and fears about the uncertainties that await us and what we get in return is the opportunity to venture out to the very lip of life, go beyond it and return renewed and transformed.

Adventures, defined as unusual or exciting experiences, typically risky and characterized by uncertain outcomes, are so much more than the sum of their mere parts because they are a doppelganger for the struggle with the vagaries of life each of us deals with on a day-to-day basis. The very reason why we feel compelled to go on adventures, big or small, is that innate, insatiable hunger to embrace the uncertainties that are as much a part of our quest as they are to the human condition that we might wish to temporarily step away from. Yet no matter how hard we might try to find the edge of existence where we can look back on the life we momentarily left behind with some newfound knowledge we hope to carry back with us like a talisman, the reality is that we carry with us always the knowledge that life is uncertain, precious,



Laura Farrell going big on Dinkey Creek (CA).

Photo courtesy of Darin McQuoid, darinmcquoid.com

and fragile. No adventure to the furthest reaches is fraught with more peril and carries more potential for transcendence than life itself.

The mere act of paddling up to the lip of a drop and pitching oneself over it is for all intents and purposes, a meaningless and self-serving act unless one realizes that there is a deeper significance at work. Paddling is so much more than a kinesthetic act; each of us must someday come face to face with why we do it. Paddling as analogy is to embrace the fact that moving water beckons to the few who know that the flow of rivers is akin to the currency that we measure our lives in and that you can never dip your toe in the same river twice.

The tribe we all, as paddlers, belong to is one in which we have embraced the smell of wet gear in a car full of boaters on some interminable shuttle for the sole purpose of those momentary glimpses beyond the horizon lines of the rivers that beckon us

to them. There are very few pursuits that allow us to go and test the boundaries of this world and in so doing test the boundaries of ourselves and plumb the incredible richness that comes from those places we see that are only found on the very edges of existence. We surrender ourselves to the pull of the void beyond the horizon line to reconnect with the most common denominator of what it means to be alive, namely the sheer joy that comes from embracing the uncertainty that lies beyond those edges, both on the river and in life. So go ahead. Have a baby, start a business, fall in love, go to school, quit your job, travel, take a job, write a novel, buy a house, sell a house, just do whatever scares you, for you, by virtue of the fact that you are reading this, are particularly well suited to exploring the edges of what can be done and by embracing the uncertainty that exists along the edges of life, you will taste the incredible richness that exists there also. So paddle up to the edge, see what you need to see there and then hold on for the ride of your life.

HISTORY

AMERICAN WHITEWATER FROM THE TOP

BY CLYDE JONES

FOR THIS STORY, I am relying on memory from having served as an organizing member of American Whitewater, AW Membership Chairman, AW Executive Secretary, a kayaker, and a boat builder, because my files were requested by and donated to the Denver Library, Western History Section.

Getting Started

Prior to starting serious whitewater boating, my boating background included many years lake canoeing and several summers in Canada running group canoe trips. My lake canoeing experience gave me overconfidence for running mountain rivers. Lucky, I chose a folding boat. Knowing no one running our Colorado rivers at the time, I committed gross violations of current safety practices. I boated alone, as did the other boaters. I would con a friend into driving me out to a river, dropping me off, and to picking me up later. The Foldboat's rubber hull saved me a lot of hull repair, but I still did plenty of wood frame repairs. Simply put, I had no business boating where I was boating. LUCKY is the word to best describe my early years of whitewater kayaking.

The Very Early Days

Books such as *Foldboat Holiday*, written in 1940, interested and excited me. It even told of group excursions on trains to run rivers. Few pictures in those days showed spray covers. At that time there were professional guides running the big rivers, mostly in the West. They used cataract boats modeled after Civil War hero General Wesley Powell's Grand Canyon boats. After World War II, surplus rubber rafts became available. Guiding is now a multimillion-dollar business, with important economic impact. In 1959 American Whitewater could only find 15 guide companies in the US. Today there are 52 in Colorado alone.



The author on Colorado's Clear Creek in 1950, his FIRST DAY PADDLING WHITEWATER. Notice he is kneeling in his foldboat.
Photo by Carol Jones



There had been lake-based canoe clubs for years; the ACA was formed in the 1880s for cruising. In the 1940s there was a "Whitewater Champion" race in Maine. Early craft were wooden canoes and a few canvas folding boats. European impact was minimal in the US before the 1950s. The first whitewater serviceable foldboat company started production in the US in 1937. The Grumman canoe came along after WWII. But, until the fiberglass decked canoe came along, an excellent whitewater canoe did not exist. During the early periods many people built boats from plans such as those in *Popular Mechanics*.

French sisters expertly paddling a tandem canoe. In the 1950s, whitewater paddlers in the US had much to learn from Europeans.
Photo courtesy of FIBArk, Salida

Groups like the Appalachian Mountain Club, the Sierra Club, Buck Ridge Ski Club, Ozark Canoe Club, Prairie Club, and Washington Foldboat Club all had done some mild whitewater boating. Canoeing skills were taught mostly by such groups as Red Cross, Boy Scouts, and various summer camps.

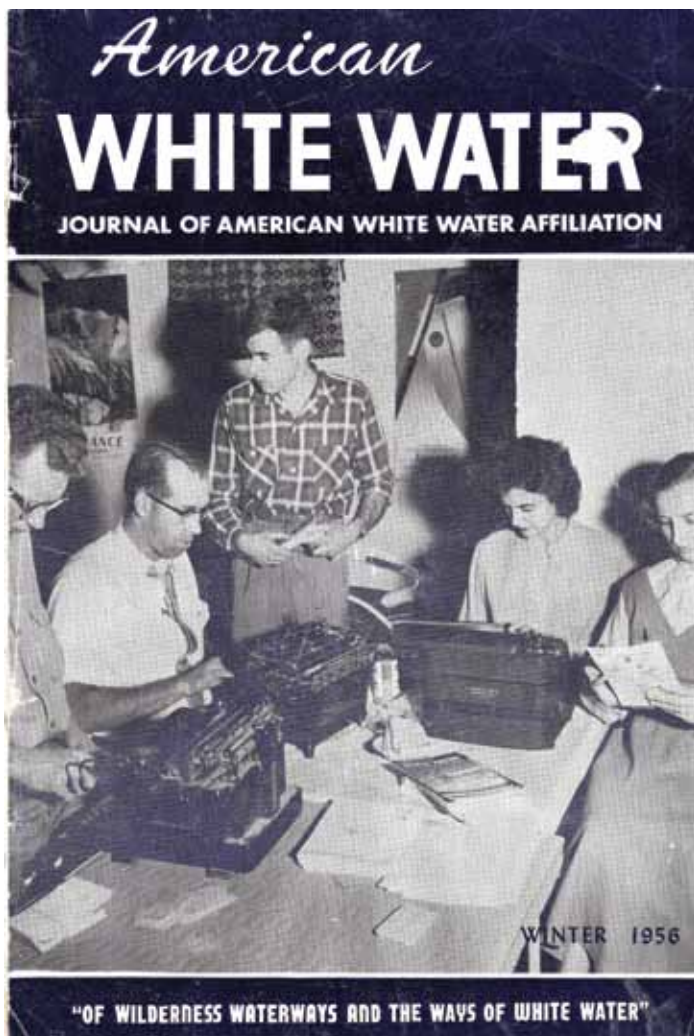
FIBArk

The 1950s initiated an era when whitewater groups began communicating seriously, both locally and nationally. One might cite the FIBArk races, starting in Salida, Colorado in 1949, as one of the contributing factors to increasing interest in whitewater boating. This race was covered by the national media and shown in the entire nation's Theater News Reels (the 1950 version of the TV news). Locally, it enabled boaters to meet others and led directly to the organization of whitewater clubs. Immediately it was recognized that a national organization was needed.



The author in 1950 at the start of the Arkansas race.

Photo by Carol Jones



Examples of our marginal whitewater boats and skills used 60 years ago can easily be shown in the first FIBArk races. In 1949, only a Swiss team finished the 50-plus-mile race. Again in 1950 only one boat finished the 45-mile race. All the other boats entered were destroyed. Both races were won in single foldboats. The races were then shortened in 1951 to the present 25 miles and a number of foldboats successfully finished this race. Every type of craft had been entered in the race: rubber rafts, cataract boats, Grumman canoes, homemade kayaks, airplane belly tanks. The race helped us early paddlers improve our skills, our boat selection, and our communication.

Beginner's Luck

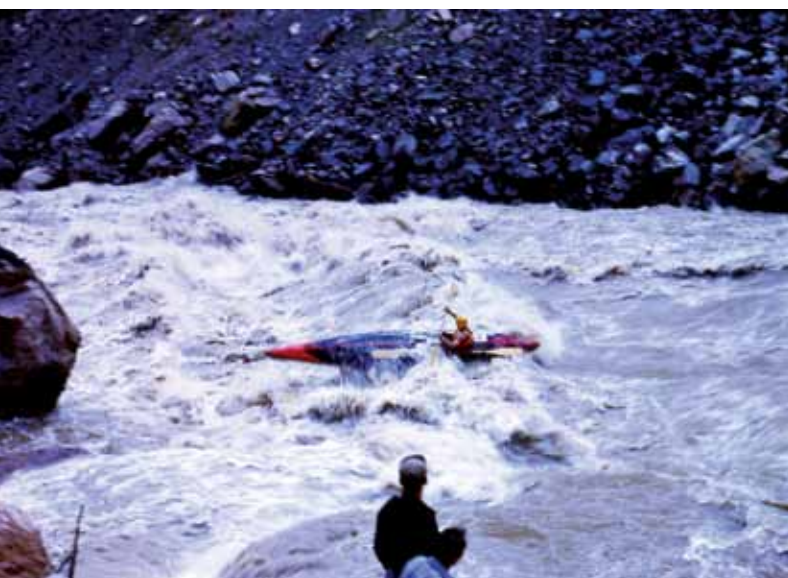
I will cite one of my own experiences to illustrate the need for early boaters to make gains in the aforementioned areas. I decided to participate in a race in Wyoming on the Wind River. The day before the race two cataract boaters and I decided to run the river. Near the start there was an old dam foundation forming a huge stopper. The cataract boats went first with wild rides and lots of bailing. I then tried my foldboat. It went over the crest and straight down and under the curlers like a submarine. I surfaced downstream, overturned, and half full. Obviously I had no business entering the race in this boat. Instead I spent time modifying my boat to survive being submerged. The existing spray cover was useless. A new cover was screwed down around the gunnels, and a water proof canvas bath tub (resembling a child's plastic

The cover of the American Whitewater Journal showing some of the early movers of the organization in Colorado. From left: Leo Lake, Larry Monninger, Clyde Jones, Winona Kerswill, Carol Jones. Cover photo by Roy Kerswill

HISTORY



IDEAL WAY to watch the FIBArk races evolved during the first two years of the event, when the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad ran a last special train was in 1966. The scene above was in 1936. Photo courtesy of FIBArk, Salida



swimming pool) was sewn to the underside of the spray cover. This sealed the boater from the outside and the interior of the boat from the tub. It worked fine.

Boaters today are not only better than we were, but they are a lot smarter. To illustrate my ignorance, we would put onto rivers alone that we had not scouted. On a vacation to the Olympic Peninsula, I rounded a corner to find the entire river going under a huge tree; talk about frantic backpaddling. Other times, a river would unexpectedly disappear over unknown falls. On a trip to the coast I tried to ocean surf for my first time and did terribly. Later, a local explained the absence of others was because the area was too dangerous for surfing. Despite our mistakes, we did improve.

The following incident took place during the 1951 Salida Downriver Race, before we knew how to roll and before there were trained rescue teams. Near the end of the race after several hours of hard paddling I upset in Cottonwood Rapids and had to swim the boat to shore to empty it. Proceeding on, I was again upset because of sheer exhaustion and not paying attention to a diagonal breaker. In my attempts to escape, the back seat rest of the boat impaled itself between my swim trunks and me. The harder I tried to eject, the firmer it became wedged. After several minutes of struggling I can still recall thinking, "you damn fool, now you did it and you are going to drown." With this thought I relaxed and that allowed me to push back and up into the boat to untangle my pants and escape. Then again swimming the boat to shore and emptying, I paddled on to finish a lucky second place.

A Fledgling American Whitewater

Conservation was very important to American Whitewater from the start, with our fight to save the Yampa River from the Echo Park Dam and the passing of the Wilderness Act. It was vital for the boating community to communicate both among themselves and nationally, as well as with the legislatures. AW members also helped in organizing local non-boating conservation organizations. Encouraging publication of guidebooks was another goal of AW.

AW came to fruition in 1954 after several years of communicating and planning. At the start there were few people involved, but the organization grew rapidly. The cover of the Winter 1959 issue shows the staff preparing an issue of the *Journal*. In the early days, several issues had to be mimeographed because of a lack of funds. I can remember celebrating the organization reaching

Top: Spectators of the FIBArk race follow the action by rail.

Photo courtesy of FIBArk, Salida

Middle: Renowned whitewater park designer, Gary Lacy, paddling with his mother, Mayme, and the author's wife, Carol Jones.

Photo by Clyde Jones

Bottom: Bob Ehrman paddling his foldboat through challenging whitewater in a 1950s race on Wyoming's Wind River. The race ran for two years.

Photo by Clyde Jones



The put-in of the Wind River, just before the start of the 1951 race. A variety of craft attempted to race.

Photo by Clyde Jones

400 members. Several of us were able to visit and boat with affiliated groups around the country and knew a good share of all AW members.

and fabrics available to paddlers today did not exist in the early days. For instance, my waterproofing technique was to soak canvas with beeswax.

During the early days AW was involved in an exchange of ideas and encouraged experimentation. Discovery of fiberglass meant people started making all sorts of homemade boats. One idea tried was to take a war surplus airplane fuel tank and cut a cockpit. This plan worked poorly. Some years, my time building boats may have exceeded my time on the river. Wetsuits looked good for the icy cold mountain rivers. An AW article told how to make a wetsuit. Soon members began cutting sheets of rubber, using rubber cement and producing comfortable wetsuits. Many of the modern materials

Roy Kerswill building a fiberglass canoe before fiberglass boat construction was the industry norm.

Photo by Clyde Jones



AW was needed and formed partly because there was so much controversy in the boating world. It involved dams, wilderness, amateur vs. professional racing, the need to improve skills, trespass questions, lack of a national organization open to our needs and new ideas, and the need to communicate between boaters nationally.

In the early days a problem resulted because the first whitewater races were organized by local Chambers of Commerce and not boating groups. To get participants they offered prizes. Every contestant had to pay an entrance fee to show serious intent to compete for the prizes. After a couple of years it was discovered that people would race for the fun and prizes were not needed. It came to pass that a flatwater lake oriented canoe group became the judge and jury of who could continue to race whitewater. The National FIS Organization suggested that everyone be grandfathered in as there had not been a choice between amateur vs. prize award. But the canoe group officials decided that those having won the races were professional and could no longer race. It was also ruled that they could not return the prizes to clear themselves. The canoe group also decided that those who had tried to win, but failed were still amateurs.

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Naturally, the majority of racers thought this was a questionable decision. The IRS didn't agree with anybody, and called me in and told me that I could not deduct my entire boat's cost from my winning, "because the boat could also be used for pleasure." They did eventually agree to my deducting 50 %.

Another controversy resulted from landowners closing rivers to boating when they owned land on both sides of the river. This same battle was fought a number of times and navigation regained because we had some lawyers in our groups.

A rather funny controversy occurred in which we had no real concern. A flatwater canoe racing coach figured out that if he built his canoes with a bend in the keel, it would act as a rudder to keep the canoe going straight when a single paddler was

racing, without the need to waste time and energy doing the "J" stroke. Naturally the idea and boat lasted a short time, before the Rule Making Bodies made a rule that the keel must be straight.

Although there were few drownings, vacationing lake canoeists sometimes thought that it would be fun to paddle those little mountain streams. Local law enforcement officials and legislative bodies often reacted in alarm to whitewater accidents, with sheriffs closing rivers and legislatures writing laws. We had to inform and educate our legislators. We tried to work with legislators who came from areas holding races or having river guide companies. We got their local constituents and Chambers of Commerce to point out the economic impact to their districts. We learned about politics.

