

american whitewater

JAN/FEB/MAR 1987 no. 1

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JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN WHITEWATER AFFILIATION

AMERICA'S OLDEST WHITEWATER MAGAZINE
A THIRTY YEAR TRADITION

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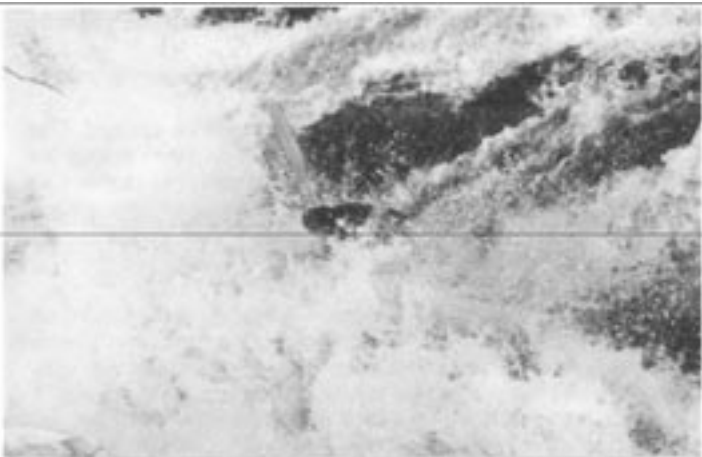
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AWA Journal

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Chris Koll

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editor's forum

FIRST TAKE

You probably noticed the first difference in this issue of American Whitewater when you discovered the magazine sticking out the top of your mailbox.

Yes, we've gone to an 8x11 format. But that's not the only change. We're published by a different printer, edited by an entirely new staff, and feature new graphics, type faces and lay-out designs.

The only thing I hope isn't new is the quality of the publication. . . or the dedication to providing the AWA membership with the latest safety, environmental and recreational developments effecting the sport of whitewater boating.

The AWA is a national organization representing whitewater enthusiasts of all ages and skill levels, and I hope I can publish a magazine that will appeal, at least in some respect, to every member.

For this initial issue, I've tapped a number of regional sources for submissions. And they've come through with some pretty readable stuff. However, to



cover paddling activity across the nation, I'm actively soliciting manuscripts from every member.

If you have a story or photographs you believe may be of interest to American Whitewater, or if you simply wish to comment on my editorial policy, feel free to drop me a line at 6 Farnham Street, Cazenovia, NY 13035.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

I had the opportunity to meet and work with many of you while helping organize last year's Gauley River Festival, but for those of you whom I haven't had the pleasure of boating with, let me make a quick introduction:

My name is Chris Koll. Originally from central Pennsylvania, I now live and work in Syracuse, New York. Since I started boating five years ago, I average 70 river days a season, mostly on class IV and V water. Streams you're most likely to bump into me on are the Moose and Black in NY, and the Upper Yough, Big Sandy and Gauley in WV.

I'm a late-comer to the AWA. Pete Skinner sucked me into AWA conservation actions on the Black and Moose in 1985, the Gauley Festival followed in 1986 and now the American Whitewater looks to be a hydraulic I won't escape too soon.

My assistant editor is Karen Collier of Manlius, NY. Her real-life job with a Syracuse advertising and publishing agency provides a vital source of practical information.

If you ever run into either one of us on a river, please let us know who you are. It's easier to edit this publication knowing some of the faces who will be reading the results.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Most of the initial reaction of the AWA membership to the news of American Whitewater's change in page size has been negative. The AWA membership apparently holds a sentimental attachment to the smaller format.

That's understandable. The old "pocket-size" American Whitewater was a unique product. . . its smaller format set it apart from other magazines.

However, going to the larger paper offers too many advantages to be ignored. The 8x11 size enables us to utilize more imaginative lay-outs, provides more space for photographs and gives us a better vehicle for ad sales. Simply stated, the larger size grants us greater flexibility in providing you with an attractive product.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Along with the new format, we also feature a novice editorial staff. We're all volunteers with virtually no experience in producing a glossy publication, and I hope you'll practice the same patience with us as you would running safety for a trip of beginners down their first class III drop. I anticipate a few swims before we get the hang of cranking this magazine out on a bimonthly basis, but I feel confident after a few issues, we'll be rolling with the best of them.

The changing of the editorial reins has also resulted in some slight delays in getting this issue out to you. However, now that we've got our system down, you can look for your American Whitewater to appear in the mail every two months—as advertised.



Cabot Stone sinks to his arm pits in one of the Oswegatchie's frothy hydraulics.

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safety lines

Safe Boating: **BY THE NUMBERS**



By Charlie Walbridge
AWA Safety **Chairman**

In recent years the large, regimented club group has given way to small outings among groups of friends. The freedom of small-group travel can be quite addicting, often leading us to overlook the importance of structuring our party for optimum safety and success. This is especially important on runs near the limits of our ability. Too many people will slow you down; too few will leave you unprepared to deal with emergencies. While both large and small parties have their place in less demanding circumstances, it is important to understand the interplay of numbers and safety so that you can make the right decisions in planning a trip.

