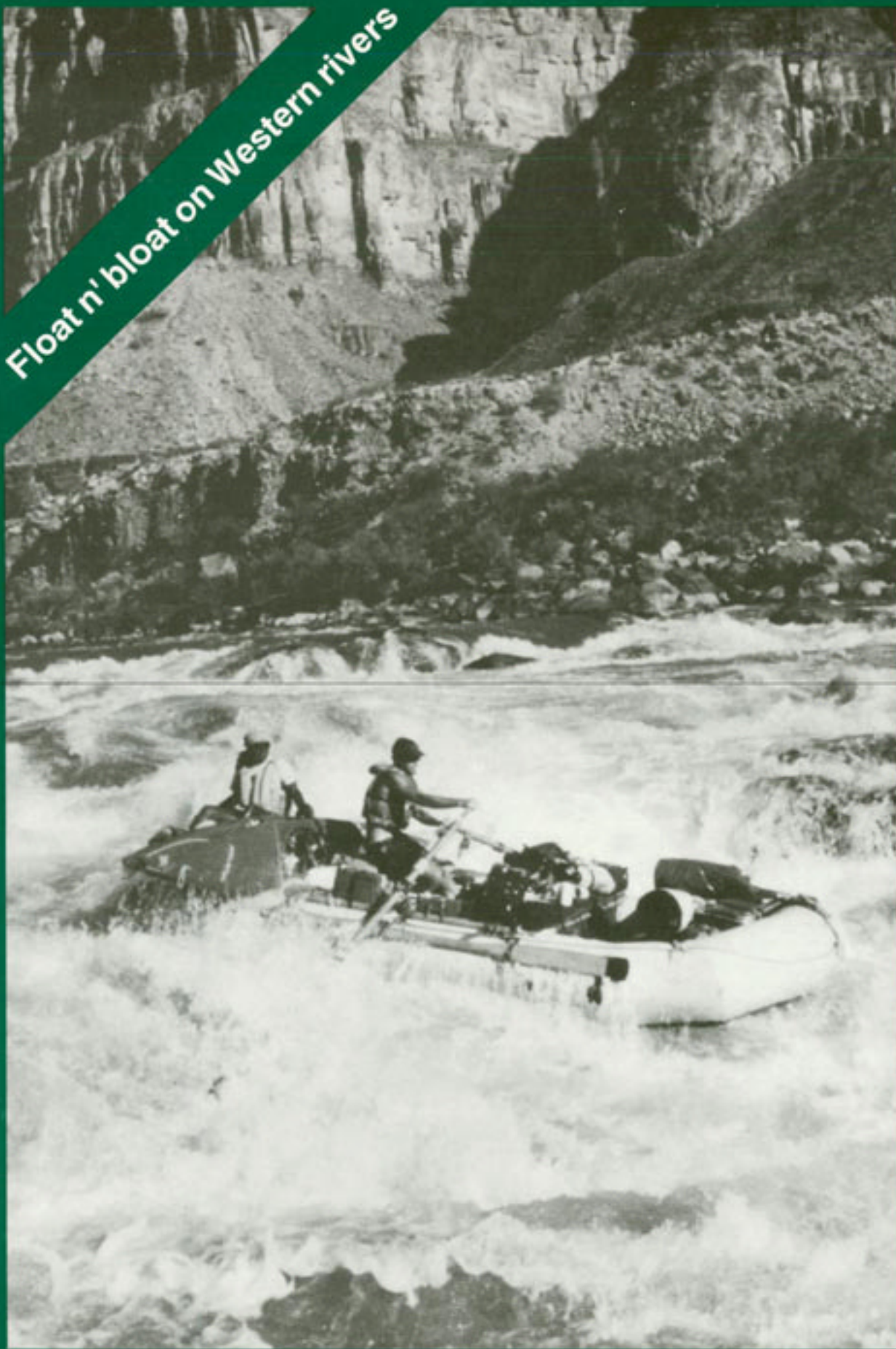


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Paddler & CanoeSport
Journal

american whitewater

May/June 1991
Volume XXXVI, No. 3

JOURNAL OF THE
AMERICAN WHITEWATER
AFFILIATION

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FORUM

Better late than never?

I know, I know...this issue is way late. Like, it would have been done in time, but a computer virus spread from my CPU to my sinuses. Total congestion!

Then I broke all my fingers while grabbing for the last beer in the cooler and I was forced to type with my nose, one character at a time.

In reality, I have to apologize for a number of circumstances that combined to create the delay. I've changed my address, upgraded the software and suffered from a mild case of burn-out.

In addition, we've had difficulty in securing enough material to fill the magazine. What we're lacking is suitable feature material--articles ranging from five to ten pages in length submitted with decent photographs.

But anyway, it's finally here--and I hope you enjoy it.

Recently, co-editor Bob Gedekoh and I have come under fire from some of our readers for lack of balance in our selection of feature stories. We're accused of printing only articles about expert-level whitewater. And though I hate to admit it, the criticism is valid.

Hey, what can we say? There are only so many whitewater weekends in the year. Bob and I choose to run our favorite rivers, and when we need a feature story--we write about them.

But last summer Bob and I departed from our usual routines: we booked separate multi-day trips on two Western rivers with reputations as "float-and-bloat" trips. Bob's account of the Middle Fork of the Salmon and my story on the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon appear in this issue. I hope folks looking for articles that feature rivers with outstanding scenery and great (but not hair-raising) whitewater will be pleased.

And for you die-hards who sniffle at anything less than class IV--wait until next issue. There's more bizarre stuff on the way.

Incidentally, the next issue will be following hard on the heels of this magazine. In a couple of months, we should be back on schedule.

Incidentally, the Gauley Season is fast approaching. The annual AWA Gauley Festival is scheduled for the third Saturday of September. I hope folks remember to include a trip to Summersville on their autumn paddling agenda.

And finally--please note me change of address. However, any packages or Express Mail should be sent to my work address: 221 W. Division St., Syracuse, NY 13204.

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PURPOSE

The American Whitewater Affiliation (AWA) is a national organization with a membership of over 1300 whitewater boating enthusiasts and more than 50 local canoe club affiliates. The AWA was organized in 1961 to protect and enhance the recreational enjoyment of whitewater sports in America.

EDUCATION: Through publication of a **bi-monthly** journal, the AWA provides information and education about whitewater rivers, boating safety, technique, and equipment.

CONSERVATION: AWA maintains a national inventory of whitewater rivers, monitors potential threats to whitewater river resources through its "River Watch" system, publishes information on river conservation, works with government agencies to protect and preserve free-flowing whitewater rivers, and provides technical advice to local groups regarding river management and river conservation. AWA also gives annual awards to individuals to recognize exceptional contributions to river conservation and an annual "hydromania" award to recognize the proposed hydroelectric power project which would be most destructive of whitewater.

EVENTS: AWA organizes sporting events, contests and festivals to raise funds for river conservation. Since 1986, AWA has been the principal sponsor of the annual Gauley River Festival in Summersville, West Virginia, the largest gathering of whitewater boaters in the nation, other than at international racing events.

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

ORGANIZATION AND PURPOSES: AWA was incorporated under Missouri non-profit corporation laws in 1961 and maintains its principal mailing address at PO Box 85, Phoenicia, NY 12464. AWA has been granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service under section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code of 1954. The charter includes the following purposes: encourage the exploration, enjoyment, and preservation of American recreational waterways or man-powered craft; protect the wilderness character of waterways through conservation of water, forests, parks, wildlife, and related resources; promote appreciation for the recreational value of wilderness cruising and of white-water sports.

PROFESSIONAL STAFF: Except for membership services and the Executive Director position, all AWA operations, including publication of the bi-monthly magazine, are handled by volunteers.

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More Gary, Carla

(Editor's note--During my tenure as Journal Meister, no single issue has triggered as much mail as the continuing controversy regarding the End Notes column **submitted by** Gary Carlson and Carla Garrison. A sampling of the latest batch of letters is printed below.

As reader response favored retention of Gary and Carla by an approximate **2:1** ratio, columns by the pair will continue. But they've been issued a stern warning to clean up their respective acts.

Chris,

Us, down here in NJ, offended by Gary Carlson? Naaa. Why should I be offended by the second cousin (and brother, and father) of that guy who plays banjo down on the Chattooga? (Not to mention his relationship to that flower of femininity, CARLA OF THE COHONES). Let me get this straight. He doesn't like people from NJ. He likes people from N on snowmobiles even less. And he doesn't like them because they scared away Bambi's Daddy, right? Okay, I guess that could make sense if some of your best genetic material went through the spin cycle a few too many times but... why shoot the snowmobile? For snowmobile jerky?

Okay, so this guy sits in a tree (because deer don't look up?) with a gun that could kill a rafter from a mile away, hung over, and waits for the deer to COME TO HIM. He does this so he can shoot it and what...? Prove to CARLA OF THE COHONES that he's as tough as she is? What to do with these remnants of a gene pool spill? (Heh, maybe that's what misogyny means). Why not let CARLA with her fears of sexual inadequacies (she's afraid she's not man enough?) and her cousin Gary (who's afraid he's not cousin enough) have this chest-pounding contest elsewhere. At least CARLA doesn't use a gun. Does she? Oh, shit, that might run in the family, too! (Oh, well. Guess I won't use my real name. Maybe I'll use the name of one of my enemies.)

Okay, CARLA. YOU ARE MORE OF A MAN THAN 97% OF US. ow shut up

Concerning her cousin Gary Please, please, please, Chris, get this man with the tiny harpoon off the pages of our **whitewater magazine**. (Is that obvious slander?) He would be more comfortable in Field and Stream, or Guns and Ammo.

LETTERS

Unfortunately, he is sort of funny but, being a highly defensive person from NJ (know, that's redundant), I have to defend this "Landfill of Opportunity". At least the **assholes** down here use shotguns and bows to hunt deer. I say give Bambi a snowmobile and let 'em use Gary traction.

Oh, yeah, Chris, why do guys who use words like misogyny always have flames like Dylan? Anyway, Dylan, you can't paddle and not put up with mindless and soul sickening drivel. Perverted and immoral is what we live for but this kind of unrestricted access to a publication solely to grind personal axes should probably stop.

Now that I have offended everyone, I'll be quiet for awhile.

The Generic Paddler
New Jersey

P.S. The closest word to misogyny I can find is a different spelling, misogynyn, which interestingly means "hatred of women". Is that Freudian or what?

Dear Editor,

I couldn't disagree more with Dylan Smith. Gary Carlson's column is an important part of **AW**. No, that's not strong enough. It's not far from being an important part of the sport! Take the column that appeared last May--the one about the fellow who finally persuaded his wife to install, in their restaurant, machines that dispense those little envelopes, only to find his restaurant start filling up with strangely-dressed guys who talked about "playing in holes" and "needing a tighter skirt. The guys I paddle with all found that column hysterical, and more to the point, all our wives did too. And our wives are non-paddlers. Female paddlers are not thin-skinned--not the ones I've met, anyway. And certainly not Carla Garrison. So keep both her and Gary Carlson.

Sincerely,
Tim Elder
Mansfield Center, CT

(Editor's note: I guess you could call Gary Carlson a part of the sport--the same way you'd consider Pete Rose's bookie part of the game of baseball.)

LETTERS

Dear Chris.

This letter is in response to last issue's question in the letters section about Gary and Carla getting out of hand in the End Notes.

As I see it, these "moral minority" complainers fall into two categories:

First are those whose sense of humor is obviously offended by a topical issue (for example, prejudice) handled in a satirical way. One thing that these people should keep in mind (besides how to spell misogyny) is that humor is based on the exaggeration of elements juxtaposed in bizarre ways in order to produce not only a laugh but also to draw attention to the ridiculousness of such prejudices and thereby lesson them.

The second group from this "moral minority" (and no I'm not referring to expert boaters from Ohio) are those whose sensibilities are rattled by use of any profanity. Nevertheless they hold their self-righteous noses and continue to wade through the GD's and MF's so that they can have the pleasure of complaining about it later. As far as I'm concerned, these AH's can just put down the MFing magazine if they're so

GD'ed offended by it and stop trying to dictate what is and isn't publishable.

So c'mon you silent majority of boaters. Write to Chris and let him know that we backup Gary, Carla, and his editing policies. Tell these class I boat thumper to kiss our B's before the best semi-professional whitewater magazine is bound and gagged by a vocal few.

Sincerely,
Jeff Simcox
an "immoral pervert" from Ohio

Dear Chris,

"The battle of the sexes will never be won, there's too much confraternization with the enemy." I think that's a Henry Kissinger original.

I don't see anything wrong with the topics or content that either Gary or Carla have penned, thus far. Most of it is funny, and sex is known as the oldest funny subject for a reason. The nature if humor demands that someone (or something) be the butt of any joke. Unfortunately, many humans can't take being the butt of any joke.

I thought Gary's column several months back on his long search for a girlfriend who could paddle good enough for him, only to be dumped by the perfect one because he couldn't ski good enough, was very well done.

I liked Carla's article enough that I reprinted it in our own local canoe club newsletter because it fit well with some similar dialogue that has run lately in our "Letters to the Editor" column. I, personally, didn't think it was offensively done, though I could see how some (especially males) might think so. In my opinion Carla has a right to the attitude she presented. She obviously did a pretty good job in most places in getting her "ideas" across. However, I think her writing needs a bit of polish. Subtlety is a delicate art in writing on a ticklish subject. Females often don't understand this: A woman who kicks men in the gonads, even symbolically (especially symbolically?), may find it affecting her love life, both in the physical and platonic--the esteem in which she is held by her "fellow" paddlers.

Sincerely,
Hanks Hays

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No showerheads!

Dear Chris,

There have been a few times I've said I was going to write you in regard to this article or that article. But this time I felt compelled to follow through. If I wanted to read about low flow shower heads, or how to organic matter to improve water retention, I'd be reading "Better Homes and Gardens". I'd rather read about flatwater, or better bracing techniques.

As a matter of fact, I'd rather read "End Notes"--which has also had me ready to take up pen in protest. But at least they write about things that remotely interest a whitewater paddler.

The least you could have done was camouflage the article with whitewater pictures. But no. You have to splatter four pages with lawn mowing, plumbing fixtures and one proud (and clean) but misguided boater. As my wife can attest, I make every effort to forget about these things.

I appreciate the fact that Ric Alesch made a sincere effort to tie his

conservation article to whitewater paddling, and indeed his article has its merits. But the relationship just doesn't warrant publication in this journal.

By the way, I have a conflicting theory about watering lawns, and wasteful showers. The less water we spray on our lawns and bodies, the less that evaporates. Evaporated water creates rain. So Ric's article is actually contributing to the next drought!

Sincerely,
Wayne Sundmacher
Mercerville, NY

(Editor's note: Living in upstate NY--where it rains or snows practically every other day--I have to take Ric's word that water conservation is an issue that seriously affects Western paddlers.)

Generous industry

Dear Chris,

In a day of age when dealers tend

to shove the latest thing down "poor" paddlers' throats, it's nice to see one company that is sincerely devoted to saving our rivers. Let's give the folks at Nantahala a round of applause--their 1991 catalog is excellent. It probably wouldn't hurt to give them a "little" business, too!

Ron Johnson
Action Paddling

(Editor's note: Only **one** company devoted to saving our rivers, Ron? Let's give the outdoor industry its due. I can't think of another branch of industry as generous in contributing a portion of its profits back to the common good. Just in the past year, the AWA has received significant contributions from REI, Patagonia, Perception, New Wave, Wilderness Design...hell, I could fill the page.

Here's a round of applause for all you guys. As far as a "little" business--I know that I annually drop at least a couple grand on whitewater toys. I know who the responsible companies are--and that's where my money goes. The rest of you paddlers better follow suit!



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LETTERS

More bodyboards

Dear AWA Editor.

I would like to add to the article in Briefs, AWA **March/April 1991**--"Body Boarding for Whitewater Minimalism."

In September of 1990, Eric Martin and Barry Edwards of **Rescue III**, and myself (Bob Carlson) successfully ran Cherry Creek, the class 5 run of the upper Tuolumne, on Carlson Body Boards.

We had a great time, ran all the named drops perfectly, but got a little tired on the continuous 200 foot per mile sections like Miracle Mile. Eric Magnusen and Phil Boyer of Rapid Shooters (Lotus, CA, 1-800-4-RAPIDS) videoed our descent for their excellent gnarly hair video "River of Power."

In October of 90, Craig Locker, Eric, myself and my brother Bill Carlson, ran the major rivers of Costa Rica on Carlson Body Boards. The rivers included: the General (flooding at 15,000 ds), the Reventazon and the Pacuare.

In total, it was a trip of over 100

miles and two weeks through jungles and rain forest, with huge surfing holes and waves peeling off steep volcanic canyon walls everywhere.

We also have this trip on video. Our host was Costa Rica Expeditions, with whom we left several boards for anyone to use. Since the air temp is always 80 and the water temp about 72 and the rapids are huge and plentiful, Costa Rica makes a perfect body boarding Valhalla (you don't even need a wetsuit except for downriver).

Consequently, many people from the U.S. are getting their body boarding baptisms in Costa Rica, after which the fanatical converts come back home to spread the religion among their friends.

To give you an idea how easy it is, Craig, a guide for All Outdoors who had never boogie boarded before, ran the entire hundred miles including Horrendito on the Reventazon in a farmer John. Horrendito was so big that day all the rafts and all the kayakers on our trip (except Smokey) portaged, but Craig, almost a total beginner, ran it with a big smile on his face.

I like to think of Body boarding as kind of snowboarding for whitewater: people think of us as crazy stuntmen now, but it

time will come to see Body Boarding as maybe the safest, maybe the most fun, and definitely the most free way to run rivers ever invented.

Sincerely,
Robert Carlson
Pt. Richmond, CA

(Editor's note: *It* is the opinion of this editor that any method of safely enjoying whitewater is okay. I'm not in any position to make judgments about appropriate watercraft. Lord knows I've paddled surface boats and squirt boats, rafted over waterfalls, *duckied*, tubed, and even jumped into the foam pile at the Gauley's Pillow Rock. Hell, I'd love to try a Body Board.

But I'd be remiss not to mention that the most elegant whitewater craft is a kayak--preferably a race design chopped for cruising.

I know open and decked canoeists will take exception to that statement. But they're boneheads with high pain thresholds.)

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Dear Sir:

I was Executive Secretary of AWA in 1962. As President of the Ontario Voyageurs Kayak Club and Eastern National Champion in the 1958-62 period, I think I know something about the sport.

It has always been our goal to bring whitewater sports to the attention of average people who are used to portaging around rapids or, who use outboard motors. We aimed at the recreational aspect as well as sane racing, developing technique and equipment. We have never had serious injuries, never mind death.

I read with alarm the number of deaths that have occurred on whitewater trips. And I am appalled at the constant barrage of pictures that show kayaks leaping over waterfalls. This is not technique, freefall does not require paddle braces. I am not just a toothless lion decrying the exploits of the young. I used to do stunts, ut they were safe and sane.

Where are the camping trips, the

safe enjoyment of waterways? Kayakers have acquired the reputation of daredevils who go to greater and greater heights, literally, to pump adrenalin into their veins. The sport is becoming insane.