Finally, let's compare our equipment and skills of 60 years ago to those of paddlers today. Boats of today are faster, stronger, and they turn and roll easier. There is little comparison between our skills, boat designs, materials of construction, etc. and those of today. Initially, most boaters ran rivers solo. After we began meeting other boaters, clubs were formed and river trip scheduling, classes were begun, etc. The Eskimo roll was something we had heard about, but we had no one to teach us. Eventually we found a good description in an English whitewater magazine to show us how it was done.

Certainly AW has come a long way in the past 60 years and we old timers who got things going are very proud of today's group. Congratulations to American Whitewater, you are doing a great job and have far exceeded our dreams!

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LARS HOLBECK AND THE ZEN OF PORTAGING

BY JULIET KASTORFF



Lars Holbeck, Zen Master
Photo by Phil DeRiemer

ZETA RAPID ON the Futaleufu... even to the uninitiated it looks crazy. Take 5,000 – 25,000 cfs and stuff all that volume into a Z-shaped mini canyon only about 20 feet wide. For the kayaker scouting the rapid, it takes only a few minutes to note the over-hanging wall with a violently recirculating eddy tucked underneath it, the undercut walls looming downstream, and the eddy lines that look like they can (and in fact will) swallow full-volume boats without hesitation. For those with knowledge of the history of the rapid, add sieves that cannot be immediately spotted (and in fact were learned of only when swimmers ended up in them). Zeta has a well-worn path where many an experienced paddler has gladly picked up their boat and walked around it. Zeta is also where Lars Holbeck taught me one of my most important lessons in kayaking.

On this particular day, as if scouting Zeta was not intimidating enough, I was paddling with the likes of Lars, Phil DeReimer, Ken Kastorff and Mike Hipsher. Lars and Phil were the pioneers of the Futaleufu, Ken was working with Chris Spelius, pioneering commercial kayaking trips on the river, and Mike Hipsher had joined their ranks as a guide for Expediciones Chile. And then there was little ol' me, the video boater. I had only run Zeta once and was fully aware that it was not unusual for this group of elite guides to decide ahead of time they were walking Zeta so that they could relax and enjoy their day on the Upper Inferno Canyon. But today was a play day and there was a hint of good-natured chest thumping going on. When we arrived at Zeta, I decided to video and watch everyone run the rapid before I made my decision.

Phil and Ken peeled out probably ten seconds apart from each other. Coming

around the Z turn, Phil was swallowed by the eddy line. As Ken came screaming around the turn, the same eddy line swelled (with Phil still in it) and the two ended up on top of each other. Mike decided to spend some time in the undercut eddy from hell. That just left Lars still up on the canyon wall taking it all in. I will never forget the moment. I looked up and gave Lars an “are you running it” thumbs up. After a pause, he looked down at me, gave me his signature Lars grin, shook his head and motioned the “I’m walking” sign.

That was one of the formative moments of my paddling career. When Lars indicated that he was walking, I was flooded with the emotions of a fairly new kayaker: Lars Holbeck, the pioneer of the Futa, walking Zeta? With all his friends already at the bottom? Guides, all of them, and he would be the only one to walk the rapid? Wow! It did not completely

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Lars, trekking in the Ecuadorian Highlands
Photo by Phil DeRiemer

register with me that day, but I spent the night thinking about Lars walking Zeta. And eventually I thought maybe I understood. Lars was so comfortable with his paddling, and with the knowledge that he could run it, that he could put his boat on his shoulder and walk around the rapid if he wasn't feeling it that day.

It took me a few years and more river time (in my case more beat downs) to fully process the significance of being able to walk a rapid myself. I always felt pressure as a guide, as a female, as someone trying to prove something...but I did not let Lars down. I finally understood that walking a rapid has nothing to do with whether you do or don't have the skill, but it has lots to do with the good judgment necessary to make such a decision on any given day. I never had the chance to really thank Lars for that lesson. He passed on to that big river where elite kayakers go when they are finished paddling here, but his legacy definitely lives on inside me—and hopefully also in those I spend time with on the river.



Lars watching while someone gets worked at Zeta Rapid on the Futaleufu, Chile.
Photo by Phil DeRiemer

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MENTAL GAME

THE MENTAL ASPECTS OF PADDLING

BY PATTI RUTKA



*Ron Chase on the Webb River in Maine at flood.
Photo by Daryn Slover*

ASK ANY GROUP of paddlers about the mental aspects of paddling, particularly at a take-out with beer in hand, and you'll get a different set of answers. Now, I couldn't huck even if I wanted to because no boat design can make up for my 52-year-old spine. On the other hand, if I were consigned all day to Class I rapids, I'd have ants in my dry pants. So I find a middle channel between the two skill levels, and am grateful to be still paddling Class III and IV after 25 years of whitewater. My own beer-enlightened approach to the mental aspects of paddling might be different from the hucksters and the senders, and those who either can't roll anymore or never could, but I tend to think we are all similar in our process as paddlers. Mental engagement with the medium, the water underneath us, is ageless and non-discriminating.

Paddling whitewater, we rise from our small selves and are woven into the greater current. Wow! That's deep water, dude. But in truth, that profundity is why I paddle,

because the water serves as a giant distilling process for my life. With this in mind, as I've paddled over time I have condensed and extracted five mental ingredients from this draw to flowing water. Rather than malingering in life's mundane details, I believe we paddlers become absorbed in these five elements of our ever-fluid practice:

- focus
- fear versus control
- surrendering thought
- tenacity
- fun

Back in the day, I started in an open boat, just as open boats were developing more radical chines and rocker. Then I switched to C-1, but kept swimming when I couldn't get the roll. Finally, I mastered it just in time to decide that I'd really rather have two

blades because it sucked being able to roll but not be able to get up into the playspots I wanted to surf. So I went over to the dark side. But after about ten years of that, I realized my body shape really wanted me to sit up on a saddle, legs crushed under me, instead of butt-paddling, so I switched back to OC-1. I've dabbled with C-1 again, but those days are probably done, and I'm content to push around a big boat again. Yet the boats haven't mattered: whatever boat I've been in, it's always been a conduit for those five mental aspects.

Let me elucidate these for you. Focus. Now. Right now. On this sentence. All well and good, but then you lose it, the focus, that is, somewhere in the middle of the paragraph, right? But not with boating. No matter what the boat, paddling requires focus. Whether you're pulling up on the bow, finding the dry line, or simply trying to stay balanced so you don't flip, you focus. You can't exactly think about whether you should buy the toilet paper with the aloe and lanolin instead of the cheap stuff, or if

you can stand one more week of living out of your parents' house. Oh, and you can never, ever think about sex when you're starting down a drop. Bad things result. You must be the perfect Buddhist when paddling, in the moment, one with the boat, one with the water, your gear, your body, unthinking. I know this, and I know you know this, from experience. Because if you don't focus, the result is a four-letter word: SWIM.

But why do we seek this union, this intimacy that is focus? Precisely because it gets us out of the juvie detention center that we call our Self. Author Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi wrote a wonderful book entitled *Flow: The Psychology of Optimal Experience* (Harper and Row, 1990), in which he explains how the experience of complete immersion in anything does wonders for our bodies, minds, and spirits. Through the flow state, human beings transcend time and stop the mental machinations we think rule our lives. As for us as boaters, well: we seek immersion states.

So along with our gear, we haul focus with us to the river. And in any focused state we also contend with fear versus control. Have you ever talked with people who think you're crazy to paddle whitewater? People who just don't get it? I mean, instead of heading for that release on a day of sun and 75 degrees, you could hold a yard sale. I don't mean the kind of yard sale that happens when you come out of the boat in a hole. I mean the one normal people have, with stuff for sale on the lawn. But nooooo...instead, you choose to scare the Hydroskin off yourself by getting swept down big water when you really prefer technical, or you pit yourself against the river gods by taking the play boat when you really should have strapped on the creeker. There must be a good reason for

such resolute choices. Those choices have to do with control.

Isn't life in part about confronting the paradox of whether or not we're in control? How we marshal our limbic brain response in the face of danger? In truth, boaters are people who, by definition, have control issues with fear and death; we, too, are human. It's just that we seek the river-as-mirror to delineate this control paradox. Most of the time we fool ourselves, through attention to the details of our lives, that we have some measure of control. Any life-altering "accident" reassures us that we are not, in fact, in charge of most of what goes on in the world. It's only our small selves, our egos (read, our boats) that allow us to believe we are masters of our fluid universe. Anyone who's ever swum in current must acknowledge that. You put your feet up in a swim and keep your fingers crossed that you won't get a foot entrapment, but two drownings on the river have taught me that no, we are not, in fact, in control. But we sure do paddle our butts off as if we are, and of course we must operate under that assumption if we are to paddle safely. Once you learn how to make eddy turns, you're a lot safer on the

river than when you just bombed down it in the beginning. Controlling your boat on the current of life in the face of fear is what it's all about.

We do this through surrendering thought. Thinking goes on third shift and the body-mind takes over. You can't actually think fast enough to paddle your way out of a line gone wrong; your body intercedes. You have honed this ability through practice. It's not as if you want to paddle with a lobotomy, but the river provides respite from that churning mental grist mill, and its waves slap the boat of your mind into its place. And I don't know about you, but somehow, when I put my thinking, problem-solving self on the back burner for a day of whitewater, my subconscious mind usually comes back refreshed and with all the answers I need to those very problems I couldn't have thought my way out of 24 hours earlier.

Even when it comes time to run a difficult drop you've scouted, it's not thinking that you're engaged in. Technically what you're doing is envisioning and rehearsing. That happens in one hemisphere of the brain; the mental activity of thinking happens in

River hazards, like this one in Quinnault Gorge (WA), make focus an essential component of running whitewater.
Photo by Thomas O'Keefe



MENTAL GAME

the other. Envisioning is seeing the line you intend to run. It's not a verbal check-list you run down before you move the paddle blade and lean the boat. It involves your body-mind engaging in a complex mental calculation of many factors, such as fatigue (can I make the ferry on the Dead River at 5,000 cfs with a single blade at the end of the run and did I have enough Clif Bar at the last rest stop? NO!) and vectors (at what point do I need to turn the ferry on the Kingsbury Stream gorge drop into a downstream peel-out to hit the tongue?) This is the mental chess game that is paddling. Feeling out the moves in advance is visualizing at its most dynamic—purely mental—but not precisely thinking. Your mind is used in the way your ancestors used it, intuitively, as a resource rather than a producer of useless, anxious thoughts

about whether or not to get the cheap toilet paper or hold the yard sale. Paddling, like many high-adrenaline pursuits, puts thinking in its place.

So you've gone down a couple of drops backwards, been stopped a few times in holes you thought your boat was big enough to bridge but wasn't, or you've inadvertently walked the dog on an eddy line and discovered that yes, the sky is very blue today. Or maybe for some inexplicable reason you are on mile seven of 15 in the C-boat and your legs are numb from the knees down. Perhaps your body-mind is ready to bail. You've about had enough, but you hang in there. So what else is new about boating/life? It's hard! How is it that you can do this? Because you are tenacious, and tenacity is the dead-giveaway of a

focused mind set on a goal. Tenacity is what makes you hang in there so long in that hole before you bail. Tenacity is what drives you up the difficult eddy to catch the perfect surf. Tenacity is what keeps you coming back when you're so sore the next day that you just want to curl up and sleep for a week. You can't be tenacious if you haven't set your mind to something long before.

The last mental aspect of boating? IT'S FUN! It involves laughter and playing. How is fun a mental aspect? When you have fun, you release all sorts of good chemicals in your brain. These keep you coming back for more. Fun keeps us living, and it's good for the soul. I wish you much fun, whatever boat you're in and whatever water you're on.

*Randy Berube on the Webb
River in Maine at flood.
Photo by Daryn Slover*



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INSTRUCTION

FIVE THINGS I WISH I KNEW WHEN I WAS A BEGINNER

BY KIM BECKER

REMEMBER THE EVENT like it was yesterday: scurrying over the rocks in my flip-flops, slipping and sliding my way over boulders, without a throwbag, trying to reach my friend. It was during my second season paddling, in the middle of summer, a ninety-degree day on the Lower Deschutes River, Oregon. A group of us had gone for an innocent play session at one of the local features. Someone ended up going for a swim, leaving the rest of us hustling for our throw ropes.

When I first started kayaking, I was 12 years old. I was a wee little one and unfortunately there wasn't a manual to whitewater kayaking. In that first year, I learned to roll, learned to surf a wave, learned to pick my line through a rapid, and even learned to hand roll. This was great, but there were a few things that I wish someone would have told me in the beginning. Hopefully reading this will save you some of the same school-of-hard-knocks lessons I learned along the way!

1. **Drysuits (not wetsuits):** While cheaper than drysuits, wetsuits are not all that they are pumped up to be in the whitewater kayaking world. If you swim, they stay wet, not to mention they get super smelly, and rub in all the right (or wrong) places. Drysuits, on the other hand, are literally dry suits. While I recommend fleece as an underlayer, you can wear street clothes, pajamas, anything you wish under a drysuit and, assuming you don't sweat too much, your under layers will still be dry at the end of the trip. No doubt, drysuits are expensive, but they will keep you dry, which means you stay warmer and happier on the water AND you can paddle year round! They are an investment, but are well worth it. My drysuit is my most beloved piece of gear.



The author sporting her drysuit (see tip #1)
Photo by Dave Hoffman

2. **Drain plugs:** Carry an extra one. They manage to get lost more often than you think, not to mention you'll be someone's best friend if they lose theirs. They don't take up much room, and fit nicely in the front pocket of your PFD.

3. **Throw bags:** When I first started paddling, I thought the throw bag was something I should toss in my boat only for a gnarly run, or if I needed a clothesline to string my layers over on a multi-day expedition. Well, now I know that a throw bag should always be carried in your boat. Playboat or creekboat, no matter the difficulty of whitewater you are paddling, ALWAYS carry a throw bag. Have it stuffed properly, and stored in an accessible place in your boat, such as between your legs or clipped behind your seat. If you're getting out to scout a rapid, get in the habit of grabbing your throw bag and bringing it with you. Anything can happen out on the water, and it's best to be prepared. Most of all, your friends will be happy to know you have one.

4. **Dry bags:** They come in many shapes and sizes. Use one to bring your lunch on the river. Keep another permanently in your boat with a little emergency kit, and stock it with the necessities: a fleece hat, a pair of fleece gloves, a candy bar, head lamp, emergency blanket, matches/lighter, and duct tape. They are great for overnight trips as well!

5. **Shoes (not sandals):** This was another one of my bad habits as a newbie. Flip flops are fun, floppy, come in a variety of colors, and allow you to work on your sandal tan while portaging, BUT, they offer very little protection for your feet (from rocks, trees, prickles, etc.) and have no ankle or foot support to help prevent ankle injuries during those long difficult portages. Also, when was the last time you successfully sprinted over wet, slippery rock in flip-flops? It's pretty difficult. And remember, the quality of your shoes is most important for your paddling companions, not you. If a friend is in a tight spot, you're not going to be very helpful if you're stepping daintily in your flip-flops. Consider wearing a water-tennie or bootie, which will be slightly less fun, but way more functional.

6. **Elbow pads:** When the difficulty of the whitewater increases, or you're headed out on some manky, technical run, consider wearing a set of elbow pads. Wear them over your drytop or drysuit, and you will not only protect your elbows, but also your more expensive drywear.

If I had read the manual to whitewater kayaking as a new paddler (and I would have if someone had only written it!), it would have made the learning process so much more enjoyable. With that said, every day you're on the river is a learning experience, part of what makes our sport so fun and unique.

See you on the river!

ROAD TRIP

ADVENTURES ON THE CUMBERLAND PLATEAU

BY SCOTT PUTHOFF



*Scott and Cleveland hamming it up for the camera after running some fun rapids on Clear Creek (TN).
Photo by Tom Sterling*

SOMETIMES A KAYAK trip falls apart at the last minute: work calls, kids are sick, people are injured, or the rain never comes. The particular trip I'm about to tell you about was looking to be one of those: a whole lot of planning for nothing. With a week and a half to go, the only paddlers committed to the trip were Tom and me.

