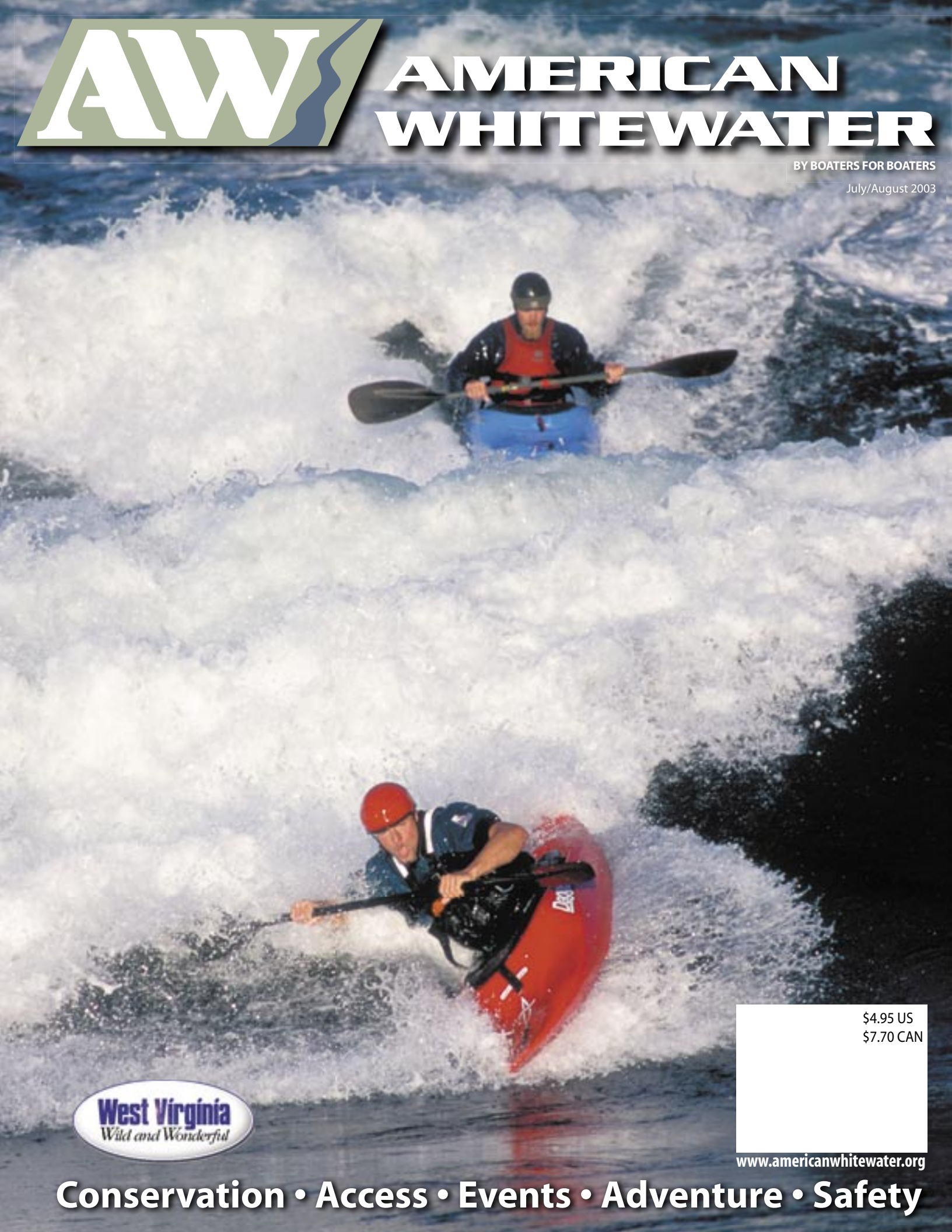




AMERICAN WHITEWATER

BY BOATERS FOR BOATERS

July/August 2003



\$4.95 US
\$7.70 CAN

www.americanwhitewater.org

Conservation • Access • Events • Adventure • Safety



WAVE SPORT

posidder alan wray :: photo al gaverre



2000 > limitless potential

2001 + unbeatable performance

2002 + impressive versatility

2003 + unbelievable value

EZ series



www.wavesport.com



AMERICAN WHITEWATER

A VOLUNTEER PUBLICATION PROMOTING RIVER CONSERVATION, ACCESS AND SAFETY

Corner Charc4

Volunteer Salute5

Access

• Access Updates6

Conservation

• Conservation Updates7

• Fighting to Save Clearwater Creek12

• Cheoah River Relicensing13

• Watershed Protection14

• Riversmart Program.....15

• The Gatineau - Still Free-flowing!.....18

Focus: Open Boats

• Susan Taft on Open Boat History20

• Getting Started by Charlie Walbridge22

Events

• Trinity River Festival26

• What's Goin' On?.....28

Traveling with Kayaks

• Chiapas - Held Capative by Zapatistas.....44

• Traveling with Kayaks.....50

• THE Travel List54

River Voices

• Costa Rica After the Flood.....56

Safety

• Buckle Up68

• Worth the Risk?70

American Whitewater Journal

Volume XLIV, No.4

F E A T U R E S

Western Rivers

The Beauty of
the Middle Fork **34**

Big Names and Bigger Theater **58**

**USA
Team
Psyched
for Worlds** **72**



Cover Jed Wiengarten
The Skookumchuck Narrows



Printed on Recycled Paper



Publication Title: American Whitewater
Issue Date: July/August 2003
Statement of Frequency: Published bimonthly
Authorized Organization's Name and Address:
American Whitewater
1424 Fenwick Lane
Silver Spring, MD 20910

Purpose

American Whitewater

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

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

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

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

EDUCATION: Through publication of the bimonthly magazine, and by other means, American Whitewater provides information and education about whitewater rivers, boating safety, technique and equipment.

SAFETY: AW promotes paddling safely, publishes reports on whitewater accidents, maintains a uniform national ranking system for whitewater

rivers (the International Scale of Whitewater Difficulty) and publishes and disseminates the internationally recognized AW Whitewater Safety Code.

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

AW was incorporated under Missouri nonprofit corporation laws in 1961 and maintains its principal mailing address at 1424 Fenwick Lane, Silver Spring, MD 20910 (301) 589-9453. AW is tax exempt under Section 501(c) (3) of the Internal Revenue Code.



American Whitewater Journal Staff

Editor
Tim Nickles
2016 Alpine Drive, Boulder, CO 80304
phone 303-447-3890
e-mail: editor@amwhitewater.org

Co-Editor
Carrie McGinnis
Art Direction/Graphic Design/Production
Christie Dobson

Photo Editor
Scott Collins

Contributing Writers
Sue Taft, Chris Towles, Roland McNutt, Brian & Amy Pew,
David Schroeder, Tom O'Keefe, Charlie Walbridge, Karl
Gesslein, Don Thonnard, and Theresa ?

Photo Contributors
Need to list...

Advertising Director
A.J. McIntyre
1424 Fenwick Lane, Silver Spring, MD 20910
phone 301-589-9453
e-mail: aj@amwhitewater.org

Safety Editor
Charlie Walbridge
Route 1, Box 329F, Bruceton Mills, WV 26525
e-mail: ccwalbridge@cs.com

Conservation and Access Editors
Jason Robertson, John Gangemi
jason@amwhitewater.org; jgangemi@digisys.net

American Whitewater Magazine Task Force
Jeff Espy, Dunbar Hardy, Dale-Marie Herring, John
Mason, Tanya Shuman, Ambrose Tuscano

Missing Copies and Address Changes
jessie@amwhitewater.org

American Whitewater is printed by
Spencer-Walker Press, Inc., Newark OH.
All rights reserved.

EDITORIAL DISCLAIMER

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

Board of Directors & Staff

Sutton Bacon
sutton@suttonbacon.com
Rome, GA

Lee Belknap
rivergypsy@sprintmail.com
Hendersonville, NC

Rich Bowers (Honorary)
nwrivers@attbi.com
Bellingham, WA

Dave Cernicek
dave@losalamos.com
Jackson, WY

Tom Christopher
tchris@tiac.net
Lancaster, MA

Adam Eichberg
adam.eichberg@tpl.org
Denver, CO

Pam Fitz
pamfitz99@yahoo.com
Denver, CO

Jennie Goldberg
jennie@nwwhitewater.org
Seattle, WA

Joe Greiner
joekayak@worldnet.att.net
Raleigh, NC

Barry Grimes
bagrim1@pop.uky.edu
Richmond, KY

Dunbar Hardy
dunbarhardy@hotmail.com
Durango, CO

Chris Kelly
ckelly1022@aol.com
Columbia, MO

Tim Kelley
tmkelley@clarkson.edu
Potsdam, NY

Jay P.K. Kenney
jay@smallworldadventures.com
Denver, CO

TOLL FREE NUMBER 866-BOAT4AW

Don Kinser
dkinser@ediltd.com
Marietta, GA

Jeff Leighton
jeffleighton@prodigy.net
LaFayette, CA

Kevin Lewis
klewis@snowcrest.net
Anderson, CA

Sherry Olson
sdopc@mindspring.com
Cumming, GA

Aaron Pruzan
jacksonholekayak@wyoming.com
Jackson Hole, WY

Norwood Scott
wns111@aol.com
San Francisco, CA

Dave Steindorf
dsteind@telis.org
Paradise, CA

Sarah Stephenson
sarahs@gsdl.com
Asheville, NC

Barry Tuscano
barry@greensburg.com
Bolivar, PA

Charlie Walbridge
ccwalbridge@cs.com
Bruceton Mills, WV

Kara Weld
kara@immersionresearch.com
Confluence, PA

BOARD OFFICERS

President: Kevin Lewis
Vice President: Jennie Goldberg
Secretary: Chris Kelly
Treasurer: Sarah Stephenson

AW STAFF

Risa Shimoda
Executive Director
1424 Fenwick Lane
Silver Spring, MD 20910

Michael Phelan
Events Director
20 Battery Park Ave., suite 302
Asheville, NC 28801

Kevin Colburn
Eastern Conservation and
Access Associate
20 Battery Park Ave., suite 302
Asheville, NC 28801

John Gangemi
Conservation Director
482 Electric Avenue
Bigfork, MT 59911

Jason Robertson
Access Director
1424 Fenwick Lane
Silver Spring, MD 20910

Scott Collins
Technology Director
1300 NE 49th Avenue
Portland, OR 97213

A.J. McIntyre
Corporate Relations Director
1424 Fenwick Lane
Silver Spring, MD 20910

Jessie Rice
Membership Coordinator
1424 Fenwick Lane
Silver Spring, MD 20910

Nick Lipkowski
Office Manager
1424 Fenwick Lane
Silver Spring, MD 20910

Chris Towles
Events Coordinator
20 Battery Park Ave., suite 302
Asheville, NC 28801

Kayak **NEW** session

The International WhiteWater Magazine

**AW member
special
offer***

**Subscribe now
and save over
37% from
cover price**

\$24.99
instead of ~~\$39.80~~
FREE SHIPPING
+ get a free poster !!

100% whitewater more photos than any
other kayaking magazine. Fresh, powerful,
and inspiring... yep,
that's Kayak Session!



*Special offer available only
with the use of the present form
(photocopy accepted)

Please sign me up for one year (four issues) ☐
Start my subscription with: ☐ current ☐ next issue

Visit award winning website
www.kayaksession.com

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____
email _____
Method of payment ☐ Mastercard ☐ Visa ☐ Cheque
Credit card Number Exp. date: ____/____/20____
Signature _____

You may fax this form and/or credit card orders to: 301-565-6714

Detach and mail to: American Whitewater / Kayak Session Subscription - 1424 Fenwick Lane, Silver Spring, MD 20910
Call Toll free: 866-BOAT4AW - info@amwhitewater.org or subscribe online @ www.kayaksession.com

Shuttle Bunnies

Meet your match.

Kayak Carrier • Cockpit Cover • Gear Bag
\$109⁹⁵

paddle clips 12⁹⁵
NEW! backband 29⁹⁵

2003 Design
Allows you to
have your
kayak higher!



Ask your
Local
Paddle
Shop

- Cordura® pack cloth
- Fits keyhole style cockpits
- Made in U.S.A. • Patent pending

www.kayackpack.com

Order On-Line or Call Toll-Free

1-866-925-7257

Corner Charc

by Risa Shimoda

The staff and board members of AW are a driven bunch. We derive a great deal of professional satisfaction by completing a task, vanquishing a foe, printing and shipping the most recent bi-monthly AW journal or cleaning up the final remnants of a successful event.

As have taken on a greater number of initiatives, we have been discovering ways in which we sometimes duplicate or create extra work for ourselves. Not a good trend for the lean, mean legacy we've established for ourselves, eh? After some self-assessment, we are starting a focused effort to improve our processes, tackle operational challenges, and improve our effectiveness.

How will you see a change? We hope you'll notice better customer service when you email or call into one of our offices, with a request for help or a need for clarification



Risa Shimoda
Executive Director - American Whitewater

on your membership renewal. You should receive a product order more quickly. Today, when you give AW a gift for which we owe you a receipt for tax time (\$250 or more) online, you'll receive an automatic emailed notice for your records. A small step, it seems, yet such steps is a an illustration of a step towards improved member responsiveness, and we hope to be able to tell you about many more, as time goes on.

FPO
Small World Adventures
1/3pg H

Volunteer Salute

by Risa Shimoda

We're also trying to improve our acknowledgement and acceptance of members' offers to volunteer their time and expertise. We're getting better about expressing our appreciation to those who are contributing to AW day-to-day, without requests for accolades. Here are just a few, to whom we cannot extend a sufficiently expressive bouquet of praise or thanks:

Barry Grimes

Our website, www.americanwhitewater.org would not exist with its vast utility today, without Barry's vision, dogged tenacity and enthusiasm. He contracted Scott Collins (our current Technology Director) to retool the site, with the help of emeritus board member Ken Ransford's assistance in obtaining grants from the Joy Foundation. Barry convinced a not-yet cyberized board to approve the work and ... the rest is history, creating a highly popular site, 'hit' over 20,000 times per day.

Barry, one of the creators of the National Paddling Film Festival, has contributed that heritage to us all, aside from its contribution to AW as a fundraiser. From its inception, gathering a gaggle of Bluegrass Wildwater Association members to a barn on a rainy February evening in the early eighties to watch home videos and slides, has grown tradition and a celebration of the skill and innovation among the videographers in our sport today.

Barry – For your ability to encourage old dogs to learn new tricks, and unwillingness to let convention curb our appetite for pursuing uncharted territory, we thank you.

Kara Weld

Kara is a former multi-year member of the US Slalom Team, was born and raised in the environment of whitewater instruction

excellence at her dad Bob Ruppel's company, Riversport School of Paddling and now co-owns Immersion Research with her husband John Weld. As a board member, Kara has helped AW kick start a corporate partnership program that, after a couple of year, is getting its legs hopes to engage the outdoor industry in helping shoulder the responsibility of supporting healthy rivers and their access. It is river availability, after all, provides venues on which paddlers use their products. No rivers: no place to paddle": no boat and paddle sales. Immersion Research works with AW to design, produce and support (in their catalog and through their sales reps) a co-branded line of IR/AW gear.

Kara – For your insight, belief in AW and willingness to step of boxes with confidence, we thank you.

Joe Greiner

Joe and his wife Nancy Gilbert have been our tireless king and queen of volunteer coordination at the Gauley River Festival each September. They coordinate well over one hundred volunteers with enthusiasm and confidence and facilitate set up, the flow of traffic at the gate, selling raffle tickets, tear down and other jobs that make the Gauley Festival 'happen.' They have also been fervent registrants at past Ocoee competitions for a half dozen years: arriving early, staying late, and handling last minute or mid-event troubleshooting.

During the balance of the year, Joe provides a valuable connection with the Carolina Canoe Club – educating club members of AW initiatives, getting the word out to the club and regional paddler networks about alerts and requests for legislative support.

As an esteemed member of the board, Joe always provides insight, applies his business background and experiences to ask good and often tough questions, is supremely supportive of and will stand behind a group decision, once made.

Joe, - For your integrity, enthusiasm, patience and unique capacity to help us evolve, we thank you

Canyons
1/6pg H

Airtight Inflatables
1/6pg H

Human Nature and Life on Oregon's Rivers

Access Director's Note: Oregon has been the subject of a fierce debate over river access, navigability, the right to float, and whether rivers and river banks are private property. One idea which is gaining increasing favor is a requirement for visitors to pay for rangers, and litter patrols. This letter is one of the better treatments of the debate that we have seen.

I am a regular fisherman, both from the bank and out of my kayak/canoe. I spend the majority of my time (when not working) on many of the rivers and lakes in the beautiful state of Oregon. I completely understand this story, from both sides of the coin. Growing up, I lived on the waterline of a lake and two different rivers. We had all of the same issues that the landowners have recently expressed. I know just how much trash and other impacts people can cause because it was typically my punishment when I got out of line to go clean up the bank and surrounding area. Believe it or not, this grew on me and I ended up volunteering for groups to clean up areas other than my own property. Of course the trash, vandalism, and general misuse were frustrating but maintaining it really made me appreciate what I had.

Most people who live on rivers do so because they are river-users themselves. I lived on a river, and since I used the river myself, I'd never have supported anything that could potentially impair my ability to use it – or any other river for that matter. Say for example I supported some kind of fee to use the river on which I lived and as such, an access fee was approved. Others on nearby rivers may see what happened and like the idea as well – thinking that this will support more patrols, clean up efforts, and less general-abuse of the river/shoreline. Now we hit the real problem. If a fee is imposed, are the landowners on this particular river exempt from paying? What about landowners on the other rivers? Are they exempt as well, and can they use my river without paying? Since I am exempt from paying on my river, do I still have to pay when I visit another river? Do I get some kind of identification card showing

that I am exempt on all rivers, because I am a riverside landowner? Exactly how could this be managed? Would the new management infrastructure cost money – and if so, how much? Would this cost be added to the access fees? It is sounding more and more expensive by the minute...

In my opinion, the real issue is Human Nature. I don't care what it is – river, lake, park, road, sidewalk, or whatever – if it is public access (even if you have to pay) then people will trash it. Not everyone, just those few who will trash anything. You can't change them. Not with a fee, not with patrols, not with restrooms, not with a trashcan at every possible spot – it won't happen. They will still abuse it, no matter what you do to stop it. I know this because I clean up after them everywhere I go. Whether it is a free (no charge) river, or a pay access lake, or a permit-only wilderness area, or my front yard (private property, by the way) there is something for me to clean up. Add to this the fact that many landowners are not always the cleanest folk I've seen. From my many river trips, I can safely say that they can easily be just as bad as any of the worst river-user litterbugs.

Suffice it to say that requiring people to pay for access to these waterways will not stop the problem – period. It may even cause more litigation from organized river-users for negatively impacting legitimate (and respectful) use of these waterways. Why are we paying lawyers to endlessly debate the issues? It appears they are the only ones who come out ahead with the existing model. If the old Navigability system is too costly and time consuming, maybe we should change that process instead? Why are we using a process from 1859 in 2003? Isn't there some kind of alternative by now? Is there no reform potential here to obtain a more streamlined process that benefits all parties? Why does everything translate into a pay-for-use issue?

The Public Wallet is not the answer to every problem,

PM, Oregon



paddler: Clay Wright

photo by Jed Weingarten

**Keeping You Dry
11 years...and counting**

...because it works!

100% Made In the U.S.A

NEW! Freestyle Series

**Titanium Neoprene Gaskets
Extremely Dry and Comfortable**

**Hot New Colors
Orange, Gray,
Red, and Blue**

**Generous Cut
Allows for
maximum
mobility & comfort**

**The driest &
most durable
skirt on the market**

Conservation Updates

by John Gangemi

Whitewater Flows Nearing Final Approval for the Bear River, Idaho

The Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC) released the Final Environmental Impact Statement (FEIS) for PacifiCorp's Bear River hydropower projects. The FERC approved the language for 16 whitewater releases into the six mile Class IV Black Canyon of the Bear on weekends April 1 through July 15. The new license with these conditions should be issued before the end of 2003. American Whitewater played a key role in securing a whitewater release schedule in this license. A Controlled Flow Whitewater Study was conducted on this reach in May 1997.

American Whitewater Helps Defeat Boat Registration Bill, Montana

On April 14, 2003 the Montana House failed to pass SB 287, a bill requiring non-motorized boats to be registered in the state. SB 287 was defeated by a 45 to 53 vote on the House floor. American Whitewater and local volunteers have posted updates designed to educate state legislators on the shortcomings of the proposed legislation. Fortunately, a majority of the legislators also recognized the legislation unfairly placed the funding burden on boaters for state facilities used equally by shore based recreationists.

Some individuals labeled American Whitewater's opposition to this legislation as obstructionist. American Whitewater views our role as more constructive than obstructive. We have worked on this legislation since it was first released in a draft stage. Our testimony at the Senate Hearing February 6, 2003 pointed out the fiscal shortcomings (lack of dedicated funds back to the resource) as well as the lack of fairness associated with charging fees to boaters using access sites but allowing the remainder of the public to utilize the same access sites without charge. The bill was amended numerous times as it proceeded through the legislature.

Many of the amendments were aimed at correcting specific shortcomings American Whitewater and local volunteers identified in the bill. Our motivation was not to receive special exemptions but rather to avoid being unfairly targeted for a user tax that provides no benefits in return. As a result I would like to think that the boating community served a positive constructive role as this legislation proceeded through the legislature. We acted as responsible and educated citizens tracking the formation of our state regulations. Ideally, state government should work with this bottom-up approach.

In addition to Montana, American Whitewater has successfully defeated punitive boat registration regulations in Connecticut, Maine and Arizona this spring. As a result of the work in Montana and other states, American Whitewater has developed a guidance document for working on boater registration regulations.

Public Access Now a Reality on South Boulder Creek, Colorado

For years now boaters have cautiously paddled upper and lower South Boulder Creeks on the Colorado Front range. Stealth is no longer needed thanks to American Whitewater's efforts in the FERC relicense process for Denver Water's Gross Reservoir. Because Gross Reservoir serves as storage for domestic water, Denver Water used to prohibit boaters from paddling on Gross Reservoir or South Boulder Creek below the reservoir. During relicensing, American Whitewater effectively argued that whitewater boaters do not pose a threat to water quality. Furthermore, the Federal Power Act requires that utilities provide recreational opportunities on project waters. The FERC supported our arguments. Denver Water completed a recreation access plan in 2002. The plan including flatwater recreation by non-motorized/car-top boats is now being implemented.

Rhineland Hydroelectric Project, Wisconsin

The FERC issued the Final Environmental Assessment (FEA) for the Rhineland Hydroelectric Project in Wisconsin. The Wisconsin River flows through the heart of the town of Rhineland. The FEA largely reflects the language in the Settlement Agreement reached between the local paddling club, Northern Paddle and Trails, and Rhineland Paper. The Settlement Agreement calls for scheduled whitewater releases into the bypassed reach for up to 80 hours annually at a volume and periodicity requested by the Northern Paddle and Trails paddling club. As a show of good faith, Rhineland Paper implemented this condition of the Settlement in 2001. The FERC notice serves as a formality and opportunity for public comment.

For updates on the timing and volume of releases visit the streamkeeper page for the Rhineland reach on the Wisconsin River www.americanwhitewater.org/rivers/id/2933/.

Hoosic Flow Study Scheduled for June, New York

The long anticipated Controlled Flow Whitewater Study has been scheduled for the Hoosic River in early June, 2003. In June 2002 American Whitewater reached settlement with Reliant Energy for the operation of the Schaghticoke and Johnsonville hydropower projects on the Hoosic. The FERC approved the settlement and issued a new license in November 2002. The new license calls for up to five whitewater releases phased in over time based on demand. The volume of the releases will be determined by the results of the whitewater flow study in June.

For more information about the Schaghticoke reach visit the streamkeeper page www.americanwhitewater.org/rivers/id/1320/.

Conservation Updates continued

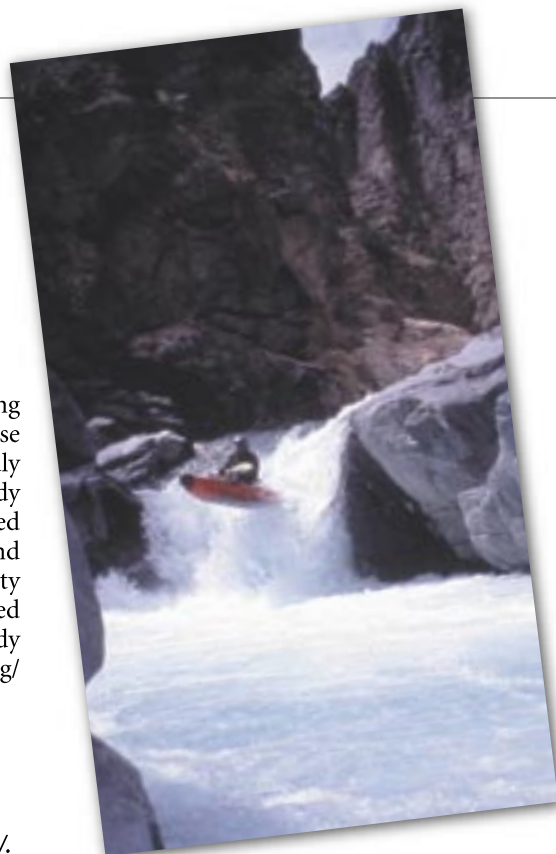
by John Gangemi

Chelan Whitewater Releases hanging on a Liability Thread, Washington

The future of scheduled whitewater releases into Chelan Gorge are uncertain due to Chelan PUD's request for liability protection. American Whitewater staff have been working diligently with Chelan PUD to craft language for the new license that includes eight whitewater releases scheduled on weekends in July and September. American Whitewater does not necessarily agree with Chelan PUD's position on the need for additional liability protection for whitewater releases but in the spirit of cooperation in this settlement proceeding, we have agreed to work on amending the Washington state recreational use statutes to offer Chelan PUD additional protection. The final language for the Settlement Agreement should be finalized in early May.

American Whitewater has been working with Chelan PUD since 1998 in the relicense process for this hydropower project. In July 2000 a Controlled Flow Whitewater Study was conducted. The study determined that the Gorge was indeed navigable and provided a unique whitewater opportunity in the Pacific Northwest. Participants rated the Chelan Gorge to be Class V. The study can be viewed at www.chelanpud.org/relicense/.

For a complete description including photos and video of the Gorge visit the Chelan streamkeeper page:
www.americanwhitewater.org/rivers/id/3144/.







Tracy Clapp on Superboof, Chelan Gorge, Washington


Hooked

on the Outdoors®

THE ORIGINAL BACKYARD TRAVEL & GEAR MAGAZINE

Hooked on the Outdoors is proud to support American Whitewater again in 2003, as we have done since 2000. Look to us for diverse, multi-sport content including plenty of paddling, as well as hiking, biking, snowsports, fishing and more. After all, we're the original backyard travel and gear magazine, bringing you relevant editorial: finding new and fun things to do, close-to-home destinations, the gear you need, entertaining articles and the outdoors best photography. **Get Hooked!**





VISIT US AT THESE AND OTHER FUN OUTDOOR EVENTS:

Asheville Mountain Sports Festival, 6/5-8, Asheville, NC; Southern Crush, 6/14-15, Pigeon Mtn, GA; Telluride 360 degree Adventure Festival, 7/3-6, Telluride, CO; Mega Dose 2-Day Adventure Race, 7/12-13, Natural Bridge, VA; American Whitewater-Deerfield Festival, 8/2-3, Deerfield, MA; Summer OR Trade Show, 8/14-17, Salt Lake City, UT; Odyssey Half IRON Triathlon, 9/6, Spotsylvania County, VA; Lanier Canoe 2003, 9/10-14, Gainesville, GA; American Whitewater Gauley Festival, 9/19-21, Summersville, WV; West Coast Sea Kayakers Symposium, 9/20-22, Port Townsend, WA; Bridge Day, 10/17-18, Fayetteville, WV; Nantahala Outdoor Center Guest Appreciation Festival, 10/30-11/2, Bryson City, NC. See www.ruhooked.com/hookedtour.html for up-to-date schedule.

visit us online at www.ruhooked.com

North Fork Feather River Whitewater Release Schedule Adjusted for 2003, California

The schedule for whitewater releases has been adjusted for 2003 in response to biological monitoring results from the 2002 season. The new license for PG&E's Rock Creek and Cresta hydropower projects calls for a three-year biological monitoring component that coincides in part with scheduled whitewater releases. The June 2002 monitoring results indicated that foot-hill yellow-legged frog egg masses are moderately susceptible to displacement during whitewater releases. The egg masses are deposited in May and early June. In light of our conservation mission, American Whitewater volunteered to move the whitewater release schedule back four weeks to avoid negative effects on egg masses. Studies on fish displacement, fish stranding and amphibian tadpoles did not show adverse effects associated with the whitewater flows. These studies will continue through year three of the new license. After the third year the adaptive management team will make recommendations on the timing, volume and ramping rates for whitewater releases.