The events of the past year have built a strong case against paddling solo or in groups of two. Last March

Chris **Reuss**, a strong Washington, DC paddler, was pinned against a clump of trees in the middle of Virginia's North River. His one companion was able to hold his head above water, but could not effect a rescue. Exhaustion won out, and Chris died. This was followed a month later by the shocking death of Dr. Donna Berglund, a former U.S. Team member and a nationally ranked racer, during a solo training run on the Swan River in Montana. She apparently lost control of her wildwater kayak and broached between a rock and some brush. The pin, while fatal, was uncomplicated and was easily released by the first person who arrived on the scene the next day. She probably died after a struggle with hypothermia. Then early this year Mike **Culbertson**, an expert Southern "creek boater," drowned on Suck Creek, a small, steep run located just outside Chattanooga, Tennessee. Running a steep ledge, he became wedged com-

pletely under water in a narrow chute. His lone companion was, not surprisingly, unable to deal with this horrible situation. After several futile rescue attempts he left to summon help, knowing full well that his chances of seeing his friend emerge alive were almost zero. While there are no guarantees, in each of these cases the presence of one more person might have made the difference between life and death.

Solo runs put tremendous pressure on those who do them. Minor incidents can become problems of major proportions when no one is along to help. A swim often results in lost gear, and a minor pinning can quickly become life threatening. And yet there are rewards to paddling alone. Many experienced paddlers enjoy the solitude, the hassle-free speed, and the heightened awareness which comes when performing when there is no margin for error. I personally feel that boating alone raises the difficulty of a run by a class or more, and that those who chose to take on this added risk must increase their margin of safety in other ways. All **other** conditions must be favorable. This means attempting only familiar rivers containing rapids well under your ability, under favorable weather and water conditions, with all appropriate gear and plenty of daylight. It also means paddling extremely conservatively when on the river, portaging drops near the limits of your skill even if you would run them with a group. I personally find that this compulsively cautious approach limits my enjoyment, and I much prefer more relaxed paddling in the company of others.

One companion greatly improves the odds of surviving a mishap. If you go over, someone will get your boat. If you pin, someone will be there to help. If injured, help can be **summon-**

Charlie . . .

ed. But it is important to realize the limitations imposed by a party of this size. If your boat goes one way and you go another in a difficult rapid, chances are you'll lose the boat. In complex pinnings, the pressure on the rescuer is extreme. There is no one else to add the muscle or ideas needed to free the boat. As time passes, and the seriousness of the situation becomes apparent, the rescuer is faced with an awful dilemma. He can stay, and hope things change, or run for help, and hope that the victim is able to survive alone. The survivors of the two fatalities described above were faced with just this choice, and did the best they could. But because they alone were on the scene, they feel immensely responsible for the outcome even though the group's size, rather than their skill and courage, was to blame. For this reason, I prefer larger groups when boating rivers which approach the limits of my ability.

The preferred minimum in the old AWA safety code was three craft, which increases a group's margin for error. It allows someone to stay with an injured person while the other goes for help, and doubles the resources available in case of trouble. If one person swims, one person can chase the swimmer while the other goes after the boat. In pinnings, someone can be working out on the boat while the other holds a line on shore. Additional people can increase available options and improve the group's safety. My ideal party size is four or five. This keeps the group small enough so that all of its members can be accounted for at a glance, while providing the extra muscle needed to deal with serious problems. Yet it is still a small enough group to move efficiently through hard rapids. The revised Safety Code will read that the preferred minimum is "four people or two craft, whichever is more." This recognises that many rafting or canoeing parties have a lot of people riding in few boats, and that manpower is a key factor during emergencies. This guideline represents a compromise, and is no substitute for good judgement. The presence of other paddlers is no excuse to take poorly calculated risks.

As a group gets larger, potential complications increase. These hassles have convinced many people not to paddle with crowds. Speed in and of itself is an important safety factor on many runs, especially when distances

are long and rapids intense. Small parties are more compact, and move more quickly through complex drops. Large parties are especially unwieldy on steep, technical runs: even good boaters will get in each others way in tight places. It always takes above average discipline to hold your position while a large group clears a drop when your whole body is psyched to go NOW. In big water there is more room to maneuver, and larger groups are less of a burden. But just keeping track of everyone by taking head counts can be a thankless chore. Big parties can "lose" a person with surprising ease, and I always recommend "buddying up" in a crowd so if you're in trouble, someone will notice that you're gone.