It's probably a good idea to back-up a little bit at this point. My son was born the day after Christmas in 2012, so I assumed my paddling days for 2013 would mainly focus on rivers in and around the Cincinnati, Ohio area. It didn't seem right to leave my wife at home with two kids under four while I was off gallivanting around on whitewater rivers. But like I said, we had a boy. I've been told that boys are much easier than girls by many-a-mom and he held true to that description. Within a month of his birth, I'd been given the green light to go kayaking in March. Super-stoked, I assembled a paddling group and a weekend was penciled in on the calendar.

Getting the go-ahead was about the only part of this paddling trip that went smoothly. The initial plan had three of us heading to Tennessee for some Class III/III+ creeking. Our third boater spent a fair amount of time heading south to kayak these types of rivers and had local contacts with the beta to make our lives pretty easy. Things were looking good until our third boater backed out due to family obligations three weeks before the trip.

Thankfully, there had been several other boaters who had been interested as well. After a flurry of emails, we had our new third: a friend from North Carolina who we hadn't paddled with in a while. She lacked knowledge of the runs we had initially been looking at, but I still had a couple of contacts down south who might be able to help us out. Things were looking up at this point, but I decided to get a list of runs together that we'd be able to tackle without local support. "Intermediate boater" describes everyone in our group, with the strongest of us probably at the upper edge of that

ability level and the weakest in the middle. My list included runs that were listed as Class II-III, which I felt we'd all be able to get down with a little scouting.

A week and a half to go and our new third backed out due to work obligations. Compounding this issue was the forecast near the Smokies where our local contacts were: not much rain and river levels were dropping. At this point, I'd resigned myself to the idea that maybe this trip wasn't going to happen. After spending so much time planning, getting the green light, and scheduling the time off, it looked more and more like Tom and I would be staying at home for the weekend. That was until Cleveland dropped me a line about the trip that same night...

When we first started planning this trip, I had thrown the idea out to Cleveland (a paddler, not that other Ohio city) that he should tag along and do some Class II sections with us, so that he could get exposed to creeking. Cleveland has only

ROAD TRIP

been paddling whitewater for a little more than a year and didn't have any experience on this type of whitewater. In fact, Cleveland didn't have much experience with Class III whitewater of any kind. His pinnacle runs to this point were White Oak Creek (a Class II+ (III-) run in Ohio), the Elkhorn River, and the Nantahala. On top of all that, Cleveland's ability to self-rescue was pretty suspect, as his roll wasn't tested or reliable. About this same time, the rain had fallen that was going to fall, and we knew we'd be heading to the Cumberland Plateau. We knew we wouldn't have local boaters around to help us down the river; we'd be doing this on our own. Newer boater, no guide, limited information on the runs we'd be trying to kayak. If this didn't sound like a recipe for disaster, I don't know what does.

But there was light at the end of this tunnel. What Cleveland lacked in experience, he more than made up for in his ability to receive instruction and execute. Having paddled with Cleveland on numerous occasions, I had seen him make it through difficult situations with his ability to think on the fly and never give up. Cleveland listens very well and makes good decisions on the river. He knows his limits and is okay saying that something might be above what he feels comfortable with.

Cleveland aside, how would Tom and I fare on this trip with the only information we had on the rivers being what we could glean from online resources, guidebooks, and videos? I'd been told by a very good boater that if you are a certain level of boater (i.e. Class III, IV, etc...) you should be able to navigate that level of rapid with little or no information. He wasn't giving people an excuse not to do their research (which we definitely did), but he was saying that if you truly are a Class III+ boater, you should be able to make it through Class III on your own. I took that to heart and felt we'd be able to execute on this trip.

The day had finally arrived and we headed down south. Our first run of the trip would be on Clear Creek (TN). This four-mile Class II section from Barnett to Jett would be a great place for Tom and me to warm-up and it would also give us a chance to see how Cleveland responded on the new type of river that he'd be running throughout the weekend. The weather was cloudy and temps were hovering in the mid-40s with the water levels around 500 cfs. We launched into the cold, green water and headed down the river.

First and foremost, this run was pretty: the evergreen and leafless tree-lined banks were broken up by large boulders and steep cliffs. Civilization was nowhere to be

found. And while the rapids were light, it gave us a chance to coach Cleveland up on his paddling. His first couple of rapids were what you'd expect from a newer boater: a flurry of paddling that would invariably send him to spots on the river that he didn't want to be. The solution: do your work before the rapid. We focused on boat angle, lining-up his spots, being deliberate with paddle strokes, using eddies, and keeping a paddle blade engaged in the water at all times. Soon, his nerves wore off and he was paddling much better.

The river miles passed by as we took in the scenery and navigated the short Class II drops. Cleveland was better and better at each rapid and we felt more and more confident in our group. We easily spotted the couple areas with undercuts on the run and stayed well clear of those trouble spots. We arrived at Jett without incident. After a short drive, we were at the cabin, eating, drinking, and planning the next day's paddling festivities.

I think there's a rule that if you are going to get sick, it's going to be on vacation. The rule was ever present on this trip as I had what I thought might be the inklings of a cold. Those thoughts were confirmed overnight as a full-blown sore throat came on with a vengeance. Worried that our trip was in jeopardy yet again, I headed



to the local 24-hour Wal-Mart at 4:00 am in search of something that would tame the beast that was my throat. Medicated, I retreated to my bed for another attempt at sleep in the hopes this would be enough to save the trip. The results: Nyquil is the bomb! I woke-up and the throat was much better than before. With Dayquil in the dry bag, we headed back to Clear Creek for a step-up in action.

Because Cleveland had performed well the day before, we decided to give the short Class II+(III) section of Clear Creek between Jett and Lilly a shot. This would be a small step-up in difficulty and would have a fairly straightforward Class III to deal with.

The Jett to Lilly run was definitely busier than the section above it: lots of boat scoutable Class II+ to navigate with big boulders throughout. After yesterday's warm-up, Cleveland was executing well and having a good time. Tom and I were enjoying the better whitewater and still awesome scenery. We arrived at The Grunch with little incident. Tom ran it first, styling the line as he normally does. I went over some brief instructions with Cleveland and set off next. My landing was less than stellar and I made the decision to tuck into the flip and just roll up. As I came up, I turned around just in time to see Cleveland make the drop without incident. The last big rapid of the



Tom and Cleveland hanging out on Clear Creek (TN).
Photo by Scott Puthoff

run was Lilly Rapid. No problems here, just some quick currents and a couple of nice waves. We took out on river left, headed-up to the truck, and grabbed lunch.

Now we were faced with an important decision: what next? We had to balance how Cleveland thought he was doing and

what Tom and I were seeing of Cleveland. Cleveland had done well to this point and felt good about the run so far, but did he know what he was getting into downstream? Regardless, he was definitely interested in checking out the section below. After some discussion and setting ground rules (most important – you need to walk what



Wooten's Folly.
Photo by Scott Puthoff

ROAD TRIP



Jacks Rock Falls, in the Lilly to Nemo section of Clear Creek (TN).

Photo by Scott Puthoff

you don't think is in your wheelhouse), we decided to hit up the Class III Lilly to Nemo section of Clear Creek and the Obed River.

After about an hour break in the action to run shuttle, we put back on Clear Creek and were almost immediately taken out of our boats to scout Jacks Rock Falls. This would be the most visually intimidating rapid of the run: a slide down the middle ending in a small drop off of a flake of rock. Tom is the probe on these types of things and generally sees the line quicker than everyone else. He had his line and hopped in his boat, as Cleveland and I were on the shore for video and support. Tom lined up and ran the drop in a textbook fashion. He eddied out immediately to take my spot at the bottom of the rapid.

Cleveland was getting his first experience in Class III creeking at this moment and I could see his eyes were a little wide. After I gave him the option of walking the rapid, he decided he wanted to give it a try. I told him the only place he didn't want to go was far left because of the large hole at the bottom; he saw what I was referencing. He asked if I could go first and then he would just follow me down. I agreed and we got back in our boats to ready ourselves for the rapid. I

started down Jacks Rock Falls first, with Cleveland coming into the current behind me. In retrospect, I probably had a little too much speed coming down the slide towards the flake: I ended up going a little left of where I wanted to be off the flake and had the wrong boat angle. Because of that, I flipped after the small drop. I rolled up immediately, just in time to see Cleveland going to the exact spot where I told him not to be: the munchy hole on the left. Cleveland dropped into the hole straight on and with authority. His bow surfaced so quickly that his boat almost went 90 degrees straight up in the air. He was on the edge of being pulled back into the hole. Both Tom and I started to yell at the top of our lungs to "paddle, pad-DLE, PADDLE!!!!" He did just that and barely made it out. Tom about had a heart attack on shore and I was a little worried that this was going to be an omen of things to come.

The second drop was Camel Rock and that was easy enough to boat scout. We knew we wanted to head right, due to the middle being severely undercut. We found the line and dropped down to the pool below. It was a nice, straight-forward, easy rapid to calm the nerves after Jacks Rock Falls.

Wooten's Folly brought us back out of the boats to scout the best line. Tom decided to run the left line, while I thought it would be easier to sneak it on the right at the top for Cleveland's sake. Tom hopped back in his boat, ferried to the top part of the drop and nailed it. He headed to the right side of the bottom drop to finish out the rapid. I wasn't as worried about this rapid, due to the flow being slower and the approach being pretty visible. Again, I reviewed instructions with Cleveland and we set off down the river.

I again had a little too much speed through the top part of the rapid and it landed me on top of some shallow rocks on the right side. No big deal for me: it could be worse. As I turned around to see about my options, I got to see what "worse" looked like: Cleveland had just dropped through the right hand side of the rapid and apparently hit some funny water. He was flipping to his right with his face and body exposed towards the river. This isn't good, I thought, I need to get out of here because Cleveland is not going to hit his roll. As I got myself off the rocks, I looked to my left and saw Cleveland upright and paddling! I was thinking to myself, how did this happen? I figured we could talk about that at the end and I instead instructed him to look out for the mid-stream rock his was paddling. Too late: he hit the rock and thankfully did what you are supposed to do and leaned into it. He slid off the rock towards the left and finished the rapid upright and on the opposite side of the rock from me. He was pretty stoked and had explained he actually pushed off a rock at the top with his hands to get back upright. We called it a rock roll and told him the river gods must have his back today. All smiles, we continued down the river; 6.5 miles to go.

As it happened, the remainder of the river was actually a blast and mostly without incident. There were a couple other Class III drops on Clear Creek that were very enjoyable and easily boat scouted. Just before the confluence with the Obed River, we took a break to admire the beauty of

the canyon and snap some celebratory pictures of having finished this short 1.5-mile section of whitewater.

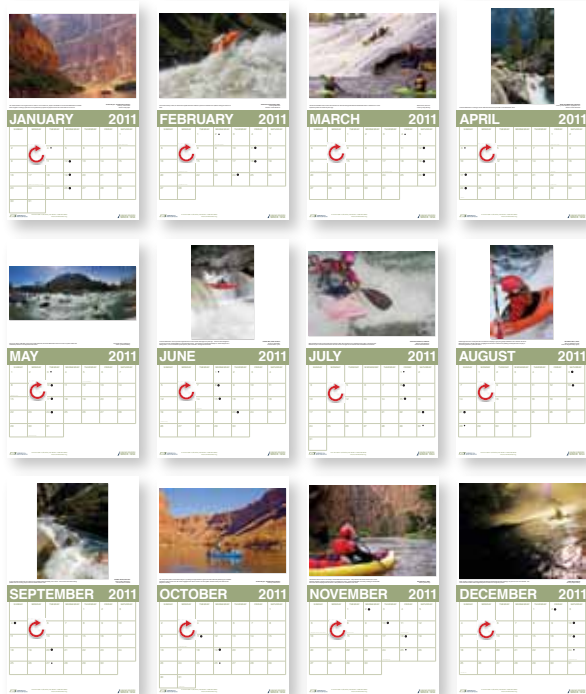
On the Obed, the river volume increased and Cleveland got to see a different type of Class III. The rapids had some bigger waves and holes, and weren't as technical. While Canoe Hole and Widow Maker certainly posed some challenge for Cleveland, I think the most eye-opening rapid of the day was what I assume to be, Keep Right. There was a pretty solid wave train down the right hand side of the river that even gave our probe, Tom, a moment of pause. It's not often that I see the line first. As he was still trying to figure out if it was safe or not, I told him just to run it down the middle of wave train. We were all rewarded for this decision with the biggest waves we had seen all weekend.

We got to the take-out exhausted and happy. My cold was starting to take its toll again and I was in desperate need of another shot of Dayquil. Tom and Cleveland aren't used to putting in 14.5 miles of paddling in two days, so they were a little tired and sore. Cleveland was afforded his opportunity to celebrate and we all were pretty happy with how the day had gone. With the boats loaded and paddling gear stored in the back of the truck, we hit the road looking forward to exchanging the current weather (40s and cloudy) for the warmth of our cabin. We had hoped to hit up a tributary or section of the Big South Fork on Sunday, but the forecast at home brought us back to Cincinnati earlier than we had planned.

I feel every kayaking trip that I go on is the best kayaking trip I've ever been on, but I

think that's because each one teaches me something about myself and my paddling. This one in particular challenged Tom and I to read the river to find the right lines, to relay that information to a relatively new boater, to work as a team to make sure we were all safe, and to stay resilient in the face of adversity. And while I certainly prefer to style rapids, I will gladly accept the consolation prize of a couple nice combat rolls. Besides, it's not a kayaking trip without someone getting their hair a little wet from time to time. And it should also go without saying it was really awesome to see Cleveland grow throughout the trip. His eyes were opened and I could definitely see that he's going to be a good paddler for a long time to come. He just needs to stop giving Tom heart attacks on the shore!

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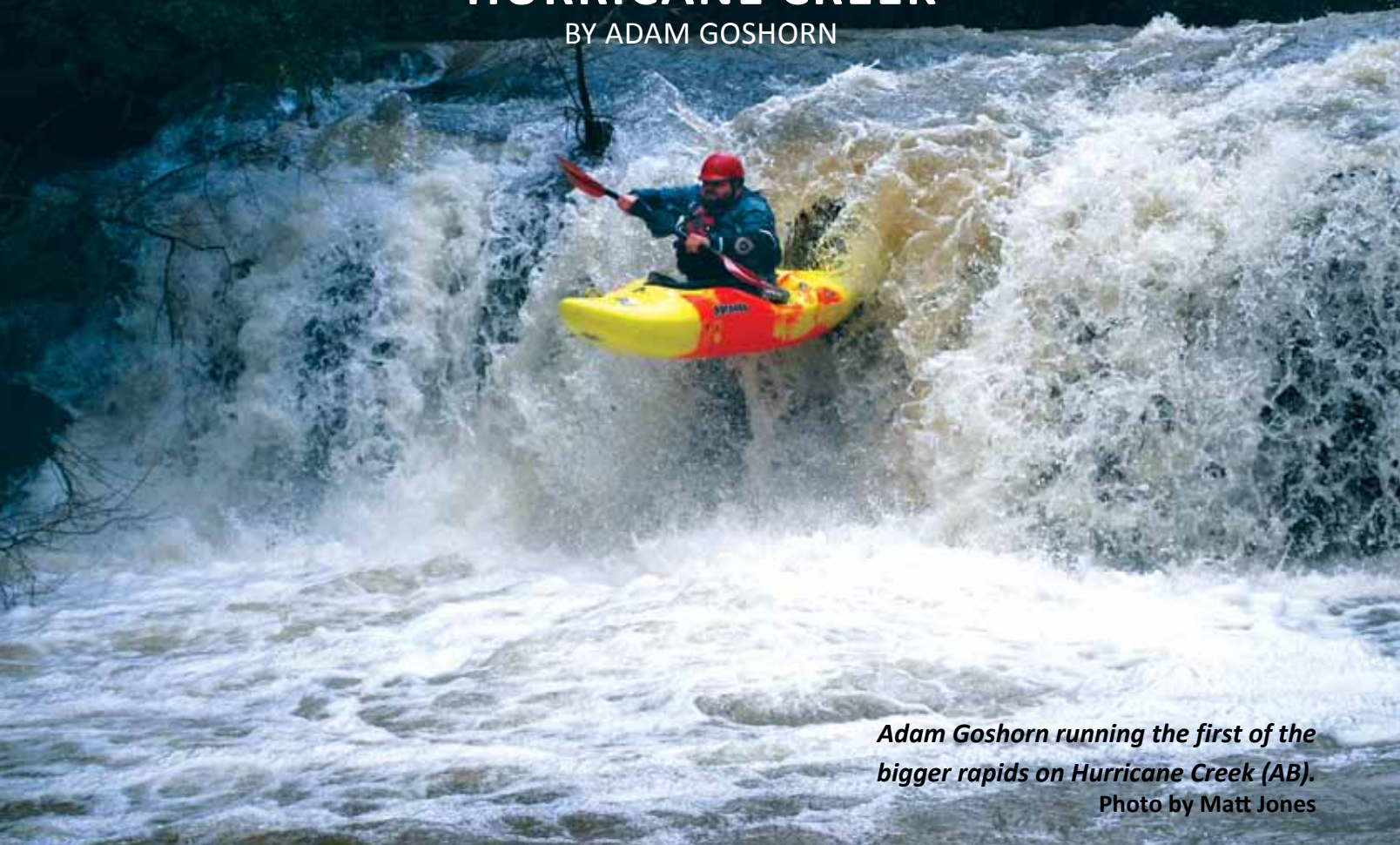
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UNKNOWN ALABAMA: EXPLORING HURRICANE CREEK

BY ADAM GOSHORN



Adam Goshorn running the first of the bigger rapids on Hurricane Creek (AB).