I implore you to stop this alarming trend of devil-may-care and bring back kayaking to its original intent: a quiet enjoyment of our waterways WITHOUT resorting to glorifying only the waterfall-jumpers. Is it any wonder that some paddlers have lost their perspective and one even attempted Niagara Falls? I would like to see articles on camping, touring as well as sane river running. If this trend is not stopped, more deaths will follow, survey or no survey.

Yours in sport,
George Siposs
Costa Mesa, CA

(Editor's note: This issue should be more to your liking, George. Our two feature articles don't dwell on cutting-edge whitewater but rather on two of America's top multi-day float trips: the Middle Fork of the Salmon and the Grand Canyon.

As to your other observations, I

have tried to structure American Whitewater to represent what I perceive to be the interests of the current membership of our organization. I admit those perceptions are based on my gut feelings and probably are biased toward what I like to read and what I like to write. But then, I figure I'm just your typical, average paddler.

I am trying to provide a better balance in reporting intermediate runs as well as expert, cutting-edge descents. The trouble is, the professional magazines like Canoe and River Runner do a better job at covering those types of rivers. Hell, we're only semi-professionals—we can't compete with the big boys.

Fortunately, they've left the reporting of cutting-edge whitewater to us amateurs. And our memberships has responded favorably. Our circulation has increased by more than 150% in the last four years!

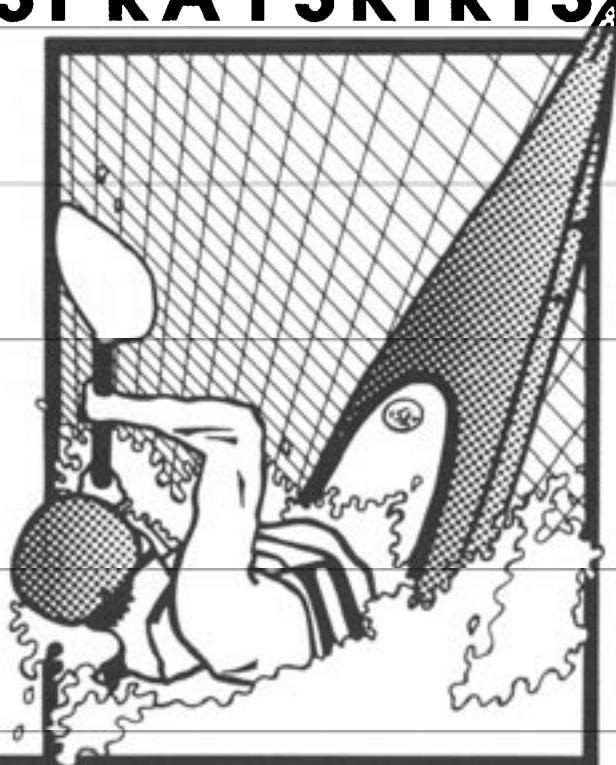
Of course, Gary Carlson and Carla Garrison attribute the increase solely to their columns, but I think we've found a niche that wasn't previously filled. And I don't intend to change.

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New Hampshire moves to save whitewater

The New Hampshire Department of Environmental Services has **recommended** to the New Hampshire Legislature that the Pemigewasset River and the Contoocook River (including the North Branch), be designated for management and protection under the N.H. Rivers Management and Protection Program. This move is a turnaround for the DES, prompted by a flood of letters initiated by the Pemigewasset River Council, the Merrimack Valley Paddlers and by AWA.

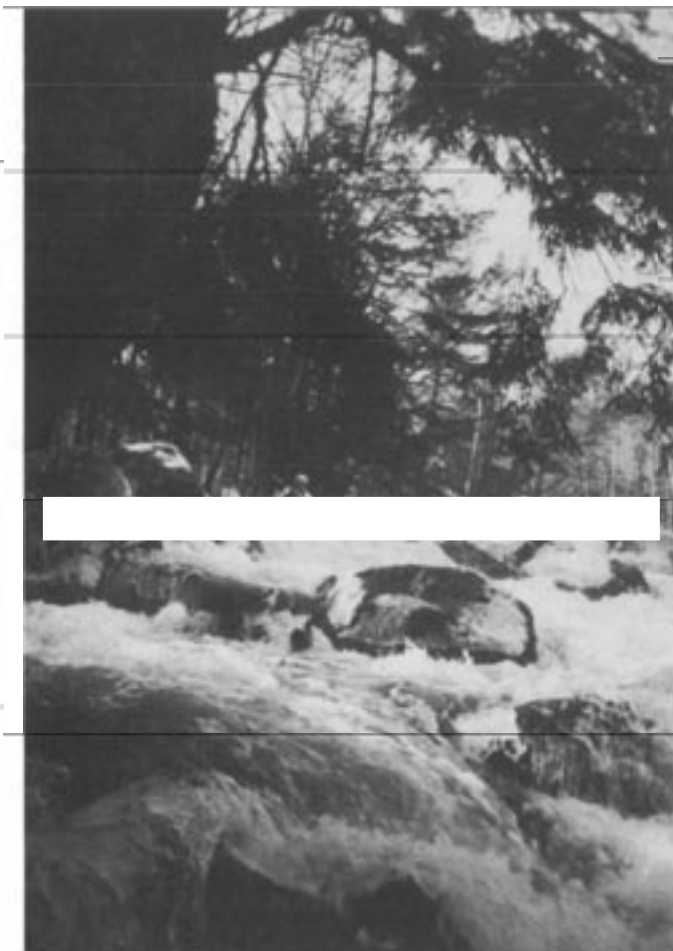
The sections of the Pemigewasset affected by this bill are secondary in importance to whitewater boaters, but include the Bristol Gorge section, a popular summer playspot. This stretch is proposed as a rural section of river, which inhibits further dam construction.

Another stretch of the Pemigewasset concerns a proposed dam and hydroelectric generating facility. The DES comments stated: The DES is "...concerned that the state has not taken a more active interest in purchasing key riverine stites

in the state, such as Livermore Falls, which contain unique natural features that private interests have purchased with the intent to develop them. The failure to address this issue "head on" may ultimately undermine the state's efforts to manage and protect its rivers...state acquisition of Livermore Falls offers the dual benefit of compensating a riverfront property owner with riparian interests while providing public access to a site with unique natural, aesthetic and historical significance."

Unfortunately, the major whitewater run on the Pemigewasset, found on the East Branch above Lincoln, isn't even included in the bill. Loon Mountain Ski Area is in the midst of a second EIS which they hope will allow them to such water out of the East Branch to replenish their snowmaking ponds.

The Class II-IV Freight Train Section of the Contoocook River in Henniker is included within the bill, as is the entire 10 mile length of the Class V-VI North Branch of the Contoocook. A dam proposal to retrofit an existing



Scott Underhill photo

New Hampshire's North Branch Contoocook

dam at the Lovern Millrace Rapid is still alive, however. **Boaters** who run these rivers need to become actively involved in helping to protect what whitewater sections are left in the Granite State and beyond. The Kayak and

Canoe Club of Boston, the Merrimack Valley Paddlers, the Appalachian Mountain Club and AWA's Regional Representatives in New England should be contacted for additional information.

Idaho bans future dams on Payette

Idaho Governor Cecil B. Andrus signed into law a state-level ban on future hydropower dams on the Payette River system in western Idaho. The bill protecting the river passed the House and Senate by a two-thirds majority over objections by the Farm Bureau and dam builders.

The new state law prohibits new dams and hydropower projects including a .5 billion dollar project

proposed for the North Fork of the Payette by a Connecticut firm, Consolidated Pump Storage. After a heated debate, Idaho legislators agreed that the river should be protected for recreational, scenic and aesthetic values. The State hopes that this action will be honored by the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC) which has hydropower licensing authority and is currently considering two proposals on

the North and South Forks of the river.

The state's action was applauded by grassroots groups Friends of the Payette and Idaho Rivers United. These groups had enlisted landowners, business owners, Chambers of Commerce, kayakers, jetboaters and consumer groups in one of the largest environmental lobbying efforts in Idaho history. The campaign included television ads,

rallies, yard signs and delivery as many as 600 letters a day to the Statehouse.

Idaho Rivers United director (and AWA regional coordinator) Wendy Wilson commented that the lobbying became intense at the end. "Some legislators were getting phone calls and answering letters about the Payette all day long, and then at night they couldn't go home without seeing yard signs along the road."

Inside the Beltway

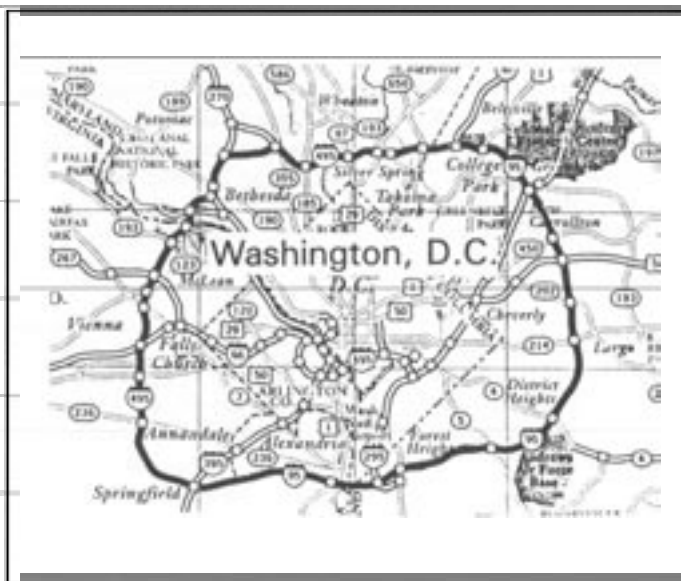
National Energy Bill encourages hydro

by D. Throat

An eight lane interstate highway (known as the "beltway") encircles the nation's capitol in Washington, D.C.

The beltway is an impenetrable moat separating the Federal government from a hostile world outside. Inside the moat, amidst a cacophonous Tower of Babel — inhabited exclusively by politicians, bureaucrats, T.V. newscasters, lobbyists, lawyers, government contractors, and special interest groups — the ponderous wheels of government slowly grind away.

Undeterred by this horrific scene, and ever alert to anything and everything affecting whitewater, AWA



has enlisted a network of inside-the-beltway volunteers to enter the terrifying inferno inside the beltway and keep a

close watch on events of interest to whitewater boaters.


This is the first installment in regular series of

-reports to update our readers on the latest news from inside the beltway.

* Stands for Darkness and Confusion.

Hydropower Promoters Encouraged as National Energy Bill Marches On

A Senate committee has completed action on its version of the President's comprehensive energy bill. The Senate bill is bad news for whitewater — almost as bad as the President's original proposal. The bill still must pass the full Senate and be considered by the House of Representatives before it can become law. Opposition from environmental groups is expected to be intense.



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The President's energy bill deals with lots of BIG TICKET issues — like opening up the Arctic Wildlife Refuge to oil and gas drilling and requiring cars to use less gas.

Almost lost among the big ticket items are a number of startling provisions promoted by the hydropower industry. These would supposedly "streamline" the installation of hydroelectric projects on the nation's rivers. Unfortunately "streamlining" turns out to mean "steamrolling" over the environmental problems which have plagued so many new hydropower projects.

AWA, American Rivers, and the National Wildlife Federation all testified in the Senate against the hydropower provisions in the bill. Among the ugliest provisions are: provisions to end independent State review of the water quality impacts at

new hydropower projects, provisions to eliminate the existing authority of Federal land managing agencies (like the forest service) to impose conditions on hydropower projects to protect natural resources on federal lands, provisions to eliminate the existing authority of the Fish and Wildlife Service to make hydro developers build fish passage facilities, provisions to eliminate projects less than 1500 kilowatts in size from all Federal requirements, and provisions to weaken environmental review of new dams by allowing private contractors to prepare environmental impact statements.

All in all, the Energy Security Act of 1991 (S.341) is a frightening bill which would undoubtedly lead to more and more unwise river abuse — all in the name of more hydroelectric power generation. The bill, as it now stands, contains virtually no

provisions to encourage energy conservation.

Michigan Rivers Bill Passes A Big Hurdle

A major wild and scenic rivers bill seems to be on its way to success. This one designates 14 rivers in Michigan as national wild and scenic rivers.

The latest craze in wild and scenic rivers bills is to do as many rivers in a single State (usually those in a national forest in that State) at one time as possible — in a big package — instead of trying to pass a separate law for each one. Alaska was the first State off the starting block with this technique; then came the Statewide Oregon rivers bill. Now it's Michigan's turn.

The Michigan rivers bill was favorably reported by the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs of the House of

Representatives in late May and will probably be passed by the full House before this issue is printed. Prospects also look good for quick action in the Senate.

The rivers included are Bear Creek (6.5 miles), the Black (14 miles), the Carp (27.8 miles), the Indian (51 miles), the **Manistee** (26 miles), tributaries of the Ontonagon (157.4 miles), the Paint (51 miles), the Pine (25 miles), the Presque Isle (57 miles), the Sturgeon (43.9 miles), the East Branch of the Tahquamon (13.2 miles), the Whitefish (33.6 miles), the Yellow Dog (4 miles) and the Brule (33 miles).

The Michigan bill is of special interest to whitewater boaters because — unlike most wild and scenic rivers bills — this one actually includes some whitewater rivers. Seven of the designated rivers (the Black, Brule, Ontonagon, Paint, Pine,



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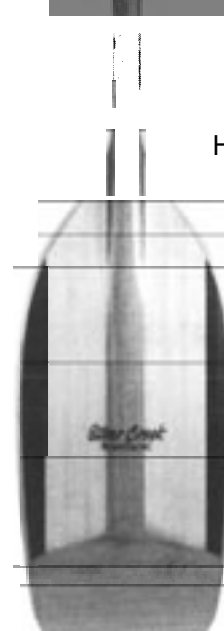
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Presque Isle, and Sturgeon) have important whitewater sections which are included in the AWA Nationwide Whitewater Inventory. Good whitewater is hard to find in Michigan. According to the AWA Inventory, there is only a total of 247.5 miles of class II or better whitewater in the entire State.

Complex New Rules for Hydropower Reduce Public Input

Our favorite Federal agency, FERC (the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission) has done it to us again, this time in a new package of rules governing how it will process applications for new hydropower applications. The package is 150 pages long and so complex that only the most skilled legal experts can decipher the meaning of the whole mess. The bottom line, however — e — will be

even less opportunity for public involvement than in the past.

The key feature of the new rules is the establishing of strict deadlines for State agencies and others to participate in the process. If anyone misses the deadline, he is deemed to have waived his rights to protest the project. Another feature is that notice of new projects will be published only in local newspapers, where groups like American Rivers, AWA, and the Sierra Club generally won't see them.

FERC Deems Salmon (and Youghiogheny?) Not Navigable

You may think that because you paddle your local river, along with hundreds of commercial raft customers, canoes, duckies, tubers, and assorted other watercraft of all descriptions,

the river must be "navigable". Guess again !!!

In a recent and startling case in New York State, the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC) has decided that where boaters don't paddle across State lines and old logging operations way back when are not shown to have transported logs across State lines, the river is not navigable.

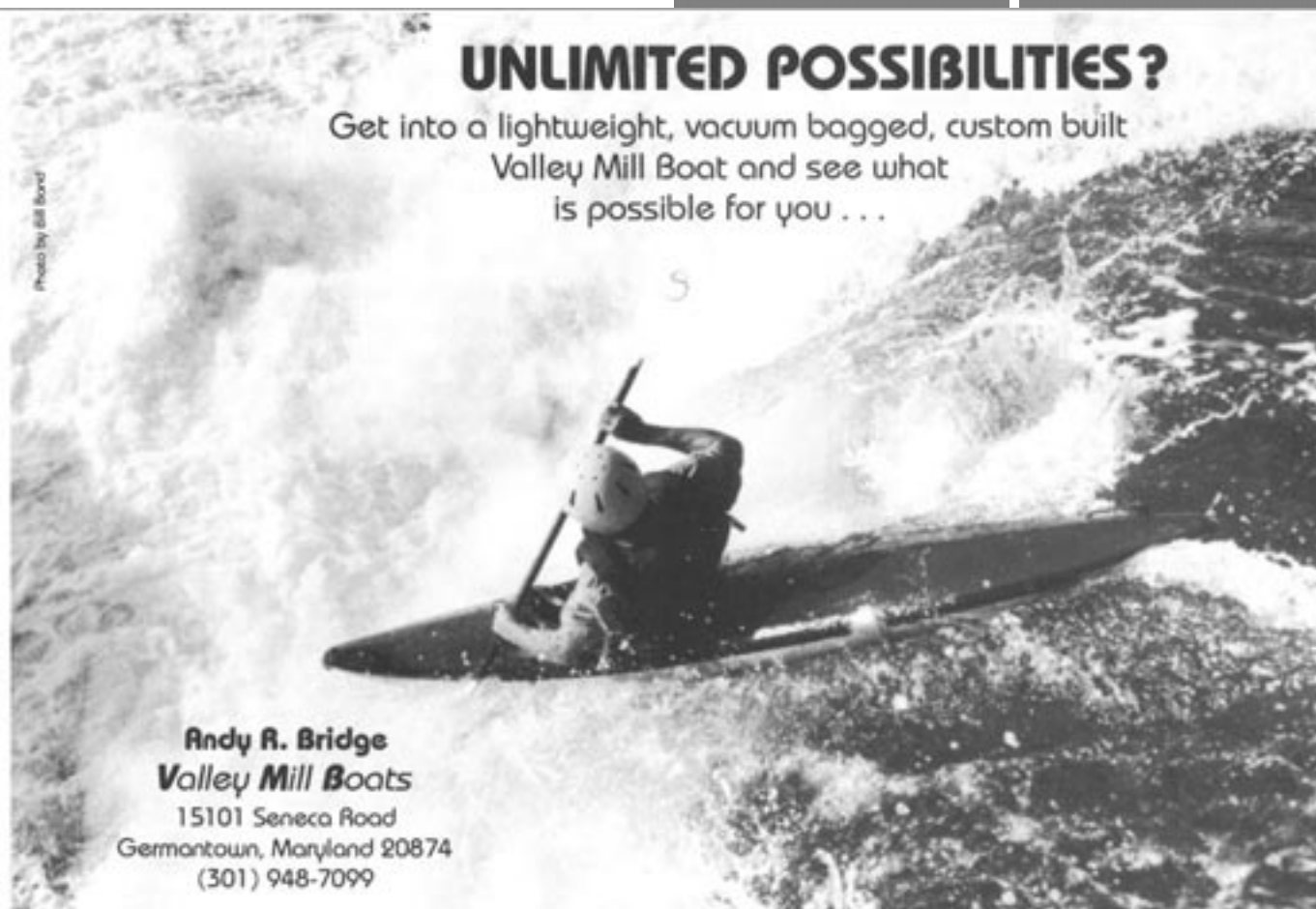
According to AWA's legal experts, FERC seems to have come up with a new and very limited definition of the word "navigable". Past Federal cases have not required proof that boats or logs be transported on the water across State lines to establish the navigability of a waterway.

Under earlier Federal cases, all that was required to establish the navigability of a river was a showing that the river was

boated, or could be boated, in interstate commerce- i.e. with goods or people going from one State to another at some point before or after being transported on the river.