In addition to these problems, large group travel is subject to the following cumulative effects: 1) MURPHY'S LAW OF THE MULTIPLE MISHAPS:

All groups tend to multiply their member's shortcomings because the consequences of one person's mistake must be dealt with by the entire party. Rescues really slow a group down, and when someone swims the whole group waits. Assume a group of paddlers with equal ability. Each one swims, on the average, once in every twenty class IV rapids. On a run which has twenty such rapids, a party of five will have five swims, a party of ten will have (on the average) a swim every other drop, and a party of twenty will probably have someone in the water in every major rapids. Assuming ten minutes per rescue, group one needs fifty extra minutes, group two almost two hours, and group three well over three hours. This is why my first Gauley trip, a fifteen boat party, barely made it out by dark. Our individual skill level was adequate for a small party, but a real problem for a large group. 2) THE BOTTLENECK EFFECT: Hard rapids slow any group down. They demand inspection and careful attention to spacing. And when you're sitting in an eddy waiting for a space to open up or trying to talk one of your buddies into leading, you're getting no place fast. If you scout and watch someone else's run, the pace is going to slow further. When you wait, watch, then carry one at a time, the hours fly by. The more people there are to watch and carry the slower you'll go. Disciplined experts on tough runs frequently adopt the policy of arriving at a drop, scouting, then making the decision to run or carry without waiting to see how someone

else "does." This helps, but does not eliminate the waiting time needed to maintain proper spacing in tight places. Over the course of a day these extra minutes add up to leave you racing the sun on a run that should have finished with daylight to spare.

3) THE FUTZ FACTOR: Everyone needs to futz around, attending to such matters as packing, changing, eliminating, photographing, talking, etc. The effect, unfortunately, is cumulative. As soon as someone returns from answering the call of nature, for example, someone else will remember their own needs. A good rule of thumb is to allow ten minutes of extra "futz time" for each member of your party; a party of five needs less than an hour; a party of ten takes almost two, and a party of twenty needs well over three! Furthermore, we all know people who require more than their share of prodding; unless the party is unusually disciplined or someone is willing to play the "heavy,"

a few slowpokes can delay the entire group. People who know how to travel can eliminate much of this delay by timing their futzing to coincide with other people's. But this is never as effective as traveling in a small group.

Unfortunately, the effects of Murphy's Law of Multiple Mishaps, the bottleneck effect, and the futz factor are cumulative. The more people you have, the more you wait. Skilled boaters can minimize this waiting time, but never eliminate it. (I have run tough rivers with some excellent ten-man parties, but the trips were successful because we ran the drops continuously and nothing went wrong) Large groups may often include marginal paddlers, which creates additional problems. I prefer to take 1-2 less skilled paddlers with 2-3 strong ones rather than mixing them into a huge party where they won't get the attention they deserve. I believe in breaking down large groups into smaller parties which maintain enough distance to function independently, camping together but boating apart.

On runs well within the limits of individual skill, party size is less important. The river, not the party, provides the margin for error. A well-planned training trip with a large party can be a delightful occasion; a quiet paddle with a close friend down familiar rapids can be eminently fulfilling. But as conditions worsen, tighten up! Give yourself a fair chance with a group sized right to paddle effectively as a team.

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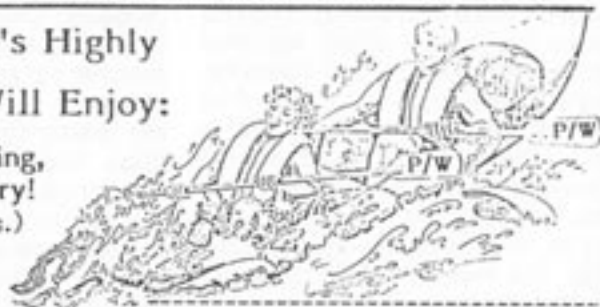
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conservation currents

LEGISLATION PROTECTS W. VIRGINIA RIVERS

ALMOST HEAVEN! That's what West Virginia has always been to whitewater boaters. They come from all over the east and midwest seeking a rare experience. For this hard-core breed, no cloudburst brings too much rain, no mountain road is too steep or rugged, and no mountain creek is too technical. Down in the rocky hills, beyond small towns battered by coal mine poverty, past the last dilapidated hill-country farm, they come to kayak, canoe, or raft rivers like the Gauley, Tygart, Blackwater, Big Sandy, Meadow, and Bluestone. The broiling, swirling, foaming whitewater action just doesn't get any better.

National recognition planned for West Virginia Rivers. Now three West Virginia whitewater rivers are about to receive national recognition, something that has so far eluded all but one river in the State. Why all the sudden attention?

One answer is that whitewater sports are booming in West Virginia. Tourism associated with the New and Gauley rivers has hit the Big Time. Almost 33,000 people took whitewater trips on the Gauley in 20 days during the 1986 fall drawdown. These rivers are no longer little-known preserves for the gourmet private boater. They are becoming an industry. In fact, they may be developing a case of over popularity.

The other part of the puzzle is that the dam builders are always at the drawing boards. The Army Corps of Engineers, recently joined by private hydrodevelopers, continue to hatch plots to capture and tame every free-flowing stream in the nation. Whitewater rivers are the Number 1 target.