In 2002 nearly 500 boaters per day attended the whitewater releases. The North Fork Feather is a unique resource with limited parking and river access—please honor our commitment to other parties in this settlement by using the shuttle services and respecting other users.

The Double Edged Sword of the FERC Regulatory Process

In October of 2001, PG&E missed by one day the license application filing deadline for their Poe Hydropower Project on the North Fork Feather River in California. FERC regulations require that all filing deadlines must be met or the filing is not accepted. American Whitewater staff works hard to meet these FERC requirements when filing comments for the multitude of hydropower proceedings across the country. PG&E lobbied the FERC for an exception but was denied. PG&E's mistake has resulted in dire consequences allowing other hydro developers to compete for the same hydro license at the Poe site. This scenario of competing license applications for the same hydro project presents an unheralded opportunity for American Whitewater and the conservation community at large. Competition where none existed before spawns proposals for improved instream flow regimes previously non-existent. American Whitewater is working with the competing license applicants to develop a comprehensive plan that properly balances resource needs on the North Fork Feather River. American Whitewater conducted a Controlled Flow Whitewater Study on the Poe reach in May 2000. This section contains a 4.5 mile Class V reach and a 4.5 mile Class III reach. This reach is directly downstream of the Rock Creek and Cresta sections where monthly whitewater releases attract nearly 500 boaters for each release.



*Kurt Sable on Poe Reach of the
North Fork Feather River, California*

"Yucking" during 2002 whitewater releases on North Fork Feather River, California



**NORTH FORK FEATHER RIVER
2003 Whitewater Release sShedule:
June 28-29, July 26-27, Aug 23-24,
Sep. 27-28 and Oct. 25-26.**

**FPO
Campmor
1/6pg V**

Settlement Agreement for South Fork American River hydro project, California

On April 28th, 2003 American Whitewater signed a Settlement Agreement for the new for El Dorado Irrigation District's (EID) Project 184 hydroelectric project located on the South Fork of the American River, and its tributaries. For two years, stakeholders representing a broad array of interests, EID, and federal and state resources agencies labored through countless meetings, technical studies, and heated negotiations.

Project 184 is a 21-megawatt hydroelectric and water supply project spread across the South Fork American River, tributaries to the South Fork, and several high mountain lakes, including Lake Aloha, Caples Lake, and Silver Lake. "By working collaboratively to understand EID's goals as well as fish, wildlife and recreation needs in these waters, the stakeholders produced a durable and comprehensive settlement agreement that we anticipate will meet the needs of both EID and the ecological resources," said Kelly Catlett of Friends of the River. For example, the agreement provides for: (1) instream flow regimes to mimic natural river processes and create healthy fish and amphibian species habitat and populations; (2) fish screens to prevent entrainment of trout; (3) enhancement of recreational opportunities including real-time flow information; and, (4) a long-term monitoring and adaptive management approach to Project operations.

Hydro Mitigation on Rogue River, Oregon

On April 24, 2003, American Whitewater Conservation Director John Gangemi conducted a site visit to investigate whitewater opportunities at PacifiCorp's Prospect Hydropower Project on the Rogue River. As luck would have it, heavy rains throughout April resulted in 800 cfs of spill into the normally dewatered reach between the dam and powerhouse, a distance of 5 miles. Gangemi, joined by Ben Stookesbury of No Big Names Fame, Samantha Glaes and Grant Weidenbach headed to the

spectacular Mill Creek Falls put-in. This lower put-in is situated just downstream of the Class V+ Prospect Falls Section and Class V Avenue of Boulders featured in No Big Names II. In the 1.5 miles from Mill Creek Falls to the powerhouse, the Rogue contains over a dozen Class IV creek style rapids. The river continues for an additional three miles below the powerhouse with Class III difficulty. PacifiCorp's hydro license expires in July 2005. The new license application is due to FERC July 2003. American Whitewater will be working diligently with PacifiCorp between now and the July 2003 filing date to include language for scheduled whitewater releases and real-time flow information in the new license.

For more information contact John Gangemi, American Whitewater Conservation Director, jgangemi@digisys.net.

View of Mill Creek Falls from the water on Rogue River, Oregon



FERC Navigability Report for the Nooksack River, Washington

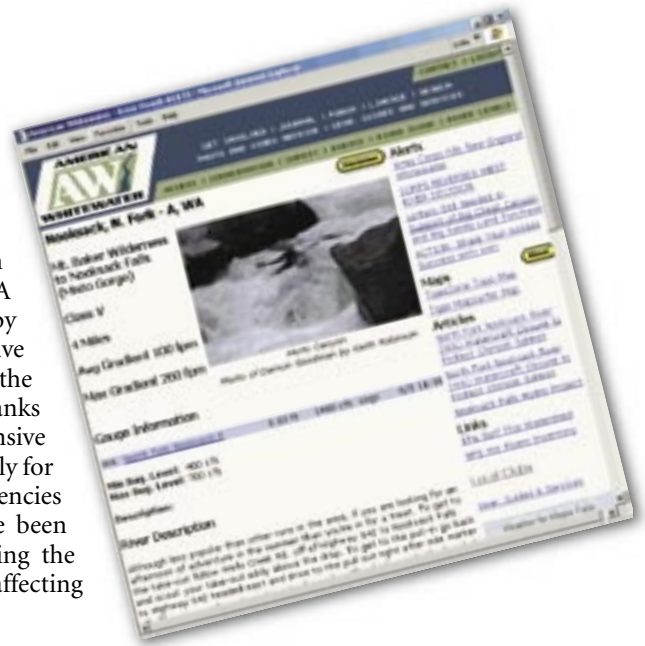
In April American Whitewater, thanks largely to efforts by Tom O'Keefe, filed comments on the FERC's Navigability Report for the Nooksack River in Washington State. The Federal Power Act requires hydro projects located on rivers determined to be navigable to be licensed by the FERC. On the Nooksack two hydro developers are competing to resurrect an abandoned hydro project. One developer has applied for a preliminary permit with the FERC. The other hydro developer believes the FERC has no jurisdiction over the project hence the navigability determination. Navigability determination is largely a function of identifying economic activities on a river that result in interstate commerce. Historically, rivers functioned as critical trade routes for commerce. Navigability laws were developed to protect those routes for commerce. Navigability in Washington State is defined by the amount of water necessary to float a bolt of shingles, a relict of the timber industry's practice of using rivers to transport products. The river in the area of the hydropower project site has been considered navigable and used for commercial purposes for over a century as bolts of shingles were transported down the river by Erb Timber and Shingle Manufacturers. American Whitewater's research and comments confirmed the FERC's report that the Nooksack is a navigable waterway. The Nooksack contains four whitewater runs listed on American Whitewater streamkeeper pages. As a result, any hydro project on the Nooksack should require a FERC license.

For a complete copy of American Whitewater's comments on the Nooksack navigability report, visit American Whitewater's website www.americanwhitewater.org.

Streamkeeper Page Critical for Arguments on Nooksack Navigability

The Federal Energy Regulatory Commission, State and Federal Resource Agencies as well as utilities have been searching our StreamKeeper pages with increasing regularity to assess the impact management activities or hydropower projects have on whitewater recreational opportunities. Clearly, American Whitewater's StreamKeeper pages are being used as a resource beyond the boating community and the lack of information on a stream reach can penalize us in the regulatory process. Because of this we have a responsibility as a community to document the existence of whitewater on our favorite river reaches around the

country. In light of the FERC navigability review of the Nooksack, local volunteer Keith Robinson of Bellingham, WA answered the call to help out by providing more comprehensive information on runs in the Nooksack River watershed. Thanks to Keith for providing comprehensive information on these runs not only for boaters but also for resource agencies and other non-profits who have been involved in the decisions affecting the future management of activities affecting these rivers. [AW](#)



You'd have a big head too...



Ken Whiting: World Champion kayaker, author, producer, instructor and coach.

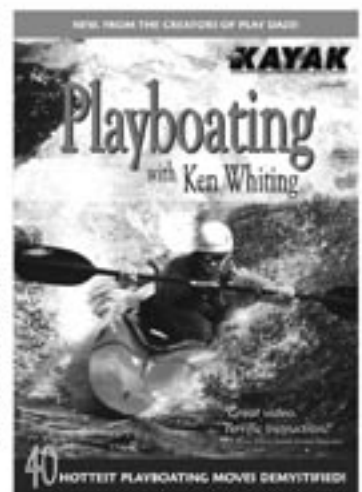
Ken Whiting is recognized world wide as the leader in whitewater kayak instruction. In 2002 he won Paddler Magazine's award for 'Best Instructional' with the video 'Liquid Skills'. He is now proud to present the much anticipated sequel to the award-winning, best-selling video 'Play Daze'.

NOW AVAILABLE!

Playboating with Ken Whiting

The step-by-step guide to all playboating moves. You'll learn how to front and back surf more effectively, spin on smaller waves, link endless cartwheels, and stun your friends with the latest aerial and flatwater moves. If you liked Ken's *Play Daze* or *The Playboater's Handbook*, you'll love this video! (DVD and VHS)

Includes: surfing, spinning, squirting, double pumps, stalls, flatwater cartwheels, clean cartwheels, splitwheels, aerial loops, flatwater loops, trickywhu's, blunts, air screws, pan ams, helix's, and MUCH more.



**"Great video.
Terrific instruction!"**

- Toon, Editor, Kayak Session Magazine

Visit your local dealer, order on-line at www.playboat.com,
or call The Heliconia Press at 613 256 7300

Conservation: Fighting to Save Clearwater Creek

by Rich Bowers, Bellingham WA


A primer on the threat of micro-hydro in the Northwest

Short, steep, sketchy, and located in the upper headwaters of the Middle Fork Nooksack drainage, Clearwater Creek is a quintessential Northwest Creek run. Set right in the middle of no-where, and a haven only for wildlife, loggers, and sometimes anglers and tribal members, the Class V Clearwater was a great whitewater secret - the perfect run! Who would be interested in a low-volume stream that drops 360 feet in less than two miles, and has enough water to paddle only six weeks per year?

Who indeed! Welcome to the world of micro-hydro. Micro-hydro means developing small energy dams on high-head, low volume streams. In this world, a six megawatt powerhouse and associated diversion dam on the Clearwater (enough to light approximately 2,500 homes during high water) was worth spending more than \$7 million in construction costs and (if estimates proved true) risking an additional \$900,000 each year in lost profits. Add in damaging endangered bull trout habitat, old growth forests, traditional hunting and fishing grounds for the Nooksack Indian Tribe, and future Chinook salmon spawning areas (if and when the City of Bellingham removes the downstream water-supply dam on the Middle Fork), and it all adds up to a pretty bad project. A dicey investment from a hydropower point of view, downright catastrophic from an economic and environmental outlook, and pure death from a whitewater perspective, as the planned bypass tunnel would kill this river by removing all flows from put-in to take-out.

In January of this year, local whitewater paddlers Randall Rinders, James Hall, Ryan Bradley, and others joined with American Whitewater to try and save this local jewel. Paddlers worked with the local press and environmental groups, with state and federal agencies, the Nooksack tribe, and others who had been involved with fighting this dam since the original application was filed in 1994. With a long

history of fighting dam projects across the country, volunteer paddlers and American Whitewater were able to raise public awareness, take advantage of deadlines missed by the applicant, Nooksack River Hydro, and poor financial backing for the proposed dam, and to aggressively lobby the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission to dismiss this application. This effort not only defeated this dam on the Clearwater, but also jump-started the dismissal of

and undeveloped. Get to know the resident anglers, and the landowners and others who have a vested interest in this creek or watershed. Together you'll make great allies. Join American Whitewater, or better yet, volunteer as an American Whitewater StreamKeeper. You never know, maybe you and your friends really are the only ones up there? If you're not on top of the issues affecting the rivers, who will be? 

Visit the Streamkeeper page for Clearwater Creek to learn more about this run

www.americanwhitewater.org/rivers/id/3583/

similar micro-hydro dam applications on other Cascade headwater streams including Warm, Irene, Rocky and Martin Creeks.

So is there a lesson here? Well, whitewater paddlers are certainly making a difference on river protection. And of course American Whitewater is a fantastic organization (unabashed plug). But the real lesson is not to take your local river or stream for granted - even if you're sure that only you and a few of your paddling buddies know the run exists! It's probably not the secret you think it is, and there's a good chance that your favorite creek has already been identified as a potential source of power. In Washington State alone, 539 as yet undeveloped small and micro-hydro dam sites have been identified on streams such as Glacier Creek (just up the North Fork Nooksack from the Clearwater), Fly Creek, the Carbon, Cispus, Upper Foss, Pilchuck, Upper North Fork Skykomish Rivers (Ashlu Creek in southwest British Columbia is threatened by a similar micro-hydro proposal), and many others.

Don't wait till the river is dammed; be proactive in protecting your favorite runs today. If you're the only group on the water, then you may be the only ones who care enough, and know enough, to keep it wild

**FPO
PS
Composites
(Usual)
1/6pg V**

Conservation: Short Takes

by Kevin Colburn

Cheoah River Relicensing Goes to Washington

The fate of the Cheoah River and of Graham County North Carolina now sits on a desk in Washington DC. The Alternative Licensing Process (ALP) was designed to give the people and organizations most affected by dams the authority to determine how the dam owner will mitigate those effects. This process can lead to settlement agreements that result in comprehensive and creative mitigation packages that are more meaningful and locally supported than many of the standard FERC Licenses that come out of Washington. However, when the dam owner dominates the negotiations and does not intend to settle with some interest groups, the process falters and incomplete settlements are reached and sent to the FERC for approval.

This is exactly what has happened on the Cheoah River in Western North Carolina. Tapoco Inc, a wholly owned subsidiary of Alcoa Aluminum, made it clear in the fall of 2002 that they had no intention of meeting the interests of the recreation community or the County that the Cheoah River flows through. Early in 2003 Tapoco filed a License Application that proposed only 5 boatable releases that were for ecological purposes, no flow information improvements, no boating access areas on the Cheoah, and no vegetation management (which is necessary to provide for a relatively safe boating experience). They also claimed that a comprehensive settlement was on its way. During this time period they also stopped inviting American Whitewater,

Western Carolina Paddlers, Carolina Canoe Club, at least 5 outfitters, and several other stakeholders to the negotiation meetings. These steps follow a long string of non-collaborative actions by Tapoco.

The groups that were alienated from the settlement discussions and several that are still negotiating filed comments to the FERC disputing many of Tapoco's claims in their License Application. American Whitewater and Western Carolina Paddlers filed lengthy comments in late April and have requested that the FERC integrate our comments and our proposal into any new license for the dams in question. We propose that 30 days of boatable flows be added to the proposed base flows, that unplanned spills be designed to maximize their recreational value, that adequate flow information be provided to the public, that adequate river access be provided, and that some of the vegetation that has encroached on the channel be selectively removed. We are optimistic that the FERC will recognize Tapoco's blatant omissions in their License Application and grant the recreation community our reasonable requests for mitigation. [AWW](#)

FPO
Riversport
1/3pg H

American Whitewater and Western Carolina Paddlers filed lengthy comments in late April and have requested that the FERC integrate our comments and our proposal into any new license for the dams in question.

The Importance of Watershed Protection

by Tom Christopher, AW Conservation Chair

In this century many areas of the US will face the increasing difficulty of providing high-quality water to its expanding population. Communities and state agencies will be challenged to find cost-effective ways to protect our aquatic ecosystems and groundwater sources that provide clean water. In some regions from the Pacific Northwest to Cape Cod in Massachusetts, water supplies have become inadequate because of multiple competing uses, and it is difficult, if not impossible, to achieve these goals.

The best security for our water resources comes through watershed protection. A watershed is defined as "a geographic area of land in which all surface and groundwater flows downhill to a common point, such as a river, stream, pond, lake, wetland, or estuary". Rivers are usually the focal points in a watershed, particularly if they become polluted or dry up, and this effects water-based recreation directly.

In all watersheds a direct relationship exists between our human activities and impacts on water resources. For example, in an average household each person will use approximately 55 to 100 gallons of water a day through routine activities such as running the dishwasher or washing machine, taking a shower, or flushing the toilet.

Managing human activities can be the easiest and most cost effective way to protect watersheds, beginning with appropriate regulations governing activities near wetlands, streams, and other bodies of water. Management strategies that extend

For more information on how to protect your favorite river contact the River Network at www.rivernetwork.org, or your local watershed association.

beyond regulations are most effective if we view the watershed in its entirety.


Wetlands, for example, serve as biofilters to remove pollutants from street and parking lot runoff as well as sediments from construction sites. Low-lying areas, swamps, and marshes act as recharge areas for aquifers and store large volumes of water during heavy rainfall to prevent flooding in downstream communities. Construction projects and development that fill or destroy wetlands at higher elevations in a watershed may cause irreparable flood damage further downstream. Wetlands capture and store water that can be released slowly and enhance base flows to rivers and streams.

Human activity can also benefit watersheds if we exercise our conservation knowledge in effective local political action. Protecting open space, controlling sprawl from urban centers, and preserving open spaces can be achieved through local action. Buffer zones around important aquatic resources can limit the spread of pollutants. Large expanses of open space and vegetated buffers can provide a diversity of habitat for birds, animals, invertebrates, and other species that contribute to a healthier ecosystem within the watershed, and also establish "core" areas and travel routes for species to move around throughout the watershed. Careful land-use planning in a watershed will consider open space and habitat as

important values that can enhance the connection to natural resources for people who live and recreate nearby.

The goal of using the "watershed approach" is to facilitate local problem solving and decision-making, and coordinate the activities that integrate the need for improved water quality with the economic needs of people, businesses, and industry. When watershed management fails, some communities enact "building moratoriums" to decrease or stop the rate of growth as water becomes scarce or because adequate sewer connections are unavailable.

It is important to prevent these disruptions of the economic stability, but at the same time we need to protect and restore the natural resources of the community. Fragmented actions undertaken by cities and towns without consideration of the watershed as a whole may prove ineffective and jeopardize the future sustainability of the basin. Boaters need to engage their interests in these discussions and take a role in any decision process that will protect our water and rivers from further degradation.

Understanding the factors that influence the availability of "good" water in a watershed can be complicated. Boaters and local watershed associations need to work together to help communities develop a fresh perspective and effective policies that protect watersheds. Only through cooperation will it be possible to manage watershed systems to achieve adequate riverine flows, habitat protection, and improved water quality and quantity. 

Conservation: Riversmart Program




American Whitewater Joins the Rivernetwork in the "Riversmart Program"

In an effort to protect and restore healthy rivers and clean water for whitewater recreation, American Whitewater has joined the River Network "RiverSmart Program" to help boaters become more connected to activities taking place in watersheds throughout the U.S. According to AW Conservation Chair, Tom Christopher, "boaters and whitewater enthusiasts need to broaden their conservation view to include a strong interest in the protection of open space, pollution prevention, and the biological diversity in the watersheds of their favorite rivers".

By using the "watershed approach" in addressing resource problems that arise from over-development, industrial production, and agricultural runoff, it is possible to develop strategies that coordinate efforts between separate governing bodies and other stakeholders to improve environmental quality. An attractive natural environment and, "quality-of-life" benefits are important assets to all communities and whitewater boaters provided through the watershed approach.

Critical to this process is the education of citizens and local officials to the basic ideas and components of resource protection and why it makes sense to consider the long-term advantages provided to communities through implementation of the watershed approach. As part of this effort American Whitewater is embarking on an outreach and education campaign on watershed protection to involve boaters in local issues that will effect the quality of the waters they boat.

This outreach and education campaign will include articles developed around watershed protection with each issue of the AW Journal. RiverSmart is a national program initiated by the River Network to reach out to citizens and other groups to protect rivers, and as a member, American Whitewater is doing their part to help in this important outreach effort. 

We Create Paddlers... Guaranteed

Discover the thrill of whitewater kayaking with the first instruction program that guarantees success. At NOC, professional paddlers help you set your goals and achieve them or you'll receive free instruction until you do.

Our 2-day and 4-day programs are available March through October and include freebies from paddling manufacturers and the famous NOC Outfitter's Store.

Rapid Progressions™ – Jamaica

Learn how to paddle at the remote Lost Beach Resort in the Caribbean.



Join NOC, the original whitewater outfitter for over 30 years. Call today for more information or visit us on the web.

Nantahala Outdoor Center
800.232.7238 • www.noc.com
programs@noc.com



Conservation: Hydropower Reform Coalition



What the Heck is the 'HRC?'

The Hydropower Reform Coalition is a group of conservation and conservation/recreation organizations working to achieve restore and improve the health of rivers through the improved operation of hydropower dams.

The HRC was formed in 1992, but by no means was the beginning of American Whitewater's entre into the arena of restoring rivers by working with 'dam' operators and licensees to secure river releases. Several landmark victories decorated the 1980's:

- AW board members were part of the Citizens for the Gauley River, halting a hydro plant from flooding and destroying rapids on the Upper Gauley River (Initiation, Insignificant and Pillow Rock rapids)

- AW worked with the Army Corps of Engineers to establish an annual release 'season' on the Russell Fork River that flows from Virginia into Kentucky

- Work was well underway on many rivers: the Moose and Salmon (NY) Tallulah (GA) and Deerfield (MA) relicensings

- New hydro dam license terms were being negotiated on the Black River (NY)

Several groups, including the Appalachian Mountain Club, American Whitewater, Friends of the River and American Rivers realized that 1) there would be hundreds of hydro licenses expiring during the subsequent 10-20 years and 2) there was no way any of the groups could involve themselves effectively in each of them, particularly in the required interaction with the FERC and relevant legislation.

We estimated that we could be extremely effective if we worked as a coalition (the whole being greater....).

Since that time the HRC has improved the quality of rivers, ensuring continued public access to rivers, and effected reform in the relicensing process to ensure that river protection is 'front and center' in every FERC licensing. To achieve these goals, Coalition members intervene in relicensings across the country.

Through the relicensing process, the Hydropower Reform Coalition has made the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC) take seriously its legal obligation to give equal consideration to power and non-power river resources (such as fish, wildlife and recreation) when reviewing hydropower applications.

An advertisement for Paddlesport Powerhouse. The background is a faded image of a kayaker in a yellow and blue outfit. Overlaid on this are several book covers: 'THE WORLD'S WILDEST RIVERS WHITE WATER', 'the armchair PADDLER', 'the BOMBHOOP roll', and 'APPALACHIAN WHITEWATER'. At the top, text reads 'Falcon Guides is pleased to support American Whitewater through the Falcon Guide Outdoor Fund.' At the bottom, text reads 'Falcon Guides and the Globe Pequot Press - Premier Publisher and Distributor of Paddlesports Books' and 'Paddlesport Powerhouse' in large letters.

Falcon Guides is pleased to support American Whitewater through the Falcon Guide Outdoor Fund.

Photo courtesy of Barry Grimes

THE WORLD'S WILDEST RIVERS
WHITE WATER

the **armchair PADDLER**
an encyclopedia of canoeing, kayaking and rafting adventures

the **BOMBHOOP** roll
with SEVENTEEN

APPALACHIAN WHITEWATER
THE SOUTHERN STATES

Falcon Guides and the Globe Pequot Press - Premier Publisher and Distributor of Paddlesports Books

Paddlesport Powerhouse

Specifically, the HRC advocates for:

- Restoration of flows to 'de-watered' river segments
- Restoration of damages to the environment
- Protection of riparian habitat
- Improved instream flows
- Improved facilities for fish to pass safely
- Public access to the river for recreation
- Planning for long-term dam maintenance or retirement

The Coalition

- Coordinates members' individual advocacy efforts
- Develops legal and strategic guidance and works with natural resource agencies on the state and federal level to improve the outcome of individual proceedings.
- Advocates policy and practice improvements at FERC and resource agencies and meets regularly with the hydropower industry to educate them to members' issues and improve relationships in individual proceedings.

Hydropower Reform Coalition Members

American Whitewater is a member of the HRC Steering Committee, consisting of four national and eight state and regional organizations that meet quarterly and communicate year-round. HRC members are not-for-profit organizations - well over one hundred river conservation organizations.

Steering Committee

Alabama Rivers Alliance
American Rivers
American Whitewater Affiliation
Appalachian Mountain Club
California Hydropower Reform Coalition
Conservation Law Foundation
EARTHJUSTICE Legal Defense Fund
Friends of the River
Idaho Rivers United
Michigan Hydro Relicensing Coalition
Natural Heritage Institute
New England FLOW
New York Rivers United
River Alliance of Wisconsin
South Carolina Coastal Conservation League
Trout Unlimited


What is American Whitewater's role as a member of the HRC and how do AW members benefit from our continued work as a member of this group?

Of all of the Steering and Committee members of the HRC, there are only two only organizations whose constituents are recreationists: Trout Unlimited and American Whitewater. AW's interests on legislative issues are almost 100% aligned with TU.

From project to project our priorities vary. We sometimes hold clear differences of opinion on a preferred river restoration scenario, yet remain solid as cooperative members of the coalition.

During our 3-4 meetings each year, we learn tremendous amounts from regional river groups and often work with them on specific projects. One such group, the California Hydropower Reform Coalition, is a group of California - based river conservation and recreation groups, a 'regional mini-HRC.' It consists of a similarly broad cross-section of not-for-profit groups, critical in order to address dozens of hydro projects that will be undergoing relicensing over the next ten years.

American Whitewater is the ONLY national organization that will be working on behalf of the whitewater enthusiasts in each of relicensing we undertake. In fact, there are some river relicensing projects that hold no recreational interest for angling, so we're at those tables for non-commercial recreation on our own. We are endorsed by the HRC and its members for 'all' relicensings: yet, the people attending meetings, signing petitions, making calls and, if necessary making a fuss on behalf of whitewater recreation, are AW representatives.

In 2002 we were involved at some level on over ONE HUNDRED relicensing programs. Two staff members (John Gangemi, Kevin Colburn) - 100 projects. 'Busy' does not do justice to the schedules for these gentlemen. If you want to know how you can assist in the relicensing of dams that may be in your area, please contact John Gangemi in the Western U.S. at jgangemi@digisys.net and Kevin Colburn in the East Kevin@amwhitewater.org. 

Note: Next journal will take a look at the volunteers helping to make the many current relicensings happen for us.

Brooks Wet Suits 1/3pg V

Conservation: The Gatineau River

by Don Karn

The Gatineau and 24 other rivers still free-flowing

Anticipating the day the Upper Gatineau Whitewater Festival will be organized, not to defend rivers, but rather, to celebrate them.

Some days it's just plain great to be alive. Like the time my twelve year old daughter and I first got our combat rolls at the Bonnet Rouge Rapids on the Gatineau River near Maniwaki, Quebec. It was a glorious, unforgettable afternoon in August 2001. Paddling languidly back to the beach under the warming late afternoon rays, I'm thinking to myself that it just doesn't get any better - and then, suddenly, it did.

On the beach, out of nowhere, stood a tall, dark stranger asking directions to the put in. His exotic accent was hard to pin-point with precision, but it was clear that it came from somewhere several degrees south of Maniwaki.


A five minute conversation established that the stranger and I were kindred spirits, if not in whitewater talents, at least - and more importantly - in environmental sensitivity. He turned out to be access director Jason Robertson of American Whitewater and he encouraged me to write an article for the Journal explaining our cause for the Gatineau and two dozen other Quebec rivers. These rivers were under threat by a Quebec provincial government program inviting private enterprise to develop 36 micro hydroelectric power stations.

During the fall of 2001, AW worked to put together several Canadian stories concerning our Gatineau and other rivers in Quebec. They were published in the January / February issue of AWJ with a crimson Canadian maple leaf on the cover. It would be hard to overstate the gratitude and humble appreciation felt here at a time when Americans would have been excused for being pre-occupied with domestic issues.