FERC may follow up on its Salmon River case with a similar ruling concerning the Upper Youghiogheny in Maryland. A ruling is expected soon to the effect that the Upper Yough in the vicinity of the Deep Creek Project (about 3 miles below Swallow Falls and about 3 miles upstream from Sang Run) is not navigable, even though commercial raft trips sometimes paddle this section and even though logs were floated from that point to a sawmill downstream in Maryland many many years ago.

The consequences of these "navigability" ruling by FERC may be far reaching. In most States, if a river is not navigable, the bed of the river is owned by the adjacent



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landowner and the landowner can prevent boaters from paddling down the river. Criminal trespass actions have been brought on this basis in New York State and in Colorado.

Bush Signs Landmark
Niaborara River Bill

In late May, with President Bush's signature on a bill which passed both the House and Senate by large majorities, the Niobara River and Missouri River in Nebraska became the newest additions to the national wild and scenic rivers system. The portion of the Niobara involved include a section rated by Backpacker Magazine as one of the 10 best flatwater canoeing rivers in the nation.

Proposed project threatens Arkansas

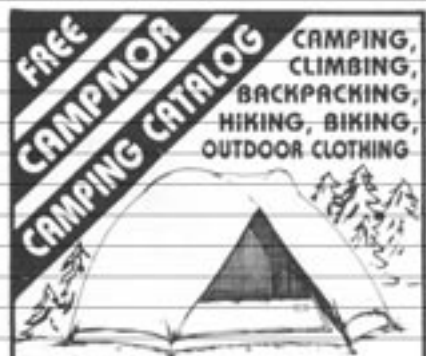
By **RIC ALESCH**
Rocky Mountain
Regional Coordinator

In January the City of Colorado Springs informed landowners and other residents in the upper Arkansas area that they were filing in state water court to confirm water rights pursuant to developing a water supply project on the river above Buena Vista, Colorado. In the Nov/Dec issue of American Whitewater I reported on this possibility in an article about the recently initiated wild and scenic river study for the Arkansas. Unfortunately, the Colorado Springs proposal is even worse than I had imagined. Their ill-conceived plan includes not one, but two dams.

The proposed Elephant Rock Dam and Reservoir would be about four miles above Buena Vista. It would be 1100 feet long and rise 135 feet above the river, flooding a 1235-acre area and destroying about three miles of class II-III whitewater. The Princeton Dam and Reservoir would be about 300 yards upstream from the "Number 1" campground/put-in, approximately 12 miles north of BV. It would be 1800 feet long and 70 feet above the river, flooding about 160 acres and destroying a mile of class III-IV whitewater. These two dams would not only inundate high-quality whitewater sections and regulate downstream flows. The Princeton Dam would back water up on lower Pine Creek rapid and divert 200 d

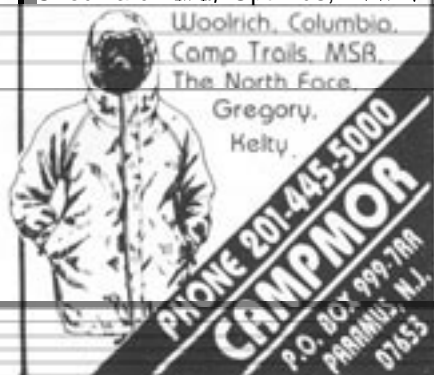
or more out of the river for transfer into the South Platte basin. This would have serious downstream impacts on the world-renowned "Numbers" section of the Arkansas. For example, late season flows are often about 800-900 cfs providing quality advanced boating levels with ideal playing conditions at many spots, including the famous "Ender Rock." A 200 d s reduction would significantly degrade this excellent boating flow. Ender Rock would not be "operational" under such reduced levels. (If you read this paragraph carefully, you should have picked up some inside info on desirable river flows for playing at the Numbers.)

At the suggestion of your AWA Regional Coordinator a local group has been



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formed to fight this unacceptable project and support wild and scenic designation for the river. The "Friends of the Arkansas" is a non-profit, all-volunteer organization of local citizens and other supporters created to oppose the development of any new dams on the Arkansas River upstream of Pueblo Reservoir. For more information on how you can help this group, or to send a donation, write to Friends of the Arkansas, PO Box 924, Buena Vista, CO 81211.

Also, if you haven't yet put your name on the mailing list for the wild and scenic river study, write to the Area Manager, Royal Gorge Resource Area, Bureau of Land Management, PO Box 2200, Cañon City, CO 81215-2200.

Major water projects proposed by powerful water authorities can be very difficult to kill, but the recent

defeat of the Two Forks project is testimony to what the combined hard work of many individuals and groups can do to save a highly-valued river resource.

On a related matter, we recently learned that boater use of roads into the put-in and the traditional campground for the Numbers may also be in jeopardy. A local landowner has gated one road leading into the area and plans to sign the main entrance at "Scott's" bridge as a private drive and gate it if necessary to keep the public out. Over the years we have cultivated good relations with the landowners in the area, securing an agreement to use the primary river access site several years ago. Unfortunately, the access routes pass through another's property and increased traffic on the low-standard dirt roads, especially commercial raft company buses that were

nonexistent three years ago, has severely reduced this relatively new landowner's positive attitude. However, those of us that have run the Numbers for many years believed that one or both of the roads are public rights-of-way. They are shown on fairly recent county tax maps as county roads, they were signed as such within the last 10 years, and they have been open to uncontrolled access for over 20 years.

Unfortunately, the Chaffee County Commissioners have declared that the roads are not maintained by the county and have given the landowner their blessing to close them to public access.

In another upsetting development at this site we have been told that one of the county commissioners has claimed that we are operating an illegal land use at the site and they have notified the

landowner with whom we have a use agreement. There is some indication that this is a direct result of a failed attempt by another nearby landowner and rafting companies to get the county's permission to establish a commercial launch in the area.

As of this writing we are still researching the situation to find out what the problems are and, at a minimum, maintain access for private river runners somewhere in the area above rapid number one. We are trying to resolve this issue while still maintaining friendly relations with the local landowners if at all possible. The state parks department is also seeking a public access site in the area. It may take some time and effort, but we will do whatever is necessary to preserve private boaters' access rights to this world class section of whitewater.



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AWA review"Gorilla"

provides view of hairboating world

Reviewed by **BOB GEDEKOH**

Are hairboaters "adrenalincrazed" adventure seekers looking for an early grave", or are they "heroes and heroines who define the foundation of a fast growing and exciting sport"?

This question, stated early on, is the essence of Terry Shiel's video, *Gorilla*, Paddling the Narrows of the Green. And although no video could hope to answer this question definitively, Shiel's **production** provides plenty of food for thought.

Every paddling season or so a newly discovered, or rediscovered, river captures the attention of the hair boating community and lays claim to the distinction of being the "most difficult and dangerous run around". North Carolina's Green River Narrows, a seven mile class V and VI descent, is the current champion. (American Whitewater; **September/October**, 1990.)

The Green, with a gradient that reportedly peaks at 500 feet per mile (1/2 mile), has been paddled in its entirety by only a handful of boaters. Anyone who views this video will know why.

Steep, shallow slides, precipitous falls, **undercut** rocks, logs and overhanging trees all unite to create what appears to be class V and VI chaos. As paddler Forrest **Callaway** observes in the video, "If you mess up in here... it's definitely life threatening."

Shiels captures the excitement of running **the Green** by alternating whitewater footage with riverside interviews with some of the nation's acclaimed hair boaters. This gives the viewer some idea of what is going on in the boaters' heads as well as what is going on in the river.

Nearly every boater interviewed reflects on the fear that is inevitable when tackling such a river.

Risa **Callaway** says, "The excitement is in judging your own skill level... and accepting the **fact** that you've got fear pumping around inside of you. If we weren't a



Kent Homes photo

Kent Wigington of Seneca, South Carolina pictured in the middle of *Gorilla*, the rapid that serves as the centerpiece of Terry Shiels' award-winning video.

little bit scared, then we wouldn't be here."

Her husband takes it a bit further, observing that, "When you are at the take-out... that's when it's really fun."

Besides the Callaways, the video features a number of other prominent boaters, including Dale and Anita Adams, Tom Visnius and Bob McDonnough.

McDonnough and Dale Adams also shot portions of the video, so that some of action has been filmed from more than one angle. Since the rapids are long and tortuous, this gives the viewer an over-view of the action and places each move in

context. Footage shot from a camera mounted on the deck of a boat provides a boater's eye view of Green.

The quality of the camera work is good, without the distracting jerkiness of many amateur whitewater videos. The narration and music are of a professional caliber, which is not surprising, since Shiels has been a producer, photographer and editor for TV's PM Magazine.

The video has been edited to maximize the dramatic; hence the footage of the rapids does not appear to be in chronological order.

That's okay, because the video is not intended to serve as a primer for those interested in attempting the Green. No video could achieve that; any expert boater who wants to attempt the Green should do so in the company of others already familiar with the river. They should also be prepared to do a lot of scouting and, in all likelihood, a few portages. However, the video does give a good sense of the difficulty and hazards of the Green, and the skill and guts requisite to attempting it.

The video climaxes with several impressive descents of the Gorilla Rapid, certainly one of the most outrageous drops ever paddled. It must be seen to be believed.

Some might argue that the 12 1/2 minute video is too short for its \$20.00 price, and Shiels promises that his next feature will be longer. It is important to remember, however, that the market for this type of video is limited and that they are expensive to shoot.

Shiels has captured the thrill of the Green effectively, which is no small challenge, and I hope he continues to produce additional whitewater features.

Nolichucky Festival planned

Plan now to attend the First Annual Nolichucky Rescue Rodeo and River Bottom Stomp! This unique competition, barbecue and dance will be held Saturday, August 3, 1991, on the Nolichucky River below the Nolichucky Expeditions takeout.

The rodeo is designed to promote safety skills in an exciting and entertaining format. It will consist of three competitive events: a self-rescue competition sponsored by USA Whitewater/Nolichucky Expeditions; a team rescue competition sponsored by the Nantahala Outdoor Center and a rescue and first-aid scenario competition sponsored by the AWA.

Social events will be highlighted by a dinner sponsored by Canoes by Whitesell and a dance sponsored by the Western Carolina Paddlers. Every effort will be made to make this an event even non-paddling family and friends will enjoy!

The competitive events will be contested on a team basis. A team consists

of 6-10 people including at least three members of each sex, three decked boats, one OC-1 and one OC-2. Teams may be entered in either the novice (individuals with less than two years experience and/or paddled rivers rated higher than class III less than three times; no EMTs, nurses or MDs in the scenario competition) or open classes. The entry fee will be \$30 per team.

The sponsoring organizations have provided prizes worth over \$700. Some will be awarded to the top two teams and others will be awarded by random drawing. One of the more valuable prizes will be awarded in a drawing restricted to the safety and education chairs of clubs sponsoring rescue and first-aid clinics in the year ending August 3, 1991. Get to it, chairs!

For further information and a packet useful to teams preparing for the scenario competition, contact Chris Bell, Route 1, Box 519, Candler, NC, 28715.



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The National Organization of Whitewater Rodeos is proud of its achievements to date, as the first of the national whitewater festivals and rodeos have begun to make their respective splashes around the country.

As we wait to watch both the fresh-faced hotdoggers and veterans alike, it will be once again exciting to see who's doing what -- in, on, or with the latest gear. We will also be shown, time and time again, that the experts are great to watch, but a confident and aggressive intermediate competitor can be as inspiring or entertaining, out on the water going for the gusto.

For information:

Risa Shimoda Calloway,
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Insurance - Insurance is being coordinated for NOWR by Nancy Wiley at Four Corners River Sports, host of Animas River Days. This year we have developed a package to cover the Animas, Bob's Hole, Gallatin, Ocoee and Tulsa events.

As it is structured, other events can be added as the year goes on. According to Ms. Wiley, "the cost is only somewhat lower than other available options. However, the flexibility and potential for savings as the program grows made us decide to go this route. It is also a vote of confidence in the organization."

Sponsorship - NOWR has also assisted individual organizers by communicating with sponsors on behalf of the dozen rodeos. The "group solicitation" is still a new process (with the help of the S-Turn, Animas and Ocoee event organizers), but many phone calls have been saved, and a year-long context has been created for the manufacturers, publishers, etc. who have been contacted.

National sponsorships range widely: many companies are supporting most or all of the entire group with some donation of goods or services. These sponsors include AWA, Canoe, Crazy Creek, Bob Foote Products, Four Corners, Hi-Trax, ICS Books, Menasha Ridge Press,



The Ocoee Whitewater Rodeo is just one stop on the National Organization of Whitewater Rodeos championship circuit.

Northwest River Supplies, Paddler, Patagonia, PD Designs, Rivers and Mountains, Sandpiper Publishing, Tighskirts, Northwest Design Works, Wildwater Designs, and Adventure Medical Kits.

Notably, New Wave Kayak Products has offered paddles and/or custom designed squirt boats to many events, and Designs Vanha has donated boats to several rodeos. The most innovative prize has been offered by Dagger: competitors in the 1991 whitewater rodeos will have a chance

to win an expense-paid paddling trip to Chile with Expediciones Chile, in addition to a Dagger boat of his/her choice.

Other companies are choosing specific rodeos to focus their resources. Kokatat, Lochsa Connection, Man of Rubber, Perception, Rainbow Designs, and Wilderness Systems are included in this group, having all been strong supporters of whitewater freestyle in the past.

Here is a schedule for upcoming whitewater rodeos around the country...

Date	Event	River	Contact	Phone
5/4-5	Bob's Hole Rodeo	Clackamas	Cindy Scherrer	503-668-3121
5/18-19	S-Turn Squirt Slalom and Rodeo	Potomac	Mike Sloan	202-966-5373
6/1-2	Blackfoot White-water Weekend	Blackfoot	Joel Meier	406-243-6459
6/7-8	Boulder Creek Whitewater Rodeo*	Boulder Creek	Landis Arnold	303-444-2336
6/29-30	Animas River Days	Animas	Nancy Wiley	303-259-3893
6/29-30	Ocoee Whitewater Rodeo*	Ocoee	Diana Holloran	615-338-4366
7/6-7	Colorado Cup Race and Rodeo	Arkansas	Doug Ragan	719-395-2421
8/31-9/1	Bigfoot Whitewater Rodeo	Klamath	Terry Marks	916-496-3413
9/2	Tulsa "Dust Bowl" Rodeo	Arkansas	Randy Jackson	918-834-8622

* additions to the schedule or date change noted

BRIEFS

Phone for TVA readings

TVA river flows are now available 24 hours a day by calling Raleigh, N.C. 919-833-6319. What you will hear is a recorded announcement of 15 river flows as of 0600 that morning. The recording will be updated each morning by 0830. Readings will be available SIX days a week Monday-Saturday. If you call on Sunday, you will hear Saturday's message. In the future, it may be possible to get Sunday readings also.

Joe Greiner and the Carolina Canoe Club, working with the TVA has had the system installed and it is now operating. This is an improvement over the current system where the paddler can only get flow information from a TVA technician between 0830-1630 Monday through Friday. Saturday flows are currently unavailable on Saturday morning. Now the paddler can call the recordings in the evenings when the phone rates are lower and can also get Saturday morning flows on Saturday mornings.

The TVA is **currently** looking into establishing an 800 number service. Part of their justification will be if the use of this number reduces the phone load to this technician. Therefore, if all you need is the river flows, please use this number instead of calling the TVA in Knoxville.

Readings will include:

Town Creek at Geraldine, Little River (Tenn) at Maryville, French Broad at Newport, Doe at Elizabethton, Watauga at Sugar Grove, South Fork Holston at Damascus, Nolichucky at Embreeville, Little Pigeon at Sevierville, Little Tennessee at Needmore, Oconoluftee at Birdtown, Emory at Oakdale, Collins at McMinnville, Toccoa at Dial, Buffalo at Lobelville, Tuckasegee at Bryson City

EPRO merges with Western Guides

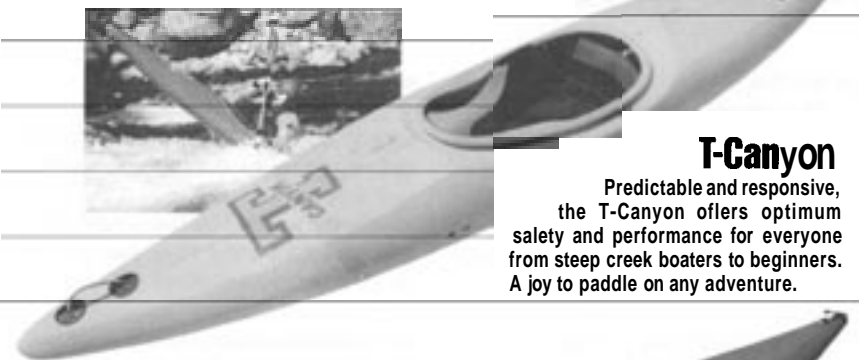
The memberships of the Eastern Professional River Outfitters and the Western Guides Association voted to merge the two associations, creating America Outdoors--a national organization of professional river outfitters.

The organization **currently** represents 159 river outfitters with a commercial membership of 37 manufacturers and suppliers to the outfitting industry.

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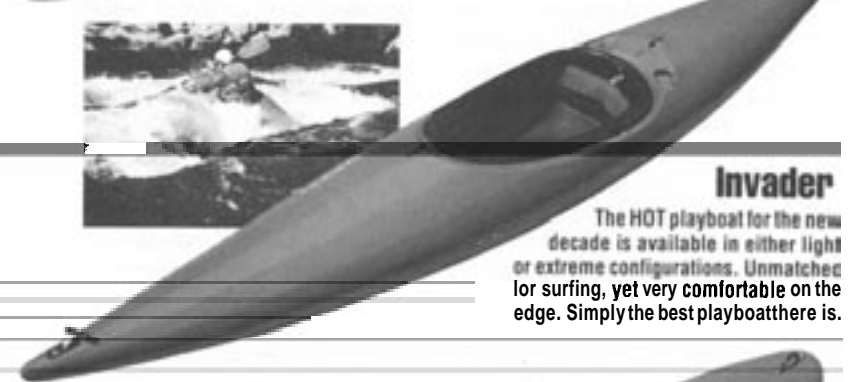
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No bullets, just great paddling

Rio Grande shoot-out reports exaggerated

By LANN SALYARD
of the Philadelphia Canoe Club

The last week of March I canoed the Rio Grande Lower Canyons with Sunrise County Canoe. There were no shootouts and the rapids were great! I urge paddlers to reconsider the Rio Grande as a destination!

Prior to the trip, I had been concerned about reports of "random violence on the Rio Grande" as reported in American Whitewater. But the River Ranger at Big Bend was astonished at my inquiries.

True, there had been one shooting death on the river a number of years ago, but since then the only incident of note was some local Texans shooting at some Mexicans and then reporting the shooting to the River Rangers complaining that the Mexicans had shot at them! This satisfied me that there was no serious danger in proceeding with my river trip, which I did

without incident.

The weather was warm and sunny; the scenery includes 1,500 foot cliffs hugging the river with numerous narrow side canyons. The first two days are mostly flat water. The big rapids begin with Hot Springs on the third day. My favorite rapid was Rodeo--huge standing waves that dumped me once solo but left me and my tandem partner, Herb Richardson, exhilarated and upright. I would definitely plan to camp there to allow more time for playing around in this rapid.