Photo by Matt Jones

THE WINTER IS always a great time to be a paddler in Alabama and January 2012 delivered as usual! On a Saturday morning at the end of a rainy week, another band of thunderstorms rolled across Lookout Mountain just as the sun came up. Everything in the area was already primed from the rain earlier in the week and the final band of storms brought locally heavy rainfall on top of already saturated soil. With so much water on Lookout Mountain, it was the perfect time for some local exploring! Like most unknown runs these days, especially in the well-explored southeastern United States, Hurricane Creek is a small creek with a small drainage that probably sees runnable flows less than ten days each year. However, unlike a lot of shorter micro-creeks, the runnable section of Hurricane Creek is actually around seven miles long, from the put-in on Oak Hill Road near

Fisher, Alabama to its confluence with the Little River a few miles upstream of Little River Falls. I had marked it years earlier on my topo map, hoping to one day get the chance to check it out. As with the majority of runs on my exploratory wish-list, I had intentions of hiking it prior to paddling it, but when pursuing such small streams that see runnable flows very infrequently, sometimes you just have to seize opportunities when the river gods present them.

Just as the rain stopped, Matt Jones, Eric Allsup, Chuck Holbrook, and I met at what would be our take-out, a local swimming spot on Little River known as Blue Hole, just upstream of Little River Canyon Falls. While our put-in would be at a road bridge over Hurricane Creek, all the land around the bridge is private property. To avoid any possible conflict, I had convinced my

girlfriend to come along and drive us up to the put-in and drop us off so that we would not have to leave a vehicle there. Matt, Eric, and Chuck all seemed a little skeptical of my idea to explore Hurricane Creek, but they also shared my attitude that any creek is worth doing once, so we loaded up and away we went. Upon reaching the put-in, the water was nice and brown and the level looked acceptable. We quickly launched on the upstream side of the bridge and one at a time ran the four-foot ledge on the downstream side. There were smiles all around and I couldn't help the feeling of giddy excitement that I feel every time I am about to paddle a new run. I feel it whenever I paddle a river or creek for the first time, but especially in a situation when we really have no idea what is downstream! We knew from the topo map that the run was not extremely steep and majority of the gradient would be concentrated in a

CREEKING

short section in the middle of the run. As expected, after the initial bedrock ledge, the first part of the run was mostly battling strainers in Class II moving water. We pulled ourselves over, ducked under, and beat our way through a multitude of bushes and trees that blocked our path. Eventually we could see a horizon line and an abrupt increase in gradient. We had found what we came for... it was time for a scout!

As the topo map foretold, the majority of the gradient was concentrated in the middle of the run and started out with a low-angle slide, which led into a ten-foot ledge. The next rapid was in close proximity to the first, so we continued downstream on foot to scout it as well. Unfortunately the only runnable route in the next rapid was blocked by a big log. Chuck scrambled out to the log to give it the old kick-test to see if it might be movable, but signaled back to us that it was solid and not going anywhere. We returned upstream to our boats and one-by-one we each ran the fun slide-to-boof combo the first drop provided. As I boofed off the lip and landed in the pool below, I reached a state of complete satisfaction with our day, despite being



Eric Allsup running the first ledge on Hurricane Creek, just downstream from the put-in.
Photo by Adam Goshorn

only about half way into the run. Even if the rest of the run turned out to be a miserable portagefest, that boof had already made

my day. All of our spirits were high as we got out and portaged the second rapid. Unfortunately, we had to leave the next two drops unrun as well due to unavoidable hazards. One was blocked with large logs that were not going to be easily removed and the other clearly needed a higher water level to avoid a bad sieve on the left. We were able to stay close to river level, so the portages were not too bad and we moved downstream towards another horizon line, necessitating another scout.

Chuck was already out of his boat, scouting from the lip of the rapid when I arrived. He shouted to me that it looked alright and I almost ran it blind. I decided to get out and scout anyway and once I did, I was glad I hadn't gone in sight-unseen. The next rapid was really a three-stage affair and what Chuck couldn't see from his original

This badly placed log prevented the group from running the second of the bigger rapids on Hurricane Creek.

Photo by Adam Goshorn



CREEKING

vantage point was a large sieve on the left at the lip of the second part of the drop. It looked avoidable with precision paddling and higher water would probably clean it up too, but at the current water level, no one in our group wanted to risk the must-make move. Eric and I portaged the first two-thirds of the rapid, putting in below the second drop to run the last ledge. Matt and Chuck elected to slide into the second drop below the sieve and off a low volume boof. With our group reunited at the bottom, we continued downstream and as the gradient and rapids eased, we soon found ourselves back on a tame stream reminiscent of much of the upper section. The strainers weren't as bad in the bottom part of the run and

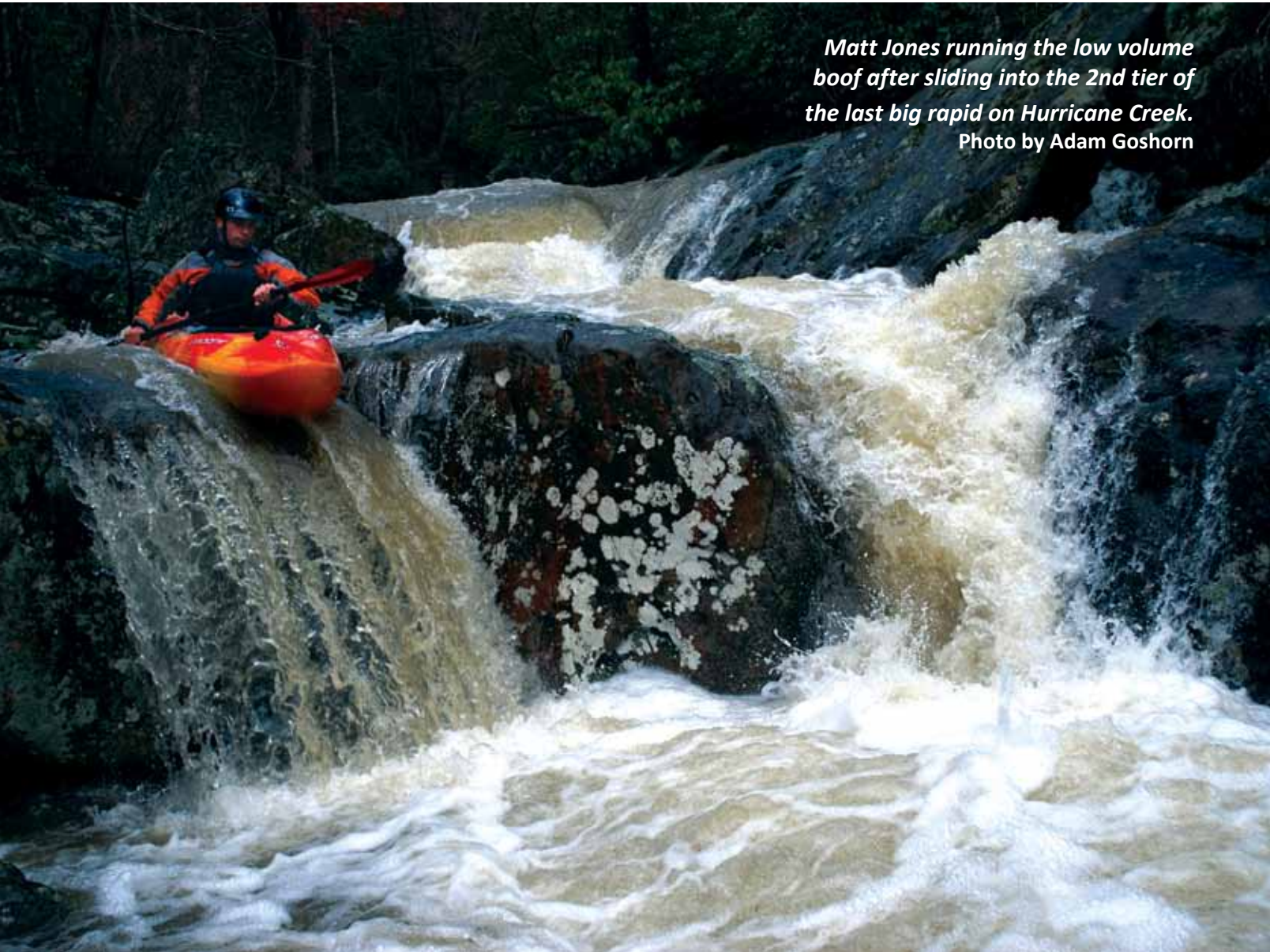
we were able to make good time to the confluence with the Little River.

As we floated out to Blue Hole on a very swollen Little River we couldn't stop talking about the run and how it had exceeded our expectations in many ways. We were also immediately making plans to hike in to clean out some of the strainers, especially those in the bigger rapids that we portaged, but as of this writing those plans have yet to come to fruition. Hurricane Creek is only a small line on the map, but one I had wondered about for years. It was great to finally check it out and we all came away pleasantly surprised with what we found. Even with the wood cleaned out, it will

never be a classic run in an area that has so many high quality creeks, but when there is an abundance of water on Lookout Mountain it does provide another option for those looking to get off the beaten path. Its proximity alone makes me sure that I will return for another descent. The put-in is a mere five-minute drive from my house and after all, there are still three more rapids there yet to be run!

Adam Goshorn is a long-time supporter of American Whitewater and a life-long paddler currently residing in Mentone, Alabama. You can keep up with his adventures online at: www.granolapaddler.blogspot.com

Matt Jones running the low volume boof after sliding into the 2nd tier of the last big rapid on Hurricane Creek.
Photo by Adam Goshorn

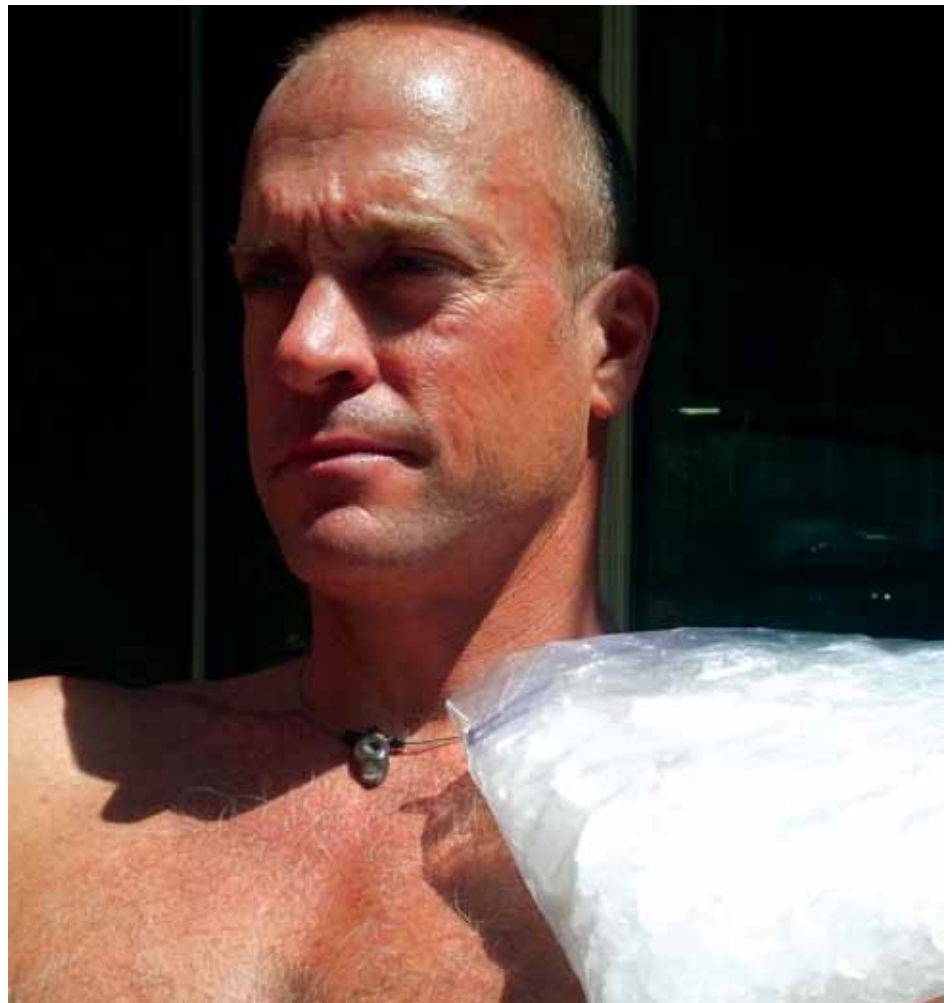


AVOIDING HARD LESSONS: PADDLING FITNESS

BY CDR TEAGUE “SWAMI” SWALM, USN

I'M 42 YEARS old, and (no exaggeration) in 28 years of religious working out I've rarely (i.e. I can literally count on one hand) missed more than three or four days in a row. This claim extends to vacation, where “leisure” typically either revolved around some particular activity—snowboarding, backpacking, paddling, climbing, triathlons, etc.—or during the break I maintained regimented training sessions. Expanding upon these credentials, I've trained successfully all along a broad spectrum of athletic disciplines, including the explosive strength of football, the balanced aesthetics of bodybuilding, and the endurance of triathlon (both short and long courses). My life premise for such dedicated training is that it's easier to keep fit than to get fit, so over the years I've worked hard to balance mind, spirit, emotion, and of course body. As a reward, I've enjoyed extreme physical abilities more akin to someone half my age. Today, my physical efforts are focused on what I affectionately refer to as “functional” fitness, taking into account the balance required of protagonist/antagonist physiology, specific strength and endurance requirements of given sports—in my case, whitewater paddling—as well as the challenging realities of an aging body (yes, you must embrace this or pay dearly).

Confession time. Until a few weeks ago, I would have professed well-rounded knowledge across the broad spectrum of anatomy and physiology; at least enough not to “miss” on design of a smart training program. After six weeks of NSAIDs, a cortisone shot, painful physical therapy, looming surgery, and maddening relative inactivity, I concede that I was wrong. In fact, until the doc read my MRI results to me, I'd never given more than a passing thought to what a labrum even was, let alone have one torn! If I only knew what I didn't know!