The following year, in November 2002, river preservation advocates listened with apprehension as Quebec premier Bernard Landry and his environment

minister, Andre Boisclair, announced the government's long-awaited water management policy. There were many encouraging points, including plans to create watershed management authorities, plans to expand natural heritage protected areas, and plans to develop recreational waterways in co-operation with the Quebec Canoe and Kayak Federation.


The policy addressed the question of the privatisation program and, surpassing all expectations, virtually killed it. In the face of persistent, sober arguments by an unwavering opposition composed of performing artists, preservation groups from all corners of the province, and other valuable allies, including American Whitewater, the Quebec government backed down. Of the original 36 sites, only three, with existing dams, remained. The water management policy announcement represented a huge victory for the environment coalition.



Kayak




Ecuador



NOV. THRU FEB.
SMALL GROUP SIZE
CLASS III+ TO EXPERT
IN ECUADOR SINCE '95

DERIEMER
ADVENTURE KAYAKING
QUALITY GUIDING AND INSTRUCTION.



Rogue
Middle Fork Salmon
Grand Canyon
Instruction

www.adventurekayaking.com
INFO@ADVENTUREKAYAKING.COM
TEL (866) KAYAK 66

FESTIVAL D'EAU VIVE DE LA HAUTE- GATINEAU



Whitewater photos : Jean-Marc Poey

The 2003 Upper Gatineau Whitewater Festival will take place in Maniwaki, Quebec August 23 & 24

A victory indeed, and one to be savoured, but it would be naive to ignore the challenges that lie ahead. The private hydroelectric consortium continues to lobby government and sway public opinion, opposition political parties posture in anticipation of imminent elections, and several rivers, notably the Batiscan, remain precariously vulnerable from an earlier version of the privatisation scheme. In the Gatineau Valley the regional government is still awaiting delivery of a consultant's report it had commissioned in September 2002 to guide it in the evaluation of a hydro development proposal at Chute de la Montagne, 20 miles north of Maniwaki. The private dam builders will have their fingers crossed that the report will give force to their arguments as they push to reopen the debate.

Victory in the realm of the private micro-hydro program should not be confused with the struggle that continues with Hydro-Quebec. The giant public utility has been given virtual free reign to forge ahead with its northern mega-projects, threatening national treasures such as the Kipawa and the Rupert, recently recognised



photo by : Jean-François Lemire
Quebec recording artist, environmental spokesperson and "Patron" of the Rouge River, Paul Piche at a Montreal rally held October 1st. Over 60 high profile Quebec artists have become patrons of Quebec's threatened rivers in an "Adopt a River" program.

as Canada's most endangered rivers. But that's another story.

Regardless, the mood in Quebec is currently cautiously optimistic. The debate has advanced the idea of green power and the concept of negawatts. Energy efficiency and wind and solar production no longer seem the unrealistic alternatives that they were a short time ago. There is clearly an opportunity to consolidate gains within the structure of the watershed management committees and to work for permanent protected status for many of our rivers.

Finally and most importantly, common citizens have been buoyed by a victory made possible by conviction and solidarity. It has been the solidarity of paddlers and non-paddlers alike, a solidarity that has transcended language and watershed, provincial, and national boundaries and it is a solidarity that may allow us one day to concentrate on the real essentials in life, like rolling kayaks with kids in whitewater at the Bonnet Rouge on the Gatineau. By the way, Americans with or without exotic accents are welcome - anytime. **AW**

**Official site of the Upper
Gatineau Whitewater Festival :**
www.gatineau.org

**For more on the struggle to
defend northern waters search :**
Reverence Rupert



Bhutan
Nepal
France
New Zealand
Mexico

ExcellentAdventures.net

call

Maria Peggy or Nick
1888 900 9091

info@excellent-adventures.net
www.needmoreadventure.com

Focus: Open Boat History

by Susan L. Taft

photos by Julie Keller
www.juliekeller.com



Open Boating A Long (and Short) History

Many people ask me when whitewater canoeing began. My response is that it dates back many hundreds of years and is of North American origin. Whitewater canoeing probably began as soon as the first young Native American took his canoe down a moving river and began to experiment with technique and design. After all, extreme rocker, a whitewater design feature, was incorporated into Native American designs dating back many hundreds of years. However, the exploration of whitewater as a sport began with the availability of wood and canvas canoes in the 1880's and by the early 1900's, the Appalachian Mountain Club had regularly scheduled spring-run whitewater trips. The canoe of choice

was 17' in length with a flat bottom, slight tumblehome, 13 inches deep, and no keel although 14' canoes were preferable for solo paddling. But while wood and canvas canoes were used on rivers up through probably Class III, the advancement of whitewater technique was limited by the durability of the canoes themselves. It was not until the introduction of aluminum canoes by Grumman after WWII that modern whitewater canoeing began to develop. Yet even then, the passive paddling style using back-paddling and back-ferrying was carried over from the earlier wood and canvas time. Grumman canoes were sturdier but they were not indestructible and by the early 1960's, fiberglass/composite construction began

to replace aluminum for whitewater. It also contributed to the reduced use of open canoes for whitewater due to the development of composite closed canoes (C-1s and C-2s). This was particularly true in the New England and the Mid-Atlantic regions where many slalom competitors abandoned their open canoes in favor of C-1s and C-2s.

However, during this same time, open canoeing in the Southeast (with roots dating back to the 1910's) was ramping up but unlike the Northeast's club-sponsored activities, individuals and small groups of friends explored the rivers of the Southeast and more often than not, as solo paddlers. Without the benefit of organized

www.ottawakayak.com

Wilderness Tours

KAYAK SCHOOL

OTTAWA RIVER • CANADA

NEW
TEEN
KAYAK
CAMP

Paddle
with E.J.

CALL FOR DETAILS

Check out this new website
about the Ottawa River:
levels, aerial photos & more

www.ottawakayak.com

1-800-267-9166

FPO

Sundance


1/4pg



photo by Kevin Breslin

instruction, they experimented and began to develop their own renegade paddling style (sans back-paddling and back-ferries) which developed into "open boating" as we know it. The 17' shoe-keel Grumman with flotation of styrofoam planks and truck inner tubes were a trademark signature of the Southeast boater. In the early 1970's, it was Southeast boaters who founded Blue Hole Canoe and introduced the first plastic canoe (thermoformed Royalex) specifically built and marketed for whitewater—the 16' OCA model.

The combination of plastic canoes and the Southeast's more aggressive paddling style brought about an evolution in open boating that carried into boat design. With the exception of whitewater slalom designs, the evolution in open boat designs in the 1980's was led by Southeast boaters including Steve Scarborough (for Blue Hole and Dagger), Nolan Whitesell (for Canoes by Whitesell), and Frankie Hubbard (for

Mohawk). Boat lengths dropped into the 13' range making solo boating even more popular than before. With shorter boats and continuing advances in technique, including open-boat rolls, the realm of open boating expanded to include Class IV and V rivers previously considered "un-boatable." In the early 1990's, boat lengths dropped to 11' and their use found popularity even in rodeo competition. By the late 1990's, boat length dropped further with sub-10' rotomolded models for rodeo. Yet, except for advances in modern materials and certain design features that the modern materials allow, even these sub-10' designs use many of the same features designed into 9' canoes built for navigating small streams by solo Native American hunters. While we may be able to boat streams the young Native American never considered in his wildest dreams, open boating owes much to his experimentation. 

Top 10 reasons to choose the Liquid Skills Kayak School for your next paddling vacation.

10. Great value in Canada for the US dollar.
9. Maximum 4:1 or 5:1 student: instructor ratio (depending on program)
8. 2, 3 and 5-day courses available
7. Fully serviced base camp at the take out of the Ottawa River.
6. Warm, deep, safe, playful, fun, river!
5. All the latest equipment.
4. Video analysis to maximize learning.
3. 4 customized programs ensures your group is similar in ability
2. World class instructors, including World Champ, Ken Whiting, and National Champ, Tyler Curtis
1. Based on the world-renowned Ottawa River.

"Great instructors who tap into different learning styles and abilities!"

Liquid Skills
Where Paddlers Come First!
www.liquidskills.com
613 582 3340



Kayak International presents

Kayak Futaleufu

Kayak Futaleufu is a fully equipped kayak base camp on Chile's magical Futaleufu River. We offer a full range of programs to accommodate different budgets, from all-inclusive to the basics. Paddlers with partners who don't paddle will love our non-paddler adventures as well.

Join our elite guides/instructors: Kevin Varette, Ken Whiting, Chad Hitchins, Tyler Curtis, Ruth Gordon, and more.

Contact us for a **FREE** Kayak Futaleufu video!

Contact us at info@kayakinternational.com
450 922 1796

Visit our website for a full tour of the Futaleufu river!
www.kayakfu.com

Focus: Open Boats / Getting Started

by Charlie Walbridge

True Confessions of an Old-Time Boater

Nowadays it's easy to run down to a store, buy a kayak, and take classes at a local kayak school. But years ago beginnings were different. This is my story.

It's the summer of '62 and I'm a 14 year-old at Mowglis, a boy's camp in New Hampshire. We've been floating the Saco River for a day and a half and we've just arrived at Walker's Falls. The rapid is only Class I or II, but to our group it looks tough! We scout it carefully in the warm sunlight. Mr. Abbott says we'll have to run down the right-hand chute then cut to the left to avoid hitting a big rock at the bottom. I'm thinking I really don't know how to steer this thing.

One by one we head back to our aluminum canoes, battered wooden paddles, and life vests – whoops, oh yeah, we don't have life vests! One or two of our boats make it through upright, but most broach against the rock at the bottom and capsizes. I'm at the end of the line with my partner, Danny. He's the best canoeist in camp but he's also the smallest kid in the group. I'm the biggest, and he got paired with me because I've never canoed before. Mr. Abbot wants him to paddle bow, where he has little control over what's going to happen, and he doesn't like it. I'm too scared to steer as we slide down the chute and before I know it we've hit the rock head on. The bow flies up, and we teeter on the rock. I throw my weight forward; we slide down the other side, upright. The guys say that's cheating. I'm tired of sand in my gear and soggy wet feet. I think I'm going to stick to backpacking.

Fast forward to the fall of '66. I'm in freshman orientation at Bucknell University in Central Pennsylvania. I've just run into a guy named Marty. He's tall and skinny, with wild red hair and bugged out blue eyes. He's way into Tolkien and has a zany sense of humor. We find out that we've both been working as camp counselors in New England for the past few years. My camp did lots of backpacking in New Hampshire's White Mountains; his did long canoe trips in Northern Maine. Bucknell doesn't have

an outing club so we decide to start one.

By the Spring of '67 the Bucknell Outing Club is up and running. I've been distracted by freshman football and I've done enough hiking in the area to know it's not very exciting. Marty has been canoeing a lot and he talks me into doing an overnight on Penn's Creek with him. Somehow we scrounge a couple Aluminum canoes and a two-man Klepper Foldboat. By mid-afternoon we're in Coburn, loading the boats.

I'm paired with Dave and in the stern – this time because I'm the one who's canoed before although I'm still not really sure how to steer. Except for a few minor rapids in New Hampshire, this is my first whitewater trip. Marty and Jim hop into a canoe and along with Bob, who's paddling the Foldboat, they leave us far behind. But it's a sunny day, and we're doing just fine. We're floating down a deep valley, and the trees are just beginning to bud. "This is wonderful," I think, "you get to see all this great country, and you don't have to carry a pack."

We run into the rest of the group about five miles downstream where the river makes a wide loop. The rapids are harder here, probably Class II. Dave and I start down and quickly get stuck on rocks. We hop out, pull it off, and quickly broach again. We decide to wade and drag our canoe along the shore for a while. It's getting late, and the water is really cold. Eventually the river calms down enough and we can get back in. We make camp in the woods by a long pool.

The next day, disaster strikes. Bob and his foldboat get swept underneath a tree. We wrestle the boat loose, but he's looses his camera and binoculars. Just below here Dave and I pin our canoe on a rock. The boat takes a while to get

free, and all our gear is soaked. Dave and I are so rattled that we want to hike out. Marty and Jim split us up. Marty put me in bow, and after a few minutes I settle down. We reach the takeout at Glen Iron with no further incidents.

The next year I got pretty sick and dropped out of the University for a year. In my absence the Outing Club got some student activities money and bought two aluminum canoes and some paddles. I hadn't forgotten that trip down Penn's Creek, and wanted to do it again. I even went out and bought an aluminum canoe for myself. There were no guidebooks, so we pulled out some highway road maps and decided to go exploring. My regular partners that year were Eric, a quiet, curly-haired blond guy on the verge of flunking out, and Bill, a very solid canoeist who preferred to paddle solo.

In the spring of 1969 we did some 50+ mile day trips down Pine Creek and Loyalsock Creek below Forksville. I was still recovering from my illness, and it felt good to float those easy riffles and long pools in the warm sun! We ran tiny Baab



Creek down into Pine Creek and stuffed three canoes underneath a downed tree! Later we tried to crash our way down the Loyalsock above World's End State Park at low water. It was an honest Class III, or so we thought. The high point of the trip was running "The Sluice", a break in a three-foot high dam that creates a swimming hole in the park. The big waves in the run-out could swamp your canoe in a second,

bring the matter before the Dean. We were grudgingly offered a slot from 7 to 9 AM on Saturday.

After several weeks of flailing around, a few of us were able to awkwardly roll our kayaks back upright - it was pretty precarious. Then one night I got a call from my buddy Jim Love. "We're doing it all wrong!" he said, "Come over here and I'll

fonte to watch some people build their kayaks. I spent half a day helping one of them build a C-1. Later Jim and I borrowed a mold and laid up a Prijon Special Slalom in his basement. During Spring Break I went to an Army-Navy store in Brooklyn and bought two shortie wetsuits for \$35 each. I also ordered a couple of waterproof tops from the Dartmouth Co-op and bought some hockey helmets and inflatable life vests from Bart

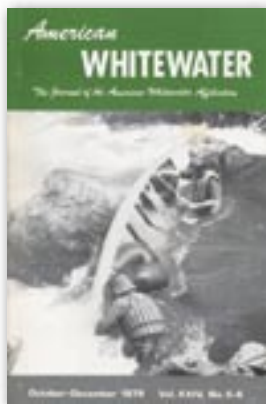
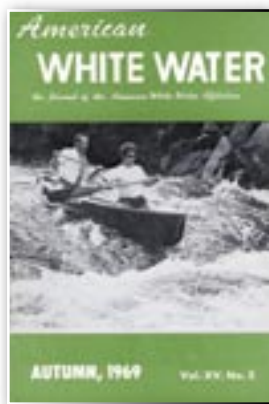
Hauthaway. We were ready for spring

Jim had just finished building his kayak, and was anxious to put it on the water. I came home from spring vacation a day early in a hard, wet snowstorm. We geared up at his house and drove down to McKee's Half-Falls, a rapid on the Susquehanna I'd seen on previous drives

back to College; maybe a Class II. Compared to an aluminum canoe, you could really FEEL the water in a kayak. The shifting currents spooked me, and I flipped in the second drop. I bailed, grabbed my boat and gear, and struggled ashore into 6" of snow. Jim did just fine. We spent the spring paddling together on the Loyalsock and Lehigh Rivers, learning to do eddy turns and ferries. We entered the Loyalsock Slalom and didn't do so well, but our mentors from Penn State were encouraging. We knew we still had a lot to learn, but at least I could steer the boat.

In mid-May I asked John Sweet if he would take us down the Youghiogheny. He invited us to join him that weekend, but forgot to mention that everyone else would be paddling wildwater boats in preparation for the national downriver championships. Jim and I chased them down the river. They were impressed that I rolled at Cucumber, but then I hit the hole at Swimmers, freaked, flipped, and swam. We loaded up at Stewarton and hustled back up to Ohiopyle for a second run, eating our lunch during the ride. This time neither of us flipped!

It rained all night, and the river came up several feet. This was more water than the group really wanted, so they headed north to run the Casselman and Laurel Hill Creeks, both big, fast Class III runs with lots of waves. Three rivers in one weekend: unprecedented! After school a



but a woman named Sharon showed us all how to stay dry by back paddling as you headed into them.

There was a slalom race under way when we arrived at the Loyalsock a week later. We'd heard of kayaks, but we'd never seen any as sleek as these. And those racers sure knew what they were doing! We hung out and watched. I bought race programs and talked to people. A couple of the guys bought used kayaks right there. I wrote to an address I found in the Racing Program and joined American Whitewater. I also saw an ad for Klepper Kayaks. A few weeks later I went to New York, talked my mom into driving me down to Hans Klepper, and blew my savings on a shiny new red Trabant kayak, a nylon sprayskirt, and a wood paddle that I broke the first time I used it. I could barely fit inside!

That fall the Outing Club decided to run some pool sessions so we could learn to roll. The fact that none of us knew how didn't discourage us. After all, we had the AMC Whitewater Handbook! The first obstacle was Coach Reynolds, the Athletic Director. He was the swimming coach, and thought that this idea sounded pretty hare-brained. No one was going to take a bunch of dirty kayaks into HIS pool! Fortunately, our faculty advisor was the chair of a committee titled "The Place of Sport in University Life." This was part of an effort to open up the athletic facilities to non-varsity athletes. He told Coach Reynolds that if we didn't get some pool time, he'd

show you." Later I watched and listened as he contorted on the floor with his paddle, interpreting the sketches in the Whitewater Handbook. It looked improbable on dry land, but it worked great under water! Now our rolls started to have some snap!

I wrote to the Penn State Outing Club, sponsors of the Loyalsock Slalom, and asked for help in getting started in whitewater racing. The letter was passed around and eventually answered by someone named John R. Sweet. I didn't know it at the time, but Sweet was national C-1 champion and a very hot river runner. Sweet's Falls on the Gauley is named for him. His group included a bunch of nationally ranked racers and US Whitewater Team members. He invited us up to his pool sessions in State College, which, looking back on it, was an amazingly generous thing to do. After all, he didn't know anything about us except that we were some college kids who said we wanted to race. I told him that we'd been breaking the paddles we'd bought from Bart Hauthaway and Stu Coffin, and he recommended the Norse Paddle Company. Those sticks were heavy but tough, exactly what we needed!

Jim Love and I made the one-hour drive from Lewisburg to State College together every Sunday, all winter long. Those PSOCers were impressed that we could roll, and took time from their training to coach us. Dave Kurtz invited us up to the Wildwater Boating Club boat building shop in Bell-

Focus: Open Boats / Getting Started continued

by Charlie Walbridge

group of us drove to New Hampshire to climb and hike. I got a bunch of people to paddle down to Walker's Falls on the Saco, thinking that it would be a great play rapid. The water was high, and the drop was washed out. Fortunately, the Swift and Androscoggin were more rewarding.

In the fall of 1970 I still needed one more year to graduate. All of the people who had started the Outing Club with me were gone, but when I announced a meeting a new crop of freshmen showed up. All fall Alan, Ray, Dave and I loaded up the fleet of Outing Club canoes and spent Saturdays at McKee's Half-Falls, learning to do eddy turns and ferries. I was impressed with a tough little woman named Betsy who, although only she weighed a hundred pounds, thought nothing of carrying a 75 pound canoe by herself. In late October we headed for the Middle Yough below Confluence. The weather turned cold and


nasty, with a wicked upstream headwind. We arrived at dusk only to find out Dave left the keys to the shuttle vehicle at the put-in! Fortunately, Betsy's Dad, who lived nearby and planned to meet us for dinner, found us and saved the day.

During the winter a lot of the guys came out for roll sessions. I knew a few shortcuts, and they caught onto the roll a lot faster than we did! Now I had company on the road to State College. At the pool, Norm Holcombe said that I was way too big for a kayak, and that those silly kayaks were only for women and little wimpy guys anyway. And he just happened to have a used C-1 for sale! But I passed on the battered relic he offered, consulted the Whitewater Program, and ordered a new "Modified Czech" C-1 from John Berry. A few weeks later Tom Irwin showed me how to brace and roll it.

In the spring of 1971 I was learning to paddle my C-Boat while leading "beginner canoe trips" for the Outing Club every Saturday. For three bucks a head we took students to Buffalo Creek or Lower Penn's Creek, passed out gear, taught a little canoeing, and hustled them down these pretty Class I streams. We used the proceeds to subsidize our gas on mid-week Loyalsock trips and "Advanced Trips" to more interesting rivers on Sunday.

The Penn State guys suggested running Shade Creek into Stony Creek, and once the Loyalsock got too low it quickly became our favorite. It was an hour closer than the Yough, and you could set up a bike shuttle if you had to. I was nervous on our first run and when I landed on a mid-stream rock at the first big drop below the confluence with Shade Creek, I was so dry-mouthed that I could barely croak out the words "we need to scout this one" to my friends. On later trips we all took turns getting worked in those great play holes. Sometimes Betsy, who wasn't ready for this much fun yet, would come along and run shuttle.

We finally started racing. We traveled to the Petersburg Races on the North Fork, South Branch of the Potomac during Spring Break. I'd never seen so many paddlers in my life! I ran the "expert race" through mighty Hopeville Canyon sight unseen. I was so nervous that I loaded a full survival kit - sleeping bag, tent, and food - inside my boat. Fortunately, the river wasn't all that bad. But the biggest danger was being run over by those intense Midwestern downriver racers who screamed "HUT!" at you as they rocketed up from behind. About a dozen of us were at the Loyalsock, and a decent group traveled up to the Esopus Races after graduation.

That fall I met Ed Gertler at the Savage Races and he lead me down the Gauley for the first time. But that's another story! 

FPO
Surf Dog
1/3pg H

Size DOES matter.



Small Shaft,
and Proud of it.

It's not rocket science.

Smaller hands, smaller shaft.

**Women love it and
brave men like it too.**

It's about diameter.
It's about control.
It's about women.
It's about time!



WERNER

Events: Trinity River Whitewater Festival

by Marna Powell

Fun, Prizes & Water at the Trinity River Whitewater Festival

"IT'LL NEVER WORK...WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE!" As 2003 began, it looked like chaos would reign and freestyle rodeo on the West Coast would be history. Since the late 1980's, American Whitewater had been working to bring the nation's freestyle competitions under one umbrella. Various renditions included: NOWR, the AWF, AW's Teva Tour and then this year nothing. YIKES! We all got more or less dumped. AW decided (rightfully) that running the freestyle circuit was not their purpose and was taking resources away from river conservation. Small events would have to find their own way without the help of a national organization. One thing is for sure, the Trinity River Whitewater Festival wishes AW the best of luck with its renewed focus and we are sure the change will benefit all whitewater addicts.

Late in the fall of 2002, the Trinity River Freestyle Rodeo morphed into the new and improved Trinity River Whitewater Festival. The Festival came complete with a brand new location. And boy do I love

our new location. The new location is in Big Flat which is between Big Bar and Junction City on Hwy 299 (between Arcata and Redding). Trinity Adventure Park did a wonderful job of hosting the event. The Park is well known for being the takeout at the end of the popular Pigeon Point class III run. The run includes "Hell Hole" and Rapid Replay Photos. The Park has camping, hot showers, a small store (with microbrew!), a café, lots of parking, The Eddy Shop, fresh-roasted latte at the Strawhouse, photos of you at Hell Hole, and a tree swing!

On very short notice a few of the folks from Big Flat, California got together and pulled together a wonderful event. Neither Robin Stocum nor I can take any credit for organizing the event this year. We both came on board at the ninth hour as super volunteers. Paul Alleson, Craig Thompson, Dave and Dana Steinhauser, and Mike & Gail Colucci worked their tails off to put on this event. Paul raised more sponsors and prize money than ever before—about \$4000 in prizes plus a \$1000 cash purse. Imagine what he'll do next year now that he has experience!

So what did I do? I ran the scoring system. Although I was info booth girl, I also

donated prizes, sent lots of email, and generally made myself a pain in the rear to AW Events Director, Michael Phelan. Dave Steinhauser wants me to mention that I did the art for the t-shirt, so if ya'all want some help designing an event T-shirt, please feel free to contact me, I will draw for \$\$\$, fame, or yet more gear.

"NOW THAT'S COLD! Our little bit of heaven is called "Extreme Northwest California" by NOAA weather (far, far north of the Bay Area). I just call it heaven. Well, Heaven has seen unseasonably frigid weather for the month of April and while last year I sweated, this year I had an electric blanket in my 4-season tent with my 0-degree bag and my dog. The Trinity Whitewater Festival is two hours from anywhere and treacherous travel over snowy summits kept many folks at home. There was rain and sleet the entire time. Tao Berman, a professional kayaker, told me that he placed indexes on his paddle but still couldn't feel his paddle during competition. I bet he wasn't a weenie like me with an electric binky.

We offered a \$1,000 cash purse to split between the top 3 pros in each event--more than we gave out ever before. The Trinity was the first freestyle event to pay out equal money to both men and women and we continued that tradition this year. In fact, the top dollar winner was Wendy Lautner who won 1st for Pro women in both BX and FTR. Wendy tried to be a pooh-butt and not even enter the competition but she entered under duress and then sang all the way to the bank! Other cash winners were Mari Beedlow and Shawna McKee for pro women (both days) and in BX; Jesse Murphy, Tao Berman, and Tom McKee. In FTR; Dustin Urban, Tao Berman, and Matt Ivan Steifel for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd respectively.

The past couple of years we have really encouraged boaters of all abilities to join in the fun and competition. Two local boys took it to heart this year and entered everything! At registration they signed up for everything for both days, then drove around borrowing lots of watercraft. For BX Paul York and Chris Kennedy entered K1, C1, IK, and Open Canoe. But Paul and

photo by Robin Stocum



Chris' best performance was to come on Day 2 when they paddled downriver wearing red flannel shirts in a beat up canoe to the tune of "Dueling Banjos". They surfed a couple waves, took turns standing up and turning around (flat spins?) and stopped to give the judges beer and show off their freestyle multipliers—kids' math flash cards and for their final exit move performed a booming pop-up in the final hole.

Another reluctant-to-enter competitor was Brenda Odell, she finished in 1st place for beginners in BX. Brenda and her husband, Errin (1st place BX Sport, 2nd place FTR Sport) had a baby girl last year and Brenda was feeling out of shape, but the lesson here is ENTER ANYWAY—you might just win some great prizes!

Full results are on our website at www.trinityriverrafting.com

A MILLION THANKS all of the volunteers who helped to make the event possible. There are just too many to even begin thanking here, but a full list can be found at www.americanwhitewater.org. A special thanks goes out to Liquid Logic Pro Whitney Lonsdale who had a shoulder injury and managed the judging for the freestyle competitions.

SPONSORS were really generous to our event this year. Our major sponsors were: Eddy Shop/Wilderness Adventures, Imaginations, Kokatat, Shasta Climbing & Paddle Sports, Strawhouse Coffee Roaster, Teva, Tops Superfoods, and Trinity Adventure Park. Thanks to them and all the others who contributed. We had a whole lotta prizes and everyone who entered actually won at least one great prize. Heck, I think we gave away at least four paddles and several PFDs!

TO SUM UP (Where are Paul & Chris Bubbas' multipliers?): It was totally fun and lots of great people participated in a variety of ways, and everyone was really happy and glad they came, and there were tons and tons of prizes and it was really cold and wet—but hey, it's a water sport! **AW**

For the full text version of this article, please visit www.americanwhitewater.org

photo by Robin Stocum



Transport it. Inflate it. Love it!

AIRE self-bailing IKs offer hardshell performance with the flexibility for storage and travel. Jump in and go wild!



FORCE

The premium choice for adrenaline junkies. Force IKs handle spins, endos and pirouettes as well as hard shells.



TRAVELER

Features adjustable/removable seats for the ultimate in cargo carrying capacity.



For more information on our complete product line or to request a catalog call 800.AIRE.432 or visit us at www.aire.com.



Events: What's goin' on?

by Mike Phelan

Whitewater Art Gallery

American Whitewater will be starting a brand new tradition at this year's Gauley Fest. AW is inviting whitewater river inspired artists to show their pieces at the first ever Whitewater Art Gallery on September 21st in Summersville, WV. The showing will take place in a specific tent decorated to highlight the artist's creativity and choice of mediums. Artists that are invited to attend the showing will be encouraged to donate one piece of their work to auction off as a fundraiser for AW's conservation efforts.