We lined Upper Madison (Class IV) but kayakers from the University of Colorado at Boulder were running it. Lower Madison was another of my favorites--a huge hole on the right requiring entering on the left, but a rock mid-current required a swift draw to avoid wrapping.

The birds and other wildlife as well as unusual rock formations made the trip spectacular as well.

Sunrise County has just opened an outfitting base in Marathon, Texas. It is just across from the entrance to Big Bend National Park where the put-in (Loma Linda) to the lower canyons is located.

Mike Scott, who has driven shuttle for SCCE trips for a number of years, and his wife Sharon, are running the base "The Texas Connection." If you want to plan your own Rio Grande Trip, call Sharon at (91%) 386-4574 for outfitting and shuttle information.

If I were going--or rather when I go again, I definitely would try to spend one night at the Gage Hotel in Marathon, two doors up from the Texas Connection. It will get you into the spirit of the West very quickly.

(Editor's note: The article Lann refers to was a summary of a story carried on a national wire service. We regret if the original story contained inaccuracies that we reprinted.)

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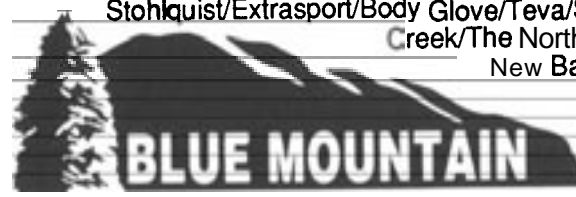
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Legislation passed to stop Grand Canyon surges

With the introduction of two bills in the House, three slightly different measures are now on the table to protect Grand Canyon National Park from water surges from the Glen Canyon Dam.

All three bills seek the same end—interim curbs on water flow from the dam and swift completion to an EIS on the impacts of the dam. It was constructed in

1963.

All three depart slightly from the legislation that the House passed last year and the Senate almost squeezed through. That is, they would not set specific limits on water flows from Glen Canyon, as early drafts of bills did in the last Congress. But they do order the Bureau of Reclamation to

moderate flows until an EIS is completed. Until the EIS is finished, the Bureau of Reclamation is under Interior Department orders to moderate the flow.

The massive surges from Glen Canyon have worn away the beaches used by commercial rafters and have begun to destroy trout.

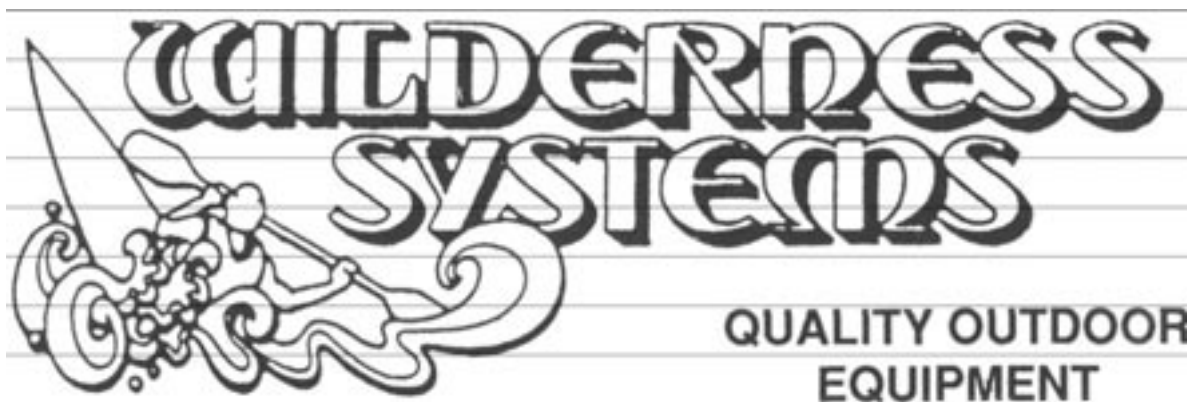
Legislation drafted to exempt canoes from tax

Sen. Malcom Wallop (R-WY) has added a new wrinkle to the campaign by recreational boaters to repeal annual federal fees on their vessels. He introduced legislation last month to exempt canoes, kayaks and other human-powered boats from the fees.

The Wallop proposal comes on the heels of a bill introduced in mid-January by Rep. Robert Davis (R-MI) to repeal the fees altogether. The fees were approved by Congress in October as part of the giant budget agreement. The fees would range from \$25 on a 16-foot boat to \$100 on a

boat longer than 40 feet.

Boating enthusiasts are optimistic about the reaction on the Hill to the Davis bill, noting the 83 cosponsors signed on in the first three weeks after the measure was introduced.



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Paddling Film Festival attracts record number of whitewater film, video and slides

Nearly 300 whitewater enthusiasts attended the Eighth Annual Paddling Film Festival held February 22 and 23 at the University of Kentucky in Lexington. The Festival, sponsored by the Bluegrass Wildwater Association and Menasha Ridge Press, features the best whitewater film, video and slide presentations produced during the preceding year and climaxes with an indoor poolside party that effectively kicks off the eastern paddling season.

All profits from the Festival are donated to river conservation organizations according to Barry Grimes, Film Coordinator for the event. This year the American Whitewater Affiliation will receive \$600 and American Rivers will receive \$250.

This year's competition drew a record number of amateur and professional entries. Festival regulars agreed that the quality of the entries was better than ever before; with the video format continuing to gain in popularity.

The Amateur Best of Show and Hair Boating categories were captured by Action Kayak Quebec, a video presentation by Marc Des Groseilliers that was filmed on the infamous Toureau Section of the Jacques Cartier River and on the Seven Sisters Section of the Rouge. The Canadian video contains footage of some of that nation's premiere hair boaters tackling honest class VI water.

The Recreational Scenic category was captured by Dave Regoor North Dartmouth, Massachusetts. His video, Southern Rock, was filmed largely at Sweet's Falls on the Gauley during the 1990 Gauley Festival weekend and fea-

tures a series of outstanding whitewater wrecks.

Barry Adams of Pittsburgh, Pa. won the Racing category with a presentation shot at the 1990 World Cup Races on Maryland's Savage River. Best Club Entry went to Rodney Rehders of the GDI whitewater club for Devil's Breakfast Table to Nemo, shot in the Obed Emory river system. The Humor award was shared by two entries. The 300 Seconds, a video produced by Julie Albrecht of Green Bay, Wisconsin, reveals the secret thoughts of a couple paddling C-2. Uh Oh's and Oh Shits, by Mike Lewis and Rodney Rehders, highlights bloopers on eastern Tennessee Rivers.

The Best of Show in the Professional Division and the winner of the Best Professional Open category was Terry Shiel's Gorilla: Paddling the Narrows of the Green. A number of the east's most renowned hair boaters, including AWA President Risa Callaway and AWA Director Anita Adams, appear in Shiel's Class VI white-knuckler.

The winner of the Professional Commercial category was Lynn Clark of Beachburg, Ontario whose video, Just Let Me Go Naturally, is being used as a promotion for Wilderness Tours Rafting on the Ottawa River.

Runner up in the Professional category was Earthday Everyday, a video by Paul Bonesteel of Atlanta. A one hour video program by Bonesteel entitled Rapid Diplomacy was shown Friday night at the welcome party but was not entered competitively. This program, which has been featured on some public television sta-

tions, documents the 1990 Project Raft event on the Nantahala River.

More than 25 sponsors donated products to the Festival to be used as prizes or sold at the silent auction. These included a Corsica S donated by Perception, a Crossfire K1 donated by Dagger, a 5 day course at the Madawaska Kanu Center and weekend rafting trips on the Ottawa donated by Wilderness Tours.

A surprise appearance by the BWA's notorious Women in Rubber highlighted the poolside party after the competition Saturday night. As usual BWA members demonstrated that they are without equal when it comes to partying. The all night fandango was organized by BWA member Sam Moore.

Other BWA members instrumental in organizing the Festival were President Mike Molnar, Butch Quire--reception, Richard Smithers--concessions, and Don Spangler--food.

Next year's Festival has been slated for February 21 and 22 according to Barry Grimes, who is reminding competitors to enter early since exhibition time is limited and will be allotted on a first come, first serve basis.

Deerfield releases set

In response to the requests of a coalition of whitewater interest groups, New England Power Company has agreed to study the demand for releases from its #5

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project dam in Monroe, Massachusetts. This 3-mile section of class IV whitewater has until now only been runnable after heavy rains which cause the diversion dam to be overtopped. On six weekend days this summer, however, the power company will release between 900-1000 cfs providing a unique whitewater opportunity in southern New England.

The release dates are: June 29-30 (11 am to 3 pm), July 20-21 (11 am to 2 pm) and August 17, 24 (11 am to 2 pm).

A favorite of many local boaters, the Upper Deerfield is similar to the Ocoee River in Tennessee. Technical drops of a quarter to a half mile in length follow in quick succession as the river passes through a steep-sided valley in this remote part of Massachusetts. The beginning of the last set of drops, Dragon's Teeth, is a fitting finale to this run with the river narrowing and dropping over a series of ledges and boulders before coming to rest in the Bear Swamp reservoir at the take-out.

Boaters should be aware that this is a class IV run suitable for advanced intermediates and experts only. If you have any questions about whether your skill level is sufficient for this run, err on the

conservative side.

Until now access has been difficult with a steep, rocky put-in and a long walk at the take-out past, around or over a normally locked gate. As part of the power company's study, they will open the gate and allow private vehicle access to the take-out. They have also agreed to improve the trail from the river at the take-out and build a temporary put-in trail at a spot just below the first rapid due to dam reconstruction taking place at the normal put-in.

In this first season of releases, it is imperative that we make a good impression on the inhabitants of Monroe. Because of dam reconstruction, there is very limited parking available in town, so boaters will be required to park in the Dunbar Brook Picnic Area about halfway down the run. After changing in the picnic area, boaters will drive to the put-in and unload people and gear. The driver will then return to the parking area where he or she can catch a ride back to the put-in either with another car of paddlers or in one of two shuttle vans.

Volunteers from local paddling clubs will be on hand to ensure traffic runs smoothly. Please help these volunteers

make a good impression by cooperating with traffic directions.

We will be asking for a \$1 per person per day donation from every paddler to help defray costs for the day. These costs include hiring two police officers and renting the shuttle vans. Any extra money collected will go to the Town of Monroe and to the coalition, F.L.O.W., which is a coalition of whitewater boating groups in T. Along Route 2, the County Aire Campground (413 625-2996) and Mohawk State Forest (413 339-5504) offer camping or you can hike into the shelters in Monroe State Forest just across from the Dunbar Brook Picnic area.

We hope to see lots of boaters on Monroe Bridge this summer to show the power company there is a demand for this resource.

(New England power has asked that no concessions be set up in the picnic area which is their land, since they have a strict policy of not allowing commercial operations to do business on their land.)



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Adjusting a stock kayak fit a large man

Having paddled C-1 for years, handling two blades presents many challenges...I have some observations I'd like to share with you.

By CHARLIE WALBRIDGE
AWA Safety Chairman

Last spring I began paddling kayak again for the first time since college. Motivating me was Perception's Corsica, the only design I've encountered which can carry someone my size and weight with reasonable comfort. Having paddled C-1 for years, handling two blades presents many challenges. Having re-acquainted myself with a kayak, I have some observations I'd like to share with you.

I've been a sometime switcher ever since I figured out that a wimpy left-handed, strong side C-1 stroke is often more useful than the most expertly executed right-handed offside move. I still have a "weak side", but learning to deal with two blades was not as hard as I expected. I'd also learned to roll a kayak before switching to C-1, and like riding a bike you never really forget. It is going to take a lot of work to make the braces and rolls work smoothly, but it's fun and challenging to attempt the familiar maneuvers in an unfamiliar craft. I have the advantage of having watched expert kayakers play the river for years. The power and efficiency of a double-bladed paddle is pretty exciting for a C-boater, and I was blown away by the speed and acceleration.

Comfort is another issue. The Corsica has unusually well-designed, comfortable thigh braces. Initially I experienced serious low-back pain, but I experimented with back braces and various kinds of foam padding until I got the relief I needed. Certainly some people's bodies



Getting in and out of a stock kayak can be difficult for large men.

been used in manufacturer's literature to describe a variety of larger cockpit openings, but unless it is large enough to permit YOU to exit the boat without resorting to the "butt-lift-somersault" method it has few advantages over smaller openings.

When exiting what I call a "free entry" cockpit you simply move your knees from the thigh braces to the center of the cockpit, then push them up and out. You then fall free of the boat when upside down without any further gyrations. You can get out even when lying back with your head resting against the rear deck! Since you don't have to move your rear end, you can use a snug-fitting, supportive backband safely. In vertical pin situations you can bring one foot out onto the cockpit rim, and use the powerful muscles of your legs to climb free of the boat. Needless to say, this greatly facilitates self rescue.

are better suited to kneeling than sitting, and vice versa. But as time passes the appropriate muscles firm up and that helps as much as the outfitting. I found, as have many other Corsica paddlers, that the seat cants backwards, and tends to make you slouch. I dealt with this by putting a 1/2" shim of soft foam across the back of the seat. I also had to move the foot braces ahead 2" to accommodate my long legs. In the process I replaced the standard equipment nylon foot braces (which popped loose under strong foot pressure) with stronger, more reliable Yakima foot braces.

Despite my C-boat background, I've taught rolling and basic kayak paddling at club pool sessions for years. This includes teaching people to wet exit from kayaks with a "standard" cockpit size by lifting their rear ends off the seat, sliding back, and somersaulting forward. This sounds easy enough, but complications do occur. A few novice kayakers freak out after capsizing and experience "body lock". This happens when a kayaker leans back against the rear deck and, due to nervousness, tenses all their muscles. This "locks" them into the cockpit until they either relax or get help from others.

More experienced paddlers can get stuck in their boat in certain specific situations. For example, a kayaker may get pinned against their rear deck after flipping in shallow water. Another exit problem is created when paddlers using backbands adjust the backstrap too snugly. This can keep the paddler's rear end from sliding backwards, blocking a fast bail-out impossible. A looser strap setting, followed by a higher than average butt lift, will solve this problem. After altering your outfitting, always check your boat for a safe and smooth exit before getting into fast water. This can prevent unpleasant surprises later.

At 6'4, 230 I am definitely not average sized. Larger cockpits are important to me. But I have found that the term "keyhole cockpit" can be misleading. It's

Cockpits this size have been available in Europe for years. The Corsica's cockpit was a bit small to be a true "free entry" cockpit for a man of my size, but I liked the handling qualities a lot better than the uninspired Euro style creek boats I'd tried. The problem was how to achieve a bit more exit room. Despite the Corsica cockpit's healthy outside dimensions, its internal flange makes the actual opening quite ordinary. After getting trashed in a couple of small holes when my roll failed and my exit was slow I knew I wanted to find something bigger.

While visiting the Nantahala Outdoor Center I met one of their guides, a man about my size with an eye for steep creeks. He showed me how he had cut back the flange on his Corsica, split his thigh braces, and moved the piece that holds the top of the foam wall upright about 6" forward. He then cut this wall back significantly, creating an opening large enough to let him bring his knees to the center and out without sliding or lifting his rear end. This procedure has been copied by a number of Southern creek boaters. The difference between a "stock" and "modified" Corsica is shown in the adja-

cent photo. It took an evening to copy his work, but the difference was incredible. Entry was much easier, too. There was none of the familiar hassle of sitting on the deck behind the cockpit and sliding your legs forward under the deck. And I could fall free of the boat at will. I'm a little nervous about the wall, though, and plan to reinforce it with plexiglass sheet so it won't pull free of the seat.

As of this time there are many boats on the market with larger-than-standard cockpit openings. But the only way to tell if a large cockpit is truly "free entry" is for an individual boater to test it personally. Just get in the boat on dry land and try to get out. If you can move your knees to the center of the cockpit and get out without moving your rear end or pushing with your hands, as shown on the preceding page, the opening passes. Remember that a kayak which works this for one person may not do so for another. I know two brothers who paddle the same kayak; the older one is slightly taller and a bit heavier. The cockpit is "free entry" for the smaller man only. For myself, in addition to all the modifications described above, I had to move the seat of my Corsica back 1", in-

creasing forward clearance for my knees slightly. My kayak rides a little bow light, which seems a small price to pay. Many comfortably large openings have been compromised by the addition of oversized "thigh braces" which stick out into the opening. The kayak cockpits shown in Photo # are almost identical in size. The one at left (Boat #1) has large protruding thigh braces; the space between them is 9 1/4", and the wall sticks into the cockpit opening about 6". The right-hand one (Boat #2) has a space between the braces of 11", and the wall is completely outside the cockpit. These few extra inches make the right-hand one "free entry" for more people. The price you pay is a different "feel"; the thigh braces are set farther apart, and your knees will be spread wider. This is no disadvantage, but takes some getting used to.

Entrapment, while not common, is one of the most significant dangers faced by experienced kayakers. Of all the possible ways of dealing with the problem, free entry cockpits seem the most logical. They can be applied to squirt boats and cruising boats with equal ease, won't increase the boat's costs, and have the added

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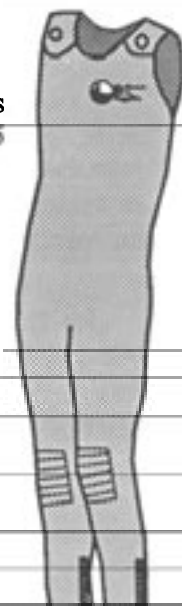
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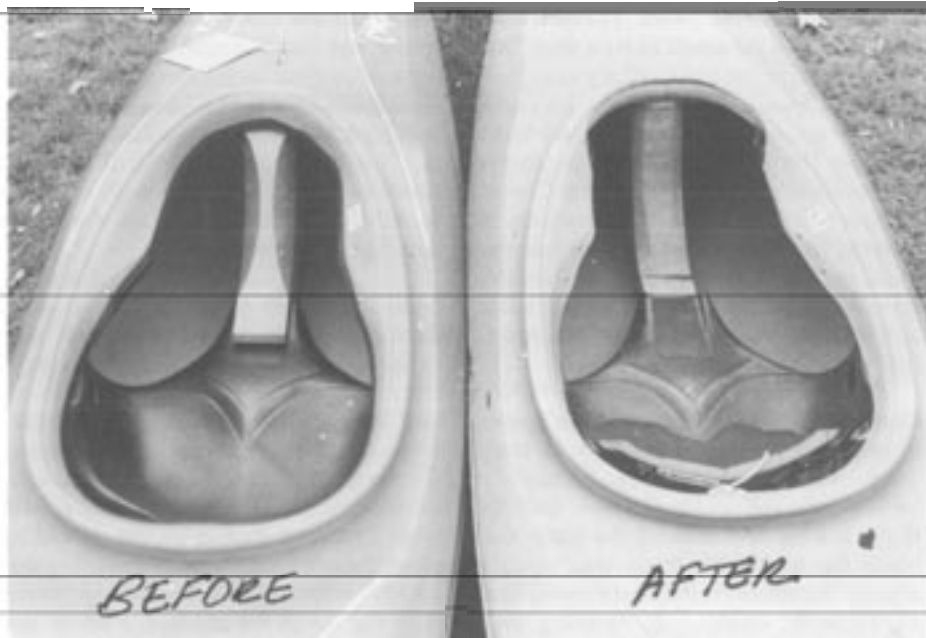
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advantage of making these craft less intimidating for novices. But larger openings must be carefully designed. We've all seen what happens when a cockpit opening is made bigger all around; the boater can't hold on and just falls out. A well-designed **free-entry** cockpit is longer, not wider. Thigh braces are installed farther apart. But even a good shape can be thwarted by poorly placed outfitting, such as oversized thigh hooks or fat walls which block the cockpit opening.