Whitewater kayaking is to shoulders what cross-country running is to knees: extremely demanding and extremely risky. Even advanced paddlers will inevitably, in the dynamic river environment, eventually make a less than perfect stroke or throw a sloppy brace. As such, inherent weakness of shoulders is dangerously exposed and probability of injury extremely high. Among common ailments faced by paddlers are impingements, strained biceps, damaged rotator cuffs, dislocations and torn labrums.

Practiced basics—core engagement, good stroke form, low braces, etc.—and responsible progression are of course essential ingredients in the recipe for shoulder health, but smartly designed physical training is also paramount. And although paddling itself IS one of the best

Post catastrophe therapy.
Photo by Teague Swalm

ways to stay paddling fit, it's unfortunately NOT the end-all preventative maintenance program for when things go south. For that, solid balanced strength and flexibility, in planes of motion not common during “normal” paddling, is key.

First, let me give you an idea of what I DID think sufficed as smart training, as I still submit that such a routine is a 90% solution, i.e. a “great” core program upon which to expand. Then, I'll suggest some finishing touches to provide a safety net for those unfortunate beat-downs that our beloved rivers all too often hand out.

My typical weekly routine might look like this:

- Monday – Swim – Typically 1-2 miles w/ varying efforts (i.e. both slow endurance as well as max effort laps)
- Tuesday – Upper Body and Core Strength Training

Upper Body (focusing on “basic” movements)

- Chin-ups – 8-10 sets of X w/ varying grips
 - Pushups – 200-300 in sets of X, also w/ varying hand positions
 - Weighted Sled Pulls – 5 sets of X (anchor feet wide and pull w/ only upper body, shoulders, back, arms) Lateral Shoulder Raises (anterior, lateral, posterior) w/ Dumbbells – 3-4 sets of 10 per plane of motion (i.e. sets of 30)
 - Vertical Medicine Ball Throws – 4-5 sets of X
Dips – 6-8 sets of max effort
Arm curls – 4-5 sets of X
 - Abs/Lower Back, 2 supersets sets of...
Flutter Kicks
Hanging Knee Raises
Angled Leg Raises
Mason Twists Bridge
Hyperextensions
- Wednesday – Bike or Run (80-85% max heart rate training, 45 min - 1 Hr)
 - Thursday – Yoga
 - Friday – [Day off if paddling the weekend] OR Lighter repeat of Tuesday OR Longer, Slower Aero Training

As you may notice, a typical week combines balanced “macro” strength and endurance training as well as rest. What it doesn’t provide is “micro” strength training of a sort likely to protect from catastrophe relatively delicate shoulder tendons and cartilage. In other words, this regime WILL

give you a strong upper body. But, it will NOT build shoulder muscles that work well enough together to act as a first line of defense (for cartilage) in the event of an unfortunate, “non-standard” stress event. When the paddle is moved through non-standard planes of motion, like a high brace or an overextended stroke, such that the muscles can’t naturally load bear, force is translated to less capable members of the shoulder (i.e. stabilization mechanisms) which may fail resulting in injury, and also much distress as your paddling crew continues to chase rain while you run shuttle and recover.

During one of my initial doctor visits, it was suggested that I might forgo surgery with a proper regiment of physical therapy. Insulted at the obvious lack of appreciation this guy had for all my muscles, I scornfully scanned the clinic at other patients doing various “little” things w/ bands, beans and silly looking machines, all of which appeared VERY demeaning to a lifelong PT guru like me. I posed the question, “What could physical therapy possibly give me that my shoulders didn’t already possess?” Though he admitted that it was likely brute fitness that had saved my shoulder from total carnage (my tear is minor), he smiled knowingly and patiently explained that by building “balanced” strength throughout all planes of motion, the muscles could to some degree “replace” the labrum as stabilization.

Now, back this concept up a few weeks. Had I incorporated this “smart” training into my regime in the first place, I might be telling a first person tale of preventative rather than restorative maintenance. Trust me and learn from my mistakes lest you catch history the next time around.

Eager to avoid a cutting, I sat down with the physical therapist, which helped me see the forest through the trees. Despite all my study and efforts, which I assure you have been considerable, I was enlightened. There were literally scores of movements,

most very small, through planes of motion I habitually disregarded.

I won’t attempt to outline the gazillions of exercise that might be incorporated to this end. In the broadest strokes, including but a handful of what I reference will be productive. For me, what was settled on was/is the “Thrower’s Ten” (Googling it will result in about half a million references). Admittedly, the exercises are tedious and boring. Too boot, most are performed with minimal resistance bands or little brightly colored dumbbells. But assuredly, incorporated in conjunction with a complementary macro program, these exercises will build the micro strength required for a truly well conditioned paddling shoulder.

Three weeks into my own therapy, my shoulder is already beginning to reap the benefits of the exercises. I’m nearly pain free and have regained much of my original flexibility. Most noticeable, the instability I’ve experienced in previous weeks (my arm felt like a brick balancing on a nail) is rapidly subsiding. Though I’m not quite ready to battle test my ailing wing, I feel confident that my chances of avoiding surgery are improved. In either case, I fully intend to continue this methodology in future training.

In conclusion, complex athletics like paddling require basic, macro fitness—core, endurance and strength—as well as micro, finesse fitness. Good form and a responsible attitude will certainly prolong a healthy whitewater career, but will likely not outsmart Mr. Murphy over the long run; after all, we’re all between swims. With age, flexibility and strength will not sustain without effort, thus increasing dramatically the chance of injury during mishap. And keeping fit (regardless of age) requires much less effort than getting fit. A well-designed, balanced fitness regime will simultaneously reduce the chance of injury while promoting fit longevity and more productive paddling.

LOCALS FAVORITE

LOCALS' FAVORITE: WEST FORK HOOD RIVER

BY ZACHARY COLLIER

OREGON'S WEST FORK of the Hood River is my favorite backyard run because I can leave my Hood River office and be out running quality Class IV whitewater in just 45 minutes. You can drop a car off at Punchbowl Falls (the takeout) and put in where the Lake Branch meets the West Fork.

It's well known among locals as "the best intermediate run in the gorge" with fun Class IV rapids and the occasional IV+. There is always wood in the West Fork, and it does move around regularly so you should be a confident, but cautious paddler looking ahead for possible strainers when tackling this run.

The West Fork starts with a few great warm up rapids and then enters a narrow basalt gorge with waterfalls dropping into the river and some fun bedrock drops. Right away you get a sense of how special

this river is from the stunning scenery all around you.

The next couple of miles after the first gorge are pretty straightforward and you'll find many great rockspin rocks at lower flows. At higher flows, the whole run has lots of fun wave trains with a few big holes to avoid.

There is one mandatory portage at a fish ladder about halfway down the run. There are typically signs that mark the portage but you should pay extra attention (especially at higher flows) so you can catch the left side eddy above this scary series of weirs.

Below the fish ladder, the West Fork gets stupidly fun. The first rapid, Boulder Drop, is the most difficult and catches many people off guard because it looks pretty simple from the top. After Boulder Drop there are many Class IV rapids that come one after another and increase in intensity.

Green Point Creek is a major tributary that comes in on the left at a particularly beautiful spot on the river. The rapids take on a new pushier character below Green

Point due to the extra flow. There is a notoriously sticky hole just below Green Point Creek where I've flipped a cataraft and had a five-minute kayak side surf. Both times I was trying to show off and both times I regretted it. The hole is fairly easy to avoid by driving to the right.

Below that sticky hole is the lower gorge, which is stunningly beautiful and full of back-to-back rapids. The last rapid is a chaotic maelstrom just below a bridge spanning the river.

Soon after that, the takeout is on river right before Punchbowl Falls, a 10 foot drop into a deep pool with a long boil line. At higher flows it looks particularly gnarly. If you're thinking about it, please scout from river level. It's easier to take out above it so you have a great excuse (laziness) to not run it.

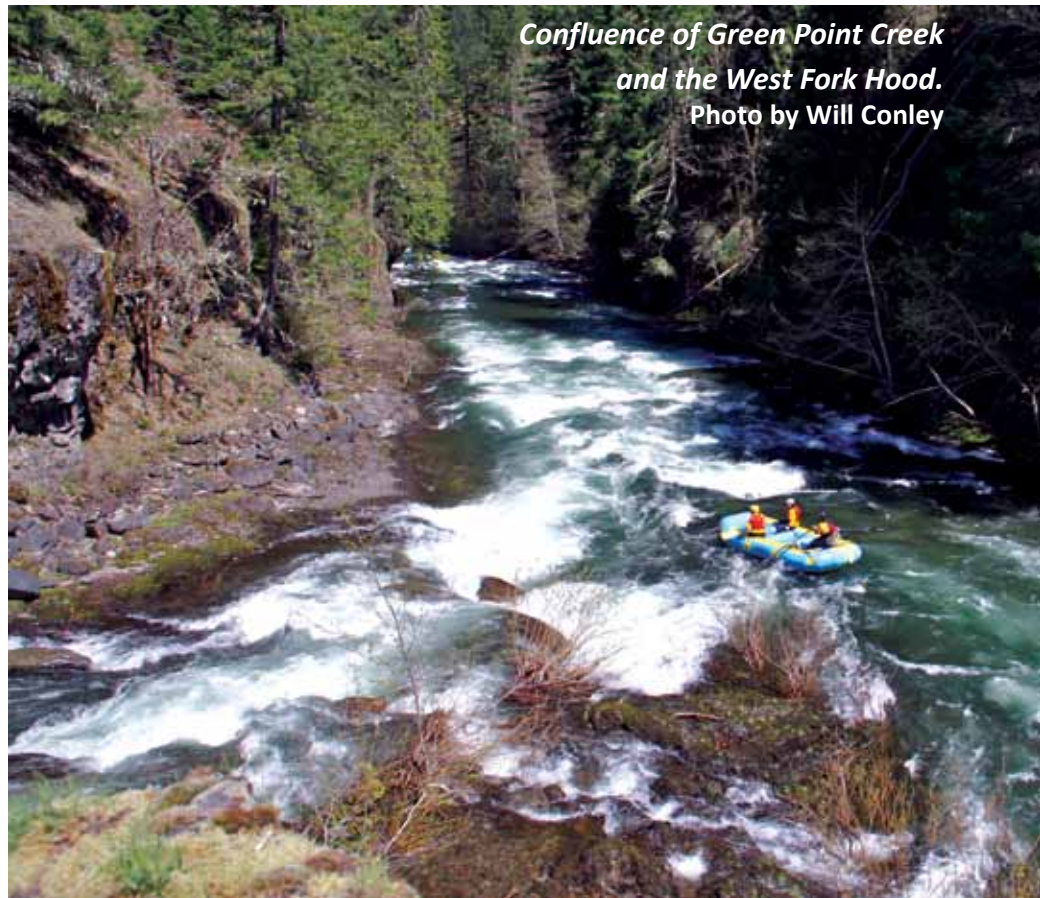
From the takeout, walk up the steep trail to a road that takes you back to the dirt turnout where you left your car. If you are rafting, this take out is a lot of work but it can be done if you have some strong backs and positive attitudes.

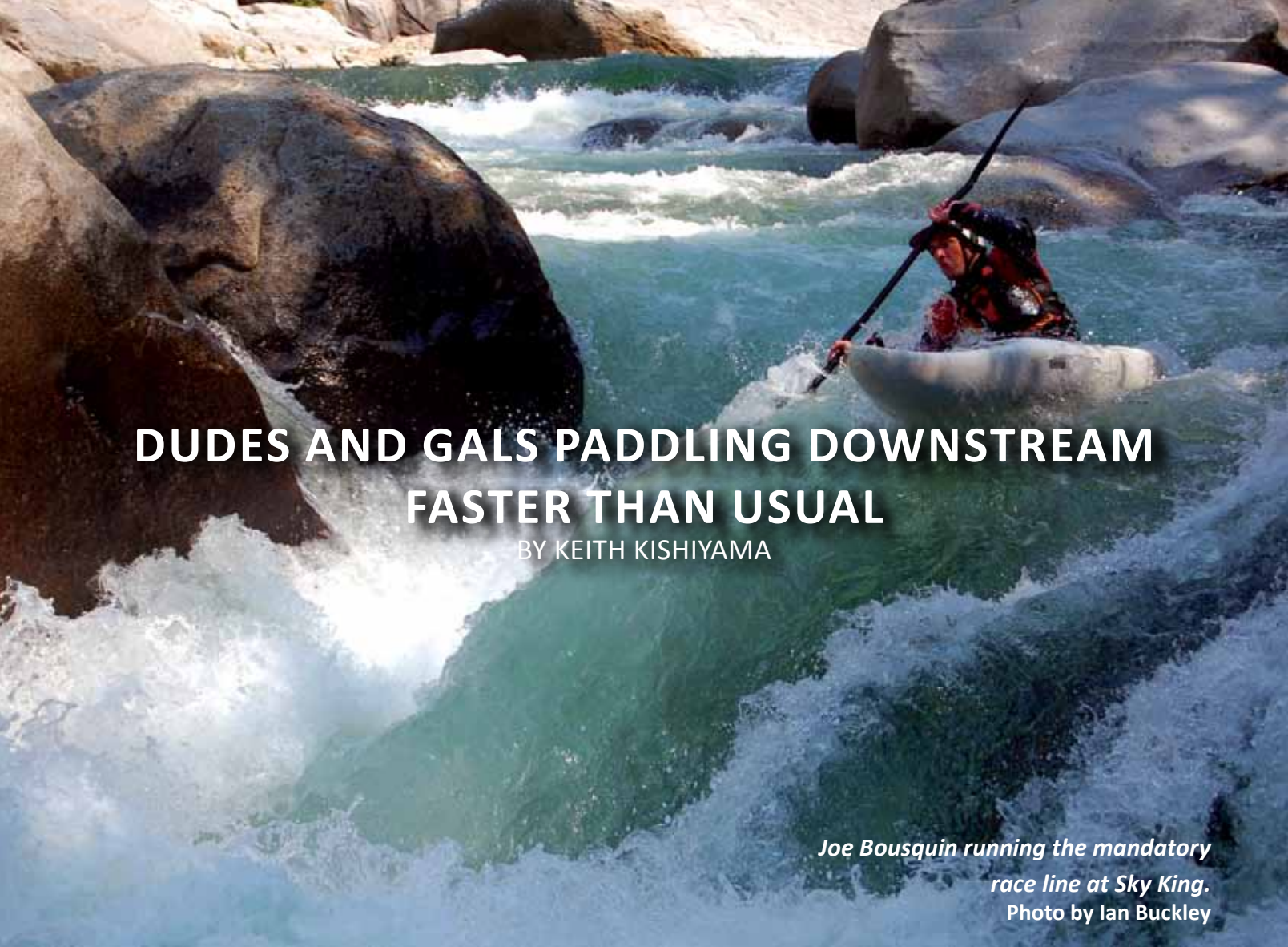
AW STEWARDSHIP

HOOD RIVER ACCESS

American Whitewater has been working in partnership with Western Rivers Conservancy to bring Punch Bowl Falls into public ownership, and Zach Collier's love of the area has been a key part of our efforts. Western Rivers Conservancy purchased 120 acres surrounding the falls, including two miles of river, and efforts are underway to transfer the land to Hood River County. In addition to providing an important access point for whitewater boaters, the area also provides sanctuary for salmon, access for swimming, and has great potential for camping.

*Confluence of Green Point Creek
and the West Fork Hood.
Photo by Will Conley*





DUDES AND GALS PADDLING DOWNSTREAM FASTER THAN USUAL

BY KEITH KISHIYAMA

*Joe Bousquin running the mandatory
race line at Sky King.
Photo by Ian Buckley*

THIS YEAR MARKED the 20th Annual Captain Kirk Memorial Cherry Creek Race. Officially this is not a race, but just a bunch of dudes and gals paddling downstream faster than usual. This event was started as a memorial to a legendary Cherry Creek guide named Kirk (hence the nickname Captain Kirk). It now honors all of those who we have paddled with but who are no longer with us. It is a celebration to remember our friends and family and the powerful bonds that are made on the river.