In response to all this, U.S. Congressman Nick Rahall from southern West Virginia has introduced a bill in Congress. (H.R. 900) The centerpiece of the bill is the famous Gauley River. The bill would make a 23 mile section of the Gauley from Summersville Dam to near Swiss a national recreation area. Two nearby rivers, the Lower Meadow and the Bluestone would



IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

JANUARY 28, 1987

Mr. RAHALL (of West Virginia), Mr. STAGGERS, Mr. WISE, Mr. MOLLOHAN, and Mr. UDALL introduced the following bill; which was referred to the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs

A BILL

To protect and enhance the natural, scenic, cultural, and recreational values of certain segments of the New, Gauley, Meadow, and Bluestone Rivers in West Virginia for the benefit of present and future generations, and for other purposes.

- 1 Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representa-
- 2 tives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,
- 3 SECTION 1. SHORT TITLE AND TABLE OF CONTENTS.
- 4 This Act may be cited as the "West Virginia National
- 5 Interest River Conservation Act of 1987".

Sec. 1. Short title and table of contents.
Sec. 2. Findings and purposes.

become national wild and scenic rivers, protected forever from dams and hydroelectric development. The Gauley River Canyon would be managed by the national park service for outdoor recreation and public enjoyment.

The idea of H.R. 900 is to preserve the magnificent scenery and outstanding whitewater of this beautiful gorge in perpetuity. No timbering, hydropower development, private road building, or other development could foul up the view of the towering cliffs or degrade the recreational experience.

Wide Support for the Bill

River runners throughout the east are excited about the Rahall bill. Charlie Walbridge of the American Canoe Association says that "this has been needed for years. I only wish it could have happened 4 or 5 years ago." Steve Taylor, representing AWA in Washington D.C., noted that this bill "would end forever the scheming by Corps of Engineers to build

hydropower projects on the Gauley."

Local groups are also enthusiastic. Citizens for Gauley River (the people that stopped the Corps of Engineers in its tracks) has hired a respected Washington lobbyist to push for the bill. Kim Casto from the West Virginia Wildwater Association says that the provisions on the Gauley, Meadow and Bluestone are enthusiastically supported by local boaters. Even the Fayette Plateau Chamber of Commerce and the Eastern Professional Rivers Outfitters have announced support for the bill.

Whitewater Visitors to Benefit from the Bill.

Everyone expects that adoption of H.R. 900 will lead to better management of the mushrooming tourist visitation to the Gauley. Other benefits of the bill: the park service is empowered to straighten out the miserable parking situation at the take out. A parking area away from the river would be purchased and changing areas would be built. No more slashed tires and trashed vehicles. No more disrobing in front of churchgoers. No more jammed up parking. No more close encounters with outfitter buses on congested roads. The facilities at the put-in would also be upgraded to national park type conditions, rather than Army Corps of Engineers demilitarized zone style facilities.

Congressman declares war on hydropower

Congressman Rahall deserves enormous credit for getting this bill off the ground. He has proven to be a dedicated supporter of whitewater interests. He led the successful charge two years ago in Congress against the Corps of Engineers efforts to dewater the Upper Gauley. He pushed through legislation to guarantee fall whitewater releases from Summersville Dam. Thanks to his efforts, in 1987 there will be releases on Sept. 12 and 13, 19 and 20 and from Sept. 26 through October 12. Additional releases are a possibility on Sept. 11 and September 18 as well. Don't miss out.

CONSERVATION:

Notes and Quotes

U.S. Whitewater Team Battles Power Projects

The U.S. Whitewater Team is struggling with two proposed hydroelectric projects now seeking licenses in Maryland. One is to be located near Brookmont on the Potomac River at the Feeder Canal where many members of the team train. The other is at the Savage River near **Bloomington**, the site of the 1989 World Championship Races. The Federal Energy Regulatory Commission which must license these projects has refused to allow the team to participate in the preliminary proceedings regarding the Savage River Project. Team coach Bill **Endicott** plans to persist in demanding protection for the race course. A fundraising group has been formed to cover the costs of the Team's effort to deal with the proposed project. Recreational Equipment

Inc. (REI) made a grant of \$1,000 as seed money to get the fundraising effort moving. Estimates are that at least \$10,000 will be necessary.