Free entry cockpits are an important new option for American paddlers, particularly those who paddle steep drops. But it does not follow that other cockpits are "unsafe". Smaller cockpits have been used for a long time, and many boaters prefer them. They are drier, easier to outfit securely, and will continue to be favored by racers and other performance oriented paddlers. Larger people like myself will always have fit problems, as will big paddlers who insist on cramming themselves into small boats.



Before and after photos demonstrate how a cockpit can be customized to fit a large paddler.

I believe that only fools use boats that they cannot exit from quickly and safely. Each person who owns a kayak must check the fit for themselves, and

decide whether it is suitable for them. If not, modifications of the type I've described can be undertaken. Remember:

each individual boater is primarily responsible for the safety and security of their outfitting.

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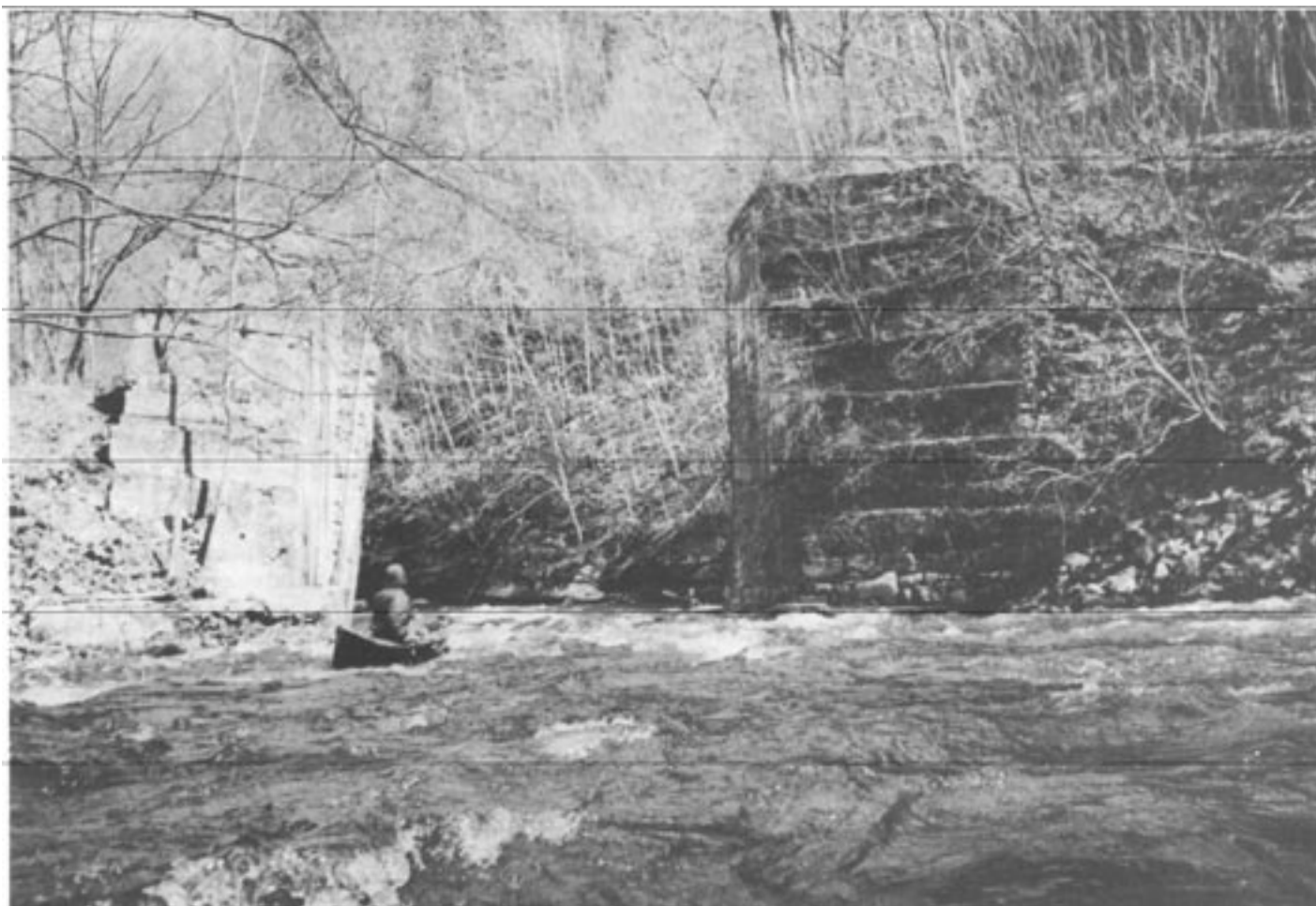
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Stephen Ensign photo

David Whitley passes through one of the abandoned railroad trestles on the Laurel Fork of the Cheat. The Laurel Fork is a particularly isolate mountain river where hypothermia can quickly develop into a serious problem.

Exhaustion and prolonged exposure contribute

Hypothermia strikes during mild temperatures

By JOHN PORTERFIELD

We had been paddling for five soggy days throughout Northern and Central West Virginia. The May rains had pumped up the watersheds to seasonal heights; we had already paddled the Tygart Gorge at flows between seven and eight feet, had seen the Arden Section at levels over eight feet and had screamed down the New River Gorge at level over twelve feet. A big water experience for our scraggly group of whitewater squirtists. It was Saturday morning; we were scheduled to leave that night to run the slab back up to New England. It had rained another couple of inches Friday night, and the Cheat Gorge was on a rapid rise.

A few friends had ventured down

from Boston and their friends had made way from Chicago to make a three day weekend out of the runoff. They were decent boaters, but not up to the challenge of the Cheat approaching floodstage. Wary from the week of paddling, I wimped out at the chance to see God in the Cheat Canyon at nine feet, instead opting to cruise down an easier run, the Laurel Fork of the Cheat. A few of the folks had paddled it before, and it sounded like a good way to wind up an adrenaline-filled week in wild, wonderful West Virginia.

We switched boats, gathered up our gear and began driving to the put-in, which seemed close on the map but ended up being close to two hours away. The shuttle was run, with one vehicle heading up the road, one down the road, much to

our consternation. Amateurs, I moldered to myself. But at least it was warm — seventy degrees or so, and the rain had appeared to stop. We got dressed, and then I found out that I was the amateur this day, forgetting a pile top and my booties. A polypro t-shirt was borrowed, my drysuit was donned (just being careful — don't want to get hypothermic) and half a roll of duct tape and poly socks were made up into a fine pair of booties. The shuttle car finally returned at noontime, expletives were mixed with apologies, and we were finally on the river. The first mile or so was pushing Class II and I began thinking about my other paddling buddies, having the time of their life in the Cheat Canyon. As we passed the gauge reading a level of three feet, I remembered the Appalachian

SAFETY

Whitewater guidebook had indicated that a gauge level of 1.5 was high. Hmm, maybe this run will have some excitement, after all.

The group was big — eight boaters, five in tupperware, three of us in our squirtboats. The drops started to get steeper and more frequent as we passed under unused trestles and around strainers. Ledges lined up one after the other, riverwide hydraulics that were easily melted or blasted. But the tupperware contingent started having troubles. One lady swam, then another boater swam trying to save the first boater. Eddied out around the next bend, I began to feel a bit of a chill, but shrugged it off. Hell, it was May, it was seventy degrees out, icicles weren't clinging to my beard and we had plenty of daylight left. Rob, Lillian and I ate a couple of candy bars as we waited for the tupperware circus to resume. We waited for a while.

More swims followed. The flow from side streams increased, and the river started to look more and more like a healthy Class IV run. We portaged around a twelve foot waterfall, where we met another group of boaters from New England. Small world.

Small talk followed, we ate more candy bars, informed our big boat friends that we were starting to get chilly, it was starting to get late, and we had better put a move on. Lillian appeared a bit lethargic, but didn't complain of being cold, just a bit chilled.

I stayed out in front to set a fairly quick pace and to keep warm. Lillian was right behind me when I looked back to see her flip over in a calm section, roll up, and paddle straight for a strainer. I screamed, but it was too late. She leaned into the tree, flipped, and washed under the uprooted

**1 screamed, but it was too late.
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tree, branches bending. Miraculously, she floated free, and we managed to roll her up. What was going on, we asked her? "Oh, I just feel a little tired and chilled, that's all. I guess I just wasn't paying attention." Lillian stumbled about on the bank while eating another candy bar and after I gave her one of the two layers of polypro I had on. We were still five to six miles from the takeout on the Dry Fork in the backwoods of Jenningson, and we had a problem. The river had eased to Class III+, and we felt that if we could keep an eye on her, paddling would be the fastest and safest way out.

Sandwiching her between us, we steered Lillian down the next three miles of river, watching the hillsides for signs of civilization, a road, a path, anything. We scanned for side canyons; we knew we had one more ridge to get around before the Laurel Fork greeted the Dry Fork; after that ridge we could safely walk Lillian out if we had to. Her condition did not appear to worsen; we continuously talked to her, forcing her to stay alert. But without warning, she flipped over and stayed over; Rob wet exited, and between the two of us we rolled her up and hauled her to shore. She was blue but breathing; she couldn't talk straight, had trouble focusing, and had troubling standing up. All she wanted to do was go to sleep.

I too was beginning to feel the

chilling effects of the long run. My teeth were chattering, my feet frozen. I was out of food and water. I knew we had a life threatening situation, and thought that the only way out of it was to leave Rob with Lillian and the tupperware circus, blazed downstream to the take-out, and get help. The shuttle drivers had mentioned that there were houses nearby, and gave me the hiding location for the keys. Lillian first tried to go it alone on shore with a paddle for a crutch, but she headed robot-like straight into a barbed wire fence. Rob then started walking/carrying Lillian out on the same side of the river as the take-out. Luck was again with us: we had passed the last ridge before the Dry Fork entered, and the walk out would be on relatively level ground.

Off I went, powered by raw adrenaline, a couple of the other boaters in pursuit. I paddled hard, head down, around strainers, over ledges I should have scouted, and down routes that I had no business being in in a squirt boat. I had one picture in my mind: the take-out. I knew if I didn't get there soon, I would be too hypothermic to continue, and that without help, Lillian wouldn't make it.

It seemed like forever before I heard the Dry Fork roaring in from river right. The river ponded above the confluence to a horizon line, but I was too hypothermic to notice. Down a huge ledge I went, melted down to the bottom, and popped up at least a dozen yards downstream. Fear met fear; the take-out was in sight, I had to get help.

My fingers didn't work well once I reached the river bank at the take-out. I clawed my way out, heaving the boat out of the water...too tired to move...too cramped and frozen to stand up, too cold and too out of breath to talk. Luckily, there were people at the take-out. Some shrugged as I chattered out my predicament, as if saying, well, what do you want me to do? Anger and frustration flushed my cheeks as I went from paddler to paddler to get help. I ran back upstream along a gravel road, thinking distantly that the sharp traprock should be hurting my poorly shod feet. I felt nothing. Thinking had become exceedingly difficult; I lurched past someone changing in the back of a station wagon who saw my panic. He stopped me; I told him that there was a woman paddling in my group who was in the third stage of hypothermia, that she was being walked out by her husband on river right, and that there were several people with them. He told me he was an EMT, and jumped half

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clad in his car, and raced back up the gravel road onto private property upstream of the **take-out**. I ran back to the car to start it; I knew Lillian was going to need some warmth. Someone offered me warm coffee, and seeing that I was shivering, suggested that I change out of my paddling gear. Amateur move #2 reared its ugly head: my clothes were at the put-in. I found some of Rob's paddling gear that would fit, changed, and ran back up the road, still in my duct tape booties.

I found the others gathered around Lillian, who was in a sleeping bag in the EMT's car. The EMT said he had treated her for severe hypothermia and for shock, and was trying to keep her still to prevent shock-related complications. The EMT indicated that when he had first measured her core temperature, it was 89 degrees. We moved her to the back of Rob's Bronco, and raced for the closest hospital, 22 miles away in Elkins. Lillian was admitted for hypothermia. I was treated for minor hypothermia and released.

Why had someone who was in excellent physical condition (Lillian ran 5 miles a day, used a rowing machine and

paddled frequently) who was paddling on a warm day, who was eating carbohydrates, who wore three layers of polypro under a full drysuit, and who was an experienced paddler — why had she come dangerously close to death? A combination of circumstances appears to be the culprit.

The long wait while rescues and

My fingers didn't work well once I reached the river bank at the take-out. I clawed my way out, heaving the boat out of the water...too tired to move...too cramped and frozen to stand up, too cold and too out of breath to talk. Luckily, there were people at the take-out.

recoveries took place, the high and cold water, the lack of thermal insulation offered in a squirt boat, the leaky sprayskirt

that left her sitting in water, and the fact that Lillian was a vegetarian with only 9% body fat **all** added up to a near fatal hypothermic equation. Even I, with plenty of excess body fat, became hypothermic, partly because I had forgotten necessary clothing and was under dressed for the occasion.

Lessons to be learned: it doesn't take snow on the ground, icicles in your beard and frost on your breath to create conditions for hypothermia. Hypothermia happens on warm days to people who think they are prepared.

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Floatin' and Bloatin' With Ritchie



It's
cool!

Easy living on Idaho's Middle Fork of the Salmon

By BOB GEDEKOH

First let me set the record straight about Big Al. Big Al was not big and her name was not really Al. Big Al's real name was Alison Kennedy, and she was a petite high school senior from Hilton Head. Attractive and personable. The kind of girl that was born to lead cheers. The kind of girl that never went out with me when I was sixteen. Big Al was the spiritual leader of our assault on Idaho's Middle Fork of the Salmon.

Although it was her first extended wilderness whitewater trip, Big Al embraced the Float and Bloat Philosophy

better than any of us, except Richie, the Float and Bloat Master who had organized our expedition. But Richie was an inscrutable character, whereas Big Al was more than willing to share her system of beliefs.

In the Float and Bloat Universe of Big Al there was no good and evil, no ying and yang. There was only cool and uncool. And since Big Al was basically a cool person, most everything about the Middle Fork was cool.

Of course the spectacular 100 mile Middle Fork canyon, bounded by rugged mountains, some still capped with snow,

was cool. The crystalline trout-filled water and picture perfect July weather were cool. And who could deny that the deer and bighorn sheep that monitored our eight day odyssey down the river were cool?

Hot springs were cool, Indian petroglyphs were cool, campfires and s'mores were cool. The marauding bear and rattlesnakes that visited our campsites were cool. Even the hot stinking mud pit that almost swallowed Mike Black, our token C1 boater and clown, was cool. In fact, that mud pit may well have been the

coolest thing of all.

Actually, about the only thing that Big Al pronounced totally uncool was canned meat byproducts for lunch. And canned meat byproducts are uncool by the standards of any rational individual with a normal digestive system. Canned meat byproducts may be cheap, they may even be nutritious, but they are definitely not cool.

Buying meat byproducts was the only uncool thing our trip organizer, Richie Hughes, did, so we opted not to keelhaul him. But the decision of the jury was a close one... especially after the prosecution read aloud the contents of the can. Tongues, brains, intestines... slaughterhouse toxic waste to be served on a cracker. But Richie redeemed himself in lots of other ways.

First off, it was he who managed to win the hard to come by Middle Fork permit in the Forest Service lottery for private boating parties. Although 55% of the individuals who run the river each year are on private trips, the odds of obtaining a permit for a coveted July launch date in the annual lottery are said to be only 1 in 25.

Then too, Richie has years of wilderness tripping experience on practically every popular western run. No one knows more about easy living on the river than Richie Hughes.

I too am a veteran of countless wilderness whitewater trips, but self-contained, in kayaks. Dehydrated food... minuscule bivvy sacs and soggy sleeping bags. I'm used to going lean and mean.

Float and Bloat tripping with Richie is, by comparison, so luxurious it's positively shameful.

I began to suspect that Richie's Middle Fork trip was going to be a bit less than spartan when I perused through the list of items that he suggested we bring along.

Thermarest mattresses, fishing poles, sun glasses, solar showers, tanning lotion, toothbrushes... fingernail clippers. Fingernail clippers! I don't even own a pair of fingernail clippers. On the whitewater expeditions I've organized, people usually gnaw their fingernails to the quick. If God had wanted us to use fingernail clippers, he wouldn't have given us teeth.

But Richie had other plans for our teeth. On the day before our launch, we rendezvoused outside a gigantic grocery store in Pocatello. After renewing old acquaintances and comparing stories

from the road, Richie divided the twelve of us into two man teams, each with a list of staples... and we were off.

Richie takes credit for most of the menu planning, but I suspect that most of it belongs to his significant other, Debbie Cagle. Debbie is an office manager for a group of physicians, and she supervised our supermarket sweep with the efficiency and self-assurance of a general. In less than half an hour, we reconnoitered at the checkout line with six buggies filled to the brim with groceries.

As I watched the astonished checkout lady ring up our order I realized that Debbie and Richie were into what I would consider haute cuisine. Salmon steaks, London broil, hams, chicken breasts and pork loins sailed down the conveyor belt.

Somehow the cans of meat byproducts slipped by unnoticed; no doubt they were hidden among the tins of chicken salad and tuna. The total bill tallied over \$500, not bad, considering that this would feed 12 people for eight days. In fact, at the conclusion of trip, each individual's share of the expenses, including shuttles, was less than \$100. When you discover that commercial Middle Fork trips are generally priced around \$1000, it is apparent that there is a lot to be said for a well planned private trip.

But the coup de grace came at the put in when I watched Richie and company actually load folding chairs onto the rafts. For the first time in my boating career I experienced whitewater culture shock.

My sense of disorientation was heightened when Richie announced that the wearing of watches would not be tolerated during the eight days and nights we were to be on the river. We were, he explained, going to embrace a timeless state of mind; our activities would not be regulated by any fixed schedule or artificial means such as watches. No, the pace of this expedition would be set by our own biological clocks, ticking to the rhythm of our environment... the rising of the sun and moon, the chirping of the birds, the karma of the river.

We were, it seemed, about to enter another dimension, perhaps even another astral plane.

Well, I, for one, am fairly fond of my conventional, clock driven astral plane; where food and sleep are made available at sensible and regular intervals, and so I was loathe to relinquish my Casio. I slid it up my arm under my paddling jacket, out of sight, but not out of mind.

.....
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.....

My watch remained in hiding until the evening of the second day, when Richie's compadre and enforcer, Mike Trogdon, spotted it while I was changing into my evening attire. (Dry evening attire... we actually had dry clothes to put on every day!)

A seasoned construction boss and athlete, Mike is an amicable but convincing individual, capable, he said, and I had no reason to doubt him, of sitting on me, while Richie removed my beloved Casio and tossed it into the Middle Fork. (Mike and I weigh about the same, but he has more muscle and I have more...

er...floatation.) I laughed and he laughed, but I didn't like the look in his eye, so I dispatched my watch to the netherland of my dry bag.