The race is on a run called Cherry Creek, not to be confused with Upper Cherry Creek, a premier High Sierra multi-day run. Cherry Creek is a world class Class V run in its own right, flowing all summer long due to scheduled releases from Holm Powerhouse into Cherry Creek one mile above the

confluence with the Tuolumne River. The Captain Kirk Memorial Cherry Creek Race is 5.4 miles long, starting at the confluence of Cherry Creek and the Tuolumne River and finishing at a rapid named Lewis' Leap. There are two large boulders known as the goalposts that form "The Leap" and the finish line is the boof between those goalposts. If participants miss the Leap they



are disqualified. The race includes most of the Class V rapids of Cherry Creek, including Jawbone, Mushroom, Toadstool, Unknown Soldier, Blind Faith, Sky King, Eulogy, Coffin, Christmas Hole, Richard's Hole, and finally, Lewis' Leap.

The fastest time for the course (35:47) was set by Eric Giddens in 2010 in a Green Boat. His record was tied this year by Will Pruett, also in a Green Boat. The fastest time in the Short Boat category (less than 9 feet long) is 39:14 and was set this year by Sam Swanson in a Stomper. The women's record is 39:48 held by Laura Farrell in a Green Boat. There is also a team category. A team consists of two paddlers in separate boats and there

*Nick Urquhart and Robby Hogg high five
and simultaneous boof at Lewis' Leap.
Photo by Wes Heustess*

NEWS & NOTES

Long Boats				
Place	Name	Boat	Time	Notes
1	Will Pruett	Green	35:47*	*ties course record set by Eric Giddens
2	Eric Giddens	Stinger	36:05	
3	Chris Madden	Green	36:28	
4	Vincent Mercier	Stinger	37:44	
5	Jim Bob	Green	37:45	
6	Justin Patt	Green	38:06	
7	Macy Burnham	Green	38:16	
8	Thomas Moore	Green	38:20	
9	Andy Wagner	Crossfire	38:27	
10	Chad Pickens	Tornado	39:07	
11	Ian Divene	Corsica	40:35	
12	Rick Smith	Matrix	44:18	
13	Andrew Wagner	Crossfire	45:30	
	Jason Hale	Stinger	37:28	DQ- Missed the goal posts at the Leap
Short Boats				
Place	Name	Boat	Time	Notes
1	Sam Swanson	Stomper	39:14*	*New course record for short boats
2	Andrew Matthews	Shiva L	39:40	
3	Mike Peache	Nomad 8.5	40:01	
4	Carson Lindsay	Remix 69	40:18	
5	Richard Young	Jefe	40:47	
6	Evan Smith	Nomad	40:51	
7	Sean Manchester	Stomper	41:08	
8	Jay Lynn	Karma	43:36	
9	Gavin Rieser	Pure	43:46	
10	Brian Ginsberg	Habitat 80	44:30	
11	Cyrus Luciano	Pure	44:48	
12	Keith Kishiyama	Java	46:30	
13	Kenya Oto	Villain S	48:20	
C-1				
Place	Name	Boat	Time	Notes
1	Norwood Scott	Pure XL	42:25	
2	Matt Robinson	Stomper 80	47:47	
Team				
Place	Name	Boat	Time	Notes
1	Robbie Hogg	Burn	41:00*	*actual time was 41:30, received 30 time bonus for simultaneous boof over the Leap
	Nick Urquhart	Pure		
	Toby Salz	Nomad 8.5	77:00	DQ- received outside assistance by riding a raft to retrieve lost boat
	Brendan Curran	Pure		

NEWS & NOTES



Charlie Center running Lumsden Falls, downstream of the Cherry Creek race course.
Photo by Ian Buckley

is a 30 second bonus if both paddlers boof the Leap simultaneously.

After the race, there is a short memorial to keep the stories of our friends alive in our hearts. Then the awards ceremony follows where the results are announced. There is actually only one real award; it is the coveted Captain Kirk gold shirt complete with a Star Trek emblem for the fastest time of the day. Of course, the awards ceremony wouldn't be complete without the booty beers for the carnage during the race. After the awards, there is a giant BBQ and when the sun goes down, we behave like a bunch of kayakers and get drunk and party the night away.

However, this year we were interrupted during the awards ceremony by the Forest Service advising us to evacuate the campground. A fire had broken out on the next ridge over in the Clavey River Canyon and was quickly growing. As we were driving out on Lumsden Road, we could look over

and see the first wave of aircraft dropping fire retardant on the flames. Little did we know that this was the beginning of the Rim Fire. The Rim Fire would become the largest fire on record in the Sierra Nevada range, a monster that consumed more than 250,000 acres (just over 400 square miles), required 5,000 brave men and women and nearly \$130 million to fight, and took more than two months to fully contain. The canyons of the beautiful Wild and Scenic Tuolumne River and beloved Clavey River and Cherry Creek burned up in a heartbeat. What began as a beautiful day to celebrate the river and honor our paddling friends ended in a devastating fire.

But the river will run again next spring and we will paddle Cherry Creek and there will be a bunch of dudes and gals paddling downstream faster than usual in the 21st annual Captain Kirk Memorial Cherry Creek Race.

AW STEWARDSHIP

IN THE AFTERMATH OF THE BLAZE

This summer's massive Rim Fire burned forestlands throughout the Stanislaus National Forest, Yosemite National Park and private lands. Earlier this year, Representative Tom McClintock (R-CA) introduced the "Yosemite Rim Fire Emergency Salvage Act," which would expedite "salvage" logging in the area by bypassing critical environmental laws and eliminating opportunity for public engagement. American Whitewater joined with our partners through Outdoor Alliance to weigh in on the issue, noting that the law would likely do more harm than good. For more information and to view our comments, visit <http://www.americanwhitewater.org/content/Article/view/articleid/31788/>

WHITEWATER ACCIDENT REPORTS: JANUARY-JUNE 2013

BY CHARLIE WALBRIDGE

THE FIRST HALF of this year was relatively quiet on the whitewater accident front. 16 deaths were reported to American Whitewater: eight kayak, two canoe, and six rafting fatalities. As was the case last year, low water levels resulted in fewer deaths. Most of the West was quite dry and the Northeast had unusually low spring flows. The death toll in 2011, a high water year, was four times as high. Interestingly, the Southeast saw one of the wettest years ever recorded but produced only two casualties. Also, while June weather in the Northeast was unusually wet we didn't see a "bump" in accidents during this time. Perhaps we're getting safer, but I think it's more likely that unusually cool and rainy weather discouraged the casual paddlers who are most at risk when the water rises. A number of heads-up rescues helped keep the death toll down, too. Accident causes included seven paddlers caught in strainers or sieves, three flush-drownings, and two occurring at low head dams. PFDs were not worn in only two other instances, which is a lower number than usual. Several accidents were documented by lengthy reports that can be found in the AW accident database.

Kayaking Accidents

Low water did not eliminate several early-season western fatalities. Spring rains brought water to the seldom run East Verde River near Childs, AZ this spring. This remote, 34 mile-long multi-day creek contains many Class IV and V rapids. On March 11th five kayakers launched on American Creek, a small tributary of the East Verde. There were many trees growing in the riverbed which made the paddling pretty stressful. According to an account written by Bill Langhofer, a member of the group, trouble struck at an eight-foot ledge. They scouted, and three kayakers

ran the drop cleanly. Jim McComb, 65, was a veteran Class V boater and an all-around outdoorsman. Running fourth, he pitoned a rock at the base of the falls, pinned vertically, and was immediately covered up by the onrushing water.

The group reacted quickly. They threw Mr. McComb a rope; when he didn't grab hold they tried unsuccessfully to pull one of their members upstream into the falls. A few minutes later they spotted what turned out to be Mr. McComb's hand. One man swam out to a midstream rock and was able, with great difficulty, to attach a rope to it. The group set up a Z-drag and pulled hard for 15 minutes, freeing his body. He had been held under water for over 30 minutes and was beyond help. The group carried Mr. McComb's body away from the river to a safe place, leaving his boat pinned in the drop. They were in a deep, cliff-rimmed gorge and had no choice but to paddle out. Late the following afternoon they finished the run and notified authorities, who later flew in by helicopter to recover his body.

In California, veteran kayaker Dirk Bradford drowned on the "Cascades" section of Indian Creek on March 23rd. This steep, boulder strewn tributary to the Feather River requires quick moves in fast current. According to a report sent by Charlie Albright, Mr. Bradford was a respected expert who normally paddled year-round. He'd recently been sidelined by a snowboarding injury and was just getting back into boating. He flipped in an easy section between major drops, missed two rolls, and bailed out. This was the first time anyone remembers him missing a roll. He was swimming for a midstream boulder when he was pulled into a sieve and held under. When he washed out 10 minutes later, he was dead.

Washington State's popular Green River was the scene of an unexpected fatality on April 7th. Lisa Gould, an experienced sea kayaker and an intermediate whitewater paddler, was recirculated in a hydraulic at

the base of "the Railroad Bridge Drop," a river-wide ledge. According to local paddlers this is a straightforward Class III rapid at low to moderate flows, but at 3000 cfs, a high level, there's a nasty 100-foot wide hole across the middle and right hand side. Ms. Gould, 45, eventually washed out and was recovered by a second group. After CPR brought back her heartbeat and respiration she was taken to a local hospital. She did not survive the night.

An Asheville, NC man was killed on Idaho's North Fork of the Payette River. According to the Idaho Statesman, Eric Weigel, 22, was running this tumultuous Class V stretch on June 5th when he flipped suddenly and did not roll back up. The newspaper speculates that he'd hit his head and was knocked unconscious despite a high-end full face coverage helmet. There have been several other fatal head injuries on this run during the past decade. Although we don't have a first person account of the accident, getting him ashore must have been extremely difficult. Anyone with more information is urged to contact American Whitewater's Safety Editor.

There were three incidents where kayakers were trapped by strainers in relatively easy whitewater. Sally Stairs, 79, was running the Buffalo National River in Arkansas on May 6th when she struck her head on an overhanging tree branch and capsized. The water pushed her into a strainer where she was held until Park Service personnel arrived. On June 7th Oliver Dixon, 47, did not arrive at the end point of a trip down Michigan's Clinton River. He was paddling alone, so no one knows exactly what happened. His body was found five days later by canoe livery employees who were removing dangerous strainers from the river. On June 15th Daniel Deamond and a friend were paddling Gunpowder Falls, a river running through Baltimore, Maryland. The Route 1 Bridge over the river has four arches which often collect debris. The water level that day was high and local paddlers describe the current as fast-

moving with small riffles. Mr. Deamond, 26, paddled his short, “rec-style” kayak into the second arch, which was completely blocked by debris. He was pushed under the strainer and disappeared. The State Highway Department brought a crane in the following day to dismantle the strainer and locate the body.

The Big East Fork of the Pigeon is a small, steep, creek in North Carolina’s Smokey Mountains. On July 4th a group of seven paddlers was making the run when the river suddenly flashed to dangerous levels. Scott Bradfield, 36, was attempting to run a rapid with a second boater when the flash flood hit. He flipped, made several attempts to roll, and swam. The downstream safety team hit him with a throw rope, but he made no effort to grab it. Another paddler chased him through the next rapid but the rising water forced him to pull over. The group searched carefully for Mr. Bradfield before hiking out and contacting authorities. His body was found the next afternoon. This is the second flash-flood related death in the Smokies during the past few years so everyone paddling in this region after heavy rains should be alert.

Great Falls on the Potomac River is a complex Class V+ rapid near Washington, DC. On July 11th, the day before the Potomac Festival, Shannon Christy decided to run the “Center Chutes” with a friend. Christy, 23, was an experienced and capable paddler from South Carolina. She flipped at the base of “Grace Under Pressure,” bailed out, and was swept downstream towards “The Fingers” a set of steep, narrow drops. One of these, the unrunnable “Middle Finger,” drops into “The Subway,” a horrible sieve. Ms. Christy went over this drop and disappeared. Releasing her body from this trap was a daunting and dangerous task. Lead by pro kayakers Jason Beakes and Steve Fisher and assisted by first responders and local expert kayakers, the recovery took several hours and was captured by local TV news cameras.

Canoeing Accidents

While canoeing accidents often involve inexperienced paddlers, this one did not. On March 11th Steve Senior, a 65 year-old open canoeist from Canada, was running Tennessee’s Class IV Little River with a large group. He flipped in the first drop of “the Meanies,” just above The Sinks, and washed over a six-foot ledge. He was swimming on his back, feet first, lined up with the current when he fell into the backwash and disappeared. The water apparently “planted” him vertically between rocks below the drop, catching his foot. Pulling his knees up to his chest could have prevented the entrapment, and this technique is worth remembering.

His group’s report said that several paddlers had set safety below the drop. They threw their ropes into the hole, and when Mr. Senior didn’t grab hold they tried to swim into the hole from downstream. Next, several paddlers clipped lines into their PFD and attempted a “live bait” rescue. First the swimmer was tethered to one line, then two lines, one coming from downstream and another from one side. When this didn’t work a third rope from the opposite shore was added. This allowed them to position the tethered swimmer so he could make contact. He pulled off Mr. Senior’s helmet and PFD in an effort to free him before grabbing Mr. Senior’s arm and tying a rope to his wrist. It took a good bit of hard pulling to get him free.

By this time Mr. Senior had been held underwater for 27 minutes. Several group members with medical training began CPR. Park Service personnel brought a Stokes Litter and secured him in place. Everyone worked together to get the litter up to the road. Although Mr. Senior began breathing on his own, he did not survive. He passed away in a nearby hospital the following morning.

In two other accidents routine swims turned deadly. On April 11th an unidentified 57 year-old man was canoeing with his wife on Washington’s Stillwater River. Neither

paddler was wearing a life vest. After their canoe capsized the woman was able to swim ashore but the man and his canoe were swept downriver. Rescuers found him under a log some distance downstream. On July 15th, Ralph Head, 64, was canoeing with two friends on Section III of the Chatooga River near Clayton, GA when his canoe capsized above Sandy Ford. Friends say he was floating safely, but after they retrieved the boat they couldn’t find him. Later they spotted his body underwater, his foot trapped between rocks. Rescue squads took 90 minutes to recover his body.

Rafting Accidents

The 2013 rafting season began tragically when Kaitlin Kenney, 21, disappeared from a riverside camp in Arizona’s Grand Canyon. According to the National Park Service she was last seen alive on the evening of January 11th; her body was not found until January 21st. The group had been drinking and there is speculation that she may have become disoriented and stumbled into the river. The icy water and fast river current would be quite dangerous to unprotected swimmers in broad daylight, much less at night.

On April 17th Kristle Volin, 25, was using a cataraft to scout the South Fork of the Coquille River in Oregon for potential river restoration projects. Ms. Volin, a watershed group employee, washed into a fallen tree which capsized her boat and pulled her under. Her life jacket snagged on the strainer and held her there. Her partner, working the river in a separate boat, saw the accident but was unable to help. First responders had to deflate the raft to recover her body.

Tumwater Canyon on Washington’s Wenatchee River has some of the biggest water in North America. And while the self-righting Creature Craft is extremely capable, it’s not invulnerable. Kenneth Tyson, 54, attempted the run on May 25th at 4300 cfs. He was unseated after a violent flip and couldn’t stay with the raft when it righted itself. He washed downstream a good ways

before being rescued by other rafters. They tried CPR and arranged transportation to a nearby hospital, but it was too late.

An English mountaineer who'd climbed Mount McKinley a few days earlier died on Alaska's Six Mile Creek, a serious big water run about 70 miles east of Anchorage. On May 27th a recent warm spell had pushed water levels close to the cutoff for commercial trips. Steven Morton, 47, was in excellent physical shape. He wore a drysuit, life vest, and helmet and passed the swim test given by the outfitter. He did well through the first two canyons (Class IV) and chose to run the third one (Class V), which has the biggest rapids. He was thrown from his raft in Zig Zag Rapid; he swam well at first, but then began to falter. Water temperatures were around 40 degrees, cold enough to cause cold water shock and breathing difficulties for some people. He was only in the water a few minutes before being rescued by another raft, but he'd stopped breathing and could not be revived.