A maximum of eight artists will be invited to show examples of their work at the festival. AW is delighted to announce that paddling icon Jeff Snyder will be the shows featured artist. Jeff's paddling resume includes exploring the early limits of squirt boating, pioneering countless runs in the Southeast, and inventing striding. What most people don't know is that Jeff is also a talented artisan specializing in wood sculpture who crafts unique lamps, bowls, and other unusual items.

Please feel free to call us at 828-252-0728 or email chris@amwhitewater.org for general information or about being a participating artist.

AW is Thrilled to Partner with HUGE Experiences

David Hughes the owner and founder of HUGE Experiences has promised to ensure that each and every one of his students/athletes are members of American Whitewater. He hopes that his students will not only become talented athletes, but will learn the importance of supporting and protecting the natural resources that defines their very being. As part of this promising relationship students attending HUGE Experience will submit regular articles to the AW Journal. AW hopes that these articles inspired by our sport's most talented youth will ensure that whitewater maintains its youthful and fresh perspective on the world.

Eric Jackson, two time world freestyle champion, will be the head freestyle coach for Huge Experiences' fall semester kayak academy. Jackson brings to the program his World Kayak Federation (WKF) developed philosophy of learning and teaching kayaking. Huge Experiences

will adopt the WKF philosophy, certifying each instructor, and offering the WKF certification to students.

This fall, Huge Experiences' high school students will travel and train on a kayak tour while earning an accredited high school education. After an exciting tour of east coast rivers and rodeos the academy will fly to Chile. While in Chile they will study the culture, examine biomes, and learn Spanish while in South America. Extra curricular courses will provide students with maximum life experiences-photography, video production, SAT prep, AP courses, and an out-door leadership course.

For more information about the unique kayaking academy's students and their travels surf to www.HUGEexperiences.com and watch for updates on their latest adventures in the AW Journal.



Need some filler here...any suggestions?

CELEBRATING 10 YEARS OF SUPPORTING AW!


Kayak Instruction • Outfitter Shop

Costa Rica • Ecuador • Mexico

*10 Years: and working as hard to keep your respect
and trust as we did originally to earn it!*

www.endlessriveradventures.com

PO Box 246 • Bryson City, North Carolina 28713 • 800-224-7238



AW

The Deerfield Riverfest

August 2-3rd
Charlemont, MA

Competition

**Cool Gear Marketplace
& Auction**

Live Music

Amazing Foods

***It just keeps
getting better
every year!***

**FOR MORE DETAILS PLEASE CALL 1-800-BOAT-4AW
OR CHECK OUT www.americanwhitewater.org**



ADVERTISING
DESIGN CO.
GRAPHIC

SPONSORED BY



perception®
ONE WITH WATER

YAKIMA®

BAR **CLIF**



Hooked



SMITH
Dagger

ZOAR
OUTDOOR

Events: Angst Mystery Nationals

by Mike Phelan

...celebrate cubic
freedom with other
free lovin' amphibians.

If you had made a visit to Cowbell rapid on the Nolichucky River during the weekend of April 26, you would have seen an interesting site...over fifty glistening metalflake squirt boats lining the sandy beach. That's right folks; this is the Angst Mystery Move Nationals!

The Angst Mystery Move Nationals were founded in 1999 by organizer Eric Zitzow. The event started due to disillusionment about rodeo within the squirt community. In the past, squirt boating was a side note at rodeos, often held at improper venues without proper organization. The Angst Mystery Move Nationals were created to form an event where squirtboating was put first and foremost. However, in the five years since its inception, this annual event has become anything but a traditional competition. What started as a small gathering of friends has grown to become the largest squirt boat specific event in the United States. The Angst Mystery Move Nationals is more than just a competition; this three-day event is a gathering of

dedicated squirt boaters who come together to celebrate this vanishing counterculture of the paddling world. At any point during the weekend, you can take a stroll thru the Nolichucky Campground where the after party takes place and chat with squirt boaters from as close as two towns over, to as far away as Oregon or Canada. At this event, nobody cares how good you are, where you're from, or how old or young you happen to be. All that matters is that you share the same love of the sport. It's a supportive and communal atmosphere where a beginner's first 3-second mystery move is likely to garner as much applause as a breathtaking 25-second ride by some of the experts.

Now, you might wonder exactly what a mystery move competition is, and how is it scored. A mystery move can best be described as an underwater journey taken in a squirt boat. Squirt boats are small

fiberglass kayaks that are designed with minimal volume in order to engage river currents. In a mystery move, the paddler uses his or her squirt boat to tap into underwater currents and make themselves one with the water, riding the underwater whirlpools and currents for a period of time. Skilled squirt boaters can continue to catch new currents once underwater and keep themselves down for extended periods of time, in complete control over their surroundings. In a mystery move contest, competitors are judged on total time underwater. Competitors are given five attempts at a mystery move. Time starts when the competitor's head goes below the surface and stops when the shoulders break the surface. In the end, the five mystery move scores are added together, and the person with the longest time wins.

The 2003 event was a rousing success. Throughout the weekend, many boaters were putting on a show, hitting consistent mystery moves in the 20-second range. During the day on Friday, squirt boaters gathered en masse at Cowbell rapid for an all day squirt session that lasted from the crack of dawn until sundown. The eddy's were crowded all day with squirt boaters, with lines of boaters getting as large as twenty people at a time! There were many familiar faces in attendance, like squirt boat designer and event organizer Eric Zitzow,



Results

Pro Class

Paul Bartholic	85.52
Tripp Kenney	78.53
Noah Frazier	76.06
Gabe Hyatt	67.4
Tim Hollar	66.95

photos by Chris Bell
chris@boatingbeta.com




Tandem Class

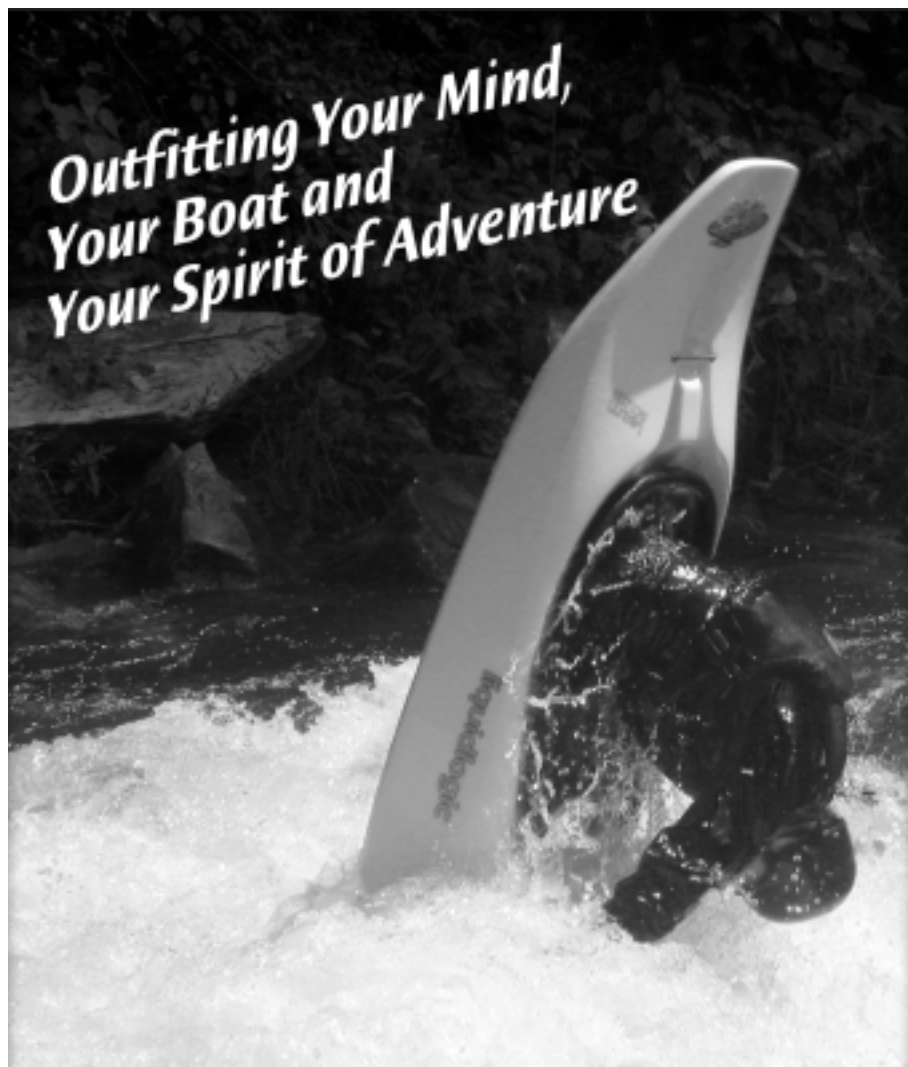
Eric Zitzow & Tripp Kenney	31.17
Noah Frazier & Gabe Hyatt	28.17
Chris Towles & Dan Guthrie	19.2

Amateur Class

Randy Steele	19.3
Josh Kaufman	9.3
Brad Buchanan	7.4

squirt boat builder Paul Schriener of PS composites, Power Paws founder Nathan Mills, and the forefather of modern squirt boating Jim Snyder. Looking around the eddy, smiles were abound and everybody seemed to be having a great time. On Saturday, the competition commenced, and the official 2003 Angst Mystery Move Nationals got underway. Starting off the competition was the amateur class, which consisted of a field of 13. Taking home the prize in this class was Randy Steele with a total time 19.3 seconds. Following the Amateur class was the pro field, consisting of 28 entrants. Competition in this year's pro field was fierce, and with the amount of talent at the event, just placing in the top 10 was difficult. Pre-competition favorites for the title included cowbell local Gabe Hyatt, southeast creek boat extraordinaire Tripp Kenney, and three-time defending champion Nathan "Nateman" Mills. However, in the end, it was newcomer Paul Bartholic who took home the title, wowing the crowd with five consistent rides near the 20-second mark and a total time of 85.52 seconds. Following the pro class was the first ever 'tandem' event. This event measured the combined simultaneous downtime of teams of two. Time started when the second team member went head under and both team members were submerged simultaneously, and stopped when the either of the two team members surfaced. Taking the crown in this class was the team of Eric Zitzow and Tripp Kenney with a total time of 31.17 for three rides. The two managed a rather interested ride in which both surfaced at the same time tangled up in each other's boats. Capping off the day was the awards ceremony and party back at the Nollchucky campground. Competitors were treated to a pizza dinner, a keg of beer, an official event coffee mug, and prizes from sponsors like NRS, KayakOutfitting.com, Power Paws, Mountain Surf, PS Composites, and Murkey Water. All this was courtesy of the low-cost \$20 entry fee. The party wore on well into the night, with stupid human trick contests for prizes, chug-a-lug races, and a brutal full-contact kayak land race between tandem event winners Eric Zitzow and Tripp Kenney.

All in all, the 2003 Angst Mystery Move Nationals was a tremendous success. Everyone had a great time, and there was a great positive vibe throughout the weekend. It was a great opportunity to come out and paddle with old friends, make some new ones, and celebrate cubic freedom with other free lovin' amphibians. 



*Outfitting Your Mind,
Your Boat and
Your Spirit of Adventure*

Share an experience with NOC... America's leading whitewater outfitter.

Improve your skills with private or small group instruction. Learn from the nation's top whitewater kayak and canoe instructors.

Equip yourself and your boat with the latest in paddling gear.

Explore exciting whitewater rivers in the Great Smoky Mountains and around the world.



It's all here, on the water, on the web.

Nantahala Outdoor Center
800.232.7238 • www.noc.com
programs@noc.com

Nantahala Outdoor Center

PRION

invest in durable goods.

Clay Staley drops the big one on Ok-Be-Voyful. ©Christian Rotenison

embudo

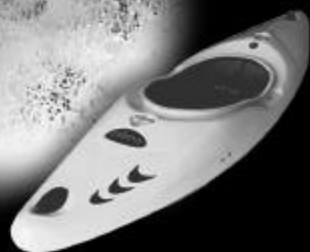


it's stiff
it's durable
it rules



Need beta on the Embudo?
go online at

www.wildnet.com/embudo
or call for a catalog 800-444-2336





In a sea
of clones

It's refreshing
to be original.

Separate Yourself
from the flock!

The new Air 45 and 55.
A completely different breed

It's what you'd expect
from Riot.

Just say no
to clones!!



2003 Kayak of the Year,
Outside Magazine



www.riotkayaks.com



the box and the hound

by David Schroeder

It matters little whether a paddler is spotting his shorts before dropping into the class III + crux on the Lower Mamby Pamby or smoothing a freewheel off a VI-slide-to-falls on the Middle Finger of the Nicknar. The fact of the matter is, there is one thing that all whitewater boaters have in common: a fabled run and its wild rumors of a Glory Supreme.

Though the sources of these inspirational tales are rarely credible, they are numerous, and their vivid accounts fluctuate like glacial flows in late August. A dangerous combination of sandbagging and embellishment is the rule, with word of

The fact of the matter is, there is one thing that all whitewater boaters have common: a fabled run and its wild rumors of a
Glory Supreme.

“man-eating holes” and “gimmee” class V’s spraying across festival campfires and wafting through EXT Cabs on long, dusty shuttles. River dreams are often forged with blue smoke and cold ale. Draped in soft fuzz, these seductive visions find purchase in the afterglow of a fine river day and dance atop pulsing coals into the wee hours of the morning.

A swimmer finds an air pocket in an undercut; a late ‘70’s guidebook proclaims it unrunnable; a videographer for SYK Broductions calls it a ‘Play Run’ at high flows; tougher than the Green, faster than Oceana, and must make eddys in a single boof...

Before knowing the location of the put-in, you are well aware of the one-boat micro eddy on river-right a scant ten feet above “Toad Strangler” and the class V sucker punch lurking around the blind corner. Both are tucked inconspicuously betwixt the never-ending froth and masochistic portages found in the belly of the beast.

Legendary runs are not simply a myriad of complex drops with dastardly consequence. Far from it. They have incomparable views of dramatic rock formations, untrammelled wilderness, and magnificent cascades. They remain unmolested by the grubby mitts of Joe Public and the booming adventure/exploitation industry. Many of them can only be seen in their entirety by expert kayakers or insane raft/catarafters looking for a sneak preview of their lives in Hell. Courage, desire, and discipline are merely prerequisites and the strength of mind,

body, and spirit are sure to be put to the test. These runs are Pure, and a price cannot be placed on the sweet taste of their nectar.

I remember packing up the truck at Split Creek Pack Bridge on Idaho’s Lochsa in early June of 2000. As I cinched down the last cam strap I overheard several boaters making reference to the infamous “Box Canyon” on the Clarks Fork of the Yellowstone. The tone was hushed, respectful. Even the laughter seemed somewhat subdued. It was almost as if the Box could hear their every word and would bring swift and just punishment to those who dared to enter her folds again. I was spellbound. A cam strap never took so long to be readied. Finally, I approached a silver-haired gentleman with a rugged, weathered face. I had watched him have his way with every tough rapid on the swollen



Lochsa that afternoon while I had braced and flailed down the raucous drops. He was solid. Damn solid. And from the sounds of it, he had seen what's in the Box on several occasions.

I rattled off the short list of class V runs I had experienced and asked for a comparison. The look that spread across his face was something I will always treasure. He was old enough to keep his composure for my egos' benefit, but nowhere near strong enough to arrest the wrinkles that rolled off his brow and up his forehead. His polished handlebar mustache twitched in its herculean effort to keep a smirk at bay while he mulled over the potential responses to my asinine request. What finally came out of his mouth was a blur. The Cliff Notes read – "The class V runs you speak of equate to a 'mommy and me' swim class in the light of the Box." Since that day on Split Creek Pack Bridge, thoughts of the Box inspired visions of a three-headed monster spliced together in the bowels of some mad scientist's laboratory. Nasty undercuts, pins, hungry sieves, and blind falls rampaged through the Tokyo of my heart and ripped me from my slumber with lucid visions of a slow slide down the glass and into a roaring abyss.

But there I was. The wheels hummed beneath me while I nursed a vaguely familiar stomachache and tangled with the snarled jumble of rumor, hearsay, and possible facts that I had assembled over the past couple of years.

As I wondered about my abilities and experience, the stomachache gave up its secret. I laughed aloud as I recalled a breakfast at Tudors' Biscuit World in Fayetteville, West Virginia several years before. It was the morning before my first run down the Upper Gauley. In fact, it was to be the first class V river for both of us. My partner and I rarely found occasion for silence, but the thought of sleeping with the fish forevermore put lead in the flapjacks and knots in our tongues. We were making amends, trying to reach a plea bargain with God, and readying ourselves for what was sure to be a hard lesson in mortality. As we drove to the Summersville Dam, I wondered about my abilities and experience. The Upper Gauley was our Fabled Run.

"Pillow Rock, the Room of Doom, 'Insignificant', Sweets, Broken Paddle; The Fruit Loop Backdrop of Gauley Fest; 'Iron Ring is a Class VI?..."

We had way too much information and not nearly enough confidence or experience. Somehow, we managed to wash through, no worse for the wear. To this day it remains high on the list of great river days.

With Yellowstone Park ahead and Paradise Valley slipping behind, I took a deep breath, hummed a few bars of "Country Roads," and began to focus on the task at hand.

I had definitely done my homework. Information on the Box is rather hard to come by. Still, I had tracked down three 15-second

video clips, a couple of email addresses, and scads of conflicting color commentary from Box veterans and would-be verterans while living in Virginia. The email responses yielded offers to show me down the upper reaches of the Clarks Fork, but no solid info on the box. The video footage clearly favored Carnage in a 2-1 split-decision. I was forced to bide my time and until I was once again west of the Mississippi.

Shortly after I returned to Bozeman, Montana from the east coast, I was graced with a glorious opportunity. My old friend Jason had opened River Source Outfitters in Livingston and had been "getting 'er done" with a host of new faces while I was away. Jason and two Clarks Fork veterans extended an invitation to paddle Big Timber Creek, a class V-V+ jewel that drains the Crazy Mountains near Big Timber, Montana. The run was spectacular. It is the friendliest and safest 720 fpm this side of a parachute, with more slides than a game of Chutes & Ladders. As we loaded up, some loose plans were made to meet over on the Clarks Fork to paddle the Day Stretch and Honeymooner. These two sections contain class V rapids that "vaguely resemble what you may or may not encounter in the Box" and are considered the proving grounds for teams preparing for a trip. The runs went very smoothly the following weekend, with better than half of the group that eventually went into the Box swapping leads and eddies. On Sunday, a tentative date was set for a run on the Big One and we all went our separate ways.

In the days leading up to the Box, I slept less, daydreamed more, and got in my boat every chance I had. I was as ready as I ever would be and, finally, it was time.

The miles slid by. I crossed the Mighty Yellowstone and wound up and in the Lamar Valley. Traffic was unseasonably light through the park and butterflies had slowly given way to quiet confidence as I turned onto the Chief Joseph Highway.

From our campsite that night we could hear the roar of the Clarks Fork from the canyon below. The sheer power of the run was evident in its thunderous call. Yet, it was not the menacing sound I had anticipated. It sounded inviting, welcoming us to the experience. I found myself looking forward to daylight and to an incredible adventure.

Over the next couple of days, we endured a brutal bushwhack to the put-in, heavy fire from swarms of blood-sucking mosquitoes, and endless ankle-breaking portages. The reward for our labor was beyond measure. The Box Canyon of the Clarks Fork Yellowstone is one



of the finest whitewater experiences one could ever hope for, with high adventure, fantastic rapids, and national park-quality landscapes, all hidden deep in a secluded gorge. It is a rare gem. As we floated out beyond the final portage, still high from the crux sections of the run, our group drifted apart. Each took a deep breath and a moment alone to let it all sink in. There had been missed lines, close calls, a couple of swims, and the ever-present undercuts and sieves. There were towering cliff walls, blind drops, agonizing portages, crystal clear waters, and countless incredible rapids. It was better than I had heard, and better than I had ever imagined it could be. Its grandeur will forever elude eloquence and imagery.

As we emerged from the Box Canyon, Glory was in me for a few fleeting moments. It was in all of us. There was nothing short of pure Joy in my heart. The current swung my boat in slow, rhythmic circles as the surreal panoramas passed slowly before my child-like eyes. Then, as quickly as it came upon me, Glory slipped through my fingers like the water beneath me. I placed a blade into the current and slowly paddled toward our journeys end.

The Fabled Runs await. Seek and you shall find a wealth beyond all riches. 



Bred In Europe
Punished on the Stikine
Sold In North America



www.palmequipmentusa.com

AW Merchandise Page

Won't export to PDF

full page

photo by Jed Weingarten



liquidlogic™

[liquidlogickayaks.com]



**Amy Jimmerson,
Skook**



liquidlogic™

[liquidlogickayaks.com]

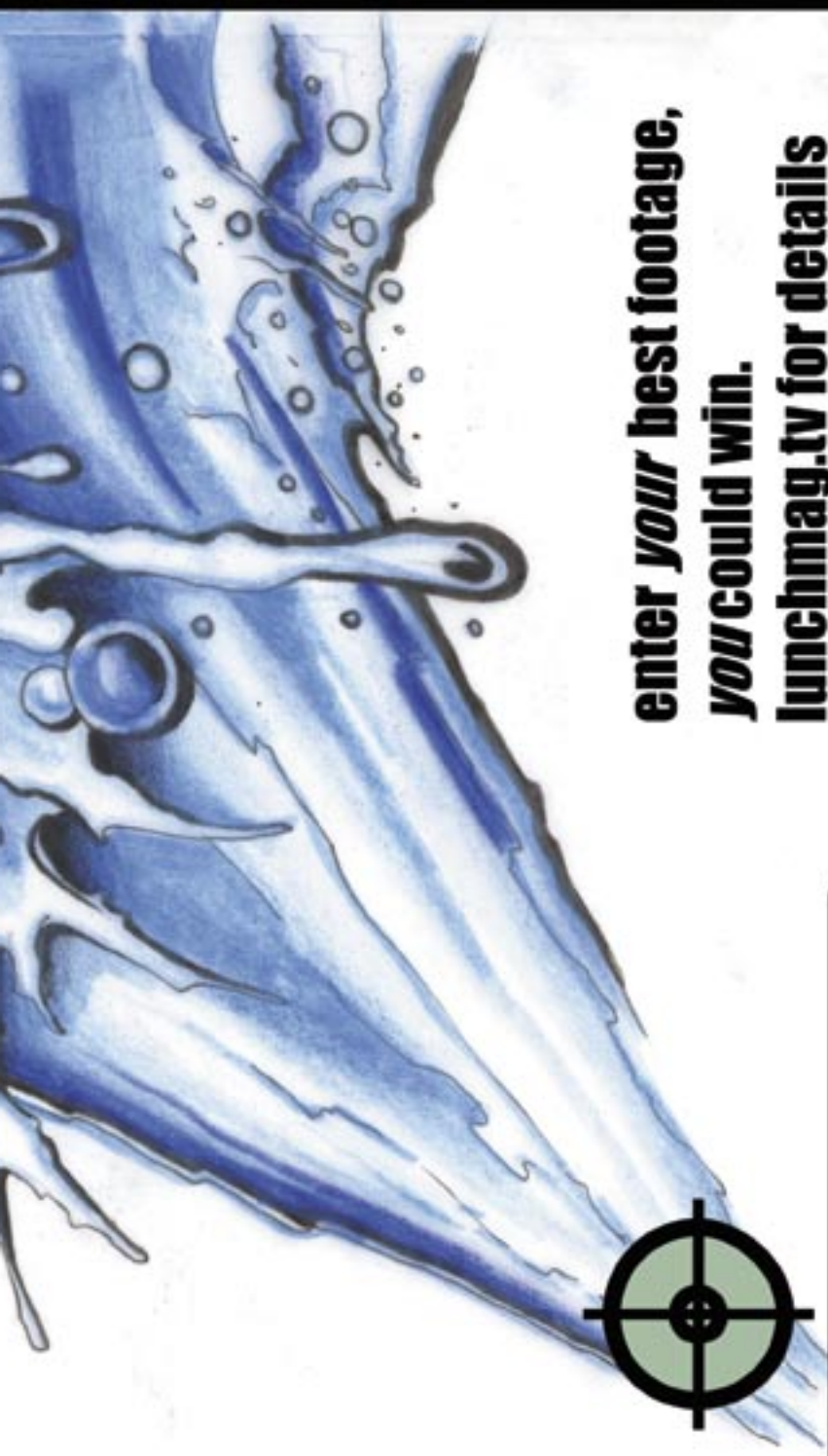


**Lane Jacobs,
Bobs Hole**

photo by Jed Weingarten

Video killed the rodeo star.





enter *your* best footage,
you could win.
lunchmag.tv for details

Art by Rob Berong

(big gun show)

TR

2003



liquidlogic.



exxtrasport



PADDLER
M A G A Z I N E



Traction Control

Built by NRS™

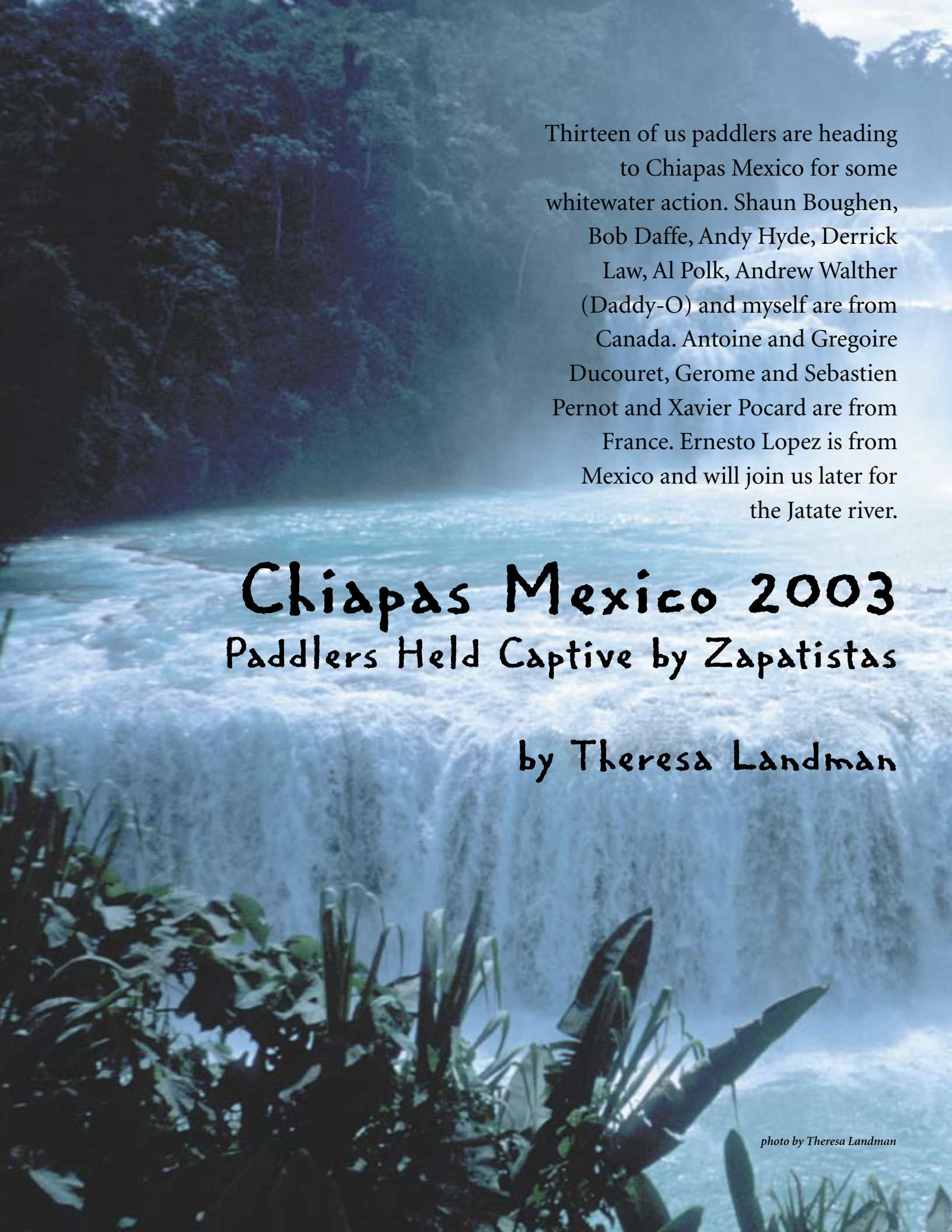


The Attack™ Shoe with Hypergrip® delivers unparalleled traction on wet surfaces. Its low-profile design and streamlined construction make it perfect for the boating environment.