But Richie was right, my concern that we would fail to reach our campsites by nightfall- these are assigned by the rangers at the time of departure- or that we would miss meals- proved groundless. Richie had scheduled our trip at a leisurely pace, and each superb summer Idaho day seemed to last forever.

As we drifted through one of the deepest gorges in the United States the scenery evolved; the mountains became

Of course hot springs come in lots of shapes and sizes and some are more accommodating than others. Undoubtedly the hot spring that we will all remember most fondly is the one at Hood Ranch that tried to eat Mike Black.

We had beached our kayaks and the rafts along the river and were snacking while Big Al and Mike Black and a few of the others set out in search of the springs. About fifteen minutes later Big Al loped over the river bank and headed toward the rafts. She wasn't exactly running (Big Al doesn't run, it would be uncool), but she was moving faster than usual, and she had a bemused expression.

What's up?", Dean Fairburn, one of Mike Black's close friends, inquired.

"I need one of those ropes you guys carry," Big Al explained, trying to sound nonchalant.

"How come?", Fairburn asked, as he tossed her a throw rope.

"To pull Mike out of the mud. He's...sort of...stuck."

Meaningful looks were exchanged, and then there was a mad scramble for cameras. No one knew exactly what was going on, but it sounded promising. Soon we were all in hot pursuit of Big Al, determined to document poor Mike Black's predicament.

And what a wonderful fiasco it was. Most of the hot springs along the Middle Fork feature clear, bubbling water channeled into pristine rocky alcoves with sandy bottoms suitable for soaking. But the hot springs of Hood Ranch consist of a vast, swampy expanse of burbling mud, covered with a patchwork of waist high grasses and a lava like crust. Mike Black had discovered, to his chagrin, that this crust was not nearly as solid as it looked.

And so we found him, buried to his armpits in this muck, which, strangely enough, had the consistency and aroma of half baked cow manure. The more he wallowed about, the deeper he sank, and the cloud of bottleflies around his exposed flesh did little to improve matters. This was not a situation befitting a former high school teacher and medical student. But Mike, as usual, was being incredibly good-natured about his misfortune.

While I documented the rescue with my camera, Big Al and Debbie tossed him the line, then abruptly jerked him out in a manner that guaranteed that he would execute a undignified noseplant in the mud. It was one of those magical moments that Mike Black will no doubt spend a



Bob Gedekoh, Richie Hughes, Mike Trogdon, Julie Trogdon and Ricky Blizzard relaxing in the sun.

increasingly craggy and the vegetation more sparse. The upper canyon featured dense forests of lodgepole pine and Douglas Fir, whereas downstream, in the section known as the Impassable Canyon, Ponderosa Pine and mountain mahogany prevailed. The alpine flowers blooming along the upper reaches of the river gave way to wild roses, and then to isolated patches of cactus near the takeout.

Fortunately as we moved through the canyon, we picked up additional volume. The flow at the put-in was minimal for raft traffic, in fact, the floor of Richie's raft sustained a tear that required repair the first day.

Even at low water the Middle

Fork has a brisk current, so covering our requisite ten to fifteen miles a day rarely required more than five hours. This left plenty of time for exploring the side canyons, fishing, photography and, perhaps best of all, wallowing in the many hot springs located along the river.

Having kayakers Mike Mayfield, a widely-traveled geography professor from North Carolina's Appalachian University, and Garland Walker, a lawyer who specializes in conservation issues, along stimulated conversations beyond the usual whitewater bragging. And so, while soaking in steaming hot springs, we solved the economic, social and environmental problems of the world.



Mike **Mayfield** cataching major air time.

lifetime trying to live down, but that none of us will ever forget.

I suppose by now Mike has managed to get most of the mud rinsed out of his long hair. Actually, as the days passed by, most of the men on the trip started to look a little disreputable. It got to the point where Richie, who usually looks like a model from *Esquire*, developed an uncanny resemblance to Gunsmoke's **Festus Hagan**.

Of course the four women in our party never looked a bit shabby. Over the years I've discovered an amazing thing... dirt does not stick to southern women. A true southern belle could spend a month in a coal mine and come out looking and smelling like a rose. **All** of the women on our trip were southern belles in the finest sense of the word. Bright, witty and accomplished.

Consider Julie Hart, a CPA who is Big Al's older sister and Mike Trogdon's fiancée (they have since tied the knot). Julie started the trip as one of those competent class 4

kayakers who doesn't know how good she is. Initially she was reticent about kayaking the river. At the put-in she eyed all of the hard boaters critically before passing judgement.

"I'll follow you or you or you," she gestured, "but I'm not following Ricky Blizzard." Ricky Blizzard had rafted for years with Hughes and Trogdon, but had only been **kayaking** for one or two "very eventful" seasons. Apparently Ricky's reputation had something to do with big holes.

But with each day Julie's confidence grew and her boating style became more aggressive. Soon she wasn't following anyone. In fact, Julie and Ricky Blizzard both negotiated the entire Middle Fork without getting into any trouble at all, unlike some others I might mention.

Because the water level was just over two feet on the gauge, there were not as many play spots as usual, but we still managed to find ways to make the river interesting.

I entertained everyone by taking a swim out of Mike Black's C1 in an easy class 4 rapid. This really came as no surprise to me; I was born knowing how to roll a kayak, but have never even had a semblance of a C1 roll.

I was not the only one trying out another craft. While Mike Trogdon and Richie, both class five **kayakers**, were satisfied spending their days piloting their respective oar rigs, Jenny Smith and her fiancée, Dean- air burn, who were captaining the third support raft, each wanted to spend some time paddling the hard boats. **Dean's loyalty was clearly torn between** his newly acquired oar rig raft and his old friend, a blue Dancer.

It would be an understatement to say that Mike Black never really became comfortable handling the oar rig, but I picked it up fairly quickly, which was a good thing, since I found myself in a fairly technical class four rapid less than a half hour after I first took control. For a first timer I think I handled the raft very well,

though I must admit that Jenny Smith did even better.

The mechanics of oar rigging can be simplified as follows. Face downstream, point the raft directly at the obstacle you want to miss, and row. The trouble spots are avoided by means of strategic upstream ferries. The biggest trick is keeping the oars from being snapped off by the boulders as you drift by.

Of course having navigators like Debbie or Big Al proved invaluable to Richie and Mike. While Debbie serenely scrutinized the mountainsides for sheep, Big Al spent hours draped over the front tube of the raft, watching the rocks and the fish swirl by. We all tried it at one time or another and it was, just as she reported, cool.

The fish swimming below were mostly trout, protected by a catch and release policy that requires the use of barbless hooks. Chinook salmon migrate annually into the Middle Fork watershed to spawn in August and September. We thought we saw a few of these, but couldn't be sure.

At higher levels the most difficult rapids on the Middle Fork merit a class IV rating, with large waves and holes capable of flipping rafts. At lower levels rapids like those at Redside and Weber become increasingly technical. Since there are no dams or impoundments controlling flows on the Middle Fork, the volume varies unpredictably from year to year. In June of 1970 three boaters perished when the melting of late snows flooded the river. Newsmen Tom Brokaw was one of the survivors of that unfortunate episode.

The Middle Fork was one of the first eight rivers designated as a National Wild and Scenic River in 1968. The River lies within the Frank Church-River of No Return Wilderness areas, one of the largest in the nation.

Although the number of private and commercial groups on the river is tightly controlled by the National Forest Service permit system, we frequently encountered other parties and over the course of several days came to know some of them.

One large entourage of tanned, impeccably clad fitness fanatics from Sun Valley paralleled our progress on the river. Periodically various members of their party would leave the rafts and jog for several miles along the river, always accompanied by their boisterous golden retriever (what else?!).

They beat us to the Sunflower Flat camp on day three and claimed the side of the river with the prime hot springs. Grudgingly we beached on the other site, only to discover a rattlesnake catching some rays on the path to our camp. Big Al eyeballed the snake for a while and finally pronounced it cool, but we all agreed that it would be better if it was cool somewhere else, so fearless Mike Trogdon flipped it into the drink with his paddle. The snake swam about twenty yards downstream, then climbed a tree at the water's edge, where it remained, giving us sour looks.

.....
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But the rattler was not the only wildlife we encountered at Lost Oak. We were awakened just after dawn the next day by the clamor of a great big black bear making a beeline towards our supplies. It didn't take us long to figure out what was on this hooligan's mind. We quickly mustered the troops and drove the intruder away.

Discouraged by our inhospitality, the bear ferried across the river and preceded toward the camp of our friends from Sun Valley. They were late sleepers and still in their tents, so we tried to warn them, but the roar of the river overwhelmed our shouts. (We really did try.)

And so we watched as the bear marauded through their camp, fortunately not doing much damage. Later that day at a lunch stop on a beach, they told us that they had no idea that they had entertained such a visitor. But they were ready to entertain us; they had erected a volleyball net and they slyly lured us into a friendly game.

Our team played brilliantly, but the Sun Valley crew was ruthless, and they didn't play fair. Whereas we only had men on our team, they fielded several great big women who spiked the ball mercilessly. In practically no time these horrid Amazonians had our team on the ropes and, before

the game was over, our boys looked like meat byproducts.

Sadly, we lost some beer and toilet paper as well as our honor in a wager on that game. This became a subject of some consternation around our campfires during the rest of the trip.

Perhaps the most memorable night that I spent on the river was at the camp near the site of Whitie Cox's grave. Here the river makes two sweeping turns, the first to the right, the second to the left. In between a large sandy beach on river right offers an excellent campsite. On a plateau, just above the beach, lies the grave of the World War II veteran and miner who was killed by a falling rock in 1954. On the hillside above Whitie's lonesome resting place a hot spring is channeled into one of the best soaking pools on the river. The view from this pool is both spectacular and disquieting.

While the others pitched their tents on the beach below, I announced that I was going to sleep on the plateau next to Whitie. In the bright afternoon sunlight it seemed like an intriguing idea.

No one else was intrigued enough to join me, but that night around the campfire there was much speculation about how Whitie met his maker and whether his soul was at peace. It rolled off my back like water off a duck. Really.

When everyone else turned in I climbed the plateau in the moonlight and sauntered confidently to the hot spring for a late night dip. Clouds rolled across the horizon casting eerie shadows across the canyon. I could see the reflection of the moon glittering off the river, but soon the sound of the riffles was obscured by the wind. Suddenly, even though I was soaking in water that was almost intolerably hot, I felt a chill.

I glanced down the slope to where Whitie lay. There was no sign of action. Everything was still... cool, as Big Al would have said had she been there.

Nonetheless, I decided not to push my luck. I scrambled down the hill to my tent, zipped the flap shut behind me and climbed into my bag. The thunderstorm hit a few minutes later.

I was camping in a mountaineering tent, made to withstand the wind, but for a while I thought for sure it might be torn apart. It sounded like something was clawing at the tent. The wind... I'm sure now it was just the wind... howled and moaned as the rain pummeled the earth and the lightning flashed.

Okay... I'll admit it. I pulled my



Mike Mayfield drifts over the crystal wafer of a calm section the Middle Fork of the Salmon.

sleeping bag over my head. I geuss I was cold.

The storm was still raging when I finally drifted off into a restless sleep. I dont know whether **Whitie's** ghost really visits the plateau, but, if I were buried in suchabeautiful place, I would. That night he certainly haunted my dreams.

ThenextmorningwhenIrejoined the others on the beach, I commented on the severity of the storm. They looked at one another and shrugged their shoulders. Apparently they had not been impressed.

Next time they can sleep with **Whitie!**

It would be far better to sleep with **Whitie** than to sleep with a rattlesnake, like we did on our last night on the river. We had reached our assigned camp at Cliffside Rapid late that day, because we had spent quite a bit of time ogling the bighorn sheep that wandered along the river, unconcerned with our passage. It was twilight as we selected our spots and

spread our groundclothsout on the small sandy patches between boulders.

It appeared that **DebbieCagle** had claimed the premium spot until a sizable rattler, havingbeenroustedfromthecooking area by our indomitable **snakeman** Mike Trogon, took refuge under some **boulders** near the head of her groundcloth. Judiciously, Debbie selected another site on the other side of the camp.

Still, because it was a magnificently clear night, no one put up their tents. That night around the fire, just before we turned in, I reminded everyone that desert rattlesnakes hunt in the dark, and that they are equipped with exquisite heat sensors that lead them to their prey.

Everyone tried to act unconcerned, but the next morning several of them looked like they had gotten about as much rest as I had on the **night** I spent with **Whitie**. It's true, revenge is a dish best served cold.

That morning we negotiated

some of the most interesting rapids on the Middle Fork before reaching the confluence with the Main Salmon. Sadly, within an hour, we were at the takeout.

As I watched Big Al, and Ricky and Mike Mayfield and Jennie unloading the rafts I realized what a diverse group **Richie** had brought together. Yet I couldn't think of a better bunch to spend a week with.

Now, when I think back on all the river trips I have made in the past ten years, I remember those days on the Middle Fork as special. Not the most challenging and not the most exciting, but certainly among the most pleasant. I found out it really is possible to have a superb time without **pumpingadrenalin**, provided you are on the right river with the right people. I definitely had been.

A lot could be said for **Floatin'** and **Bloatin'** with **Richie**.

But maybe Big Al said it best.
It's cool.

"Becuss you, Heinrich "

*So I had to get away from whitewater. I had to go someplace where suddenly throwing my boat up on the truck and racing at breakneck speed to the nearest put-in was not an option.
I went to the Grand Canyon.*



Photos by Dennis Ahern



The Friends of the River group is dwarfed by Redwall Cavern where an eddy of the Colorado River has carved a vast chamber.

By CHRIS KOLL

I was already 28 years old when I first slipped into a kayak.

It was an old Phoenix Cascade, I recall, on a class I section of Pennsylvania's Clarion River. The damn thing wouldn't go in a straight line and flipped repeatedly for no reason whatsoever. I swam a total of 17 times.

Before that fateful day, I was just your basic small-town Pennsylvania boy. Life was simple—yet varied—and followed the cyclic rhythm of the seasons.

In the spring I stalked brook trout, casting 4-pound test through tangles of mountain laurel into crystal pools of tumbling brooks. Or I chased lusty gobblers, crashing through the still-dark woods to gain a favorable position before the turkey came off roost.

Summers meant town-league softball, played with the ferocity of a Tong war. French fries and fireworks at the Fireman's Carnival or riding in the back of a pickup over ten miles of dirt road for draft beer and hamburgers (blended with poached venison) at a backwoods bar.

And then there was autumn—hardwoods ablaze in yellows and reds; grouse hunting behind a white dog; college football on Saturday afternoons and scouting for deer.

It seems now that there was so much to do—and even more remarkably—the time to do it.

That all stopped when I started kayaking.

I bought my first boat soon after that disastrous day on the Clarion. My rifles, fishing poles and softball gear languished in the closet while I started the mindless pursuit of whitewater proficiency.

No sooner than I had negotiated class II rivers there were class III streams beckoning. And when class III grew familiar there was always runs of increasing difficulty to challenge.

Even after I was satisfied with my level of ability, there was always new rivers or old runs at different levels that I just had to get on. Whitewater was an obses-

sion. Life was a frantic race to get on the water.

For 10 years, from March until December, every weekend was the same. Speeding through the hills of West Virginia on mist-shrouded spring mornings. Bumpy rides down rocky roads in search of put-ins. Chasing rumors of water over the next ridge after summer thunder showers.

Whitewater had become a lifestyle disorder. Like eating meat at every meal. Or drinking four Diet Cokes before ten in the morning. A cigar after dinner. After a while, you don't even think that passing up a friend's wedding or a relative's graduation in order to catch the Moose at six feet is abnormal—you just do it.

So I had to get away from whitewater. I had to go someplace where suddenly throwing my boat up on the truck and racing at breakneck speed to the nearest put-in was not an option.

I went to the Grand Canyon.

Let me explain. It is possible for a whitewater addict to boat the Grand Canyon without suffering withdrawal symptoms.

For example, a Colorado River boatman related the following anecdote regarding a raft-supported kayak canyon trip chartered by a group of thirty Germans from the Alpine Kayak Club.

Well, it wasn't exactly a raft...at least not how Easterners picture a raft. It was a 20-foot pontoon rig powered by an outboard motor. The Germans would run a rapid—more than once if it was rated better than a five—then immediately tie up behind the motor-rig. Then the boatman would cruise at top speed through the flatwater with the Germans hanging on for dear life until they reached the top of the next drop.

This process went on for 179 miles before culminating at Lava Falls. Here one intrepid German ran Lava endlessly until he was forced to chase a boat downstream after a swim by of his countryman.

The German was incensed. Confronting the swimmer, he shouted:

"Becuss uf you, Heinrich, I vass only able to run Laffa fifty-seven times!"

"Becuss uf you, Heinrich..." That was exactly the kind of attitude I was trying to escape.

But there didn't figure to be any Teutonic types on my Grand Canyon trip—at least except for me. I figured this would be a pleasant diversion from the frantic boat-until-you drop nightmare my world had become.

I was right.

Friends of the River is a West Coast river conservation organization sort of like the AWA except it represents a broader constituency that advocates all free-flowing water...not just the kind with heavy duty gradient.

And in conjunction with a number of progressive Western outfitters, FOR has developed an ingenious fundraising program: it organizes whitewater excursions on Western rivers from within its membership. In return, the outfitter who charts the trip contributes a portion of the proceeds back to FOR. Everyone's a winner.

Lee Miller first experienced the Grand Canyon during a FOR raft-supported kayak trip several years ago and since then she has reserved two weeks every season to guarantee time on the Colorado.

In fact, the last several seasons,



Mark at play in the middle of a mellow hydraulic.

she's helped lead FOR kayak trips through the Canyon.

I'm still not sure why Lee called me to ask if I'd like to help her run safety for an October FOR 14-day trip. She couldn't have known that, deep down, I needed two weeks away from whitewater.

Of course, being from California, Lee would probably claim that it was karma, or some sort of other metaphysical nonsense. But in reality, I figured she just wanted a token Eastern boater to balance the normal contingent from the West Coast.

Whatever the reason, I wasn't in a position to refuse. I needed a break.

Shuttles in West Virginia are seldom soothing.