FERC Refuses to Disclose Facts in Moose River Case

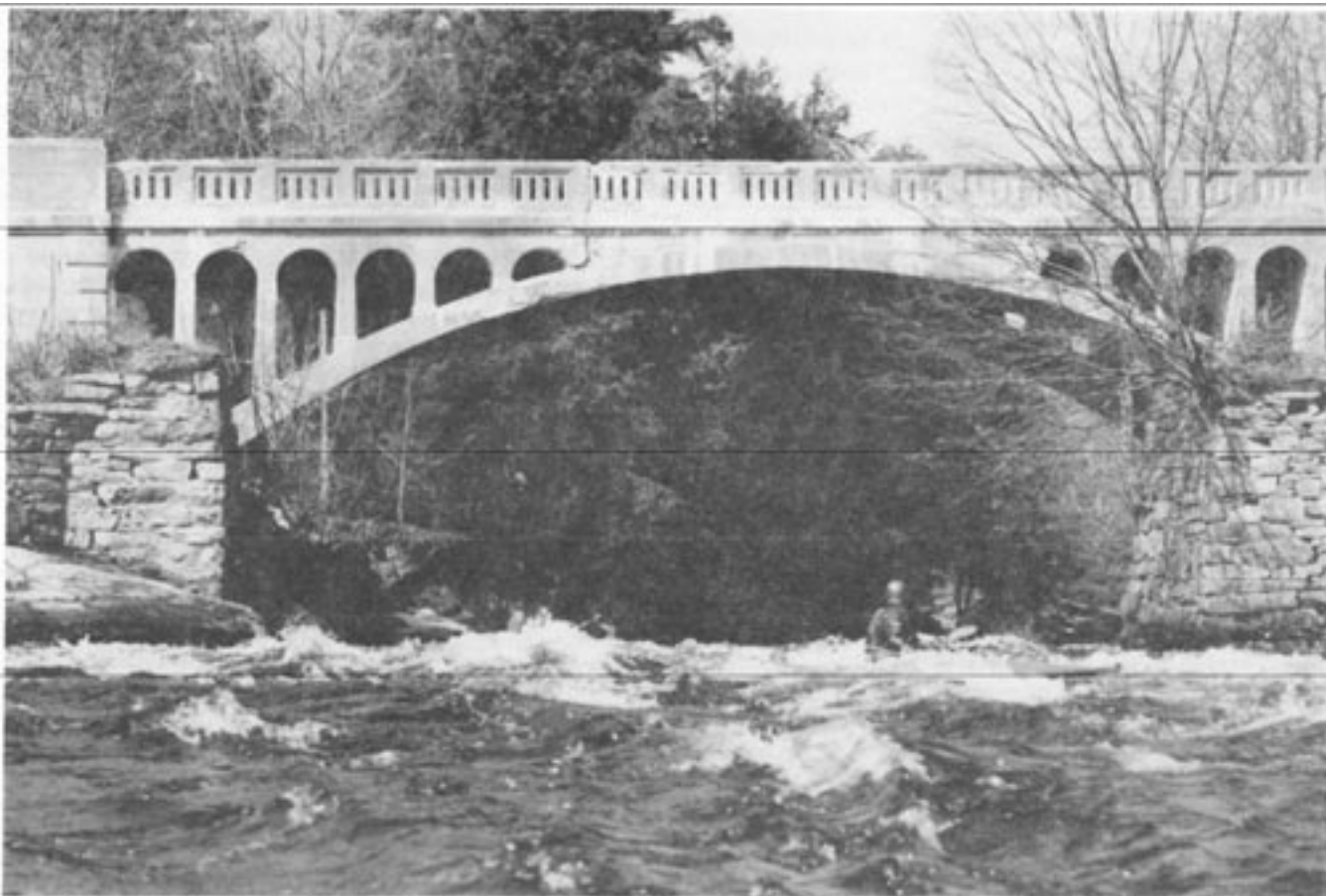
In another recent case, this one involving the **Moose** River in NY, the AWA has asked the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC) to explain the reasons for its rejection of an economic analysis presented by AWA concerning the feasibility of a proposed power project. The agency refused to explain how its own economic analysis differs from the AWA analysis. AWA took the issue to court under the Freedom of Information Act. The court ruled that the agency could keep its calculations secret. AWA lawyer Paula Dinerstein is appealing the case.

River Watch Program Up and Running

The American Rivers Conservation Council (now named simply American Rivers) is cooperating with AWA in a project to provide help to local groups facing the threat of hydropower projects on recreational rivers. AWA and American Rivers volunteers will visit FERC frequently to obtain early notice of new hydropower projects. Participants throughout the country will be sent notice of the projects planned for their locality. They will also be provided some basic advice about what to do. If you would like to be a participant, write to **AWA/AR** River Watch Program, 801 Penn Ave, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

California Rivers Bills in Congress

MERCED RIVER. Bills involving to whitewater rivers in California continue to advance in Congress. The Merced River seems almost assured of passage. It has been approved by the House Committee without opposition. The bill (H.R. 317) introduced by Rep. Tony **Coelho** (D., Cal.) would



The East branch of the Oswegatchie rolls under a picturesque bridge near the village of Fine, NY. A small hydro project proposed on this site threatens to dewater the scenic gorge and Class III rapid below. A coalition of environmental groups including the AWA are fighting to protect this Adirondack River.

designate 80 miles of the Upper **Merced** and 45 miles of its South Fork as Wild and Scenic River. The major impetus behind the bill is the threat of a hydro project proposed for the river at a location just outside Yosemite National Park, the Keating Project. Senate action is uncertain.