See the Attack at your local dealer.

Call 800-635-5205 or visit nrsweb.com to find a dealer near you.





Thirteen of us paddlers are heading
to Chiapas Mexico for some
whitewater action. Shaun Boughen,
Bob Daffe, Andy Hyde, Derrick
Law, Al Polk, Andrew Walther
(Daddy-O) and myself are from
Canada. Antoine and Gregoire
Ducouret, Gerome and Sebastien
Pernot and Xavier Pocard are from
France. Ernesto Lopez is from
Mexico and will join us later for
the Jatate river.

Chiapas Mexico 2003

Paddlers Held Captive by Zapatistas

by Theresa Landman

photo by Theresa Landman



The **Agua Azul** is in a beautiful jungle setting, full of waterfalls, drops and slides in warm, blue water. The wide and narrow waterfalls are mainly travertine (limestone) formations; a very unique and special feature.

Everybody at the visitors viewing center where we put in is excited to see the kayakers braving the waterfalls. We have lots of fun running many of the falls until an intimidating 15-ft drop. There is a tricky entrance to avoid rocks at the top and halfway down. Andy and Bob run it no problem. Xavier runs it, flips and can not get his paddle to the surface. It is difficult to roll near the cave, which was formed by the falls. He swims and is thrown a rope that just happens to land in his hands while he is kept under the surface. Sebastien runs it, flips and swims too. His boat and paddle are sucked into the cave, as well as Xavier's favorite carbon paddle. The trick to this rapid is to point left. If you point right at the bottom of the drop you are headed for the cave.

Derrick, Antoine, Gregoire and Shaun help to lower Bob down from the top of the drop. Using a rope tied to his rescue

belt as safety, and another rope to lower himself, Bob drops out of sight into the cave. He throws the paddles out and hooks up the boat. They cannot pull the boat up as it is full of water. Derrick throws the rope across the drop to Al and he pulls the boat sideways and out to a big eddy. Bob has lost the rope he used for climbing because the boys let go when it got tangled with the rope attached to the boat. He only has the rope attached to his rescue belt left. Thankfully, the guys haul him up safely and all the gear is retrieved.

While scouting a double falls, walking on the shallow travertine, we see a deer get caught in the current. The deer loses control, tumbles and is swept over both 25-ft falls. To our surprise, the deer walks away apparently unhurt. It is too hard to see if there are rocks at the bottom of the falls. If you run the first one, you are committed to the second. It is getting late. We decide to portage.

The last waterfall of the Agua Azul River plunges 40ft into the Shamulja River. Andy finds a lower 30-ft drop, river left, and is planning his route. It is hard to predict one's landing, especially off such a shallow take-off on sticky limestone rock. Andy

decides to jump the waterfall instead of kayaking it.

The next day, the French guys want to kayak the same falls. Antoine decides to go first. He lands a little flat and hurts his back, so the rest of the French guys decide to run and jump instead of kayak.

Meanwhile, an Indian woman invites us to check out a viewpoint. We hike up the hill with her. It is a spectacular sight looking upstream to the backdrop of a series of big waterfalls, in the heart of the jungle. Unfortunately, we don't have money with us. Bob gives her some food and promises to be back the next day with money. She returns the food, except for the cookies, because she is only interested in our money. The next day, Bob pays her and Shaun films him giving her the money. She wants money for that too, but Bob tells her that he has already given her more than the normal amount. He tells her "Poverty is in the soul, not in the pocketbook". As we are getting ready to leave, the woman starts waving her machete, using short strokes, directed towards Shaun. She wants more money. A couple of us decide to stick around and wait till Shaun is ready to leave as the machete-wielding woman is making

EXCITEMENT

Into The Tsang Po
End Game
Wehyakin

FUN VIDS

Thunderballs
Cock Pit
Paddlesnakes

**PADDLING
DVDs**

ACCESSORIES

Orosi Sunglasses
Boof Gear, Hats,
T-Shirts, NosePlugs

ON THE WEB AT
WWW.WHITewaterVIDEO.COM

WINNER! 2003 National Paddling Film Festival
Best of Show & Paddler's Choice

**The
PADDLESNAKE
HUNTERS**



They hunted
paddlesnakes in
Alabama, Georgia,
North Carolina and
New York. But they
found something even
more *dangerous!*

On DVD & VHS
See your local retailer or
WhitewaterVideo.com



him nervous. This is our first encounter with unfriendly indigenous people, but not our last.

The Jatate River is a five-day, Class II-V river trip in the jungle of southern Mexico. It has many travertine formations creating many exciting drops. In 1993, a year before the Zapatistas rebellion, Bob and I, with a group of paddlers, paddled the Jatate and had no problems with the Zapatistas. We paid the Zapatistas to help us with our portage and they were very friendly. Some of the Indians toured us through their land, always smiling, showing us what they grew for crops. We paddled right next to them and offered the kids a ride in our kayaks, which they loved.

This year was different. We put in on the Rio Real and join the Jatate a couple of hours later. Some people along the river were telling Bob and Ernesto that villagers down the river will not let us through. We had talked to quite a few people before the trip, including Zapatistas that were blockading a road at the popular tourist place of Rancho Esmeralda. They all assured us that it is OK for tourists to go down the Jatate River, so we continue on.

We reach the village of San Manuel and there is an agitated local on the bank. He runs up the bank and comes back with the whole village to the river. They are

aggressively waving machetes and telling us gringos to get out. They grab our paddles and kayaks and threaten to knife the raft. We all have to carry our gear to their village up the hill. One kid painfully pokes a stick in Daddy-O's back. I keep my helmet and gear on, hoping they will not notice that I am the only female in the group. They detain us in a little unused schoolhouse for several hours. They search through all our gear and take our cameras and passports.

Unbeknownst to us, one kayaker has a bottle of tequila and a little pot on him. The Zapatistas make a huge issue about the drugs because they claim they are always falsely accused of dealing with drugs. They fined us \$200 US for the pot and tequila and put the kayaker in their jail. It is a tiny room 1.5 meters by 2.5 meters. They allow him a change of clothing and say they are going to burn the drugs in front of him.

The young guys in the village are always staring at us through the windows of the schoolhouse, one is wearing a thumbs up to Osama bin Laden t-shirt. We wait as they radio their headquarters to see if we can continue the river trip. We are denied passage. They think we are videotaping the river so the Mexican government can learn where to place the dams. They tell Ernesto that our gear looks like military issue – flak jackets and helmets. Immediately after we pay the fine, they free us. They return all

photo by Theresa Landman



TEAM PADDLER Jay Kincaid

Get into the water using waterproof, breathable GORE-TEX® garments

GORE-TEX, GORE, Guaranteed To Keep You Dry and designs are trademarks of W. L. Gore & Associates, Inc.

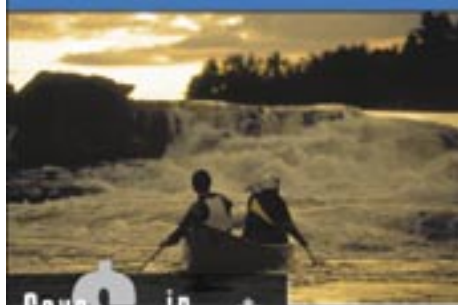
GORE-TEX® Front Entry Drysuit

GORE-TEX® Wave Drytop

800-225-9749 707-822-7621
www.kokatat.com www.kokatatusa.com
Please contact us for a free catalog



MKC
It's a rapid
education



Save \$ in Canada!

Since 1972, Madawaska Kanu Centre's combination of outstanding instruction, delicious meals and a stunning location with guaranteed warm whitewater, is a formula that has Beginner to Expert paddlers return each summer. Located on the Madawaska River, in the Ottawa Valley, MKC offers Weekend and 5-Day Courses.

WWW.MKC.CA
Summer: 613.756.3620
Winter: 613.594.5268



photo by Xavier Pocard

our possessions and one kid tries to return the pot to us - so much for the burning of the drugs.

We camp there that night and are supposed to catch the first truck in the morning. However, the truck is packed with people so we arrange for a ride later in the day. While waiting, the army drives up the road and Bob stops them. He tells them that we have been detained against our will and have been here a full day. After the army left, the villagers were pretty steamed, they told Bob it was against their laws to talk to the army. Bob replied, "How am I suppose to know your laws? The basics of human rights is freedom of speech, the very thing that is written in your school."

The villagers want us to move 3 km down the road as we are now becoming a problem for them. We won't move because it won't help us get back to the town of Ocosingo and it will just cost us more money. One of their spokesmen says he could use gas to burn our boats and Bob tells him "The French and Canadian Embassy, your government and the army already know that we are here, so you better think about it." They don't like what Bob has to say, and they back off.

A French gringo is present on the villager's behalf. He refuses to talk to us or even to the French guys in our group. The villagers gather around this gringo for advice and he takes notes furiously while looking at us. There are two other Spanish gringos in



photo by Andy Walther

the village. We think that they are reporters as they are allowed to take pictures. We are warned a couple of times not to take pictures.

That afternoon, our emotions of feeling scared are changed to anger as we were still stuck waiting in the village of San Manuel. Our driver arrives later that afternoon so we pack all our gear in the truck and pile on in. After the usual dickering about money with the driver, we leave and the whole village, including the French gringo, laugh at us in mockery.

After the trip, we return to Rancho Esmeralda. It's a 10-hectare ranch beautifully landscaped with eight guest cabins. They grow macadamia trees, coffee and fruit trees and offer horseback riding trips. The Idaho owners Glen and Ellen were in the American Peace Corps before buying the ranch. Glen has to smuggle us into his own ranch because the Zapatistas are blockading his road and will not let tourists in. He has the curtains drawn in his bus and we all duck as we approach the gate. The Zapatistas stop the bus and shine flashlights inside. They ask Glen to

open the door, which they have never asked before. We are lucky they don't come into the bus. Weeks later the Zapatistas take over Rancho Esmeralda and Glen and Ellen lose their farm.

In San Christobal, the guys spot the Spanish reporter that was at the village. They run up to him. He is shocked to see them because no one was suppose to know he was there, kind of a reporter incognito. He says that the Zapatistas were checking our tent poles for cocaine and that they thought our Mexican guide Ernesto was a police officer because it said department of police in fine print on his driver's license. He felt we should go to the police but we know this will not help. After all there is a huge army base right across the road from Rancho Esmeralda and they did nothing to stop the blockade.

The Zapatistas are very paranoid of anyone foreign who might want to develop their land. They are suspicious that we might plant drugs and they would get blamed for it. The Zapatistas are against NAFTA and being a part of it didn't help our situation. We are not sure why they changed their

attitude towards tourists but they definitely don't like us now. There is a real military presence that was not there in 1993. The army won't touch the Zapatistas because the government fears another rebellion. We question why the gringos who refused to talk to us were in the village. Were they spreading bad propaganda about foreigners and influencing the Indians in a negative way? A new gringo arrived just as we were leaving the village.

The ironic thing about not liking tourists is that you can buy Zapatista dolls and t-shirts. In a restaurant called Frida in the touristy area of Playa de Carmen there is a painting of Marcos, the leader of the Zapatistas, on the wall with black mask and smoking his pipe. There is also a poster saying, "Marcos eats here when he's in town" treating him like a celebrity.


To end the trip we head to Zipolite, on the West Coast for several days of great ocean surfing, partying and relaxation. Everyone is super happy to be there and out of Zapatista territory. 

photo by Andy Walther





We had driven 600 miles before the question entered my mind: "Why do we have two kayaks strapped to the roof of our van?"

Traveling with Kayaks

by Brian Pear / Photos by Amy & Brian Pear

My new wife Amy and I were driving to Mexico to spend four weeks on our honeymoon. It was the middle of December and had been raining for a week when we left our house in the Cascade Mountains of Washington State. The rivers were all at a prime level, perfect for boating; yet we were heading to the deserts of Baja, Mexico. I did not know of any rivers in Baja and was quite sure there was no whitewater. We chose Baja to experience a foreign culture while taking a relaxing break from the real world. Another 600 miles put us into Los Angeles, sitting in a traffic jam. I finally answered my question this way: "We are kayakers; that's what we do and we would never go on a trip without our boats."

Ensenada was our first stop in Baja. Upon arrival, our desire was real Mexican food. We found a restaurant where the waitress did not speak English, the cook only spoke Spanish and the restaurant did not accept United States' currency. This qualified as authentic Mexican. Finding an ATM and extracting thousands of pesos was easy. Ensenada has a picturesque shopping district that is often filled with tourists from Southern California. Beautiful silver jewelry, woodcarvings, and other handmade crafts fill all the shop windows. After walking a few blocks we had no desire to spend our day in a gringo shopping district.

Southwest of town we pulled into a campground and realized we were the only guests. Stepping out of the van we were greeted by a pack of loveable dogs. The campground was strategically located on a good beach break. One look at the perfectly shaped waves rolling onto the sandy beach and we knew we were at the correct spot. I sprinted to the water and waded in. A smile emerged on my face and one word came from my mouth: "Shorty." Freed from our restrictive dry tops for the first time in months we were very excited. The small waves were perfect for doing flat spins. Then the wave would break, turning into a pile of moving foam beckoning for rodeo moves. Flat spins lead into cartwheels and ended in extreme dizziness. Paddling out was also a time for tricks like rocket moves and wave wheels. Amy and I had the whole ocean to ourselves. Occasionally we looked at each other and smiled, exchanging a "nice move" or "right on." We were connected to the water, moving our boats into as many dimensions as possible. When the afternoon sun faded, we decided to end the session. Although we surfed alone, our antics did not go unnoticed. A local woman came to our camp as we were taking off our gear. She was curious to know how long we were staying, where we were going, how we liked the waves and the

camp dogs. English flowed from her lips. Overwhelmed after being on the quiet ocean all afternoon, I did not know which question to answer first. Apparently the tale about curiosity and a dead cat did not reach Baja. The questions continued for over an hour. We happily answered all we could and asked a few of our own. Our new friend assured us the kayaking would be much better in the South: "The water is very warm in the South unlike the cold water on this beach." Visions of kayaking with no top, not even a shorty, entered my head and a smile appeared on my face. I knew our friend was not lying about the warm water. We only had to drive another 900 miles, then we would be soaking in warm water and boating on perfect waves.

On the third morning we searched for a place to leave an envelope containing pesos. Not wanting to leave without paying, we needed to put our camping fee where the owner would find it. Two days had been spent kayaking and enjoying the desolate beach. We talked with the camp host on one occasion, but the issue of payment never came up. The very relaxed atmosphere inspired by carefree people was becoming apparent. Now our desire to explore was leading us further south. Amy slid the envelope under the door of the empty office.

Upon arrival at our next night's camp spot we were again greeted by a friendly dog. Waves were crashing headlong into the rocks when we pulled into Punta Baja. It was a classic display of ocean force; water shot up 50 feet and sprayed in every direction. Twenty seconds of calm was followed by a repeated display of force. Always looking for a line, I thought I could paddle for twenty seconds before colliding with the elements of force and rock. It would be impossible to paddle today. "The swell must be coming from the wrong direction to form nice waves... Let's take our new dog for a walk."

The fishing village of Punta Baja sits way out on the rocky point, surrounded on three sides by jagged cliffs that fall into

the Pacific. It was Christmas Eve, and the sea was clearly too rough to fish. Most of the inhabitants were visiting relatives in less remote areas. It felt like a ghost town, although we did see a few people who simply smiled and waved. At the tip of the point was the fishing fleet. The boats were not in a harbor; they were not in water at all. The fleet consisted of small metal boats with very small outboard engines. The fishermen simply carried the boats to the top of the rocks when not out fishing. I could not imagine fishing in the open ocean from one of these small boats. As I looked again at the rocky point with the large swell pounding in, one thought came to mind: "Extremely long, obstructed or violent rapids which expose a paddler to above average

endangerment ... unavoidable waves or holes." Class V fishing. Fishing here was clearly a dangerous profession.

We awoke in the van to the filtered light of dawn and immediately rolled over and looked toward the ocean. "No surfing today." I did not even have my glasses on but it was clear that waves were still pounding on the rocks. I was disappointed. "Another day out of the kayak driving the van south instead." However, I was not disappointed that we drove hours on a very rough dirt road to get there. The tiny town is truly worth seeing. It sits isolated by unpredictable water on three sides and a barren desert on the other. Residents choose to make their living launching small boats into the



vast blue ocean. These people connect to the water and the way of life as ocean fishermen. Ruggedness is everywhere; the waves pound the rocks, boats reveal huge dents in the hulls, and wind and sand chip away at the local homes. I feel a deep respect for the residents, and their way of life is inspiring.

The road from Punta Baja snakes its way through the desolate landscape like a ribbon, heading to modern towns that have electricity, phone service and tourists. We followed the dirt ribbon for two hours until we were back on pavement. Running through the desolate desert that makes up the heart of Baja, the “paved” road is narrow, exposed to wind, and dotted with potholes and sections of missing pavement. Only driving during the day and in a high state of awareness keeps dangers to a minimum.

In late afternoon we found ourselves on another dirt road heading west toward Santa Rosalillita. This fishing village sits in a protected cove. As we drove through the village we passed three local men using a pickup truck tailgate as the local bar. In unison, all three smiled and raised their glasses as we drove by. They are used to seeing surfers; legend states that the right conditions provide the most perfect waves in all of Baja’s 2,000 miles of shoreline. Pulling into view of the break, I recognized the potential for perfection. Although it definitely was not in, there was a mushy, rideable wave break. Amy and I agreed to camp on the beach and surf the wave for all its worth. The wind was blowing hard offshore so I decided to park the van behind a sand dune to gain

Legend states that
the right conditions
provide the most
perfect waves in all
of Baja's 2,000
miles of shoreline.

protection. As I drove onto the beach I saw it out of the corner of my eye. It was a perfect wave. Not one but an entire series of perfect waves. I gunned the van into a parking spot; I belonged on that wave, surfing. Ironically, my body sensed an immediate feeling of sinking instead of the forward momentum it was expecting. It was similar to the feeling of landing in the hole at the base of a falls after missing that critical boof stroke. My mind took a second to register what my body already knew. The van went straight down into the sand and I was stuck. As the waves rolled in, the van continued to sink.

Amy grabbed the English-Spanish dictionary and we walked back toward the village. The three men were still at the bar and we greeted them in our most friendly Spanish. Then there was quiet and confusion as Amy looked for the word “tow truck,” which happened to be left out of our traveler’s dictionary. Finally, with hand gestures, broken Spanish, and sounds, we conveyed the message that we were stuck in the sand. Our new friends quickly told us we needed “cuatro por cuatro” to drive on the beach. A few minutes passed and they slammed the tailgate on the truck, which in effect closed the bar. We all loaded into the truck and drove down to the beach. As soon as we arrived I dug through our cooler, giving the three men our last three beers. They were very gracious and amazed that the beer was cold. One ambitious friend pulled the van out of the sand while the other two watched from a close distance and sipped on the beer.



The van came out easily and everyone was very happy. I gave the man \$10.00 and he became even happier. In parting they all wished us a Merry Christmas.

I was extremely happy we found helpful people to pull us out. I was also excited it was Christmas, as I had not thought about the holiday all day. I went out to surf for a few hours. Of course the perfect wave was long gone, so I surfed the slow mushy one and still thoroughly enjoyed myself. Camping on a deserted beach is the perfect way to spend Christmas. There is no place we'd rather be.


In the morning the ocean looked more like a lazy lake, so we continued the ritual of packing the van and driving as far south as possible. This day the road took us to the Sea of Cortez. The eastern coast of Baja is truly magical. The views are beautiful and plentiful. Everywhere we gazed we witnessed nature's amazing images. The water is crystal clear and small islands dot the horizon. Rock cliffs end as white sandy beaches that slide into warm calm seawater. There

were no waves to surf so we enjoyed the scenery and followed the road toward the west coast.

Finally we reached our intended destination: Todos Santos. After driving 980 miles through Mexico's desert we arrived at a wonderful beach with warm water, reliable waves and free camping. We camped for two weeks and surfed twice a day, every day. At night we sat around the campfire and talked with people. There was never a crowd, but for two weeks I talked with many friendly travelers. I was amazed at all the different nationalities that I met on this beach: People were there from Mexico, the United States, Canada, Britain, France, Ireland, and Switzerland. There was quite a cultural exchange going on.

Swells continued to come in the entire time we were there. Winter storms that struck the west coast of the United States sent big glassy waves to our beach. This spot at this time was as good as it gets anywhere in the world. Paddling out was easy due to a channel where the waves did

not break. It was also easy to get on big, fat, shapely waves. We often rode waves with 10-foot faces. The rides across the face were amazing; we carved at top speed, staying just on the shoulder. When these thick waves did break the foam pile was huge. All kinds of rodeo moves were initiated as the pile moved toward shore. When the waves got large the local surfers would come by our camp to rally us to join them. These great surfers had a lot of respect for kayakers. Sharing waves with the surfers was not a problem and we enjoyed each other's company.

Returning home after five weeks of travel, I was able to answer my original question more thoroughly. Traveling with a kayak takes us to many places we would not normally venture. We are rewarded by seeing unique and remote places, and occasionally meeting and interacting with the local people. Sometimes we find the perfect surf kayaking spot. Traveling with the kayaks always leads us to people and places we really enjoy. 



ACE
! /3 Page BW
To Come

Otter Bar Lodge

Kayak School

World-class
paddling location

Industry-leading
kayak instruction

Programs for
paddlers of all levels

Grand Canyon
September Trip 2003

Kids Kayaking
Camps



530 462 4772
otterbar@aol.com
www.otterbar.com

Traveling with Kayaks: THE Travel List

by Brian Pew

It was 1:00 a.m. on New Years day. In 6 hours I would be leaving for the airport on my way to Ecuador. It was definitely time to pack. I had bought my ticket 2 months in advance and had a lot of reliable information about paddling there, but had not yet packed. Work requirements and family obligations the previous week left me with no time. At one time in my life this last minute packing would have caused me a lot of stress. This night I was calm and relaxed, confident I could pack within plenty of time. This would be the fourth time in a year I would be traveling to foreign country to go paddling. I have my packing list and packing system worked out to ensure I have all the essential items and nothing is forgotten.

Pre Travel Requirements

- Passport www.travel.state.gov/
- Immunizations Contact the CDC for a list of needed shots in the country you're visiting www.cdc.gov/
- Travel advisory Check the country's status at www.travel.state.gov/
- Photo copies of Passport and Shot records. Keep in a separate place from originals
- Information This is critical to a successful trip, guide books, first hand stories, weather reports, magazine articles

Kayaking Packing List

Pack all kayaking equipment first as these are the most important items for the trip. Often equipment cannot be obtained in other countries. Pack all boating gear in your boat. This is all or nothing; if your boat arrives, your gear will be there. Check with the airlines to make sure you do not put too much weight in your boat.

- Boat
- Life Jacket
- Helmet
- Spray skirt
- Shoes
- Dry top/ shorty/ dry suit Know what you need, know where the water is coming from. Water from summer rain is a lot different than summer glacier melt.
- First aid kit Pack more than normal; this kit could have more supplies than you might find in a local town.

- Throw rope In addition to rescue it can be anything from a close line to a boat tie down.
- Safety gear Depending on the river characteristics and class; the need for safety gear varies from nothing to a headlamp, bivy sack, climbing harness, and ropes.
- Paddle Brake down paddles are easiest.
- Squeeze bottle with filter Bottles with a quality filter are all you need to have drinkable water anywhere in the world.

Personal Packing


I always try to carry my personal packing items on the plane with me. Traveling always increases the risk of items being lost or stolen. The fewer items packed means there is less to keep track of.

- Cash Bank cards, credit card, and travelers checks may not be accepted. Or could expose you do danger when you use them at an ATM. Cash is always accepted. Hide it in many different places.
- Prescriptions Every medication you could possibly need, glasses, contacts.
- Toothbrush
- Razor
- Sunscreen This can be hard to find
- Book

Personal Clothing

These items can ether be carried on, put into the boat or put in there own bag.

- 2 changes of clothing Suited for the climate
- Extra sox's
- Sandals
- Shoes
- Fleece hat
- Fleece jacket

There is defiantly no excess in my packing style. I only pack things that I cannot do without. All items are essential and are used repeatedly throughout the trip. It is difficult enough to carry a boat with gear around; there is no need to carry several bags of personal luggage. Most personal items can be bought anywhere so if you find yourself missing something you can buy it with your cash. 

See what's new for 2002!

Visit hyside.com today!

The Outfitter Pro is our latest addition to the legendary Hyside series of inflatables. This ultra durable raft is 25% lighter due to the introduction of state-of-the-art components. Attached floors, quick release thwarts, Leaffield valves and super-slippery urethane bottom chafers all contribute to a more gratifying whitewater run.



HYSIDE
WHITewater INFLATABLES



Call for pricing & availability
800.868.5987

Everything you need to do whitewater right.

New & Used Boat Packages
Kayaks • Rafts • Cataracts • Accessories
Dry Suit Gasket & Inflation Repair

Featuring the complete series of



ChiliBar



530.642.1669 • www.chilibar.net

E-mail: info@chilibar.net



www.americanwhitewater.org

The most flexible advertising tool available

30,000 Hits a Day! 5,000 Unique Hits!

**Introduce your business to a new opportunity to advertise
Be Apart of The Number One Internet Resource for Paddlers
Advertise on www.americanwhitewater.org**

For more information contact:

AJ McIntyre / CORPORATE RELATIONS DIRECTOR

American Whitewater

301-589-9453

aj@amwhitewater.org

River Voices: Costa Rica After the Flood

by Karl Gesslein

Eleven Days of Premier Latin American Whitewater

When I first arrived, I felt like I had died and gone to paddling heaven.

Everywhere I looked, huge landslides had removed parts of the roads.

The rivers were swollen and running a dark coffee brown color. Several bridges had recently

collapsed, while others were closed because the recent rains had moved the foundations. This is how my Costa Rican vacation began....

Eleven straight days of Class IV-V rivers.

For the past week, it had rained nonstop, and things had been way too high to run. Finally there was some relief, and the sun was starting to peek through the clouds. The airline I'd flown in on had refused to load my kayak onto the plane because of some silly trade embargo against Costa

Rica for the holidays. Even worse, my flight was delayed three hours, so the car rental place was closed when I arrived. They were nice enough to leave a note, though. There was a Costa Rican sleeping behind the rental car counter, and when I asked him if he had my car, he told me to sleep in the next car rental booth over. I followed a very attractive Australian woman I had met on the plane to a local hostel. Apparently, she was in Costa Rica to do conservation work with sea turtles. Once at the hostel, I tried to get a room with her, but the woman behind the counter put me in with a British scuba diver who had also followed an



attractive conservationist from the airport. The Limey and I stayed up late into the night talking, and then finally crashed out.

Seeing the road conditions the next day, I decided to skip the rental car and set off to catch a bus to Turriabla. I spent about fifteen minutes trying to get a taxi and none of them stopped. Finally, a dude in a beat-up blue truck stopped and asked me where I wanted to go. He already had another passenger with him, so I figured, what the heck. I told him I wanted to go to the Turriabla bus station and he wanted to drive me all the way to Turriabla. After driving around in circles in San Jose and asking about ten "real" taxi drivers where the bus station was, we finally made it. I was thankful and paid him and tried to catch the bus. The only problem was, I had no colones and it was Saturday, so all of the banks were closed. Although the bus ticket was only about two dollars, I had nothing but American dollars and two credit cards

that have yet to work in any ATM outside the U.S. After searching and searching, I found a dude with a shotgun standing outside of what appeared to be an open bank. They were very polite folks—they changed my money and I was off to Turriabla.

Once I hit Turriabla I was quickly given a boat which I had about two minutes to outfit. Then I was shuttled off to the Lower Pacari. The Lower Pacari is a twenty-mile run, which we were going to do as an overnight with an oar rig for support. At the put-in I met Jess, a Kiwi safety boater from New Zealand, and Alice and Felipe, who work for Jungla. There were also two newlywed guests. It was a fun group, and as we paddled down the first few miles of muddy water, the dialogue went something like this:

Guide: "Watch out for that big hole on river right."