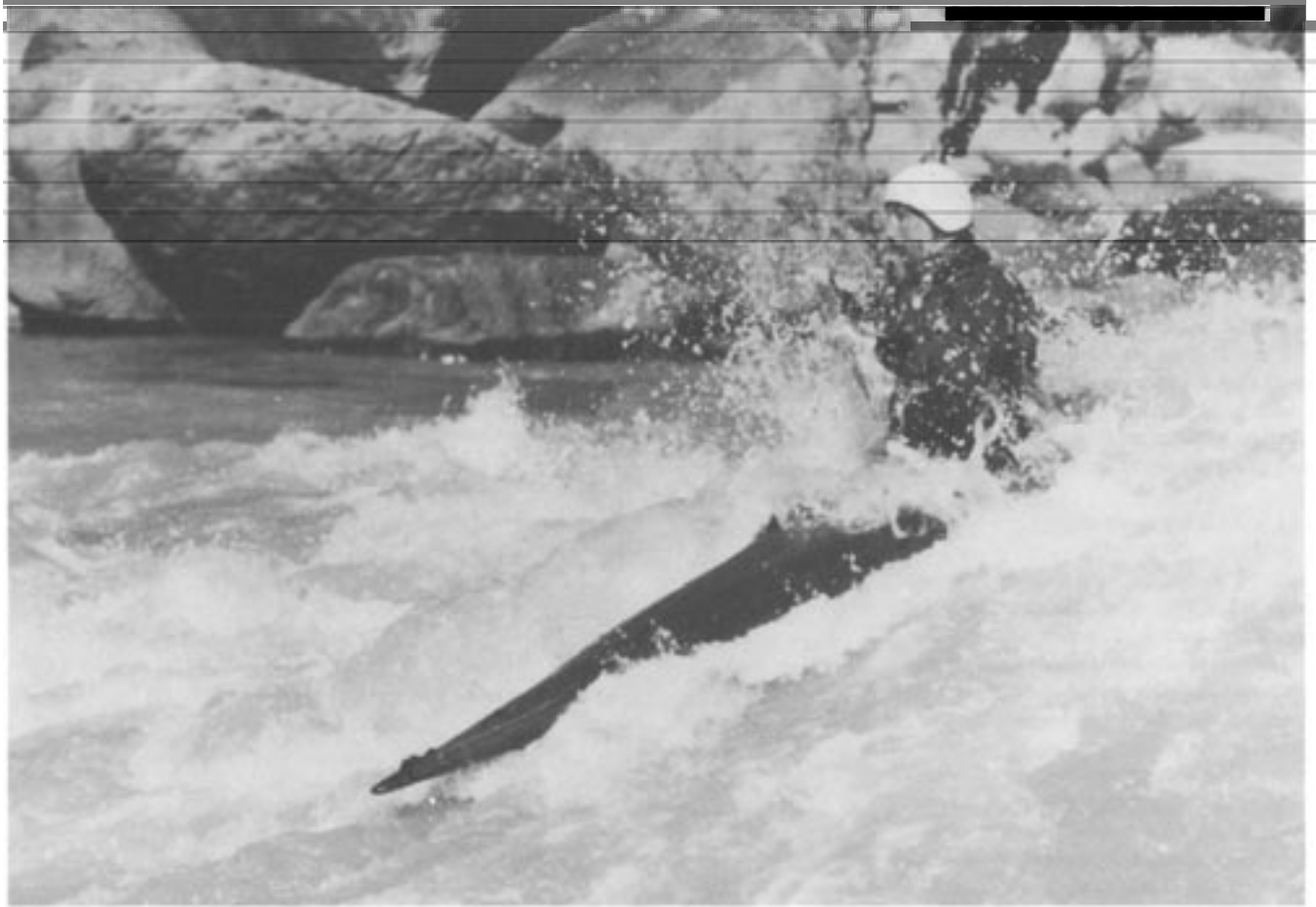
Usually you're trying to negotiate a twisting mountain road while simultaneously reading obscured directions from a guide book while all the while anticipating an out-of-control coal truck to come careening around a corner.

So it was an unexpected pleasure to stretch out in the reclining seat of a chartered Scenic Cruiser, beer in hand, watching through the window as Southwestern vistas unfolded in hues of brown and red.

Our gang had met in Las Vegas.



The author, caught in an unflattering pose, as he prepares to punch a hydraulic.



Ed Kiesa gapes open-mouthed at the hole in the middle of 21 Mile Rapid.

There was Dave and Linda—two boaters from Alaska—and their friends Randy and Patty who had come along to ride the rafts. Similarly, Lee had brought fellow Californians Dennis and Kirsten to ride rubber.

Also from California were boaters Mark and Jim and Jim's wife Robin who preferred to experience the Canyon from a seat in an inflatable.

The rest of the rafts were to be filled by Carol and Karen from Texas and Morica from Switzerland.

And finally, thank God—there was Ed, another Eastern boater. I had figured Ed would be my lifeline in a sea of western weirdness, but looking around the bus, I wasn't so sure. Everybody appeared surprisingly normal—at least as normal as river people ever look.

Sure, the coolers were loaded with an many fruit seltzers as Budweisers. And some of the people in the back were gnawing on apple-cinnamon rice cakes, but all-in-all it seemed like a pretty good bunch.

But I should have known from the start. This wasn't your basic bus of tourists from Milwaukee. Everyone on the

trip was presorted, as it were, by virtue of membership in FOR. Whiners and complainers need not apply.

Still, there was a difference. Cram a load of whitewater diehards into a bus and you'd have a continual barrage of one-upmanship. Tales of death runs on the Green, high water on the Watauga, newly discovered creeks at better than 200 feet-per-mile. Plenty of "Becuss uf you, Heinrich..."

But on this bus, the typical whitewater jousting was absent. There was little talk of rapids to come. Everyone was too occupied gawking out the window.

To be honest, I couldn't figure what they were staring at. My first impression of the Southwest was that it must have served as the testing ground for Agent Orange. I thought I was trapped in the world's largest strip mine.

But as the bus rolled uphill from Vegas (and the beers rolled downward) even I was able to relax and, for the first time in years, savor the moment. Our bus cut through the narrow cleft carved by the Virgin River, skirted the spectacular Zion

National Park and climbed back into the pine forest atop the plateau of the Kaibab National Forest.

By the time we approached Lees Ferry, the sun had slipped into the West painting the escarpment known as the Vermilion Cliffs in shades of scarlet and red. My first day without whitewater was done. I had no regrets.

Our first day on the river, however, started suspiciously like any other paddling trip. There were boats to load for the two-mile shuttle to the launch site. There were drybags to stuff, gear to collect and equipment to sort.

And the scene at the launch ramp was practically as hectic as a Gauley put-in. Motorized fishing boats tooled up the Colorado's emerald water toward Glen Canyon Dam in search of trophy trout. Rafters from a pair of private trips milled about in last minute preparation under the watchful eye of a pair of National Park rangers. And boatmen from three outfitters organized their groups with practiced efficiency.

With everyone hustling to get on

the river, I was half afraid this excursion would quickly disintegrate into whitewater madness before it started. The classic safety talk. Water battles in the first eddy. "When do we get to the first class V?"

But instead of launching into a Vaudevillian introduction, our headboatman simply kicked the tubes of the nearest raft and said:

"You kayakers try not to get too far out in front. You might miss a campsite. I know it sounds funny, but if you have to pee, be sure you go in the river or the wet sand. Same when you stop for lunch. Let your crumbs fall in the water. Keeps everything clean. O.K.? Well, let's go."

And we were off.

Looking back on the ensuing two weeks, it's difficult to recount specific events on the river. I'm not usually like that. I recall certain high water days on the Big Sandy where I remember every move. But somehow the two weeks kind of slipped by.

The days were wonderfully similar. I'd wake slowly in the gray of the morning, roused by the clanging of the coffee pot as an unlucky boatman fulfilled breakfast duty. The mornings were cool in October, and I'd linger under my sleeping bag, listening to the desert wrens and watching the sky brighten to blue.

After an hour, people around the camp would start to stir, filtering down to the beach from behind the clumps of tamarack where they'd pitched their tents or simply thrown down a sleeping pad. The sand spits where we camped were spread against the canyon walls and shadowed until nine in the morning, but by the time breakfast had ended, the sun would have already layered a band of red across the top of the cliffs. And by the time all the gear had been packed and loaded back on the rafts, the sun had reached the water and the air was warm.

Every day continued like it started. Bright sun on our backs in the morning and in our faces during the afternoon. There was a cloud one day, but I was ahead of the group when I saw it. By the time they had rounded the bend so I could point it out to them, it was gone.

I've passed through some of the most breathtakingly beautiful places in the East while boating: the Taureau section of Quebec's Jacques Cartier; New York's Bottom Moose; West Virginia's Big



Lee Miller shares a moment with some of the FOR crew.

Sandy, Blackwater and Glade Creek. The problem was—I never seemed to notice the scenery until I was eating lunch on shore or shouldering my boat around an unrunnable drop.

Once on the water, the scenery always took a back seat to the rapids. While my attention was riveted to hydraulics, boulder sieves or undercuts, natural wonders passed by unnoticed.

But it was impossible to ignore the Grand Canyon. Every mile produced more sheer granite walls, more side creeks tumbling into the gorge, more caves and passages sculpted from rock.

Consequently, a lot of good whitewater passed under my hull while I gawked and stared at the sights.

But there were some days when the rapids were impossible to ignore—even when surrounded by the majesty of the Canyon. The sixth and seventh days were cases in point.

According to my guide book, we passed through Unkar, Hance, Sockdologer and Grapevine rapids and a bevy of smaller drops and riffles on day six.

And after a stop at the Phantom Ranch the next morning, we tackled Horn



An afternoon frolicking in the *mudflats* below the Lower Colorado (top) was followed by an evening celebration with Ed Kiesa dispensing Paddler's Punch (bottom).

Creek, Granite and Hermit.

But looking back, I'm hard pressed to describe the whitewater portion of those rapids—some of the most significant drops of the river. Instead, I recall the dark, glassy waves of Grapevine rising 10 feet high between the dark gorge walls at twilight...or the white of the waves ricocheting from the red walls at Granite...and the open expansiveness of Hermit where the river rolled downstream almost out of sight in a field of undulating water.

Back East river guidebooks often rate the quality of whitewater found in a

given run, then include as a footnote a second rating for the aesthetics of the scenery.

But the two conditions seemed to blend together. The rapids were part of the scenery and vice-versa. It seemed ridiculous to judge them separately.

So I stopped trying.

"Becuss if you, Heinrich..." Actually, that could describe a lot of the people I paddle with back East.

They're ...I mean we're...kind of possessed.

It isn't like we're ...snobs. I mean,

we paddle with people we don't know...if they have the right kind of boat, and if we've seen 'em before on the Upper Yough or the Gauley.

And we don't even mind if a person swims. Heck, we like it. Gives us an opportunity for some good-natured abuse. Just so long as it doesn't happen very often.

But in reality, I can't remember the last time I boated with a novice paddler. It's a situation I'm not real proud of. You get used to boating certain rivers at certain levels with certain people...

And we get pretty picky where and when we choose to boat. Not only does a river have to be class IV or above—but there better be plenty of water, mister!

We didn't think in those terms on the Colorado.

First of all, there was the matter of those Western ratings. Or rather, the Grand Canyon ratings—the only place in the world where rapids are graded from I to 10.

I wondered if there was some formula to convert the unfamiliar system to a normal way of judging rapids. Maybe add 2 then halve the total. Take the square root and add pi. But after a day or two, we stopped even trying.

Oh, we'd try to keep track of our position, tracking our progress on Belknap's waterproof guidebooks. And we could anticipate an approaching rapids by breaks in the canyon walls where side creeks had flushed obstructions into the river.

But unless a boatman was handy, we were never quite sure what awaited us.

It usually didn't matter. The rapids ran deep and clean—long series of steep waves sweeping down the center of the river. From the crest of the waves, you could occasionally see a tell-tale line of froth that spoke of an approaching hole, but despite the size and power of the water, the rapids seemed more enjoyable than intimidating.

Which was appropriate because our group was a delightful mix of experience. Lee, Mark and Ed were already strong boaters who reveled in the drops from the start. Dave and Jim were enthusiastic intermediates who lacked confidence for the first several days, but were flashing down rapids with the best of us by the end of the first week. Even Linda, who professed from the start to be unsure of her abilities, ended up boating much of the river and looking good in the process.

Even the rubber riders got into the act, taking turns in an inflatable duckie

through many of the rapids. And Dennis and Kirsten proved to be real troopers, sliding into a **hardboat** for the first time.

Sure, experimenting in boats resulted in some swims, but it didn't seem to matter. We'd just haul em' to shore—or finish the rapid with a passenger perched on the back deck of our boats.

Since the rafters were open minded about trying **kayaking**. Who were we not to periodically board an inflatable (especially during flat sections when beer was available)? Morica and Randy frequently relieved the boatmen at the oars while Ed—who had previous oar-rig experience—piloted a raft through several rapids.

Ed and I even spent an afternoon in the two-man **Duckie**, cruising through several easy sets before pulling to shore just above Dubendorff.

The rafts and other kayaks had gathered below to watch the show. Belknap's claimed that Dubendorff was between a 5 and 8 and I was still trying to figure the square root before adding pi when our little inflatable slid down the smooth **tongue on the left** and into the first set of waves.

We bounced off the second wave and eddied on the right. Over our shoulders, we could **see** an ominous hole waiting below. Our options were to ignominiously sneak down the far left or attempt to ferry across the wave **train** just above the heart of the hydraulic...

We made the move. And we were already whooping it up coasting through the run-out left when we tumbled into a final unseen hole. We high-sided, but to no avail, and finished Dubendorff bumping our butts over the rocks on the right shore.

Now who would have thought one of the rapids remembered best—from the smooth ferry to the laughter as we **skinned** our butts—was a drop in a duckie.

Ed and I safety boat for a raft company in **New York**. We hang out week-ends with a lot of people who commercially pilot rafts.

So I figured we'd fit in right away with the five boatmen from **Moki Mac Expeditions** who were in charge of shepherding our little group down the river. Esprit d' Corps and all that.

I was mistaken. At first I thought the Canyon boatmen were a little, well, aloof. But after a few days, I realized that **they were** simply different from the guides of my acquaintance.

You can tell a lot about the nature

of the Eastern guides by examining some of their nicknames. I know a Psycho, Johnny Abnormal, "Make 'em Swim" Mike, Manchild, Bob Berserkowitz, **Bugzy**...

Not surprisingly, there's nothing laid-back about the Eastern whitewater experience. During a typical five-hour day trip, the guide remains center stage throughout, using every second of his limited time to make a lasting impression. Consequently, many guides take on a manic persona that borrows equally from Geraldo, the "Pathological Liar" character from SNL and Charlie Manson.

When you only have five hours on the water, there's no time for drifting, fer Chrissakes. Every available minute better be taken up with rapids, water battles, outrageous jokes or **preposterous** lies. A lot of "Becuss if you, Heinrich..."

Many of the guides I know get caught up with the image. Hell, I do, too. You can't turn it off just by shucking the final boat onto the trailer.

So the same spirit of weirdness often spills over into the night: spawning on barroom floors, slam-dancing and loud communal bonding.

In anticipation of similar raucous behavior around a campfire on the floor of the Canyon, I stowed a considerable quantity of a favorite Adirondack libation—a powerful concoction known simply as "Paddler's Punch" that's downed in quick shots.

I figured, even if the good folks from FOR wouldn't **partake** in Paddlers, the boatmen would **prove** thirsty.

But the punch lay buried in my duffle for five days.

With 14 days between put-in and take-out, the boatmen do **everything** slow. They don't go after the quick punch line, the easy laugh or the one-liner, but preferred to draw out the experience.

They even **talked** slowly. I'd ask our lead boatman Matt a question, and he'd look up from the book he'd **have been** reading to the people on his raft, contemplate for a moment then reply:

"Welllll (pause) that's Esplanade Sandstone, down there."

The accent and the slow pace drove me crazy at first, but after three days I'd catch myself saying:

"Well, I'm goin' to go surf that wave, down there."

The other boatmen, Tom, J.P., J.R. and Dirk were similarly subdued. Each possessed a sharp, quirky sense of humor, but they preferred to play off the people,

contributing to the interaction rather than dominating it.

Naturally, the folks from California reveled in the laid-back atmosphere. But I confess it took me a while to appreciate its value.

At night we'd gather around a blaze of driftwood built in the firebox and listen to Matt read stories by Patrick **McManus**, recite river poems or recount the legends of the **Anasazi**, the first residents of the Canyonlands. Matt's slow rhythm would often lull me to sleep, but it didn't matter, because I'd wake up before he got to the punch line.

And after the fire had burned down to embers, I'd hunker down in my sleeping bag and listen to the boatmen quietly celebrate the end of another long day. They'd cluster down on the rafts, drifting on anchor, take a long pull from a bottle of Bourbon, then blow across the top of the neck.

The resonant sound would echo up the Canyon walls and the last thing I'd hear before falling asleep would be Matt saying:

"Well (pause) nice tone, there, Tom."

The punch came out of the duffle the night after we'd passed the Little Colorado. **Before** then it seemed out of place, but we'd stopped at the **mudflats** where the silt laden tributary meets the slower water of the big river and deposits its sediment in a thick layer of muck.

I anticipated what was coming and maneuvered my kayak out of range during the ensuing mud-wrestling championships. But Kirsten outwitted me. I thought I had escaped when we arrived at our campsite a few miles downstream, but she **had preserved** an ample quantity of the sludge in the bottom of a bail bucket and slopped the load over my head.

One display of childish behavior, I reasoned, deserves another. It was time for the punch.

To my surprise, with sufficient lubricant, the **Western boatmen** could hold their **own** with the best from the **East** when it came to outrageous lies and preposterous jokes. Well, almost...

And the FOR crowd could shed the mellowness and prove as raucous as the best—or worst—of the East.

It goes to show that River People know no geographical boundaries.

In all fairness, I should admit that the following night the boatmen invited me to share in their Bourbon. But **try** as I might, I couldn't produce that **resonant**

sound.

It was my only disappointment of the trip.

"Becuss uf you, Heinrich..." After 12 days on the river, you'd think I'd have purged that nasty virus of whitewater extremism from my system.

But as we surveyed Lava Falls from a rocky overlook high above the river on the right, I suffered a relapse.

The river was in a low cycle, but even at 5,000 cfs, the route through the center right of the channel was mined with intimidating waves that surged up before breaking into piles of foam.

I scrambled back to my boat, quickly tucked in my sprayskirt, and paddled out onto the glassy tongue leading into the heart of the drop.

As my boat rose high over the crest of the opening wave, I pivoted to the left to miss an apparent hole, then cruised back to the right, surfing across the run-out waves to eddy behind a house-sized boulder in position to spot the rest of the party.

I know I ought to have stayed there. But this was Laffa, and I couldn't see anyone else coming. I'd have time, I reasoned, to ferry over to the left, drag my boat over the rocks and run the drop again.

So I did. But midway through the portage, I glimpsed a flash of yellow as Mark's Infinity crashed through the lead waves.

I wasn't really worried about Mark's safety as I raced across the remaining rocks and launched my boat. He was a fine paddler, I figured, and certainly would experience no difficulty. But still I felt deeply embarrassed—I wasn't where I was supposed to be.

Seconds later, I felt even more humiliated. For my second run through Lava, I chose a route further left and failed to identify a low breaking wave for what it really was—a lightly covered pour over rock.

My boat plunged over the lip and penciled straight down over the far side with my bow lodging beneath a downstream rock. Water poured over my back as I sat there, firmly pinned. My skirt popped and my boat filled with water before I was finally able to rock sideways and dislodge my kayak.

Lee didn't say anything as I paddled over to the eddy—she only glared. But her look spoke volumes.

Tom the boatman was less merciful:

"I guess this proves you're a



Boat people—it's a way of life whether you're from the East or West

heckuva kayaker... You're probably the first kayaker in history to pin himself in Lava."

I just ruefully shook my head and examined the nose of my Reflex. The front three inches of the boat had been bent upward at a 90 degree angle with a long half-moon smile sliced through the hull.

The smile seemed to be laughing and saying—"Becuss uf you..."

Maybe I finally learned my lesson at Lava, but the last two days of the trip where two of the most enjoyable.