KINGS RIVER. More **controversial** is the Kings River bill (H.R. **799**), introduced by Rep. Richard Lehman (D., Cal.). The bill is moving forward against heavy opposition. It has become a **partisam** issue with all Republicans on the House Interior Committee voting against adoption and all Democrats supporting the bill. The opposition is led by Rep. Charles **Pashayan** (R., Cal.). According to proponents of the bill, it would protect 93 miles of the Kings River with the deepest river canyon in North America. The bill would kill the Rogers Crossing Dam. This proposed dam is a classic boondoggle, unable to meet the usual **benefit-cost** test. Irrigators in the San

Joaquin Valley continue to push hard for the dam, ignoring less destructive alternatives. The Kings River has the highest flow of whitewater in the Sierra Nevada and one of the finest trout fisheries in California.

KERN RIVER. Meanwhile, a victim of these other battles, last year's bill to protect California's fabulous Kern River has not been reintroduced. Apparently, its sponsor does not want the bill to surface while the Kings River dispute is active.

Youghiogheny River Wars May End

The interminable struggle between whitewater boaters and local landowners at the Upper Youghiogheny River in Western Maryland may come to an end this year. Local politicians are seeking a compromise which would allow the State of Maryland to buy land in the river corridor. State law now prohibits acquisition but many landowners want to sell out. The necessary legislation has been introduced, but has become

entangled in extraneous issues. AWA representatives have asked the State to either purchase the land in the corridor or declare the river to be a navigable stream open to public recreational travel by kayak, canoe or raft.

Reprieve for Blackwater River

In a recent lawsuit, the Army Corps of Engineers won a victory which will of all things save West Virginia's Blackwater River from a massive pumped storage power project. The lawsuit affirmed the Corps authority to deny a permit for the project under the Clean Water Act even though the project is licensed by another agency (FERC). Let's hear it for the Corps! This may be their first and last opportunity to be congratulated by river conservationists.

HYDROGATE

Power Lobby Pulls A Fast One

By Pope Barrow

Your tax dollars are used by private power developers to destroy whitewater rivers. It sounds incredible, but sadly it's true. How did this happen? At this point no one is sure, but it clearly was no accident.

Last year a GIMUNGO tax reform bill was passed. Some loopholes were tightened, including one that gave tax

credits and depreciation breaks for investments. When the bill passed the House and Senate, dams and hydropower projects were treated just like everyone else. But lo and behold, when the final law was printed, a new provision mysteriously appeared out of nowhere. It said that hydropower projects would continue to get the tax breaks being taken away from **most** businesses. No explanation has **ever** been given as to why this was done.

According to an article in the **Legal Times**, well-heeled insider lobbyists in Washinton bamboozled the Congress into exemptions from the new law worth a **total of at least \$10 billion**. The mystery move exempting hydropower projects is just one piece of this gigantic giveaway, but it's a biggie. It will be worth over \$1 billion! **Giv-**

ing megabucks to **hydropower** developers will guarantee the **con-**tinued loss of many fine whitewater streams. Underwritten by the Federal Treasury, hydroelectric projects will be built which would die on the drawing boards if they had to **pay the same taxes as everyone else**. This exemption just adds **more to the already enormous Federal deficit, ultimately resulting in higher taxes for us all.**

Adding insult to injury, Congress grossly underestimated the bucks being given away to hydropower developers. Estimates of the cost of the hydropower exemption ranged from \$11 to \$30 million. Lawyers and technical experts working with **AWA's** Whitewater Defense Project looked at this a little more closely. They found the loss to the Treasury to be more like \$1.3 BILLION! This is **100 TIMES THE ESTIMATE USED BY THE CONGRESS** when the law was passed. Somebody obviously pulled the wool over the eyes of somebody in Congress. No doubt about it, it was a slick move by the dam building lobby.

Curiously, no one in Congress has yet stepped forward to claim credit for the

provision. Like an unwanted pregnancy, the guilty party is making himself scarce.

What you can do. You can write to the chairman of the tax committee. (See address below). Ask him to look into this outrageous fiasco. Ask him to see if it is really necessary for the taxpayer to fund hydropower developers wreaking havoc with our whitewater streams. Not only does the public lose scarce recreational opportunities, but **John Q. Public ends up footing the bill.**

The profits go to a few hydropower developers slick enough to get in the back door in Congress. Why shouldn't they pay the same taxes as everyone else?

The Congress is now looking for **tax loopholes to close. You can suggest this as a candidate for change.**

Write to your own Senator or Congressman or to Hon. Dan

Rostenkowski, Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means,

Longworth House Office Building, U.S. Capitol, Washington, D.C. 20515.