Me: "OK, got it. Big hole on river right."

Then I would promptly make a beeline for the aforementioned "big hole" to evaluate for myself exactly how big it was. Needless to say, I got worked a few times. The rivers in Costa Rica change a great deal right after flood season. It was amusing to hear Felipe say "Now, Karl, there is a really big hole around the next corner in front of this big waterfall, and several people have drown there." Finally, I would solemnly swear not to go into it, we would round the corner, and this frightening monstrous hole would be totally gone.

Creekers, take note. Everyone in Costa Rica paddles play boats, and there are dozens of ripe Class V first descents waiting for someone to take them on. The biggest problem is that once it rains, the roads get washed out and the creeks become inaccessible for a day or two. Costa Rica is the Promised Land for creeking, though.

The campground on our overnight was amazing—beautiful open air gazebos with nice lawns and shrubs that attracted hundreds of butterflies and hummingbirds. Hiking through the jungle, I saw huge iguanas, snakes and some of the most beautiful birds and butterflies I have ever seen. It was truly magical.



After everyone ate enough food and consumed enough alcohol to explode a pig, we crashed out. The next day, we finished up the rest of the run through beautiful jungles and deep gorges. No trip to Costa Rica is complete without a ride down the Lower Paquari.

The following day, I got on the Pasqua with a great boater named Mario. Mario didn't talk too much, but his river personality was great. We both hooted and hollered the whole way down, crashing through big five-foot waves and dodging Greyhound bus-sized holes. The Pasqua is a Class IV run that is quite continuous for the entire ten-kilometer stretch. There is no shortage of play on this gem.

On Day Four, Alex, Ryan and I headed over to the Orosi. It is tight and technical, unlike the huge rivers we had already paddled. The one significant drop on the run, Dragon Spine, did not have enough water to run it without subjecting your boat and body to unnecessary abuse. Other than this drop, which is lower than ten feet, the run is fun Class IV boogie boating with small four- to five-foot boofs and lots of nice eddies. Unfortunately, I started feeling sick while running the Orosi, and by the time we reached the take-out, I could barely carry my boat.

That night I had a fever and the shakes. I didn't think I would be well enough to boat. But the next morning I felt okay, so Ryan and I headed up north to Sarapaqui. We planned to boat three rivers there as well as the Polo Azul waterfall, a 35-footer. We arrived at Sarapaqui Outdoor Center with plenty of daylight left to run the Upper Sarapaqui with a really nice guy named Eric. The Upper Sarapaqui is a big water, Class III-IV run. Near the beginning is a rapid called Morning Coffee that has a lot of huge holes. We had a grand time and got back to camp at the take-out right around dark. The Sarapaqui center gets more "secondary tourism," or budget travel, than Jungla. It reminded me of the book *The Lost Boys*—everyone there was



young. I didn't see any workers who looked older than eighteen.

On Day Six, Ryan and I set off with a boater named Afro to run the Upper El Toro. It had rained a lot and few people had been on the river since it had "changed," including our guide. We all agreed beforehand to go slowly and scout. The put-in is one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen. If you could take away the powerhouse, it would be a lush valley with several 100-plus-foot waterfalls pouring into a deep canyon, with dark red river rocks littering the bottom. The dam was releasing water from one turbine, and above it were some really nice ten- to twenty-foot Class V drops in a boulder garden. I went to go scout and run it in the Kinetic, but Afro went Costa Rica crazy with his whistle after about ten minutes, so I didn't see much. What I did see was enough to give any full-blooded creeker a total hard on. There were lots of drops, and it looked like farther up, there was even more to creek. I boated a few small drops, and then we started off down the river. Afro went nonstop for about a mile. I got pretty winded and pinned my boat sideways on a rock in a little Class III rapid. Ryan was close behind and got caught on the bow of my boat. He pushed himself off and eddied out while I spent about two minutes working pretty hard to pry my boat off the rock. It was a good thing I got pinned with my head above the water. After I unpinned myself, I signaled to eddy out. We stopped two or three times on the way down, and every time I was thoroughly winded. The volcanic rocks on the Upper El Toro are a beautiful red color, as is the water. There was something in the water that was very irritating to the eyes, and by the end of the run, all three of us looked like we had smoked way too much pot. After about two miles of Class V water, the Upper El Toro gets to be easier Class IV



and III. At the take-out, we spent some time soaking in some beautiful coffee-colored water at a hot springs resort. The Upper El Toro is an incredible run, and should not be missed by Class V boaters who make it to Costa Rica.

Our plan was to hit the 35-foot waterfall at Polo Azul after the El Toro run, but our truck had other ideas. On the way to the put-in, it started overheating badly, and we stopped to wait for it to cool down. We drove it to the local mechanic, and, boy, were we in for a surprise. We pulled into the garage and there was an older gentleman asleep in a metal folding chair in the middle of the car bay with a baseball cap over his face. It was like a scene out of a Quentin Tarantino movie. There were no tools in this shop, except for one set of socket wrenches and a small pit in the middle of the bay. The mechanic was pretty friendly (though his parrot talked more than he did), but he was right on. He knew exactly what the problem was. With the engine still running, he washed off the battery and stuck his arm all the way down inside the engine. Hardcore. He worked for about an hour and only charged us 2000 colones, or four dollars. Unbelievable. The next time my car breaks down, I'm going to drive it to this guy to fix.

We got to the put-in at the Polo Azul about twenty minutes after the sun had gone down, and we still had a fifteen-minute hike ahead of us. We walked quickly through the jungle and scouted the spectacular Polo Azul waterfall under the cover of night. Both

Mac and I had clean runs, and then we paddled several miles of easy Class III to get back to the take-out.

The next day, we were supposed to run the Rio Colorado, but we couldn't get a guide and there wasn't enough water, anyway. Ryan and I headed back to Turriabla to run the Peyubai with a quick stop at the local drug store. I had been pretty sick for the last several days. There aren't

River Voices: Costa Rica After the Flood *continued*

by Karl Gesslein

many conventional doctors in Costa Rica. Instead, people just go to the drugstore, tell the pharmacist how they feel, and the pharmacist asks if they want pills or shots. Pretty cool, and cheap, too. The antibiotics kicked in on the drive to the put-in. There we found a bunch of cows grazing in a field. We crept through the field and put in. Apparently, it's common for locals to charge kayakers put-in fees even if they don't own the land. It's important to carry a dollar or two with you anywhere you put on. Once we put on the Peyubai, we hit some nice, meaty Class IV rapids. There was plenty of water, and after a mile or so it let up. The rest of the run to the take-out was Class III.

The next day, I ran the Upper Pacari with Jess, Cynthia and Jorge. I did a number on myself in the first rapid when the sun block on my palms made my hands slip, and I whacked myself in the face with the end of my paddle blade. Big cut, lots of blood. Everything about it was cool except for Jorge trying to put tape over the cut to keep the skin together. The first couple of rapids on the Upper Pacari are pretty tame. Then comes Class IV water, followed by Blood Hydraulics, a Class V rapid above Bobo. Bobo is the entrance to Bobo Falls, which has a nasty hole, but you can sneak it with a clean eight-foot boof on river right.

While we were scouting Blood Hydraulics there was a bit of a problem. I looked at it long and hard and decided to go for it, but the others in the group thought it would be better if I didn't. It was very frustrating not being able to run Blood Hydraulics because people wouldn't set up safety for me. Stuff like that generally does not happen in New York. I can only think of two times that I've ever asked anyone not to run something, but when they said they really wanted to run the drops anyway, I still set up safety for them. It was difficult to adjust to the attitudes and customs of another culture.

It's no wonder there are no good creek boaters in Costa Rica, if that's the general attitude about running hard rapids.

The water was big and coffee-colored. I flipped at the end of Bobo and ran the sneak boof on the right with plenty of over-reacting paddlers shouting directions and




looking concerned from the bank. We then paddled through another mile of Class IV-V stuff until we came out of the gorge. A few miles later, the gorge narrowed again, which meant bigger holes and a few drops that deserved a Class V rating. Cynthia had a swim lower down in a big hole. It was crazy trying to rescue her and her equipment in the middle of one of the toughest rapids on the river. We had waited a week or so for the Pacari to drop to a manageable level, and this was still the hardest run of my Costa Rica trip. Even with the conflict over safety at Blood Hydraulics, though, it was one of my favorites.

On my last day, I decided to run the Peralta section, which flows into the Pasqua, a river I had run earlier. I hooked up with Mario and Ryan while Inger ran shuttle. The Peralta is nonstop, big water, Class IV action, with tons of monster holes and huge waves. Once we hit the Pasqua, it mellowed out a bit. This was probably my favorite run of the trip. It is mile after mile of big water, with continuous fun and

excitement. Visitors to Costa Rica should not miss this gem.

At the airport I got hit up for a seventeen-dollar tax. I've traveled a lot, but never have I been harassed for an airport tax. The woman at the ticketing counter made it clear that there was no way I could leave the country without paying that tax. I had already tried both ATMs at the airport and the bank. I wrote a check to the American in line behind me and she gave me twenty bucks. She had brought too many bags to the airport, so I checked one of her bags under my name—something I probably could not have pulled off in the U.S.

Costa Rica is an interesting place to say the least. The non-touristy spots are unbelievably cheap, and you can go to the drug stores and buy whatever the hell you want, assuming you have the money. Everywhere I looked, there were washed out bridges and roads. People all drive like maniacs and no one wears a seatbelt. Most septic systems can't accept toilet paper, so there are little garbage cans next to every toilet for soiled tissue. Everywhere you go, the bathrooms smell unbelievably bad, and the roads are more potholes than asphalt, but people still have remarkably good attitudes. Most folks leave the doors to their homes open and say hello to you on the street. Inger and Ryan at Jungla kicked ass—all that service and support for a mere \$200 a day. Man, if someone would set up a service that would do all that stuff for me and give me a nice place to stay, I'd be sorely tempted to pay them to do it. If I wasn't tied to Upstate New York, I might just move down there and work for them. As it is, though, I guess I'll just have to settle for kayaking low-volume creeks in below-freezing temperatures with other glue-crazed boaters. Such is life. 

Did you hear you can get
a free LVM DVD at
immersionresearch.com?

Girlfriend, that's old news!
all you got to do is go to
their website and click
"catalog request"



Free LVM Greatest Hits DVD
only available at
immersionresearch.com
when you request a catalog
and fill out the survey.



River Voices: The Skookumchuck

by Dirk Fabian

I have seen it. Other paddlers have heard the name, and many photos depict it, but I have been there in person. I have seen one of the earth's truly sacred places. When I think of what it must have been like to walk Canada's western coast when all of the trees were old growth and the only roads were animal trails, I imagine people still looked up in awe at the little rocky shelf that marks the Skookumchuck Narrows. Nature has constructed a majestic landmark that is more beautiful than any concrete and steel monument made by human hands.

On my first trip to the Skook, Mark Corsentino and I drove up from Seattle one Friday night to catch the late ferry out of Horseshoe Bay to the Sechelt Peninsula. The people we were supposed to meet

miraculously appeared before us at the ferry terminal. Of course, it's not hard to spot a truck crowded with whitewater boats. The coincidences continued as Mel—another kayaker—and I quickly discovered that we know several people in common. When was it that I got to know so many Tasmanians?

The actual whitewater part of the journey is preceded by a two-mile paddle out from the town of Egmont. Mark lent me a Prijon Rockit, so it felt a lot like the sea kayak I'd been in all summer. Paddling with the flood tide, the trip to the wave is a quick, beautiful float through the mountains that surround the inlet. It takes a little effort to ignore the huge swathes of forest laid bare by logging along the steep slopes, and even

a bit more to disregard the new gravel mine on the eastern shore. It seems that British Columbia is still valued for its resources, which are extracted with little thought of replacing them.

But the water is crystal clear, and when the sun hits the frothy riffles, they turn every shade of white, turquoise, and deep blue. The Skookumchuck Narrows start as a barely perceptible ripple, but over the course of two hours, this ripple rises like a herd of immense white horses, charging and surging through the blue water. The ocean boils for more than a half-mile beyond the Narrows, as tens of thousands of cubic feet of water squeeze through a slender opening and over a shallow

From a Ripple to a MONSTER



Skook

bedrock point. As the water drops over the point it forms the most perfect, immense, and stable surf wave you can imagine.

When the flood tides push current into the bay at around twelve knots, the wave is at its best—an eight to nine foot-high foam pile, followed by several nice secondary waves. Currents through the Skookumchuck Narrows can reach an incredible twenty knots, which is so huge that the entire wave becomes a completely green glassy face. Or so I've been told. The eddies around the Skook are phenomena in their own right. Massive bus-sized boils erupt and create yet more waves, and the eddy fences are impassable a quarter-mile past the wave. Missing the main eddy means you'll be taking a long detour down to the end of the pressure waves and along the shore. Sure you could paddle and fight it, but you can


also watch the creatures in the kelp forests beneath you on the return trip. This is a magical place, different in every season and every day, depending on the moon's phase and its alignment with the sun.

It's almost distracting to surf the front wave because, from this vantage point, you can watch the seaweed wave like streamers beneath you. Starfish are really good boat passengers, and know enough to hold on while your boat is skipping and bouncing down the front of the wave. And if the water isn't enough to look at, there are the mountains rising on either side of the narrows, dragging their peaks through the clouds. Even as second growth, the trees are already huge, soaking up the goodness in the BC rainforest.

I spent some time watching and trying to learn from the super talented paddlers

that came out to the Skook that weekend, and subsequently lamenting my own lack of skill. What it must be like to have something like the Skook in your backyard! I surfed till I was exhausted both days and still had plenty of time to explore, check out boats, and just enjoy being there.

When you're done with the Skook, Egmont doesn't have much to offer, but it does have the two things that are essential to a good trip—free camping and a place to get a really good, cheap dinner. Nothing soothes the body after a hard day of surfing like a pitcher of beer and a tasty meat snack.

I've gotta send a big thanks to the Seattle gang for taking me up there to see this thing. The Skook makes quite an impression on a first-timer. 



LUNCH VIDEO MAGAZINE
to subscribe:
www.lunchmag.tv

River Voices: There's More to Ecuador Than Kayaking

by Rolan McNutt

But that's probably the main thing on your mind, so here we go... First thing - buy the guidebook - boating Ecuador - from smallworldadventures.com. 800-585-2925. It has a lot of what to bring info as well as excellent write-ups. I won't duplicate what they write, instead I'll attempt to clarify and humanize but mostly embellish.

If you have more dollars than days, Jeff at the crossroadshostal.com in Quito will meet you at the airport and have you boating that same day for \$100. Or you can book a package with the big name outfitters. But if you are like most of the dirtbag boaters I know, you are interested in the 25 cent trolley that takes you all the way across town to the bus station for the \$5 Tena trip, or if you have a boat, the \$5-10 taxi or van. And there's no messy math: they use American dollars as their official currency.

Tena Kayaking

Amazon headwaters rivers here are clean and there's something for everybody - small or big volume, easy or hard, gorge or road, downriver or play. I hooked up with a friend's old dagger vortex, retired to a wall in a hotel, nobody wanted to use it but I'm old school, and it was free. You can rent a boat for \$10-15 per day, bring your own (and pay to bring it with you), or try to buy a used one here. We warmed up the first day (of seven in a row - these kids are serious about their boating) on the Upper Misahualli.

After literally an hour of hiking through the mud to put in, the Upper Misahualli rewarded us with a clear low volume Class III-IV. We negotiate daily with pickup truck taxi drivers in groups of four to fourteen for an average of \$5 per person, and sometimes tie our boats to the tops of busses. The busses will even stop for you on the side of the road, and we used this option more and more as the appeal of a \$2 shuttle sank in.

The RIO JONDACHI was our favorite run out of Tena, with hard Class IV waters.

When the weather started getting rough and the water started getting brown our bravado soon was lost. Up from 5 to 8 on the gauge in a narrow volcanic gorge, the doubled flow was exciting but the rain and brown water made the run foreboding. Or was that "not-for-boating"? Two hiked out at the first bridge; the rest of us survived.



*Tena River Festival Rodeo, Judges
photo by Sophie Littee*

The LOWER MISUALLI is a good run when everything else is too low - a catchall major drainage through one last gasp beautiful bedrock metamorphic gorge. It joins the Jatunyacu at the takeout town of Puerto Misualli to form one of about four major arms of the Amazon, dropping from here only a foot per mile for thousands of miles all the way to the ocean. One of the classic aspects of this run is that you can put in at the steps of your hotel in Tena and watch the monkeys for a while in the reserve at takeout, then walk up to town for beers and catch the next bus - the "everything less than a dollar" shuttle. The only problem is the Class VI rapid with the Class V portage.

The day after we kayaked the JATUNYACU at low water and found great play. The usual high water makes it hard to catch the waves, but the smaller waves were there like low hanging fruit. And the rodeo hole was even good enough for a few spins in the barge boat.

Another good low water run is the beautiful HOLLIN, a 30-mile run. The overnight ordeal had stopped us before, but we were running low on low water options, and who needs stow-floats anyway - they sell heavy-duty plastic bags at the hardware or grocery stores for 40 cents each, and you can rent tents in Tena. You can also bus this shuttle at both ends for less than \$5 total. Day one rapids are the best, starting with a 20 footer at put in that a couple of the hotdoggers ran, but beware of the undercut cave bottom right.

Then we came to the most amazing undercut cave ever - 100 yards where the whole river bends under the wall, with a Class IV boof in there and a Class IV exit. Then there is a Class VI with a IV+ entry to a 15 ft. fall - Class VI because 95% of the water leaves the rapid under a log and 5% of the water eddies with a dead monkey. If that's

not a portage sign, I don't know what is. The next rapid only has 50% of the exit water going under a log after a Class IV entry through ledge holes, so I followed the pack through this time.

The first time we ran this was with inflatables, which slowed us down to where we came up short of the only beach in the first 10 miles, and had to spend a miserable night in the "town of bedrock" - hard, cold and wet. This trip we were leaner and meaner and better prepared. I brought a tent and a sleeping bag and pad, and was cozy. Rained the next night and the UPPER MISUALLI was up to 9 on the gage from a rock bottom 8, so I had one last great zigzag big rock goodbye paddle.

TENA RIVER FESTIVAL - JANUARY I knew it was a good sign when after a day of delays, on the bus halfway to Tena a beautiful senora got on and sat across the aisle from an empty seat a couple of rows up and it only took me a half hour of kicking myself to move up and talk to her ala Jack Kerouac. So for three hours I practiced my limited vocabulary in the most torturous

compositions, beyond the tiresome basics of where from and what do, to who done it and why for.

It couldn't have been that bad because she introduced me to her daughter and grandson at the plaza during the Tena river festival opening ceremonies. We happened to be in the men's room at the time. The women were taking over and I felt I needed to supervise - a tough job and nobody had to do it. I was on a streak and sometime around then I realized my life's dream and blurted "I live to rage!"

So anyway here we all were, kayakers and townspeople alike, watching Spanish speeches and whitewater videos wondering when it would be over, when it picked up and the native dancers came on to bless the event. Blessed histrionics and past present participles! The music was simple and the costumes simpler - grass skirts and leopard skin. The men wore the grass skirts and the women, well... rrrrowrrrr! The dance step was a simple shuffle and weave, and I practiced on the sidelines, wanting to join but waiting.

When it was over it was supposed to be time for the crowd to dance but there was a lull and everyone waiting, as if needing a final act. Ponch (formerly shy and reserved but now a recognized and popular gringo-about-town) hopped a bicycle delivery cart and wheeled around the court, pedals practically in time with the music. On the second pass I waved him over and hopped up in front into the business end of the cart and performed the native shuffle step to the delight of the crowd, milking it like a circus act, leaning and waving in a drunken but on-purpose centrifugal teetering when he rounded the bend. I raged; and was now a recognized and popular gringo-about-town.

"Ladies and gentlemen..." later that night was the first unofficial event of the festival. Lane, a spunky gal from Colorado proposed the race and Tom Machado from California took her up on it. So I got the music stopped and the attention of the crowd, now at the bar, and explained the rules. Danny from Costa Rica followed with a Spanish translation and they were off!

The crowd pressed the riverside railing to watch as one swam the river to touch the head of the dragon on the far shore, while the other ran across the bridge to complete the course in reverse order. The festivities were now in full swing and thus they were both proclaimed winners.

The next day while the raft races were going on downstream we kayakers, mostly all hung over, bussed over to the Jatunyacu for the rodeo. Seems like part of the competition was to see who could stay up latest and drink the most the night before and still compete. "Estamos aqui?! Bueno! Mis huevos estan revueltos!" (Are we here? good. my eggs are scrambled!) I was a boatless spectator and after a period of severe disorganization, Tom took over and suddenly I was a judge. I know as much about rodeo as I do about bullfights, but I guess that's what I get for being gringo-about-town.

As judges we corralled Fredrico from Italy and Sarah and Tom from Colorado, who also helped with the color (as in fashion sense) commentary. "Not only is he staying

*Rio Hollin, Town of Bedrock Camp
photo by Rolan McNutt*



LUNCH VIDEO MAGAZINE

Complete this LVM ad for a chance to win a free subscription, and we'll use the winning ad in a future publication!

Clip out and mail to:
LVM PO Box 7007
Asheville, NC 28802

River Voices: There's More to Ecuador Than Kayaking

by Rolan McNutt

in the hole well, but the spray of the water complements his teal and magenta outfit nicely..." and framed so boldly by the neon yellow of his boat, I'm going to upgrade his ride to a 9." or, "that 's a good ride, but he looks so serious, maybe he could smile a bit more, or wave to the crowd or something." "I agree, he definitely needs to improve his crowd skills." or "he really looks smooth - I wouldn't be surprised to see him get a sponsorship out of his performance here today," or "he seems to be struggling in there...oww!...he's over!...but he's back up! Like he meant to do that."

The winners were Chachi from North Carolina and Lane from Colorado. I helped as best I could by starting the boda!boda!boda!" cheer whenever one of our wedding party performed, and Natty and Sophie came in second. Nobody seemed uptight about the results, and we even got a compliment about the lack of aggressive and competitive atmosphere. At least I took it for a compliment.

Then we all bussed down to the election of next year's queen and awards ceremony. Everyone was glad the local police won the raft race so they wouldn't take it out on the people all next year.

The next morning was the downriver race, 7 km on the lower Napo. After bussing to the finish, we were motored upriver in a huge hollowed log panga, while another boat brought up our kayaks. At the start waited the dugout canoe racers while the balsa raft entry was still putting on the finishing touches. It didn't matter that they weren't ready because we were on Ecuador time and because they were the only entry in their category. It was made of five balsa wood logs held together by a crosspiece on each end held down by two pegs crossed over on each log and lashed together with vines. There were four male paddlers and a queen, all in grass skirts and palm headdresses. And no, they didn't wear anything under the skirts.

The kayakers started first. Danny from Costa Rica ran to his boat and got his sprayskirt on first, way ahead of everyone

else. I fumbled and was almost last, about a hundred yards behind. The three-man dugout canoe teams were next and soon passed the kayakers. I sprinted to pull in behind and draft their wake whenever possible, but they didn't seem to make the same wake as kayaks and the effect was minimal. I stayed about fifty yards behind Danny the whole way but when we rounded the last bend and saw the finish line I sprinted and snuck up behind him in his wake. It was nip and tuck down to



*Tena River Fest, Downriver Kayak
Top Three Women Finishes
photo by Sophie Littee*

the wire except they didn't have a wire and even the videotape was inconclusive so they called it a tie! I was ok with that but I'm still planning to view that tape frame-by-frame.

The closing ceremonies included more native dancers, depicting ancient rituals like planting, hunting, gathering, and celebrating. They, too, wore grass skirts, except for one woman who stood out as being the lead, because she danced to a different drum, and because her costume consisted of strings of beads. If you think grass skirts are sexy, they are downright puritanical compared to beads. Naturally I edged in for a closer look and concluded that for the sake of the Catholics she had on flesh-colored underwear.

Next on the agenda was a local musical group with drums, flutes, and a local version of a violin, and a singer. They were a real crowd pleaser, and soon I jumped up and started the group dancing, at the encouragement of local beauty Sylvia, who promised to dance with me later if I first asked the woman who seemed to be the dance organizer. Con mucho gusto! I live to rage!

We brought them back for two encores. After the music the event organizer Matt

Terry presented the winners with prizes. The locals got things like machetes and serving trays while the gringos got nights in expensive resorts. Matt is an odd character that seems to be a do-gooder. He funded the whole thing and his only message was local awareness and control of the vital purity of the watersheds. Thus the whole festival takes on a purity of its own, and gringos and locals meld with single-mindedness. Matt asked the winners to say something when accepting their prizes, so I said in my best (which is not good) spanish "in todo sur del mundo conozco solamente cuatro paises con rios limpios (in the whole world south of the equator, I know

of only four countries with clean rivers) - New Zealand, Costa Rica, Chile, and Ecuador!" the crowd cheered.

Baeza

Baeza is the other paddling town, about halfway between Quito and Tena Most of the rivers are a step up from those near Tena. Stay at hostel Meson and eat at Ginas restaurant and you will meet other boaters and shuttle drivers. The trouble with Baeza is that they are rebuilding the oil pipeline and muddying up the major run there, the PAPALLACTA, which becomes the QUIJOS. You can go above the mess to the Class V sections, but those who did so mostly said they wouldn't do it again - the runs are too junky and dangerous. The COSANGA, however, comes in from a different direction, and was a favorite run.

Banos

Christmas Eve in the beautiful town of Banos. This is how I pictured South America: steep, green, near-vertical mountain walls framing a narrow valley town. If you take the bus from Tena to Banos, stop over halfway and do the ANZU, a group favorite, but seldom run because it is so far from either town.

The RIO TOPO was the hardest river I've ever done (although I say that often). Took us three days to get over that one - wore ourselves out. Continuous Class IV interspersed with Class V pretty much means solid Class V to me. Not to say I was solid - with 4 flips, untold high braces, low braces, and gut checks. But the other guys did worse. Punch went into an undercut, bobbed for a bit, and disappeared, boat and all. I waited above in panic, then panicked some more and ran the rapid in the same place, instead of getting out of my boat with my throw rope, or running the cheat route to the right, then went to the wall where he disappeared, and looked around in vain. Soon he popped up downstream,

having to push himself away from his boat, hand over hand along the rock wall, deep underwater in the dark room.

His boat stayed against the wall for what I considered lunch break, but Omar had to get back to work and had other ideas. He risked life and limb, on a root, on a piece of grass. Leaning out over the cauldron, after repeated tries, he clipped into the percolating boat. Holding the rope with his teeth, he groped for one more foothold or handhold so he could work himself up the cliff. But he got to a place where he could go no farther, and still clinging to the wall, shifted his weight off a hand just long enough for him to signal to us to come over and help him. So much for macho, and so much for lunch, so two of us ferried over and we three barely pulled it up. Naturally ponch was shaken. I had been shaken since rapid one in a rented, unfamiliar mini-creeker.