The Chatooga River's Five Falls are well-known for dangerous undercut rocks and sieves. On June 19th a guided raft was surfed violently in "Soc-em-Dog," the final drop in this section. The 1.9 level, while higher than usual, is considered a medium flow. Thomas Hill, 51, was thrown out the upstream side of his raft and pinned "behind the veil" of the ledge. His PFD, helmet and shorts washed out, indicating an entrapment. Authorities were notified, setting in motion a complex and lengthy recovery.

The Wild and Scenic Chatooga is a tough place to work. The river is only accessible by a two-hour boat ride or a 40-minute hike. Because it sits on the border between Georgia and South Carolina, managing teams from different jurisdictions becomes a challenge. In all, 36 agencies and organizations put in 6,000 man-hours during the recovery effort. Mr. Hill's body was located quickly using an underwater camera but the water was too high to

permit an extrication. A few days later the body disappeared, but was quickly found again. Crews now waited for the river to drop to a manageable level. On July 5th, 17 days after the accident, rescuers completed the recovery. It was discussed at length on Yahoo's Swift H2O Message Board, AW's primary source of accident information.

Another commercial rafting guest died after his foot caught on an abandoned throw rope on Pennsylvania's Lower Youghiogheny River. Robert Vega, 22, was in a raft that flipped at the top of Class IV Dimple Rapid on July 6th. Higher-than-usual water carried him into Swimmer's Rapid where he was snagged just to the right of the play hole. Balancing on his free leg he struggled to keep his head above water. Several nearby private boaters who tried valiantly to rescue him filed brief reports. After several false starts they lowered a man in a rescue vest from a rock directly upstream. As the rescuer cut the rope that trapped Mr. Vega, his life vest washed off and he sank out of sight. Two days later his body was found a mile downstream below Bottle of Wine Rapid.

Abandoned throw ropes create a deadly trap that's not easy to spot. Although no one is sure where the fatal rope came from the risks it posed were clear. There have been two similar non-fatal accidents here in the last decade. One Lower Yough river manager tells his guides that if they let go of a throw rope they should jump in after it and coil it up as they float downstream. If a rope becomes stuck, they must recover it. Private paddlers should consider adopting the same level of responsibility.

A dangerous diversion dam on Montana's Bitterroot River below the Woodside Fishing Access saw many close calls and rescues this past year. The riverbed here has changed: the bypass channel is no longer deep enough to travel and paddlers must use another channel that contains the dam. On June 26th a drift boat flipped in the dam backwash and several people were recirculated. One of these, 6 year-

old Joslyn Farrell, drowned. When rescuers arrived CPR was already underway on a gravel bar downstream from the dam. She was Life Flighted to St. Patrick's Hospital in Missoula, where she later died.

Blossom Bar Rapid (Class IV) is the hardest drop on the Wild and Scenic section of Oregon's Rogue River. Much of the trouble occurs at "The Picket Fence," a line of rocks halfway down the rapid. Two very similar deaths occurred here less than a week apart. According to the Ashland, Oregon Mail-Tribune Steven Boyd was thrown from his raft after it collided with a rock on July 14th. Mr. Boyd, 66, was unconscious when pulled from the river. Three days later, on July 17th, Steven Hoyer, 57, was trying to free a pinned raft when he fell into the water. He initially told his friends that he was fine, but he, too, was unconscious at the bottom of the rapid. Both men were experienced rafters fully equipped with PFDs and helmets. The swim was certainly survivable. The county coroner later ruled that both deaths were caused by heart attacks, not drowning.

Close Calls and Rescues

While many rescues are never publicized, we can learn a lot from those that are. Veteran kayaker Tommy Clapp reported on his blog that he was severely pinned a few hundred yards from the takeout of Tennessee's Upper Big Creek on February 2nd. Here's his account:

"There was a tree just barely at the surface of the water I didn't see. When my nose hit it, it turned me sideways and I leaned downstream so I wouldn't get pinned. Immediately, the tip of the tree went into my cockpit, blew my skirt, and pinned between my legs. I tried to get out as quick as possible but the tree had my legs pinned inside the boat . . . I was only above water by holding a rope and the air temp was no more than 32F and water was freezing. I was wearing a dry suit but my pogies were on my paddle so no gloves . . . It was very difficult for anybody to get

SAFETY

to me because of the strong current and very few rocks in the area. To make a very long story short, it took about 20-30 min to get both legs out of the kayak but my skirt was attached to the tree and boat. I tried cutting it but had no dexterity as my hands were frozen I was so exhausted and cold I couldn't even swim to shore I owe everything to a solid crew with the ropes and skills to get me out."

On North Carolina's Upper Raven's Fork, Isaac Levinson suffered a serious back injury after a hard landing at Big Boy, a 30-foot waterfall. Conditions were very cold on March 29th, with snow flurries and temperatures in the 30s. Despite the risks, Isaac elected to walk out. He was mobile, and waiting for a rescue team to bring a spine board made severe hypothermia almost certain. An excruciatingly painful hike was followed by a rough auto ride to a hospital. Here doctors found compression fractures in the T7 and T8 vertebrae.

Kayaker Jeremy Cass used the New England Paddlers Message Board to describe how a bystander rescued him from a potentially fatal entrapment on the New Haven Ledges near Bristol, Vermont. Here's his account of the events of May 7th:

"My buddy and I were on our second lap I was the third and became trapped on the upstream side while my bow and stern were pinned below and above me the force of the water was pushing me deeper into the pin. I had a decent air pocket and my group was scrambling to get to me A young man next to me on shore was in a perfect position to pull my life jacket up and keep my head above water I was then able to kick myself onto shore (He) had only stopped to see "the kayakers on the river" and had to go back to work. Though I was trapped for just over 30 seconds and recovered all my gear, if the good Samaritan did not pull on my shoulder straps, it would have

meant CPR, or worse. If there are any recognitions for non-kayakers helping a whitewater boater, Alan Schmidt of Vermont deserves it."

We have two reports that show how trained whitewater paddlers keep dangerous situations from spiraling out of control. On April 6th two men in their 20s carried a canoe down the Old Patowmak Canal Cut and launched into the Potomac River a few miles below Great Falls. Neither man was wearing a PFD or wetsuit despite the 49-degree water. After they hit a big wave at Center Chute they capsized, and six kayakers from the Greater Baltimore Canoe Club gave chase. After pushing the canoe and the two men to shore proved to too slow, they changed tactics. The men were pulled ashore individually by two kayakers while the other four other kayakers recovered the canoe. The men were extremely cold after their 10-minute immersion. It could have been worse. On May 20th Moises Dieguez, a non-swimming novice kayaker, was picked up by kayaker Brandon Nutter and towed to a midstream rock on the James River in Richmond, VA. When Rescue 1, a local first responder, arrived they worked closely with Nutter and his friends Karl Schmidt and Max Posner to bring the man to safety.

On June 12th firefighters rescued two young men whose inflatable kayak hit a downed tree and capsized on Pocono Creek behind the High School in Stroudsburg, PA. Dean Vliet Jr. and Brandon Whitmore, both 20, were stranded in mid-stream close to a steep bank opposite the school. According to the Pocono Record two kids at the school heard their calls for help and dialed 911. The pair were becoming hypothermic when the Stroudsburg Volunteer Fire Company and Northeast Volunteer Search & Rescue arrived. They sent out a rescue swimmer who pulled one kayaker out from under the tree. Then the two kayakers were handed throw lines and allowed to enter the current and swing into shore.

A woman who was pinned against a bridge pier on Montana's Jefferson River on June 25th was rescued after a four-hour struggle. According to the Billings Gazette Kelly Keller was in a canoe with two other paddlers when their boat wrapped and she caught her leg. One of her friends held her head above water while the other went for help. First responders arrived and lowered hot water to Ms. Keller to stave off hypothermia. Then they called a tow truck and lowered a cable down from the bridge and freed the canoe.

As always, American Whitewater needs your help in collecting accident information. Since most of us will never encounter a fatal accident during our paddling careers, we can share the facts of these tragedies and learn from them. By studying accidents we learn how to avoid trouble and react effectively to emergencies. Techniques, procedures, and river gear can be modified based on what happened. Please help us out. To report a whitewater accident, near miss, or serious injury, go to the Safety page on the American Whitewater site, click "report an accident", and enter your information. You can also forward newspaper articles, chat room posts, and first person accounts to the safety editor at ccwalbridge@cs.com. Please feel free to recommend any sites that you think would be a good source of accident information to us. Thanks!

BOARD BIOS

AMERICAN WHITEWATER BOARD OF DIRECTOR ELECTIONS 2013

EACH YEAR AMERICAN Whitewater's membership elects board members. The following candidates are volunteering to serve three-year terms on the American Whitewater Board of Directors. Current AW members can cast their votes through mid-December. Vote for any or all of the four candidates on the American Whitewater website: www.americanwhitewater.org Deadline for submitting electronic ballots is December 15, 2013. Thank you for your participation in this important election process.

Brent Austin



Brent Austin is an attorney, a longtime paddler from Central Kentucky, former President of the Bluegrass Wildwater Association and has been involved for decades raising money for AW River Stewardship goals, particularly related to the Russell Fork River. An active paddler throughout the Southeast, Mr. Austin has a unique perspective grounded in being an active member of the paddling community. Mr. Austin currently serves on the John Flannagan Dam Whitewater Advisory Board and has been an instrumental voice and force for the Russell Fork River since the mid 90s. A founder and organizer of the Russell Fork River Rendezvous, Mr. Austin also organized and raced in the predecessor event to what is now known as the Lord of the Fork Race. He also raced in the Gore Canyon Race in the mid-90s. Today, Mr. Austin practices law in his hometown of Lexington, Kentucky and frequently paddles around the Smoky Mountains where he and his family have a second home.

Chris Bell



I've been a boater since 1969, when I paddled Oregon's Rogue River on a YMCA rafting trip. I learned to kayak after moving to North Carolina in 1985, started squirt boating in 1987. Today I'm as likely to be found paddling a canoe or rowing a raft on a western multi-day trip with my teenage daughters as I am to be kayaking or squirt boating. My non-American Whitewater volunteer activities include conceiving and coordinating the Western Carolina Rescue Rodeo (1992-97), serving as President, Newsletter Editor and Webmaster of the Western Carolina Paddlers (1990-1998, 2004-present), and creating and maintaining the boatingbeta.com regional website (2000-present). From 2000-2004 I worked extensively with AW on the Cheoah Dam relicensing project, where by happy not-quite-coincidence I was fortunate to be able to combine my love of paddling with my professional skills as an economist. I joined AW's board in 2005 and have served on the Executive Committee continuously since 2006, with stints as Treasurer, Vice-President, Chair of the Finance Committee and Chair of the Nominations Committee.

The past eight years have been remarkable ones for AW. We have made the transition from an organization whose finances were held together by duct tape, chewing gum and a printer willing to accept very late payments, to become the envy of the human-powered recreation world. If "The Great Recession" had begun in December 2005 rather than December 2007 you probably wouldn't be reading this issue of the AW Journal. This is a big deal because it means our staff can focus their energy on conserving, restoring and enhancing opportunities to enjoy America's whitewater resources safely rather than worrying about whether they will still have a job in a month's time. AW's footprint has expanded everywhere whitewater flows in North America. I hope you are as excited as I am about AW and would very much appreciate your vote returning me to the AW Board!

AW PARTNERS

\$20,000 - Class V



\$15,000 - Class IV

\$10,000 - Class III



\$7,500 - Class II



ExactTarget®



\$5,000 - Boof



\$2,500 - Wave



BOARD BIOS

Trey Coleman



When I first began whitewater kayaking in the late 90s what really struck me was how critical the issue of access was to our sport. Our put-ins and take-outs are controlled by a mix of federal and state agencies, individual landowners, and private industry. At first I was amazed there wasn't a fee to put on these rivers or some paperwork involved in order to have so much fun. I wondered who kept all of this going. I joined AW shortly thereafter as it was clear someone had to be vigilant in keeping access to existing rivers and opening up access for new rivers. Simply put, the issue of river access will always be a vital issue for our sport and AW is our voice in the access conversation.

Another issue that impacts our sport is that of water quality. In the southeast, where I live, this is a constant issue due to development and terrain. Thankfully there are many great organizations working hard on this issue and AW has forged some great partnerships. While serving as President of Chota Canoe Club in Knoxville, TN, our club got a grant from AW through Clif Bar for raising water quality on Crooked Fork Creek.

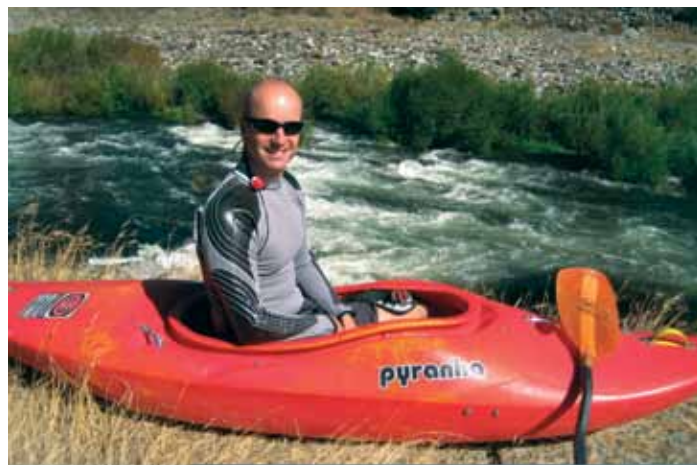
These are two issues that would be my focus while serving as an AW Board member. What I offer personally is almost 25 years of experience in the field of banking/finance and comparable experience as a non-profit Board member. I am the current Board President for the Joy of Music School, which offers free musical instruction and instruments for at-risk youth. I also serve on a number of other boards in Knoxville and have always been active with non-profits in the communities where I have lived.

My undergraduate degree is in finance from Georgia Southern University and I have a masters degree from the University of Tennessee in city planning. While at UT, my thesis was on best practices for managing storm water runoff into streams. I also

worked as a graduate assistant studying zoning and water quality issues in the counties surrounding the Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

When I'm not boating, I really enjoy mountain biking and fly fishing. For me, paddling has made a huge impact on my life and I feel the need to always be giving back. Kayaking has taken me around the United States and the world, allowed me to meet some awesome people (including my wife Christy, who is also a boater), and let me see some great scenery from the seat of a boat. I really appreciate the opportunity to serve AW at the Board level and will work hard to keep our sport strong. Thanks!

Christopher Hest



Christopher Hest is Vice President for Global Health at East Meets West, a 501(c)3 international development organization headquartered in Oakland, California, and Hanoi, Vietnam. He has 30 years of leadership in the non-profit sector, largely focused on mobilizing resources in the U.S. and overseas for an array of civil society needs.

As a direct result of his travel in search of whitewater adventures, in 2001 Chris co-established a whitewater kayaking and rafting business with a local paddler in the Indian Himalaya, thereby providing self-sufficiency to one family and seasonal employment for local villagers. Rivers are fundamental to Chris's life. He has kayaked on six continents, supports a variety of river protection and conservation organizations, and earned his whitewater kayaking instructor certification in 2006.

For many years Chris was a member of the Board of Directors of the American Association of Fund Raising Counsel and Vice Chair of the Board of Directors of Healing Waters, an outdoor adventure social services agency. He earned a degree in Political Science and Canadian Studies from Duke University.

Join



AMERICAN WHITEWATER Today!

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

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

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

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

across the country.