If you want more details about this issue, write to **AWA Whitewater Defense Project, 6321 Walhonding Rd., Bethesda, Md 20816.**

NATIONAL LAND TRUST NEGOTIATING FOR UPPER YOUGH CORRIDOR PROPERTY

Since July 1985 the Natural Lands Trust, Inc. (NLT), a private, non-profit conservation organization has had a field office and full-time field representative in Garrett County, Maryland to develop private sector ways of preserving the wild and scenic values of the upper Youghiogheny River.

Many sportsmen know the upper Yough corridor as a unique combination of high-quality outdoor experiences: fish and wildlife, thick forests on steep slopes, difficult rapids for experienced kayakers, freedom from motor vehicles, man-made structures, and noise. Few places in the East have thousands of acres of private wilderness bordering world class whitewater within a few hours drive of Washington, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Philadelphia. Such lands are rapidly disappearing because of logging, mining, development for hydro-power, roads and residences and increasing reluctance of private owners to grant access.

During the early 1900's, much of the Yough's scenic and recreational resources were lost to logging and mining. The bountiful smallmouth bass, brook and brown trout fishery was destroyed. Since then, steep slopes and inaccessibility have allowed nature to pursue her course. The gorge is now thick in rhododendron and almost totally forested in maturing hardwoods. Some of the original white pine and hemlock (now in the 40-60 inch size range) are scattered throughout.

The Yough is Maryland's only official wild river. The Md. Dept. of Natural Resources (DNR) owns no land on the river but, since 1976, has administered land use regulations within the 6,500-acre scenic corridor as an alternative to the river's inclusion in the Federal Wild and Scenic Rivers System. The Yough was one of the first rivers judged to be qualified as a National Wild River (U.S. Dept. of the Interior) and is one of only 12 adven-

ture class rivers in the eastern United States (U.S. Army Corps of Engineers).

Public outdoor recreation is a major economic activity in Garrett County. However, since DNR already owns 18% of the county's land area for its forests and parks, local opponents of more state acquisition succeeded in passing a state law which prevents DNR from acquiring any more land within the county until it has relinquished acreage. So, even though the Pennsylvania Electric Company (Penelec) wishes to sell its unneeded lands along the Yough to DNR for conservation management, they cannot do so.

With DNR unable to acquire the Penelec lands for the foreseeable future, the Natural Lands Trust is negotiating their purchase for permanent conservation management. If it succeeds, NLT will manage these lands for preservation of their natural qualities, continue restoration of its trout fishery and permit fishing, hunting, hiking, canoeing and kayaking. NLT also would sell a Conservation Easement to DNR, thus permanently preventing the development of these lands.

One thousand of Penelec's 1465 acres include more than twenty miles of riverfront scattered in nine parcels in the most natural parts of the corridor. These lands also include partial ownership of seven major tributaries and a potential boater take-out site near Friendsville.

With help from user organizations, NLT will develop the take-out and manage it to provide secure parking, changing and rest rooms, and help organize a shuttle system for the benefit of river users. Any nominal fees that might be charged for such services will go directly to the Yough Preservation Fund to support further acquisition and management of the river area.

In December 1986, NLT purchas-

ed the land at Sang Run which many of us have used to get access to the river. This field is the only secure river access point for private boaters. Our support will help NLT develop and manage this area as a community park, providing secure parking, shuttle destination, restrooms, or other facilities as needed and supported by user groups.

In 1984 NLT started its study of the Yough Corridor which concluded that the State land-use regulations by themselves cannot preserve its wild qualities. The present regulations, for example, allow selective harvest of timber, residential development, clearing for agriculture and construction of roads within sight of the river. Therefore, if an owner is not concerned about the natural qualities of the land within the corridor, the State regulations do not prevent the owner from obliterating them. Paddlers have long enjoyed such places; now they can do their parts to help the NLT make sure this unique wilderness is not lost.

The American Rivers Conservation Council, the Western Pennsylvania Conservancy and the Maryland Chapter of The Nature Conservancy are supportive, but cannot participate in this project with their own funds and staffs. Trout Unlimited, the Orvis Company, the American Whitewater Affiliation, the Canoe Cruisers of Greater D.C. and other user groups have offered to help raise contributions for a revolving fund which will be used exclusively for the purchase of lands along the Youghiogheny River and its tributaries.

NLT will handle the management of such lands if these groups will help establish this work on a financially self-sustaining basis. Evidence of support from grass-roots sources such as private boaters and fishermen will help NLT's applications for major grants from foundations for land acquisition and endowment of the management costs.