Natty and Aaron were sucking it up, too. And worse, Omar was late and in a hurry - I hate that. So much for scouting or detailed rapid descriptions. From then on

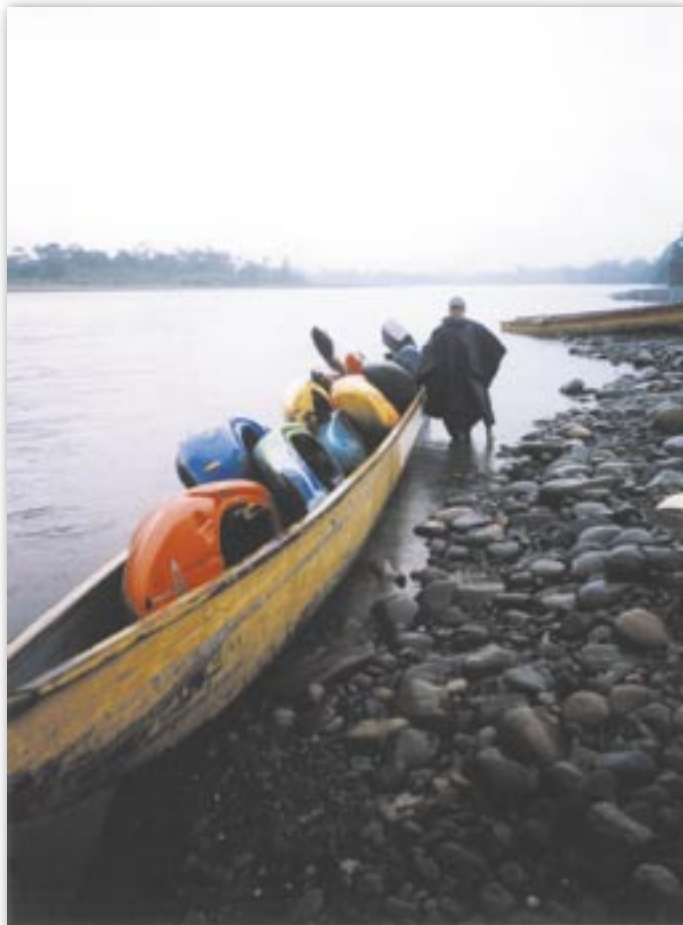
it was basically which way to aim your boat on the boof at the first horizon line, then "whish, whish, witch," and he would make a toboggan motion with his hand. After that I'd be tetering akimbo at a backsliding angle on some maw of a rock, wishing I could see past my boat in either direction so as to make a decision as to which witch way to go. "Good line," said Natty after I pinballed into the eddy. I thought he was kidding until he said they all went the other way into an undercut and flipped. The heinous portage at the last couple of miles came as a welcome break. Aaron and I rejoiced a bit early upon seeing the takeout bridge, and both added to our Class V flip total.

That night I ate 3 dinners (Merienda - plate of the day) and was sick for 3 days. Should have lain off that last Merienda. Feverish and weak I slept through Christmas and the day after.

Galapagos

Starting at 5 am, we hustled to the trolley to the airport for a 7:30 flight - \$390, plus

*Ten River Fest, Kayaks Loaded to go upstream
photo by Sophie Littee*



Timmy: With the way I've been throwing nasty \$#% helix's, I'm sure to win this year's ir Big Gun Show!

Tina: Timmy, you're so full of @#%&, even I can helix better than you.



LUNCH VIDEO MAGAZINE
to subscribe:
www.lunchmag.tv

River Voices: There's More to Ecuador Than Kayaking

by Rolan McNutt



\$100 park entrance fee. At least all the islands are one park and you only pay once. Aquatic iguanas fawned all over each other - they can stay under water for as long as an hour eating algae from the rocks, but then they have to surface and warm up in the sun, which they do in a group, sometimes in a cuddle.

I watched two land iguanas standing each other off - for a couple hours one kept the other off the terrace, and then the other took over and forced the former king off the throne and into the drink, where he was further insulted and cast off as he tried to get up on the adjacent terrace - first by a seal and then by a pelican, while a blue footed booby waited next dibs. Maybe that's the lure for humans - the only place on earth where we can see the natural pecking order without us in it.

It's marvelous for humans to be an innocent bystander - past heaps of seals and iguanas and birds who never had a large mammalian predator. It's like going back to the good old days of youth and innocence. Of course we weren't so innocent in the past - killing hundreds of thousands of turtles, almost to extinction. But the ones who are left seem to be ok with that, and still let people walk all over them.

Canoa, Sundowner Hotel, Palapa Time
photo by Roland McNutt



Next day found a ride on a panga boat for \$30 to Isabella, relishing the wet spray until it got cloudy and cold. By the time we got there I was miserable and wishing I had taken the \$50 tourist boat. But once ashore, walking to town and then on the sandy streets, I felt like a prisoner released. Paradise! More dogs than cars. Not a motor vehicle in sight! Reminded me of Caye Corker in Belize or an island near Panama City where there are no cars at all. What a difference it makes to the total ambiance, to the mindset of the locals, not to mention the few tourists!

I walked the whole ten sandy blocks through town until I found Beto's bar and Sophie's tent and kayak pitched on their oceanfront. Soon we were all their yukking it up and spouting aphorisms like "it's never too late to start talking about the future." Next door would be my \$8/night oceanfront private room. The water sparkled iridescently in the new moon and la pura vida beckoned irrepresive in the new dawn.

Went for the \$3 lunch - fish, rice, potatoes, juice, and... lobster soup. Lobster is more plentiful than fish here because that's what the men are all fishing for. Yes, the lobsters are getting smaller every year, but I wasn't complaining.

The next morning we jumped out of bed to catch the 6am bus to the volcano and got there at 5:50 to find it already gone. Not to worry, our trusty guide ran off and found us a truck. Hmmm, at \$15 instead of \$1 for the bus, was this a typical bait and switch scam? Later we joked we would take the difference out of his \$25 guide fee, plus a little extra for the english lessons we were giving him. But he evened it back up when he got us a ride back with locals for free.

The large volcano crater was so vast we never did see the other side through the clouds and mist, but we got the general idea. The small crater was a lot like Lassen in California, with fumaroles, and lava tubes, and busted up lava. Unlike Lassen you could pick up loose sulfur, and some fumaroles had ferns growing in them. Just after we got back and downed a few beers, I jumped into Sophie's kayak and paddled out to the cargo boat that had anchored since we had been inland. It was

leaving in one hour! So I got a fast ride in on a panga, packed my bag, said my goodbyes, and I was off on a whim and a fresh breeze. Leave 'em laughing...

I was on a streak - my timing had been impeccable so far - I embraced my good luck, expecting nothing less. The cargo boat (\$20) was not the love boat. I sat there writing beneath the bare bulb of the aft deck, surrounded by empty cartons, loose rope, stacks of stuff, bikes, mattresses, refrigerators, bathtubs, cockroaches, and whatever stowaways. As I got on board they had a cow hung by its heels, head submerged in sea water bloodied from its freshly slit throat. As I walked past the various crew I couldn't help thinking I was in the midst of one of those onboard murder mysteries: who slit the cow's throat and who would be next?

Back in Puerto Ayora, I signed up for a 4-day multi-island tour for \$240. The way the tours operate is that they arrive in port, pick up new passengers, discharge the old, and charge both for the full day. The disembarking day is the worst because they arrive to port the night before and the passengers have breakfast and then leave. So the tip here is not to sign up from home on the "internet only" deals because there will always be a space available deal once you get. I could have my pick of boats for the same day departure. 1st class or tourist class, I wouldn't know the difference - but the food was great and most importantly, so was the guide, an excellent English speaker and birder.

We also had another professional birder in our tourist group, so bird was the word. First day bird list: red-billed tropicbird, greater flamingo, Galapagos flycatcher, Nasal booby, blue footed booby, leach petrol, audubon shearwater, whimbrel, cactus face, ruddy turnstone, semipalmated plover, magnificent frigatebird, gray plover, shorteared owl, bluegrey owl, Galapagos penguin, cattle egret, blackneck stilt, Galapagos pintail, Franklin's gull.

At siesta time I took out a kayak to a scenic sea lion beach, the big bull conspicuous from a long way off. And then, everybody's favorite - the baby sea lions! So cute! I couldn't get enough of them in four days - about the size and shape of Labrador puppies, and just as cute in their bouncy, flippery, furry way. Galapagos penguins, only up to a foot tall, are not as cute, but a valued sighting.

Espanola Island - everybody's favorite -

baby sea lions everywhere, like you picture it, so thick and unperturbed by humans that you have to step over bunches of them on the trail. Got a picture of me with the kids. Nasca boobies were everywhere, taking turns on the nests, some on eggs, others sitting on the chicks. Usually two chicks are born, but the firstborn is fed first, and if it remains healthy, the second is nudged out of the nest to die.

The Albatross chicks were almost as cute as the baby seals, with outrageous fluffy feathers that were the inspiration for sesame street big bird. In the sunny afternoon we were let out on a half-mile stretch of white sand beach. We join four or five boatloads of other tourists, but after being sequestered on board with the same seven, and herded through the paces of the trails by the guide, the big beach, freedom to roam, and the other tourists were a welcome change. Besides, there were baby seals by the bushel, an endless source of play. A pair of black twins was the crowd favorite, and I joined the suitors.

In retrospect, Galapagos is a once-in-a-lifetime experience - it is unique - but mainly because it is so expensive. With airfare and the park fee and obligatory tour, expect to drop \$1000 in a short time. The weather is not that great - generally cloudy but with an average of three to five hours of sun. For me the highlight - and I knew it would be when I was there - were the island of Isabella and the idyllic town of Puerto Villamil - those quiet sandy streets and cheap beachfront hotels are a throwback to millenniums past. And of course the unfettered wildlife and chance to speculate on the Darwinian insight makes it all worthwhile.

Canoa

Twenty of us loaded up two chartered vans after Lynn and Cerci's wedding for the honeymoon trip to the coast and New Year's. After arriving at night, the new day dawned to reveal what a beautiful beachfront place we had taken over (\$14 beachfront rooms, or \$4 dorms in town). We had all the toys - kayaks, surfboards, boogieboards, volleyball, Lynn's new trick kite, and the neighbors had surf kites, hang gliders, and Para gliders. It was a very festive new year's eve, and later that night we rallied the gang for dancing in the street in the town of Canoa.

The gorgeous Borges family circus led the way in clown costumes. In the back,

perhaps swaying my hips a little too wildly, or maybe just because I was a silly gringo, I got a whole row of 10 or 15 ladies to crack up. The senora matriarch was the most affected - she couldn't stop laughing, and whenever she turned to look at me, doubled over once again in intensified laughter. Then the ladies on the other side of the street all started laughing and so did I - it made my day/year.

The next day, of course, was wasted we lay in hammocks and swam and not much else. Come to think of it, that was pretty much the schedule for the rest of the week, until the big gringo gathering was splintered, some to reunite, but never again in full strength as it was for the intercontinental wedding crew. "VIVA LOS NOVIOS!"

Santa Domingo

On the way back to Quito three of us stopped off to kayak around the town of Santo Domingo. This being a west slope versus the east slope of the Amazon drainage, I didn't know what to expect, missing out on my trip two years ago. The city itself is ugly and scary - seems like all the pretty girls have moved on to Quito, and the rest of the town is pissed off about it. We stayed across the street from the bus station to avoid walking and shuttle problems - just get on the bus, Gus!

A local, Tex, contacted through his father's hotel, the topical inn, offered his boats, and set us up with a hand drawn map and a shuttle with a friend of his to the OTONGO, which flows into the BABA, with a great takeout park-and-surf wave I named baba looey (quickdraw mcgraw's burro sidekick). It was a pretty lil' Class III run, and we paid about \$5 to ride back in a banana truck instead of waiting for the bus.

Tex was keen to boat with us, but each morning regretted that he had to work that day. He did us right though, and maybe one day one of you can return the favor. Day 2 he drove us to the UPPER TOACHI, a beautiful metamorphic bedrock gorge at 17 on the gage at put in - big! Big water into a little gorge means we were spit through there like watermelon seeds at a birthday party. I suppose it is Class IV at medium flows, but I was gripping all I held dear as I flew past ledge holes twenty yards wide or aerated, funny water out of control. We were about to walk out at the crux rapid because we couldn't get past a wall to scout, but fortunately an intrepid British group

River Voices: There's More to Ecuador Than Kayaking

by Rolan McNutt

caught up with us and showed us the way. I did the last half of that hundred yard rapid upside down, but that was probably the least scary way to do it, and it only took about two seconds.

In another rapid the water was so violent I saw one guy flip and roll three times! So call me weenie boy, but I am rating the run Class V. Since it is a bedrock gorge, I bet you could run it at really low flows and it would be more reasonable.

A dollar beer at takeout and an eighty cent bus ride back to the front door of our \$5 hotel, and you are beginning to see the lure of Ecuador's whitewater. Lucky for me, Jose, the owner of our favorite eatery, spotted us for kayakers and told us that his son Javier was a kayaker, and a few hours later he was shuttling us to the river, me in his new Phat for \$10/day. This one was called the MIDDLE PILATON, and we put in at the town of tandapi. A new boater, Juan asked us to demonstrate a roll and technique. Likely my Spanish and poor demonstration had him hopelessly confused, but he was happy to follow us the whole way down the continuous Class III roadside, stopping at all vantage points and gathering local gawkers who never seem too busy not to call together the whole clan to witness the passing of the colorful crazy gringos. At take out, we had our bags in his truck, and so he took the Phat back, and we had a little lunch at the roadside business and our pick of the busses on to Quito.

The bus let us off and shortly thereafter Ricardo arrived with our new boats. The put in was daunting. We could see the river far below, say five hundred feet. From the rim we could see that shortly the river went into a very narrow canyon with vertical walls of over eight hundred feet. Hmmm. Asked what Class it is, Ricardo replied, "I don't know, four maybe five, all I know is that one group has done it before". Everybody was excited and anxious as I tried to squeeze into the loaner boat I was borrowing. I must admit, I was nervous. My knees were knocking hiking down the trail.

Dan Dixon, aka Greystoke, ran the first rapid that we were all too cautious to run.



\$3 lunch fish,
rice, potatoes,
juice, and...
lobster soup.

He made it look smooth as butter. The hell with the sidelines! Suddenly we were all in our boats and beginning the adventure. Before long came the formidable canyon. Maria Clara video taping practically directly over us on the rim. Her dialog as later witnessed says something like "Come on guys, Come on guys, eddy out". She can clearly see what is before us. We eddied out.

The first drop is maybe four meters with a pool then a left hand bending wall rapid. The pool looks sufficient though. Greystoke goes first, again, making it look easy. Eric goes as I get into my boat. Lynn looks at me from just down stream as we peel out together. His eyes say, "are you ready for this man?" I nod affirmation and it's on! I botch the entrance and sculled hard not to go upside down over this darn thing. I make it up right but have to smirk to myself as I plunge over backwards. No problem man. I go deep. As I come to the surface my blade stabilizes me at the surface. Fresh air again! Only thing is my boat stalls out totally vertical as I face the chundering falls just a few short feet in front of me. My skirt has blown so I take an easy swim to the side. All good fun.

We scout the next section of the rapid. Dan goes first. Then Ricardo. The first drop Ricardo manages to jam his paddle in a rock on his right, the wall on his left. The current pushes him past and under it and he swims leaving the paddle wavering where he left it. After some debate I decide to run it. Lynn and Eric take a slight sneak right and then into left current. Looks good. Now all alone. I fiddle about and finally get in my boat. I'm determined just to run the rest of the rapid. Paddling right I broach a rock and plan to slide into the slot but something happens. I get sucked backwards into the right slot and KLUNK; there I am, vertically pinned. Again, I smirk to myself as hundreds of gallons of water rush over my face creating a rooster tail off my nose! I lean forward to pull my skirt. Wow that current is really strong, so this is what it is like. I try again pulling my skirt just as a test. No dice. Luckily the cure is simple...pop the knees, curl into a ball and I'm outta there! Lynn is right there on shore yelling "Swim right, swim right!" I know

this but it sure feels good to have people on your side. Lynn figured I couldn't hear because of the dumb vacant look on my face. He said he couldn't even see me through the water while I was pinned.

The video revealed the actual time and it looked like the impact ejected me, how could I have had so many thoughts in such a short period? Well, at least I kept my paddle. Now, hmmm, how do we get this boat out that we can't even see. I hold onto Lynn as he reaches deep to get an idea of the boat's position. Meanwhile, I stabilize us by wrapping my arms around some chunk of metal from a tanker truck that had previously tossed itself the eight hundred or so vertical feet to its mangled roost right next to the river. Dan says we should try and divert some water first. Like a bunch of apes we roll rocks and boulders into place.

In an instant the friends watching from above start hollering. The boat has freed itself and is on its way down river. Good grief! Two paddlers downstream are unable to catch it before the next rapid. Ricardo is off and running! Greystoke gets into his boat and runs the rapid again. Lynn, Roberto and myself are portaging the last drop. The plan is to traverse a slippery ledge and jump into a pool just below the hole. I hear a klaklunk from behind me and turn just in time to see Roberto jump onto his boat like a boogie board, paddle in hand, and take a ride into the hole. The boat stalls out in the hole and Roberto gets ashore. There goes another boat downriver! Then, Lynn who is in front of me drops his paddle into the current. I thought about jumping in after it am a little concerned about more mistakes. I grab Lynn's stern as he seems to be considering going in after his paddle. A moment of hesitation and Lynn yells at me to let go of the boat! He is thinking of going in with his boat. Yeesh.

Luckily Ricardo has lightning quickness over the rocks and is able to collect the two boats and a paddle a hundred yards down stream. All is well but what a beginning! The rest of the run was bony Class IV and each rock I hit further aggravates my painfully situated feet crammed in the bow. After a couple hours I ask Ricardo how much further, "I don't know, one kilometer, maybe one hundred kilometers". That is VERY reassuring! Needless to say I lived through it.

Devil's Nose Train

This was one of five or six pictures on the cover of the Small World guidebook so I finally convinced Lynn and Joe we had to go. Riobamba is an old pan American highway town with enough civic pride to have early morning street sweepers out in the cobbled town center. The high-ceiling hotel with interior courtyard cost us \$2.50 each. The next morning was a mellow scene unlike the mad rush to Mexican trains - no line - the gates were open early, handling the tourists as they arrived, herding them to the tops of boxcars. Entrepreneurs rented cushions at \$1. There are seating cars but no one uses them but the few locals that are picked up along the way. The train, any train, is a travel option must for me - it goes out through people's back yards, away from the familiar, ugly roadside ads and attitudes, businesses and busyness, to families working their fields, streamside freshness, and ultimately to river gorges, all without the worry and crunch and danger of oncoming traffic. This train used to go all the way to the coast, but now they just keep this tourist line open, down to the bottom of Devil's Nose Gorge, then it turns around and zigzags back up the canyon to the town of Alahuasi and waiting busses.

Then it was back to Tena and the weather was cool and cloudy - last year at this time they said it was hot and sunny - but anyway I was glad to have a paddle jacket and polypro top everyday, along with polypro pants and rain pants, which came down to meet my wet shoes, which served the double purpose of bug protection. The young bucks were paddling in shorts and shorty tops and tevas and only occasionally did I hear them complain of being cold. But every day I heard them complain of the bugs - little noseums that itch after they've bitten and gone - and they all looked like they had chicken pox on their legs.

One week in February is the annual celebration of the founding of the local area government, so there was something going on every night or day. Monday was the opening parade, then they had a beauty pageant to crown the queen, followed the next night by the indigenous version, which we found more interesting, as you might imagine, watching them doing native dances instead of answering questions about how they would save the world. And of course the native version of the striptease where they took the frilly beadwork off their bikinis was so interesting I had to go

up to the front row for a closer inspection of the intricate colors and patterns of the expert fine beadwork.

The real live and die bullfights were Saturday and Sunday, and I got a few pictures of the crowd, the clowns, and the prissy matadors with their dancing shoes and skin tight pants. Final score - bulls 1, matadors 3 - one of the clowns got gored and had to be ambulated away, while three of the bulls had to be trucked away. Over the back fence I witnessed the cutting of the throat of one of the bulls and one of the workers drinking handfuls of the gushing blood. It was that kind of scene, and even the most macho of us felt a bit queasy, that is, more queasy than the regular rumblings that seem to have taken up residence down below.

Sunday night they had a live band at the town court and I could make up all kinds of lies about how I did the native shuffle with the indigenous queen or threw water balloons into the crowd, but am embarrassed to say that I cashed it in at 1 am and heard the next day that the party continued 'til dawn. In defense I did do the hardest kayaking run earlier that day.

We kayaked 10 days out of 13, from big brown flood stage Class III to crystal clear, 500 cfs, continuous boofarama Class IV - V, 125 feet per mile or more. There's something here for everybody, and the young pro bros down here exploring new Class VI and running the previously unrunnable keeps you humble.

The best thing about Ecuador boating is that almost all of the runs are headwaters upstream of civilization and therefore very clean, in contrast to Costa Rica, which has only three or four unpolluted runs. Lots of blind boofs where the boater in front of you drops out of sight, or continuous Class III, as far behind and in front of you as you can see around the corner into who-knows-what. The big rivers are like the heart of the south fork American gorge at 4000 cfs or some of the Idaho or British Colombia rivers I've heard tell of.

One last week - what to do? Lynn suggested another try at Cotopaxi, but I opted for the familiar and friendly Tena town, where people knew me and it was safe to walk around at night and there is always the ala carte crowd to go boating with. Super bowl Sunday we boated and got back just in time to see the game.

River Voices: Plans for Peace on a Playboating Planet

by Clay Wright

Paddling is fun, but less so when other kayakers yell ‘Dude – you’re a total A**h***!’ while your trying to enjoy a surf. How can they know?

Perhaps it is your manners.

Nothing ruins a great day like some grom going off on you for no apparent reason, or some geezer waiting till Christmas to make his move. Here’s some Basic Rules of the River: so at least you’ll know why they’re yelling.

The boater going downstream has right of way. This is the most basic ‘rule of the river’ and despite all the changes in this sport it still applies (yes, even if they’re going the wrong way). Pulling out of an eddy is like pulling away from a stop sign – you only gas it after you’ve made sure there are no cars (boats) coming. If you are surfing from an eddy, it’s basically like playing hopscotch in the street - you move when a car comes. If you drop into a hole on your way downstream, you’d be dumb not to give warning to the boaters behind you (“Surfing”) to prevent being hit. However, if you hit the guy in front of you when they surf you were likely “following too closely for conditions” and should at least yell “Sorry” as you roll up.

A lot to remember? Maybe, but the system works. In general the boat moving downstream has the right of way except, as with driving, you must leave enough space between you and the boat in front of you to avoid a collision should they stop or be stopped. Pretty basic stuff. But life’s not always so basic. Here’s some surfing scenarios designed for peace in the playboating world.

Playhole etiquette

Eddys on both sides:

If there are eddies on both sides of the playhole, alternate the order. When one side is shorter, ferry across if you want a shorter wait. At some spots, the more difficult eddy likely hosts a shorter line; a perk for the stronger paddlers! Common courtesy requires short-liners to wait through a couple long-liners if the lines stay grossly lopsided.

‘On-deck’ Eddies:

When there is a small or swirly eddy closest to the hole it is senseless to crowd in and make everyone struggle. Simplify by designating a max load, say 3 boats, and let the line form elsewhere while following the same order into the ‘on deck’ eddy. Example: Gauley’s ‘First Blast/ Gomers’, once 4-5 people crowd the closer eddy they all paddle twice as hard to stay in it. Expect to announce the plan often and ‘check’ punks who cut-line to the ‘on-deck’ eddy; a simple “Line’s over here, dude” usually works.

Upstream ‘On-deck’ Eddys:

Some high-traffic play areas have established excellent “on deck eddies” just upstream of the playspot for boaters headed downstream. Catching such an eddy is a courtesy to the boater in the hole, allowing him or her to finish the ride and assuring you an unfettered drop-in or entry move. In return for this courtesy, the one who catches the upstream eddy is next in line at this point (ie Hell Hole). Sometimes, a line forms in the ‘on-deck’ eddy (ie Hungry Mother) and then the boaters in this line should alternate with the established line. All must yield to boaters who remain in the current yet don’t plan on surfing.

Vigilance:

Girls, popular locals, and sponsored paddlers sometimes have such an easy time cutting line that they barely notice they are doing it. Far too many paddlers notice, get pissed, but say nothing. Why not SOLVE the problem instead? A simple “you’re not next” will usually do the trick. Ask whom they are following, remember it for them the next go around, if necessary share the info with the rest of the eddy. If you SPEAK

UP they will wait their turn (at least until YOU leave).

“No Parking”

Rodeo rides are limited to 45 seconds. Even without competition, when the line’s really full, expect to hear grumbling unless you are pushing yourself after a minute or two. Usually the more big tricks you do (or the more you get hammered) the more time you’ll get before rocks are thrown. To be fair, it is how close to your ability you are paddling that counts. Just learning? Front-surfing or spinning is fine (especially if you flip a lot). Pro-level local? You better be going aerial after 60 sec or you are just as guilty of ‘parking’ as the beginner spinning on the shoulder.

When the light turns Green;

You GO. You do not mess with your skirt, you do not fumble with your nose plugs! The longer the wait for a ride, the more important it is to be totally ready to hit the hole when it empties. Sponging your boat in line is acceptable. Getting ‘caught with your skirt down’ is not! If you do get caught, wave the next person in quick before anyone notices. Pay attention to the order and get your nose-plugs on before the guy in front of you hits the hole. If he missed the hole it sucks for him, if you get ‘caught with your skirt down’ is a waste of everyone’s hole-time. Yes, that does qualify you for verbal abuse. Got caught a couple times? Dude - you might just be flakey but they are gonna call you something else . . .

Scenario: OK, so you’ve just blown it – the hole is empty and your skirt is hanging. Your ‘faux pas’ has drawn the attention and jeers of the crowd. Don’t cower away downstream just yet. Smile, blush a bit, and make sure and either go big or flip hard trying next go around. Good manners are nice and all, but nothing wins the crowd like someone giving it their all – except, of course, a good thrashing.

While we all want as many rides as possible, following these simple guidelines keeps the time waiting less frustrating. Nothing ruins a great day of paddling like some line-cutting fool with no respect for his/her



Clay Wright
photo by Dan Gavere

fellow paddler (or the stress we produce fretting about it). So do your best, don't stress, but spread the word when possible to keep 'that guy' from ruining everyone's day. The sad thing is, often the line-cutter doesn't understand why no one wants to hang out, get dinner, or talk about boating with him/her afterwards. Oblivion in bliss only till the play is over. Following the rules of the river does not guarantee you more spins or more ends, but it might let you keep friends. Respect your fellow playboaters – and they will respect you? Well, no, but at least they won't call you an A**H***!

www.americanwhitewater.org

www.wildmed.com

On-line, secure
rescue & wilderness
medical gear catalogue.

Worldwide wilderness
emergency
medical training.

The gear you need.
The training you need.

**WILDERNESS
MEDICAL
ASSOCIATES®**

*Emergency training
for outdoor professionals.™*

office@wildmed.com 1-888-WILDMED

To Our Affiliate Clubs

We are Reaching Out for Input

AW membership has been stable at roughly 8,000 members for several years. We pride our accomplishment and programmatic priority on that which serves our members, and AW Affiliate Clubs across the country represent 80,000 paddlers, ten times the our current membership. Hmmm. There is something about this that begged consideration this past winter as we wrung our hands about the factors creating challenges to growing our resources. We scratched our heads and wondered: If we are supposed to be serving the needs of clubs and their respective members, perhaps one or more of the following has been in play:

- We are not: we just think we are;
- We are and haven't communicated well enough; or

- Folks feel that their AW support is satisfied by belonging to an Affiliate Club

And maybe there was something else going on about which we are unaware!

To get a handle on the perspectives of paddling clubs, we scheduled 'focus groups' across the country to identify how the efforts of AW relate to the interests of our paddling clubs and their clubs' memberships, today. (A 'focus group' is a market research tool where participants are asked for their reaction and preferences to new products or services.)

As an additional source of valuable information about paddlers' interests and needs, we invited paddlers that did not belong to any club, those who belonged

to AW and no local club, and those who belonged to a local club but were not AW members. We figured that if it was important to identify why people join a paddling club and AW, it was just as important to identify why they choose not to.

At the time of this writing, two groups have convened. Both were orchestrated by AW volunteers. Norwood Scott and Rick Parnell ably organized a group in Sacramento at the office of member Ann Peterson on April 3rd, and Tom McIntire and board member Tom Christopher put together a group at Tom McI's home in Manchester, NH on April 10th. Here are their perspectives on the content of the groups. In the next journal we'll include observations on the entire project and the implications their input will have on our approach to serve our Affiliate Clubs with relevant interaction and service.

The April 3, 2003, focus group in Sacramento was well attended by a diverse group of paddlers. Gold Country Paddlers, River City Paddlers, American River Paddling Club, Current Adventures, River Management Advisory Committee, Sacramento Whitewater Park Initiative, Tuolumne River Preservation Trust, American Whitewater, and the infamous Newcastle House were all represented. Attendees represented a full spectrum of interests, from budding new boaters to seasoned veterans; from rafters to kayakers to canoers; from new school to old school; and affiliate club members to non-members.