Join on-line today at <http://americanwhitewater.org/content/Membership/join-AW/>, call

1-866-BOAT4AW (866-262-8429), or fill out the form on the back of this page and mail it to:

Membership
P.O. Box 1540
Cullowhee, NC 28723

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Email _____

Phone _____ Member Number: _____

↑ _____ if you have one and know it

Membership Level☐ \$35 Standard☐ \$25 Member of Affiliate Club

Club: _____

☐ \$25 Student

School: _____

☐ \$50 Family☐ \$75 Affiliate Club☐ \$100 Ender Club (Shirt Size: _____)☐ \$250 Platinum Paddler☐ \$500 Explorer☐ \$750 Lifetime☐ \$1,000 Legacy☐ \$2,500 Steward**For current member rewards
go to:
americanwhitewater.org****Donation**☐ Donation of \$ _____**Additional Subscriptions**☐ \$30 Kayak Session Magazine - 4 issues per year (KS donates \$5 to AW!)**Journal Options**☐ Do NOT mail me the AW Journal, email it to me <- Saves AW money, and trees! :)**Auto-Renew (No Renewal Notices!)**☐ Auto-renew my membership each year on the credit card below**Payment**☐ Credit Card ☐ Cash ☐ Check # _____

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REVIEWS

REVIEW: CAPITAL CANOEING AND KAYAKING, A COMPLETE GUIDE TO WHITEWATER STREAMS WITHIN TWO HOURS OF WASHINGTON DC, BY STEPHEN ETTINGER

BY ALFORD COOLEY

FOR THOSE PADDLERS living in and around Washington DC and Baltimore, Steve Ettinger's long awaited whitewater guidebook is already proving indispensable. Over the years, members of this area's strong local paddling community have incessantly written about the plethora of free flowing local rivers and creeks, so this guide has ample competition and amplification.

This book is different, however, in its focus on the little brooks as well as the larger rivers. Right up front it trumpets the 372 streams (in 521 sections) it describes—which cover a four-state (MD, VA, PA, WV) area from the Chesapeake Bay Fall Line over the Blue Ridge, down from the Susquehanna to the Rappahannock and out back to West Virginia's Eastern Panhandle. The self-imposed two-hour driving radius from DC means, sadly, that the upper Potomac and upper Shenandoah are beyond the purview of this book.

But inside these generous boundaries, there seems to be hardly a ditch or rivulet that the author has not essayed. Some of these micro-runs have catchment areas of under five square miles, meaning they can be devilishly hard to catch. Over the course of nearly 20 years, Ettinger has

paddled almost all—the ones he wished he had (but that you are encouraged to try out) are written up as “explorers specials,” usually being the tippy-top headwaters of the most interesting runs.

Most importantly, Ettinger has written a new kind of guide that takes advantage of the Internet—specifically on-line weather

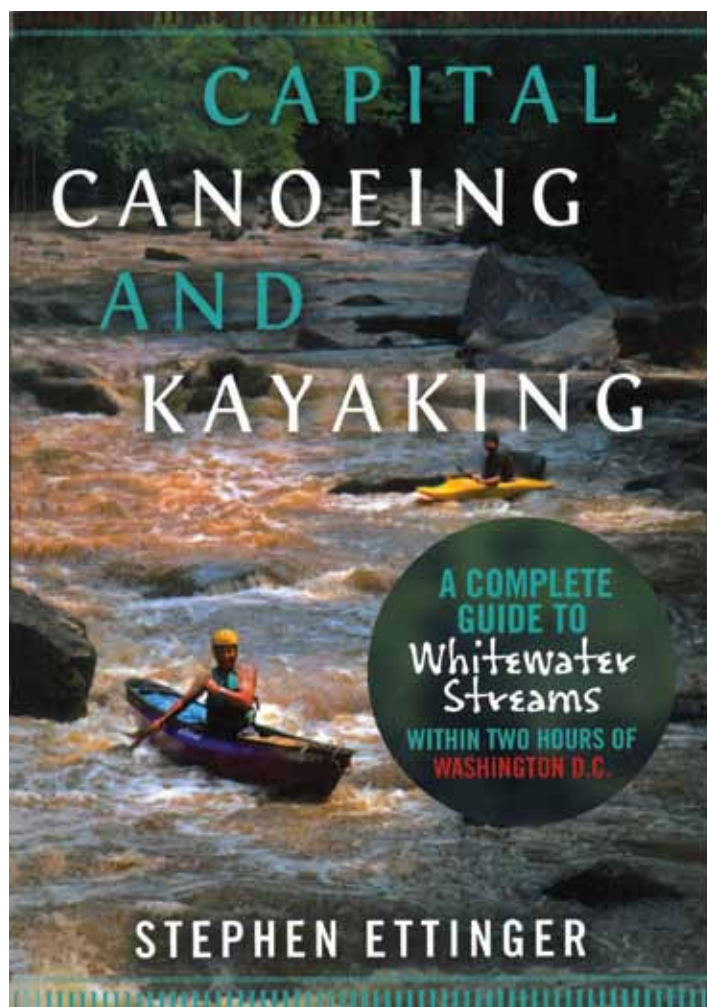
He shows how to use the USGS, NWS, and AFWS to a paddler's best advantage (that's the US Geological Survey, the National Weather Service, and the Advanced Flood Warning Service for the uninitiated). With information gleaned from these applied to the 41 dense but worthwhile charts at the top of each chapter (arrayed by basin), the errant boater can be practically assured of putting in on the stream of his choice at a level that will delight his whole paddling group.

As befits a World Bank economist, Mr. Ettinger has a keen sense for numbers, which comes to the fore as he describes how to extrapolate the USGS gauge reading of X cfs at a point on one stream with Y square miles of catchment to determine the flow on a target stream at a point with Z square miles of catchment. Even U.S. government rain gauges are not overlooked, a data source I have yet to see in any other guidebook.

The GPS suggestion—letting the author dispense with lengthy prose descriptions of how to reach and set shuttle on each river—came from his young sons, who told him to ride this wave of modernity and minimize the heft of this already considerable guide.

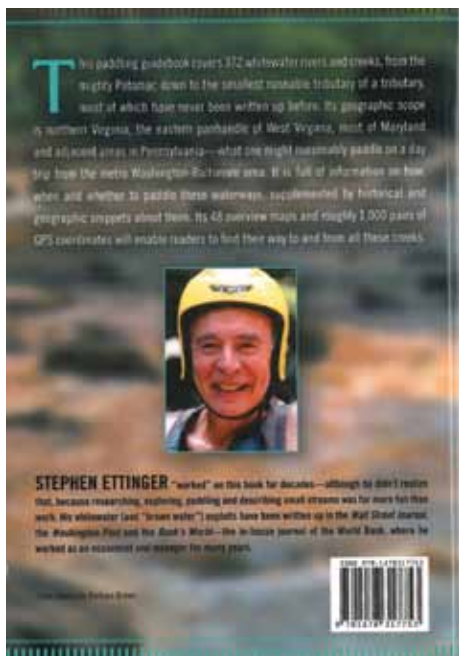
If there be a criticism of this fine guide, it might be that very few of the users will be interested in repeating the

author's many micro-stream exploits, which misadventures he describes with gusto. But what fine reading they make! Also, aside from the fine cover photo of Mr. Ettinger on a swollen Rock Creek (his home stream, and the District of Colombia's second major waterway), the book is devoid of the usual photographic eye-candy. For that, and in motion, we have AmericanWhitewater.org,



YouTube, and the rest. Too, the dwindling community of GPS Luddites who insist on trying to locate new streams with DeLorme state atlases may be frustrated to once again be reminded of their dinosaur status.

A review of the guide would not be complete without mention of Ettinger's many warm qualities, among which are humor and leadership. Over the years of restless river roaming he has come to lead a loyal if ever-changing band of fellow paddlers from across this broad area, called the Thursday Group, who support him in his madness, and who have been able to supply him with descriptions of the few (generally hair) runs that he has not done himself. His humor is lurking in every page, where wry asides about national politics are studded like raisins, along with text boxes featuring doggerel verses about his riverine adventures. Truly a guide for nearly everyone in or traveling to the DC region!



It's Easy to Support AW!

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

American Whitewater is a national non-profit 501(c)(3) organization, EIN# 23-7083760. To learn more about the Giving Options below, contact us at 866-BOAT4AW or visit the "Donate" link under "Support AW" on our website at www.americanwhitewater.org

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

AFFILIATE CLUBS

AW'S ORIGINAL PURPOSE

BY CARLA MINER

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

Our Affiliate Club Spotlight this issue is on the Float Fishermen of Virginia an outstanding Affiliate Club and long time supporter of our mission to conserve and restore America's whitewater resources and to enhance opportunities to enjoy them safely.

The Float Fishermen of Virginia is a statewide organization of canoeists, kayakers, rafters and other boaters which started in 1969. Together, they float the rivers, streams and waterways of Virginia and work to preserve and protect these important natural resources. There are chapters throughout Virginia, and each has its own personality. One chapter may paddle mostly whitewater; another may do mostly flat water fishing. But all chapters pull together when it comes to protecting waterways.

To learn more about the Float Fishermen of Virginia, check out the organization's main website at <http://www.floatfishermen.org/> where you'll find trip schedules, trip reports and updates on meetings being held. The main website also offers links to the individual chapter's websites. Take a look around, we're sure you'll find a chapter that meets your interests.

Thank you Float Fishermen of Virginia for your continued support of American Whitewater and our mission to conserve and restore America's whitewater resources and to enhance opportunities to enjoy them safely!

The AW Journal Club Affiliates by state:

Alaska

Fairbanks Paddlers, Fairbanks
Nova Riverrunners Inc., Chickaloon

Alabama

Birmingham Canoe Club, Birmingham
Coosa River Paddling Club, Montgomery
Huntsville Canoe Club, Huntsville

Arizona

Grand Canyon Private Boaters Assn,
Outdoors Unlimited, Flagstaff

Arkansas

Arkansas Canoe Club, Little Rock

California

Chico Paddleheads, Chico
Gold Country Paddlers, Lotus
Sierra Club Loma Prieta Paddlers, San Jose
Shasta Paddlers, Redding

Colorado

Avid4 Adventure Inc., Boulder
Colorado Whitewater Assn, Denver
Dolores River Boating Advocates, Dolores
Friends of the Arkansas River, Canon City
Pikes Peak Whitewater Club, Colorado Springs
San Miguel Whitewater Asso, Telluride

Connecticut

AMC - Connecticut Chapter, Waterbury

Delaware

AMC Delaware Valley Chapter, Oaks
Wilmington Trail Club, Newark

Georgia

Georgia Canoeing Asso, Atlanta
Paddlers4Christ, Ellijay

Idaho

Idaho Whitewater Association, Boise
North Idaho Whitewater Boating, Post Falls

Illinois

Chicago Whitewater Assn, Chicago

Indiana

Ohio Valley Paddlers, Evansville

Iowa

Iowa Whitewater Coalition, W. Des Moines

Kentucky

Bardstown Boaters, Bardstown,
Bluegrass Wildwater Asso, Lexington
Viking Canoe Club, Louisville

Maine

Penobscot Paddle & Chowder Society, Troy

Maryland

Greater Baltimore Canoe Club, Baltimore
Mason Dixon Canoe Cruisers, Boonsboro
Monocacy Canoe Club, Frederick

Massachusetts

AMC Boston Chapter Paddlers, Boston
UConn Kayaking, Amherst
UMass Outing Club - Whitewater Kayaking, Amherst

Minnesota

Minnesota Canoe Asso, Minneapolis
SCSU Outdoor Endeavors, Saint Cloud
Rapids Riders, Minneapolis

Missouri

Missouri Whitewater Assn, St Louis
Ozark Mountain Paddlers, Springfield
Ozark Wilderness Waterways, Kansas City

Montana

Beartooth Paddlers Society, Billings

Nevada

Sierra Nevada Whitewater Club, Reno

New Hampshire

AMC New Hampshire Paddlers, Raymond
Merrimack Valley Paddlers, Nashua

New Jersey

AMC Delaware Valley Chapter, Oaks
KCCNY, Flanders

New Mexico

Adobe Whitewater Club of New Mexico, Albuquerque

New York

ADK Schenectady, Schenectady
AMC NY/NJ Chapter, New York
Colgate University, Hamilton
FLOW Paddlers' Club, Rochester
Hamilton College, Clinton
Housatonic Area Canoe & Kayak Sq., Ossining
Zoar Valley Paddling Club, Buffalo

North Carolina

Base Camp Cullowhee, Cullowhee
Carolina Canoe Club, Raleigh
Landmark Learning, Cullowhee
Mecklenburg Regional Paddlers, Charlotte
Triad River Runners, Winston-Salem
Western Carolina Paddlers, Asheville

Ohio

Columbus Outdoor Pursuits, Columbus
Keelhauler Canoe Club, Cleveland

Oregon

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

Pennsylvania

AMC Delaware Valley Chapter, Oaks
Bradford County Canoe and Kayak Club, Sayre
Canoe Club of Greater Harrisburg, Harrisburg
Conewago Canoe Club, York
Holtwood Hooligans, Paradise
Lehigh Valley Whitewater Inc., Lehigh Valley
Mach One Slalom Team, State College
Philadelphia Canoe Club, Philadelphia
Three Rivers Paddling Club, Pittsburgh

S. Carolina

Foothills Paddling Club, Greenville
Palmetto Paddlers, Columbia

Tennessee

Appalachian Paddling Enthusiasts,
Limestone
Chota Canoe Club, Knoxville
East Tennessee Whitewater Club, Oak
Ridge
Plateau Eco-Sports, Cookeville
Tennessee Eastman Hiking and Canoeing
Club, Kingsport
Tennessee Valley Canoe Club, Chattanooga

Texas

Rockin 'R' River Rides, New Braunfels

Utah

High Jim and the A.S.K., Salt Lake City
Utah Whitewater Club, Salt Lake City

Vermont

Vermont Paddlers Club, Montpelier

Virginia

Creek Freak Paddlers, Rocky Mount
Float Fishermen of Virginia, Roanoke

Washington

BEWET- Boeing Employees Whitewater &
Touring Club, Bellevue
EPIC Adventures, Cheney
Paddle Trails Canoe Club, Seattle
Spokane Canoe & Kayak Club, Spokane
University Kayak Club, Seattle
Washington Kayak Club, Seattle
Washington Recreational River Runners, Renton

West Virginia

Dbl Z! Whitewater Club, Fayetteville
Mason Dixon Canoe Cruisers, Berkeley
Springs
Redneck Kayak Club, Beckley
WVU Whitewater Club, Morgantown
West VA Wildwater Assn, S. Charleston

Wisconsin

Hoofers Outing Club, Madison
North East Wisconsin Paddlers, Inc.,
Neenah
Rapids Riders, Minneapolis
Sierra Club/John Muir Chapter, Madison

Wyoming

American Packrafting Association, Wilson

Ontario

Guelph Kayak Club, Elora
Kawartha Whitewater Paddlers, The
Kawarthas

British Columbia

Thompson Rivers Univ Adventure Studies,
Kamloops

DISCOUNTED AW MEMBERSHIP FOR AFFILIATE CLUB MEMBERS

By Carla Miner, Membership Manager

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

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

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

JOIN AMERICAN WHITEWATER AS A CLUB AFFILIATE!

10 REASONS TO JOIN AW AS AN AFFILIATE CLUB

1. Support river access and restoration through the AW River Stewardship Team.
2. Be part of a national voice for the protection of the whitewater rivers your club values.
3. Tap into the professional expertise of AW staff for river issues that come up in your backyard.
4. Your club's members can become AW members for \$25. A \$10 savings!
5. Receive the American Whitewater Journal, the oldest continually published whitewater magazine.
6. Your club is recognized in the list of Affiliate Clubs posted to the AW website.
7. Recognize your club in the list of Affiliate Clubs noted in each bi-monthly AW Journal.
8. Post Club information on the AW Website to help paddlers find you.
9. Gain Club satisfaction from lending support to AW's stewardship efforts.
10. Improve your club members river karma.

For more information, contact
Carla Miner at membership@americanwhitewater.org or sign-up on
line at [www.americanwhitewater.org/
membership](http://www.americanwhitewater.org/membership).



AMERICAN WHITEWATER

Saving Rivers Since 1954

Rok Sribar and friends, East Fork Kaweah, CA. © Darin McQuoid

\$35

Cheaper than anything in your
gear bag, twice as important.

americanwhitewater.org/join

*Leave a lasting legacy to the
special places that made
a difference in your life.*



Become a member of the American Whitewater Enduring Rivers Circle,
created exclusively to honor and recognize people who have helped to
continue our river stewardship efforts through a gift to
American Whitewater in their estate plans.

For more information about making a bequest to American Whitewater
CONTACT Carla Miner: 1.866.262.8429 or carla@americanwhitewater.org



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