There weren't any more major drops—but there were plenty of smaller rapids with smooth waves perfect for surfing. My newly customized Reflex was suited for the task, its upturned nose less likely to dive, and I soon claimed that I had pinned it on purpose.

Everyone took turns in the kayaks or the ducky or manning the oars and the long days passed too quickly.

But it wasn't until the last night that I realized how truly fortunate I was—not just to be in the Grand Canyon, but to be sharing the experience with a remarkable group of people.

The last night we camped at Separation Canyon—the point where the river diminishes into the backwaters of Lake Mead. The next day a 60-foot powerboat would carry us to the takeout at Pearce Ferry.

We shared the site with another group of rafters waiting for the ride. They were a friendly bunch of Rotarian types

and their wives on a six-day tour from Milwaukee. Camped side by side—we realized that our group was special... or at least a little different.

Maybe the Rotarian types simply hadn't sufficient time to surrender themselves to the experience, but they clung to trappings of normalcy, pitching their tents as neatly as if they were doing an overnight in the neighborhood KOA, discreetly washing and grooming out of sight before trooping down for dinner in fresh shirts and shorts.

Our people were barbarians by comparison, throwing our sleeping pads down under the stars at the first convenient dune, stripping buck naked to bathe in the river and then donning the same river shorts that had survived the previous two weeks. After 14 days, proper behavior was dictated by what was easy, comfortable or natural.

But after we spotted two of the older gents, hiding behind some bushes, watching Lee and Kirsten bathe in the river, I felt a little sorry for the other group. Maybe they should spend more time in the Canyon. Or join FOR.

I think I'd like to do both.

BIG SWIM

Epic swim results in spectacular rescue

By DIANE OLIVER

Epic swim? Hardly. Epic rescue? Definitely!

It was a warm July day in 1989, the day of the first Jeff Snyder squirt clinic in Maine. The black flies had given up their strafing along the Kennebec Gorge, replaced by mosquitoes and horse flies.

We had 5,000 cfs of pond-heated river water surging through the tubes of Harris Station, all of the rafts were out of sight and we were ready to continue our learning experience. It was all fun stuff — no death-defying power moves, just six miles of big waves, diagonals and powerful eddy lines. There's a few big holes, but only one (Maytag) that would put you in the spin cycle for very long.

I've run this river a lot, and I feel like I know it intimately. In my first two years of boating, I swam at least five or six times. The first time I was convinced that



Diane Oliver paddling in her squirt *boat--this time* she stays in her boat.



SAVE THE RIVERS RAFFLE

MILLBROOK BOATS is conducting a raffle to help the AWA in protecting our rivers. Proceeds go to the AWA **RIVER DEFENSE FUND**.

1ST PRIZE--Any 13' or 15' canoe made by **MILLBROOK BOATS**. \$750 to \$850.

2ND PRIZE--Esoteric squirt stick from **FINE LINE PADDLES**. Snyder design. Built by David Gatz. Value \$245.

3RD PRIZE--A **two-day** canoe or kayak instructional clinic from the **OUTDOOR CENTRE OF NEW ENGLAND**. Value \$200.

4TH PRIZE--A \$100 gift certificate from the **COUNTRY CANOEIST** good towards merchandise or instruction.

FIVE 5TH PRIZES--A one-year AWA membership. Value \$20.

*Does not include shipping or custom work.

Drawing will be held at the Farmington Slalom on **Oct. 20, 1991**. You need not be present to win.

RAFFLE TICKETS are \$3 each, 4 for \$10, 10 for \$20

Make checks payable to **JOHN KAZIMIERCNK**. 49 Lufkin Rd., **Weare, NH 03281**



I would drown; boy those waves look big when your head is at water level! But each successive swim was less and less scary and after a while it almost became fun, except for my inconvenienced paddling buddies who had to forgo a favorite surf to help haul my derriere and gear to an eddy.

But now it's the summer of 1989, and I'm pretty cool cruising down the Kennebec Gorge — upright. Pedestrians in rafts and even the raft guides marvel at this petite woman in a flashy Vampire. I'm confident, but when it comes to signing up for a squirt clinic, I know I'm outclassed. My paddling buddies who have pushed me from the start now alternately twist my arm and tell me that I wouldn't be the class nerd, even though I am the only boater without a double-ended squirt boat and my boat is cut way big for my 105 pounds. Besides, they said, it would be great fun just to watch Jeff Snyder do his stuff.

I succumb to peer pressure once again and find myself at the clinic. After two hours of flatwater work, I discover I can't sink my stern one millimeter. But Jeff is encouraged — he thinks I can stern squirt in the strong eddy lines down inside the Kennebec Gorge.

Sure enough, the first eddy brings paydirt — the massive Vampire bow rises over my head, temporarily blocking out the sun. Encouraged by my classmates, I try again and again, standing it straight up a few more times, a giant iceberg emerging from the eddy line.

Now I'm psyched, and the best part of the gorge run is right around the next bend. I volunteered to lead another lady paddler in the class down the slickest route through Big Mama — one of the biggest crashing waves on the river. We would then stick together as we screamed down the Alley Way, the busiest and fastest stretch of the run.

I peeled out, set up my angle of attack, and started cruising through Big Mama like I've always done. I flipped — which is usually no big deal, but after five attempts at a roll, I still wasn't coming up — I'm still not sure why. Out of air, I yanked the shock cord free, the river yanked me free of the boat, and I was once again swimming the Kennebec Gorge.

I remember trying to swim and push my half full Vampire towards shore in hopes of finding an eddy. As I washed past yet another eddy, I heard my friend

Johnnyell, "Diane, let go of your boat, let go of your boat!" I didn't think this was a wise move at the time, but I trust his judgment and loosen my grip on the grab loop.

Just river debris now, I remerge from the backside of a hole next to the razor thin edge of Jeff Snyder's T-Bird. I hear Jeff calmly urge me to get on his boat. Right. So I head for the stern. No, Diane, get on the front and face me. I'm going to question Jeff Snyder? So I scramble to the bow and straddle it, staying low and holding on around his waist.

There we were, face to face, a smile on his, an "oh no not again" look on mine. We were heading right for a big hole. I frantically point out the large gaping jaws of death, but Jeff assured me that we were cool. We plunged deep into the hole, reemerging some seconds later. Spinning around, Jeff then back waddled to shore.

His boat was now almost completely submerged, the stern cutting the air, the bow slicing back and forth through the current. I never even saw the paddle strokes. Jeff deposited me on shore, my boat and gear nowhere in sight. Instead of please turn to page 46

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**& RIVER
BOTTOM
STOMP**

Redemption on the Russell Fork

By JOE GREINER

This was my first time. Large boulders obscured our downstream view.

"What's next, Roger?"

"Not sure. But remember, we want to get out and look at Triple Drop. The top drop can be tricky."

We entered the Boulder Garden, me second, and a moment later I flipped on a rock. I rolled up and found myself being drawn backwards down the next pitch. I hit another rock and flipped again and rolled upright again.

I was still pointing upstream. I spun the boat to see where I was and where Roger was. What I found was a river-wide horizon line staring me right in the face and coming fast.

I did the best I could. I paddled as hard as I could and punched the hole HARD!!! It reacted just as quickly and grabbed hold. I was in the maw of the top hole of Triple Drop.

I surfed. It held. I rocked. It held.

Finally, I made one last effort and was almost out. I reached deep and grabbed some green water. I flipped, but I could feel that I was free.

I rolled up. Something smashed me down again. HARD!!! I was accelerating. Towards what, only God knew, since I had no idea what the rapid looked like or how long or how steep it was. I was almost out of air. I bailed out and felt the acceleration continue.

Now I was flat on my back, feet downstream, hands over my head and really moving fast. I opened my eyes and thought I could see the surface. Was I

continued from page 45

scrambling up forty feet of green slate, I opted to swim.

This time there's no panic. Hey, I'm in my element! I finally caught up my gear a mile below Big Mama at Cathedral Eddy.

I was in awe. How did Jeff do that? I thought you couldn't rescue anyone in a squirt boat. I was so impressed with his rescue that I didn't even mind being the class nerd.

P.S. I swam twice in the 1990 Jeff Snyder Squirt Clinic in my new, tiny T-Bird, still the class nerd, but still trying hard....

Editors Note: Diane Oliver lives in Maine and is no a nerd. Period.

moving or was I being held underwater while the river recirculated around me, giving the illusion of motion?

Now I was out of air. The acceleration stopped and I could feel buoyancy. One strong kick and OXYGEN!

There was a pool in front of me. I swam to river right and pulled myself out, breathing the sweetest air I have ever known. In the middle of the pool I could see my boat, upright, partially swamped, one airbag adrift, and my paddle, slowly heading downstream.

I looked back upstream and found Roger on the opposite shore, anxiously looking at my boat and trying to find a sign of me. I yelled to him and when he saw me, I gave him a thumbs up.

I started downstream after my boat and gear, while the rest of the group ran the rapid. Through luck and good effort, the group and I recovered everything but my paddle. After a brief discussion, I walked out.

I discovered that day that there are six distinct emotional stages to every swim.

1. Intense concentration, coupled with a narrow focus and slowing down of events. Later, a non-paddling spectator on the shore told me that he had seen the swim. He claims to have counted from one thousand one to one thousand and eleven before I popped up in the pool below the last drop.

To me, it seemed like eleven times eleven seconds that I was under water.

2. Incredible relief and joy at being delivered from the jaws of the monster.

3. Thankfulness. I suspect that

Lazarus was no more deeply affected than anyone who has just escaped a lung-busting swim. The first and second stage are usually brief. This third stage lasts a little longer. It was in that stage that I started to walk out.

4. Extreme embarrassment. I became so embarrassed that I didn't even stop to walk down and look at the rapid. I didn't want to answer any questions. I left the river behind that day and I still didn't know what Triple Drop looked like.

Embarrassment is helped only somewhat by hearing about other similar experiences. Roger had done almost the same thing at Triple Drop the year before, lost his glasses, and also walked out.

5. Anger. Anger at the rapid for doing the mugging and anger at oneself for allowing the mugging to happen. Through the anger I could hear John Wayne saying, "Pilgrim, ya got to get back up on that horse that threw ya!"

6. Redemption. The swim happened on November 1, 1986. Almost two years to the day later, I returned and ran the river.

Elvis Presley keeps being sighted. I keep hearing from John Wayne. After my redemptive run in 1988, on the way home, in a truck stop in West Virginia, I spotted him again. I bought him a cup of coffee and told him the story.

"Well, Duke. How about that? I got back up and rode it again."

He sipped his coffee and studied me and smiled.

"Yeah, Pilgrim, not bad. But it took ya long enough!! Two years!"

So next time you take a bad swim, remember the Duke. After the anger wears off, get back up and ride it again.

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West Virginia Rivers Coalition Fights Dams in Cheat Watershed

It's the year 2004. You have been enjoying a marvelous whitewater adventure on the gorgeous Laurel Fork of the Cheat. Suddenly, the pristine, laurel-choked forest gives way to scrub and mud flats. You turn a bend **and** you are confronted with a monstrous earthen dam, over two football fields wide and as high as a 12-story building! (The dam is kept without a reservoir most of the time to be able to absorb flood water.) Fences and buoys block your path and you face a bone-crunching half mile portage up the mud flats and over the crest of the dam.

Dam advocates want to build five of these boondoggles in the upper Cheat watershed. They would justify this proposal by invoking the fear engendered by the Great Flood of 1985. Only one catch: the dams would protect downstream communities only from a 100-year flood. The Great Flood was much larger than that.

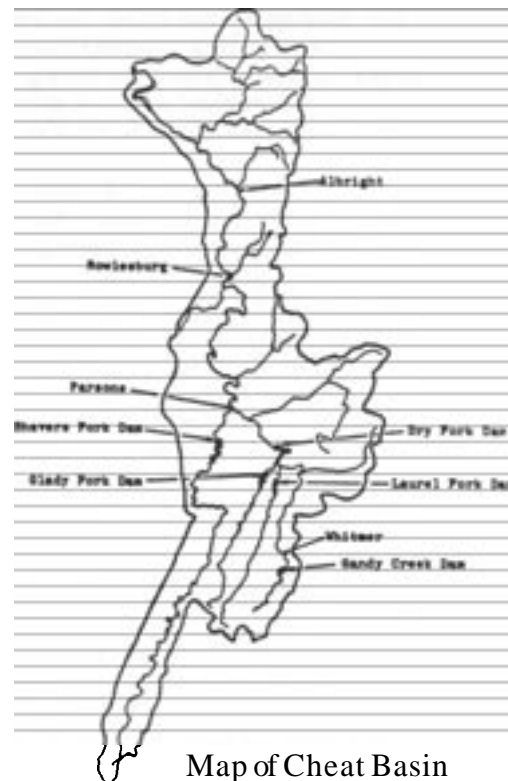
The **West Virginia Rivers Coalition** thinks there are better ways to handle floods, like early warning systems, limits on construction in the flood plain, par-

ticipation in the Federal flood insurance program, and perhaps levees in the towns.

Founded by the **AWA** in 1989, the West Virginia Rivers Coalition has a concrete goal: **to guarantee the future of thirteen West Virginia "crown jewel" rivers in the Monongahela National Forest** (see next page). Included on our list are whitewater classics like the Smoke Hole Canyon, Blackwater, Shavers Fork, Laurel Fork, and the Cranberry. We are now conducting an intense grass roots political campaign in West Virginia for designation of these rivers under the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act. Designation would mean:

- no dams or hydropower projects.
- improved water quality.
- **better** management of mining and timbering.
- enhancement of river access and river recreation.

Our campaign is gaining momentum, but it is expensive. If you have not already joined WVRC, **we need your help!**



Map of Cheat Basin
from state-sponsored
dam study.

Please Help WVRC Save West Virginia Rivers!

Yes, Count me in with over 240 AWA members who **have** already joined WVRC! Enclosed is my tax-deductible contribution of \$____. Donors of \$20 or more become WVRC members (\$10 for West Virginia residents).

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Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Home Phone _____
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Make your check payable to "**AWA/West Virginia Rivers Coaiition**" and send to WVRC, Box 606, Buckhannon, WV 26201.

____ Please let me know how else I can help!

Disposing of \$28,846.15 a week

By GARY CARLSON

When I saw the line of people stacked up in front of the local Easy Mart, I figured there must be a special on Utica Club. Buck-and-a-halfa sixer. No limit.

And being a cost-conscious consumer, I naturally joined the throng.

"I'm stockin' up for a paddlin' trip," I sez to the fellow in front of me. "Hope they got enough cases."

"Cases?" sez he. "This here is the Lotto line. Haven't you heard? There's a 50-million jackpot for this drawing."

"Jackpots?" I retorted. "Jackpots is for crackpots! Don't you know they never pick no one from up here in the Adirondacks in them Lottos. The only folks who win those Lotto drawings are Queen for the Day candidates from New York City. Folks who budget half their relief checks to gamble with the state. Real people don't win the Lotto."

"That's why I figure I've got a good shot," replied my new acquaintance. "I've got a system to selecting my numbers."

"System?" I snorted. "People who win don't have no systems. They fill out Lotto cards the same way they used to complete standardized tests before flunkin' out of school—by making a design out the pencil marks. Or they pick six low numbers cause they can't count past single digits. That's the kind of riff-raff that wins big Lottos."

"Fifty million is worth a chance. Think what you could do with the money!"

"Wouldn't change me none," I sez. "I already got everything I need."

Well, by the time we'd finished this lengthy discourse, the line had moved up to the counter. Hell, I figured, I'm already here and it's only a buck. So I grabbed a card and marked in 31-53-6-9-20-17 (which is the gauge number of a certain Adirondack river) and let'er fly. After all, New York state's runnin' it—so it ain't like it's gambling...right?

So that's how I came to win \$50,000,000, which is kind of deceiving cause after taxes I only get \$1,500,000 a year for the next twenty years.

And I was right. The money hasn't altered me...at least not that much.

But it's been damned hard to spend \$28,846.15 a week.

I bought one of them fancy German cars but then I discovered it came with leather seats. Now how the hell can you run shuttle in wet shorts on leather seats? My butt slid around so that I almost unmanned myself on the shift stick while roundin' a sharp corner.

Not only that, but for 70 grand, you'd think the damn car would come with rain gutters! How the Hell do you mount racks? I ended up drivin' my '83 Nissen pickup.

Then I upgraded my official place of residence. You know. A palatial bachelor pad. Condo heaven with cathedral ceilings, oriental rugs and custom cabinets.

One of these days I'm going to see it. I figure I'll get home for a couple days after Gauley season. No, then I gotta head down to the Russell Fork. And then it'll be raining on the Watauga...

That's okay. I also bought a new cap for the truck.

So I'm still stuck with this problem: how to dispose of all this disposable income. But I came up with an answer—I'm giving it away.

You remember that classic television show "The Millionaire"? The show with that guy in the brown suit representing an "unknown benefactor" who divied out a cool \$1,000,000 check every week to some hapless schmuck who would promptly screw up his life with his newfound riches.

I figger I could fill the role of the "unknown benefactor" damn well. Here's how it will play:

Once a year, I'll pick out a deserving paddler suffering from the ills only a generous chunk of cash can cure. And I'm already preparing my short list of preferred candidates.

There's guys like my paddling buddy Ed who's condemned to be married this August. Ed and me haven't missed a Gauley season for pretty near 10 years now—but I figger I better find a new paddling partner. His boatin' days are history, mister!

Unless, that is, I make him the first recipient of a Carlson Grant. With a cool million, Ed could ship his new missus off to Atlantic Beach or the shopping mall for a week. Hell, he could hire herself a blond Swedish masseur and Ed could dis-

appear for a year at a time.

Now, I don't want no letters from women paddlers sayin' "Hey, Gary...what about us female-type boaters who's married to lead-butt husbands? How's about some money our way."

No way! With as many lonely manly boaters out there—there's no excuse for a women boater to hookup with a slug male in the first place. If you don't like your situation—take him down a river in a raft and give him a loving nudge during the first drop. Hey—this might sound chauvinistic—but it's my money!

But then there's guys like my friend Mike. Mike's been agonizing over what kind of new boat to buy for almost six months. He's called me at least five times askin' for recommendations and I know he's also called practically every boat manufacturer on the planet askin' the same questions.

Hell, if he knew John Luginbill's phone number, he'd probably call him at home...at 11:00 at night...askin' things like, "But does it surf well? or "Does it roll easy?"

The real bitch is, whatever boat Mike finally buys, I guarantee he won't like it. And next year we'll all go through the same hassle.

But with a million bucks—even Mike would be bound to find the right boat...maybe.

Or finally, there's people like John John's afine boater—safe and conscientious—a positive addition to any party of paddlers. If only he wasn't so tight.

You know the kind. Leave a tip and you catch him sweeping it into his pocket as he leaves the table. Buy a round of beers and he'll sit in the toilet for half an hour when it's his turn to reciprocate. Chip in for food and he'll abstain, preferring to nibble from his private bag of moldy granola—until your dinner's on the table. Anti-up for gas, and his wallet's in his duffle.

You figger a million might make him a human off the river as well as on? Probably not—but it might be worth a Carlson Grant just to find out.

In the meantime, I'm trying to figger out what to do with the \$500,000 a year I got left. That's only \$9,615.38 a week—but it's still tough.

I wonder if I could laminate an original Picasso to the deck of my boat...

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