Discussions focussed on what American Whitewater could do to enhance member benefits and what affiliate clubs could do to further AW's goal of increasing membership. Tangible member benefits like flows on the North Fork Feather, new California gauges, and affiliate club recognition were praised. Suggestions for member and affiliate club discounts with manufacture's, web hosting for affiliate clubs, increased involvement for local clubs in AW's decision making processes, and increased AW resources to address a growing number of access issues were all identified as ways to enhance member benefits.

When one focus group member was asked what would make his paddling experience unbeatable this year, he replied, "More time, money, and water!" The Sacramento focus group meeting was a success and AW sincerely thanks the participants for attending and for giving us fantastic verbal and written feedback.



American Whitewater Focus Group

*Sacramento Focus Group Participants – Bottom Row (L to R)
Mike Bean, Rick Parnell, Jerry Pepper, John Jerger.
Standing: Ann Peterson, Jessica Mayer, Greg Speicher,
Steve Shamber, Norwood Scott, Joe Bousquin, and Dan Crandall*

Meeting in Manchester, NH, April 10, 2003

In March, George May, the conservation chair for the Merrimack Valley Paddlers put out the word that American Whitewater wanted to hold a focus group discussion meeting in NH. This would be the second of several meetings to take place throughout the country. Since I live in Manchester (about 1 mile from the airport), I offered to host the meeting. The appointed topic of discussion was what American Whitewater was doing well, and where there were points for improvement. Members of both the Merrimack Valley Paddlers and N.H. AMC were invited and attended.

On the 10th, Risa Shimoda and Tom Christopher arrived at my house around 5, and in typical paddler fashion, people trickled in over the next several hours. We discussed our perceptions of American

Whitewater, what they were doing well, and where improvement was needed. Much to everyone's chagrin, almost no one knew the mission statement of American Whitewater, but most of us were aware of values and purpose behind the organization. Much of the discussion focused on how people perceive what A.W. does for the membership. The suggestions ran the full gamut, from "lead & organize paddling trips" to "stay the course, you are doing what you should do already". One common theme here in NH was that people were curious what was happening locally, as opposed to in the south & west. The kicker of it all is the relicensing that has happened already in New England on rivers like the Kennebec has formed a national model for the process. Much of this occurred before many of us were even paddling. How easily we all forget the past...

In the end, we gave Risa and Tom much to contemplate; I am sure we left them with



more questions than answers, but good questions nonetheless. A few of us sat and talked for several hours afterward discussing how A.W. could help out clubs at the club level, guiding them through the changes that happen as a "group of yahoo paddlers" grow up and become the mainstream paddling organizations in an area.

So, if someone around you asks "want to come to a focus group meeting?" say YES! and go help out. Give a couple hours of your time, and learn how you can help make the paddling community a bit better for all of us.

Thanks to everyone at A.W. for the help they provide, often behind the scenes in ways we will never know or hear about (and for providing pizza and beer for the meeting, the staples of any paddler's diet!)

**NEW ENGLAND'S SOURCE FOR
WHITEWATER INSTRUCTION & GEAR!**
Novice, Intermediate & Advanced Clinics

Zoar
OUTDOOR

Friendly certified instructors
State-of-the-art boats and gear
Guaranteed whitewater on the Deerfield River

Check out our fully stocked Outfitters Shop!
800 532-7483
www.zoaroutdoor.com

The Outfitters Shop On the Deerfield River
Charlemont, Massachusetts

BOOF Gear

New Kayak.....	\$900.00
Kayak Gear.....	\$1,200.00
Access fees, fines & tickets for Indecent Exposure.....	\$250.00
A warm, dry, hassle-free place to get out of your wet suit.....	*Priceless??

***No . . . but AFFORDABLE at \$98.00**

Change in the "Boof," not in the buff!

To order call: (330) 405-3306

Or visit us at

www.boofgear.net

info@boofgear.net

Boof Gear®

8870 Darrow Road, Suite F106 #311, Twinsburg, OH 44087

Paddlesports Leadership Council Formed

In April, American Whitewater met with four other paddlesports organizations for a third annual meeting, designed to identify avenues for increased communication and collaboration. We compared notes on the state of paddlesports as a pastime and industry; the challenges wrought by current events and economic trends, and planned projects. Attendees included Executive Directors of the following organizations: David Brown - America Outdoors, Pam Dillon - American Canoe Association, Risa Shimoda - American Whitewater, Matt Menashes - Professional Paddlesports Association and Chris Mitchell - Trade Association of Paddlesports (Two Executive Directors were unable to attend: David Yarborough - USA Canoe and Kayak and John Edwards - US Canoe Association).

Why So Many Groups?

The history is a litany of fragmentation sagas. Suffice it to say that historically, the genetic makeup of paddlers has encouraged their starting up new organizations when their 'current' organization did not meet their needs. As the groups have grown, as their membership interests have begun to overlap and as revenue sources have become fewer in number and increasingly discriminating, it seems that there will be instances in which working together will result in a much better outcome than that which could be achieved by the groups on their own.

There used to be even more: Eastern Professional River Guides and Western River Guides combined to form America Outdoors over a dozen years ago, and TAPS represents the merger of the North American Paddlesports Association (NAPSA) and the Trade Association of Sea Kayaking (TASK) in the late nineties.]

Groups at a Glance

American Canoe Association – represents paddlers of every type (open tops to sea kayaks) and their use on lakes, rivers and open water. ACA is the primary source of club insurance and instructor certification. American Whitewater – represents non-commercial whitewater enthusiasts on conservation and access issues and is a networking resource for accident reporting, events, and regulatory and legal issues on whitewater rivers.

US Canoe Association
– governs marathon paddling on both rivers and open water

USA Canoe and Kayak – governs the Olympic paddling disciplines, sprint and slalom

American Outdoors – represents whitewater rafting outfitters to industry and in legislative matters

Professional Paddlesports Association – represents canoe and kayak rental businesses

Trade Association of Paddle Sports – represents outfitters, manufacturers and distributors of products for the paddlesports trade

Commonality

These paddlesports organizations have membership profiles, missions and therefore, programmatic priorities. American Whitewater may or may not agree with any or all of them on specific issues that affect you, our members and constituents. We are, however, aligned enough times on enough issues that our having created a network will yield greater coordination on a greater number of projects that impact us all.



Thank You! Donors Via the CFC

To Those Who Donate to AW Through the Combined Federal Campaign: Thank You!

After far too long, American Whitewater would like to thank our members who have contributed to AW (CFC # 2302) through their workplace, participants in the Combined Federal Campaign. Conducted each Autumn, CFC Campaigns are conducted through federal and state 'workplace giving' programs, or through their local United Way campaign each Autumn.

Many members have been pledging annual or monthly gifts to American Whitewater as a result of these programs. We have appreciated your support in the past we have just recently established a process for being notified when donors sign up, to be able to acknowledge your gift(s). Jim Calvo and Cynthia Grimes (two members who have reminded us of this need to acknowledge CFC donors...), in particular: thanks for your periodic reminders to encourage change, and for your generosity and patience while we developed this process!


If you have a question about your CFC participation, please email risa@amwhitewater.org. We will either have an answer or seek it out. If you have an issue with the process, we may not be able to make changes quickly, but we will do everything we can to accommodate your request.

This year, if you have a federal or state workplace giving program, consider participating with a designation to American Whitewater, looking out for your interests on rivers that you know. Once again for future reference.

2002 AW Donors via the Combined Federal Campaign:


The following is a list of those who were CFC donors during the Autumn, 2002 Campaign:

Mehdi Akacem
Christina Arnesen
Brian Buckley
James Burton
Michele Collins
Jennifer Corbin
William D. Curtin
Mark D'agostino
Joeseeph Damboise
Jason Darby
Lawrence Dunn
Jason Fealy
Rochelle Finnegan
Richard Foy
Richard Gibson
David Gordon
Cynthia Grimes
Scott Hanlon
Forrest Hesselbarth
Jeffrey Holdsworth
David Hopper
Taggart Irwin
William James
Brad Magrath
Thomas Miller
Martin Meyer
Catalina McClain
Henry Miller
Daniel Molnar
Michael Murphy
Darrell Penn
Diane Pope
Franklin Riffle
Danny Robb
James Rolf
Eric Roush
Eddie Segears
Lindsey Shaw
James F. Sprouffske
Patrick Stellick
Bryan Stewart
Gilbert J. Strong
Sharon Suhrie
Dellet Weaver
Susan Whitney
Horace Williamson
Anna Wolf
Roger Younce
...and 'Kind Donor'




Star offers a variety of models. Whether you are a professional guide or an amateur boater, Star has the ideal boat for you. Call for a **FREE** catalog!


EXCITEMENT
15' Super Bug
One of 5 bug series models




ADVENTURE
14' Hurricane
One of 4 select series models



RECREATION
14' Cataract
One of 4 cat models



RELAXATION
TX200 Tracker Kayak
One of 8 kayak models



"Revolutionary new designs like the Bug Series have brought Star to the forefront of the rafting industry."

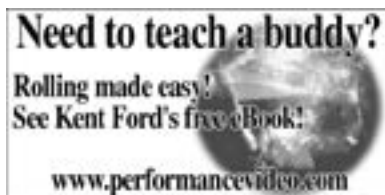
Factory Direct Pricing
Packages with row frames available

STAR INFLATABLES
www.starinflatables.com
Toll Free: (877) 900 2628

Safety Meeting

International Boating and Water Safety Summit

The organizations met at the International Boating Water Safety Summit, an annual meeting of water safety professionals, state regulatory and boating safety personnel and flood control and hydro dam operators. Annually hosted as a forum for discussion of water safety trends and needs, hosted a Paddlesports Education track, thanks to support from a Coast Guard grant to the American Canoe Association. Charlie Walbridge, American Whitewater Safety Committee member and author of the annual report on fatalities and accident trend watcher, presented a short history of both his personal involvement in the promotion of river safety and chronicler of river fatalities. Other sessions discussed the pervasive interest by states to initiate paddlesports boat registration programs and the growing population of paddlesports participants.



The American Whitewater Amazing River Rescue Writing Contest

River rescues are not always pretty. They can be cold, wet, and frightening. But now and then you hear some remarkable accounts of paddlers who showed unusual skill, innovation, courage, and tenacity while making a difficult rescue. Aside from being exciting and uplifting, these stories illustrate how other paddlers were able to master a dangerous situation. The lessons they learned and the examples they set might help others who encounter similar problems.

We'd like to highlight the best stories of successful river rescues with the first American Whitewater Amazing River Rescue Writing Contest.

To enter, write about a rescue that you were involved in during the last five years. Whether you were the rescuer, a member of the rescue party, or the person assisted by a particularly notable rescue, tell us what happened. Feel free to include any graphics or images that will help tell the story. And yes, we are interested in stories of intense self-rescues, too!

Deadline for submission: July 31, 2003.

Email your submission to Charlie Walbridge at safety@amwhitewater.org

The American Whitewater Safety Committee will assemble a panel of experts to review all submissions. The primary criteria for the judges include 1) the seriousness of the situation, 2) the innovation and leadership shown during the rescue 3) the courage, and tenacity of the people involved, and 4) the writing skills of the author. We will award a Spectra throwbag by Lotus Designs to the winning author(s) and announce the winner(s) and publish the winning stories in the November/December issue of American Whitewater.

Press Release

Wilderness Medical Associates Launches eLetter

immediate release

For further information: Dr. David Johnson or Ben Woodard at Wilderness Medical Associates, 1-888-WILDMED or dejo@wildmed.com, ben@wildmed.co

Wilderness Medical Associates (WMA) has launched a monthly wilderness medicine eletter. It contains detailed information on state-of-the-art wilderness medicine issues, practice scenarios, medical and rescue gear specials, and WMA news. The publication is free, and is in addition to their quarterly wilderness medicine publication, Wilder News

"This is a way to share our expertise in wilderness and remote medicine with a large audience," said WMA president Dr. David E. Johnson. "We have had enthusiastic responses to the eletter from both the outdoor and medical communities and are very pleased with that."

Subscriptions are available by emailing bsf@wildmed.com and requesting an eletter subscription or going to the WMA web site (www.wildmed.com) and subscribing under "newsletter".

Corporate Sponsors Update

by A.J. McIntyre

Clif Bar and Aw Team Up to Offer New Opportunities for Club Affiliates



Clif Bar and American Whitewater proudly announce their newly forged relationship for 2003. The Clif Bar/American Whitewater Flowing Rivers Campaign will provide \$3000 in grants for AW club affiliates working on regional conservation/access/safety projects across the US. Club affiliates will receive samples of Clif Bar products along with their applications. Once applications are submitted, they will be reviewed by a grants committee including: Jason Robertson, (Access Director), Risa Shimoda (Executive Director), John Gangemi (Conservation Director), and Tim Kelley (Safety Committee Chair), as well as one Clif Bar representative. Two grants each of \$500 will be awarded to affiliates in the West Coast Region, and Northeast and Southeast regions. Grant recipients will be announced at each of the American Whitewater River Fests. In addition, Clif Bar joins American Whitewater as a Contributing Sponsor of the 2003 American Whitewater River Festivals.

Smith Sport Optics Join AW Events



Smith Sport Optics broadens its outlook on the outdoors by initiating a partnership with AW. With a new kayak team in place, Smith proves it knows where the action is by signing on as a Basic Sponsor of the 2003 American Whitewater River Festivals.

Smith will participate in all River Festivals taking place across the United States during the spring, summer and fall of 2003.

Smith's participation in the 2003 American Whitewater River Festivals serves to help

AW provide venues for increased visibility of our mission of access and conservation, while educating both boaters and the local community about whitewater issues concerning the surrounding areas for each festival.

Continuing Their Support... Kayak Session Expands Relationship to Provide Greater Member Benefits

Kayak Session now offers a \$25 subscription rate to all American Whitewater members, a saving of \$16. AW is thrilled to offer this new benefit to its membership base. Beginning with its first issue, Kayak Session provided AW with one page in each issue to update readers on a key river initiative, creating a great venue by which American Whitewater can voice its mission to both a national and international community. Expanding on this already productive partnership with this membership benefit provides great new opportunity for both Kayak Session and American Whitewater to reach a greater number of paddlers internationally.

NOC: Providing Membership to New Boaters

The Nantahala Outdoor Center has always supported American Whitewater's mission. Last year, they initiated their Rapid Progressions Program, supplying an AW membership for each participant. This year, NOC plans on continuing and expanding the program, providing an excellent opportunity to introduce new boaters to American Whitewater's continued work on whitewater rivers. Class schedules can be found on NOC's website and in their spring catalog.

For more information as to how your business can support American Whitewater, please contact AJ McIntyre, Corporate Relations Director, at aj@amwhitewater.org or 301.589.9453.

**FPO
Snapdragon
(Usual)
1/3pg V**

Club Affiliates

Club Affiliates are extremely important to American Whitewater. As part of our effort to reach out to clubs, and their members, we've recently unveiled some exciting new programs. Take a look at the offers below and contact our office to find out how you can get involved.

Free DVD Player and LVM Subscription!

– American Whitewater club affiliates have between now until July 31st to get 50 of their club members to join American Whitewater. If your club meets this requirement, you will receive a FREE DVD player, one year DVD subscription to Lunch Video Magazine, AND a 'best of' LVM DVD! The program starts retroactively, from the first of January – so if you've already had 50 members of your club join AW, you can take advantage of this promotion. Please e-mail or call Jessie Rice for more details.

\$500 ClifBar Grant for Regional Club Projects!

– Your club now has the opportunity to compete against other clubs in your area for a \$500 Clif Bar Grant. ClifBar has joined forces with American Whitewater to offer this unprecedented deal. Eligible clubs can submit proposals for river-related projects and winners will be announced at each of our three flagship events this summer. Please contact Jessie Rice or AJ McIntyre for more details.

Club Affiliates by State:

Alaska

Fairbanks Paddlers, Fairbanks, AK

Alabama

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

Arkansas

Arkansas Canoe Club, Little Rock, AR

Arizona

Grand Canyon Pvt. Boat Assn. Flagstaff, AZ

California

Sierra Club Loma Prieta Ch., San Jose, CA
Sierra Club Rts, Sacramento, CA
Sequoia Paddling Club, Windsor, CA
Shasta Paddlers, Redding, CA
Chico Paddle Heads, Chico, CA
Gold Country Paddlers, Lotus, CA

Colorado

Colorado Whitewater Assn, Englewood, CO
Pueblo Paddlers, Pueblo West, CO
Arkansas Headwaters Rec Area, Salida, CO

Connecticut

AMC Boston Chapter, Bloomfield, CT
AMC CT Chapter, Stafford Springs, CT

Georgia

Georgia Canoeing Assoc., Atlanta, GA
Atlanta Whitewater Club, Atlanta, GA
GeorgiaTech Outdoor Rec., Atlanta, GA

Illinois

Chicago Whitewater Assn., Cary, IL

Indiana

Hoosier Canoe Club, Indianapolis, IN

Kentucky

Bluegrass Wildwater Assoc, Lexington, KY

Maryland

Baltimore Canoe Club, Kingsville, MD
Monocacy Canoe Club, Frederick, MD
Mason Dixon Canoe Cruisers,
Boonsboron, MD
Garrett Comm. College, McHenry, MD

Maine

AMC/Maine Chapter, Hallowell, ME

Minnesota

Boat Busters Anonymous, Oakdale, MN

Missouri

Ozark Wilderness Waterways, Kansas City, MO
Missouri Whitewater Assoc., St. Louis, MO
Ozark Mountain Paddlers, Springfield, MO

North Carolina

Carolina Canoe Club, Raleigh, NC
Triad River Runners, Winston-Salem, NC
Camp Carolina, Brevard, NC
Western Carolina Paddlers, Asheville, NC
Nantahala Racing Club, Almond, NC

New Hampshire

Ledyard Canoe Club, Hanover, NH
Waterline, Manchester, NH
Mt. Washington Valley Paddlers, Franconia, NH

New Jersey

KCCNY, Teaneck, NJ
AMC NY-NJ Chapter, Rockaway, NJ
Garden State Canoe Club, Millington, NJ
The Paddling Bares, Milltown, NJ
Mohawk Canoe Club, Trenton, NJ
Hunterdon County Canoe Club,
Flemington, NJ

New Mexico

Adobe WW Club of NM, Albuquerque, NM

Nevada

Sierra Nevada WW Club, Reno, NV

New York

Housatonic Canoe & Kayak Sq., Ossining, NY
Clarkson Outing Club, Potsdam, NY
Zoar Valley Paddling Club, Dunkirk, NY
Adirondac Rafting Co., Lake Placid, NY
Finger Lakes Ontario Watershed (FLOW)
Paddler's Club, Rochester, NY

Ohio

Toledo River Gang, Waterville, OH
KSU Kayak Club, Kent, OH
Keel Haulers Canoe Club, Westlake, OH

Oregon

Willamette Kayak & Canoe Club, Corvallis, OR
Outdoor Rec. Center, Corvallis, OR

Pennsylvania

Canoe Club of Gr. Harrisburg, Le Moyne, PA
Three Rivers Paddling Club, Pittsburgh, PA
Lehigh Valley Canoe Club, Lehigh Valley, PA
Philadelphia Canoe Club, Philadelphia, PA
Holtwood Hooligans, Lititz, PA
Benscreek Canoe Club, Johnson, PA
AMC Delaware Valley Chapter, Sugarloaf, PA

South Carolina

Palmetto Paddlers, Columbia, SC

South Dakota

Whitewater! Discussion Board, Spearfish, SD

Tennessee

E. Tennessee Whitewater Club, Oak Ridge, TN

Chota Canoe Club, Knoxville, TN

Tennessee Valley Canoe Club, Chattanooga, TN

Eastman Hiking & Canoe Club, Kingsport, TN

Texas

Rockin 'R' River Rides, New Braunfels, TX

Bayou City Whitewater Club, Houston, TX

Utah

University Of Utah, Salt Lake City, UT

USU Kayak Club, Logan, UT

Utah Whitewater Club, Salt Lake City, UT

Virginia

Coastal Canoeists Inc, Richmond, VA

Canoe Cruisers Assn, Arlington, VA

Blue Ridge River Runners, Lynchburg, VA

Blue Ridge Voyageurs, Reston, VA

Float Fishermen of Virginia, Roanoke, VA

Richmond WW Club, Mechanicsville, VA

Vermont

Vermont Paddlers Club, Jericho, VT

Washington

Spokane Canoe & Kayak Club, Spokane, WA

Washington Kayak Club, Seattle, WA

The Mountaineers, Seattle, WA

Paddle Trails Canoe Club, Seattle, WA

Kayak Pursuits, Redmond, WA

Associated Students, Bellingham, WA

Wisconsin

Sierra Club/John Muir Chapter, La Crosse, WI

West Virginia

West Va. Wildwater Assn, S. Charleston, WV

Wyoming

Jackson Hole Kayak Club, Jackson, WY

Join American Whitewater as a Club Affiliate!

Join the growing network of paddling clubs that have already become affiliates and support AW as the only group devoted full-time to national conservation and access issues.

Club affiliates receive many benefits, in addition to being recognized in our journal and on our website. If you are interested in becoming a club affiliate, please let us know!

For more information, contact Jessie Rice at jessie@amwhitewater.org, call our office at (866) 262-8429 or sign-up online at: www.americanwhitewater.org/membership.

Membership Notes

2003 has been and will continue to be a year of change at American Whitewater. One of our top goals is to take better care of our existing members, which means making it easier for you to renew, find out what projects we're working on, and better yet – get involved. As part of this effort, we'll be using the journal more often to communicate with you. Below is a list of frequently asked questions regarding membership. Please take a look at the list and if you have anything further, check out our website or e-mails us! Correct contact information can be found below.

Question: I am moving, how do I notify American Whitewater of my new address?

Answer: You can submit your address change three ways: 1) On our website (look under the 'membership' section), 2) By sending us an e-mail to jessie@amwhitewater.org with the words 'address change' in the subject field or by 3) calling our office and letting us know of the change.

Question: I did notify American Whitewater of my address change, but haven't received my journal, why?

Answer: Address changes must be made at least two weeks before the issue is delivered. For example, for the July/August journal, we need your address change by June 20th.

Question: I've noticed a code on the label of my journal that reads '20030105' next to my name – what does it mean?

Answer: That code is actually your expiration date. The '2003' is the year you expire. The following '05' is the journal issue you expire on and the final '01' is the year you first became a member. We run 6 issues every year, so the number 05 correlates with the Sept/Oct issue (06 would be Nov/Dec and so on).

Question: I renewed my membership, but received another renewal notice in the mail!

Answer: I think this is the most frequently asked question. The main reason is your renewal wasn't processed before the next round of renewals was sent. We go to great lengths to minimize this problem as much as possible, as it's a waste of paper time and money. Unfortunately, our printer needs time to prepare the renewal forms and we have to send him the names several weeks in advance. One way to solve this problem is to sign-up for e-renewals. Call or E-mail our office, or go to our website for more details on this program.

If you have a suggestion, comment or question not covered here, please send it to:

Jessie Rice
Membership Coordinator
American Whitewater
(301) 589-9453
jessie@amwhitewater.org

Guidelines for Contributors



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

If possible, articles should be submitted on a 3-1/2-inch computer disk. (Microsoft Word if possible – others accepted.) Please do not alter the margins or spacing parameters; use the standard default settings. Send a printed copy of the article as well.

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

Photos may be submitted as slides, black or white prints, or color prints or electronic, digital photos, 300 dpi tiffs or high res jpegs minimum 3"x5." Keep your originals and send us duplicates if possible; we cannot guarantee the safe return of your pictures. If you want us to return your pictures, include a self-addressed stamped envelope with your submission. The better the photos the better the reproduction.

American Whitewater feature articles should relate to some aspect of whitewater boating. Please do not submit articles pertaining to sea kayaking or flat water.

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

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

Please check all facts carefully, particularly those regarding individuals, government agencies,

and corporations involved in river access and environmental matters. You are legally responsible for the accuracy of such material. Make sure names are spelled correctly and river gradients and distances are correctly calculated.

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

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

Release For Publication

- I hereby release my work (literary, graphic or photographic) for publication in American Whitewater magazine.
- I understand that my work may be edited or cropped at the editors' discretion.
- I understand that I will not be paid for my work.
- I accept responsibility for the accuracy of the information included in my submission. I have not libeled or slandered any individual, corporation or agency in this work.
- I understand that all or some of my work may be reprinted at some future date in an American Whitewater publication.
- I promise that this material has not been and will not soon be published by another magazine or publication and the rights to this material are clear and unrestricted.
- I understand that once this material is printed in American Whitewater it may be reprinted or reproduced in other publications if I wish, providing I notify them that it has already appeared in American Whitewater.

- I understand that the contents of American Whitewater Magazine, including my contribution, will be archived on the American Whitewater web site.

Signed _____

Date _____

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

Send your material to:

Journal Editor, 1016 Alpine Drive, Boulder, CO 80304

You can save a river forever...

... by planning a gift for

American Whitewater

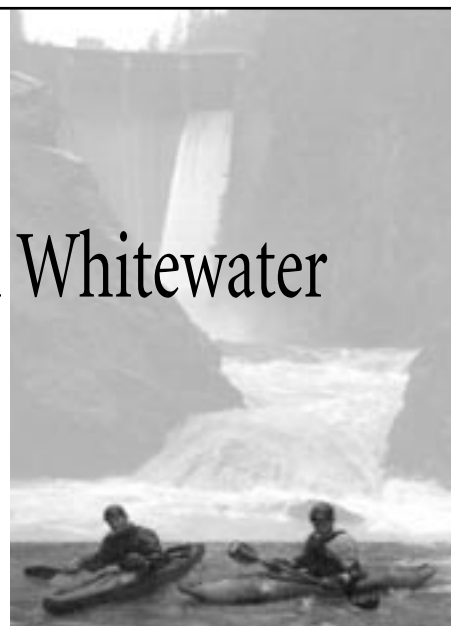
Your gift can:

- Secure permanent access to rivers for generations to come
- Protect and/or restore an endangered whitewater river
- Promote whitewater safety
- Support the world's leading whitewater organization

Consider the following in your will:

- bequests
- insurance
- stocks
- trusts
- real estate

Please direct inquiries to Ken Ransford, attorney and CPA, 970-963-6800, or by e-mail at ransford@vanion.com.



Attention AW Members:

Dive in

and

Subscribe

at the special AW rate below!

Crave more action?

Subscribe to *Kayak* magazine—for those who live and breathe **whitewater**. Available twice a year from the publisher of *Paddler* magazine, each issue will whet your whistle with cutting-edge features, profiles, news bits, skills, destinations and, most importantly, **big-time photos** you can devour on the shuttle.

Catch the wave and subscribe today! Better yet, subscribe to *Paddler* at the same time and save even more!

Subscribe online at
www.kayakmagazine.com
or call (888) 774-7554

WWW.PADDLERMAGAZINE.COM

Kayak

- ☐ \$6: 1 yr (two issues)
- ☐ \$11: 2 yrs (four issues)
- ☐ \$15: 3 yrs (six issues)


KAYAK
MAGAZINE

Paddler & Kayak

- ☐ \$22: 1 yr (6 issues, + 2 *Kayak*)
- ☐ \$40: 2 yrs (12 issues, + 4 *Kayak*)
- ☐ \$48: 3 yrs (18 issues, + 6 *Kayak*) + free cam straps!

PADDLER
MAGAZINE

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

EMAIL _____

PHONE _____

PAYMENT METHOD—circle one: ☐ CHECK ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA ☐ AMEX

CREDIT CARD NO. _____

EXP. DATE _____

SIGNATURE _____

Paddlesport Publishing Inc., 7432 Alban Station Blvd., Ste. B-232, Springfield, VA 22150



The 'D' is for Dominance



Team D Pro: Andre Spino-Smith, Andrew Holcombe, Anna Levesque, Ben Selznick, Brad Burden, Brad Ludden, Brandon Knapp, Brendan Mark, Brooks Baldwin, Bryan Kirk, Dustin Knapp, Dustin Urban, Jay Kincaid, Jayson Bowerman, Jed Selby, Jesse Murphy, Keith Liles, Kelly Liles, Mariann Saether, Michael Quinif, Pat Keller, Rush Sturges, Scott Feindel, Tao Berman, Tobias Bersch.

Photo by Jed Selby, Paddler: Dre. Visit Dagger and Team D online at www.Dagger.com



AMERICAN WHITEWATER

A VOLUNTEER PUBLICATION PROMOTING RIVER CONSERVATION, ACCESS AND SAFETY