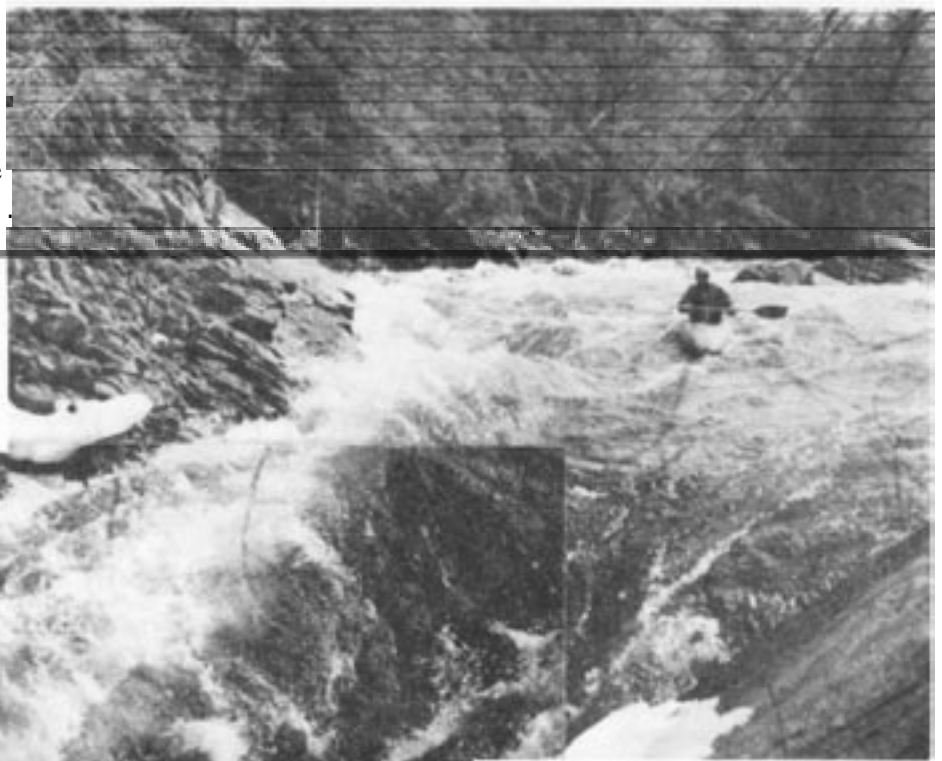
river log

Somewhere in the Adirondacks...

There is a river called the Oswegatchie. Practically no one except a raft guide named Dicky knows of its awesome whitewater, but be assured: IT'S HOT!!

Now really, what self-respecting hard-boater would ever value the opinion of a rafter?

And a commercial whitewater rafter at that. You know the specie, a person who



Roy Cooper approaches the 25 foot slide (above) before entering the Adirondack version of the 'Banzai Pipeline' (Left)

a river that would be of, well, profound interest.

Then he'd carefully unroll a couple of topo maps like they were the Dead Sea Scrolls or something and point to the blue line in northcentral New York labeled the East Branch of the Oswegatchie and like a prophet announcing a cataclysmic truth would utter, "General, you've got to boat the Oswegatchie. It's hot!"

And in addition, Dickey announced, that particular section of the Oswegatchie had never been boated or rafted before. A run down the Oswegatch would be an opportunity to nail a "first descent."

Now, I wasn't so sure about that. Maybe in the middle of the California Sierras there are pristine river canyons, accessible only by carrying your boat over some God-awful mountain pass, that have never been run. But not in the heartland of the Adirondacks.

I figured that every cubic inch of New York water has been run, one way or another. Whether it was some pre-colonial

describes a Class I riffle as a "crashing, thrilling haystack;" a Class II hole as a "gaping, pounding hydraulic;" or a class III drop as a "dizzying, boulderstrewn plunge."

I mean, come on. Sometimes you'd think the way a commercial rafter describes a river, they study a thesaurus the way a preacher reads the Bible. That in college they majored in Hyperbole with a minor in Exaggeration.

So when Dick Carlson, river manager for Adirondack River Outfitters, took me aside and solemnly proclaimed, "General,

you've got to try the Oswegatchie. It's hot!," naturally I was a little skeptical.

But off and on for the next year, Dickey would broach the subject of boating or commercially rafting the Oswegatch. His eyes would glaze and his voice take on a reverent tone when he described its fearful hydraulics, magnificent plunges and awesome waterfalls.

Indeed, once in a while, Dickey would reappear in the office after his day off, his legs scratched from scrambling through thorny riverbanks, clutching a handful of blurry photographs that did seem to show

Oswegatch . . .

Mohawk in a birchbark canoe, hoping he'd found a short-cut to Lake Ontario; or a 19th century logger, tipsy from a little rum and riding a felled spruce like a horse; or just some summer tourist kids from New Jersey, out tubing on truck tires—someone somewhere must have ridden down all of New York's waterways.

It may have been some past whitewater boater, who, after noticing on a **topo** map that the Oswegatchie literally falls off the edge of the earth somewhere north of the village of Fine, threw his boat on the river and logged the first descent.

But to Dick's knowledge, the river had never been done. And taking his word the whitewater was indeed "hot," Peter Skinner of Albany and Al Baker of Rochester and I decided that we would make at least the first "recorded" descent.

Catching the Oswegatchie at a suitable level was going to be a matter of pure luck. First of all, no one really knew what was the proper level for a safe descent. Dickie had assured me that we wanted a full river—somewhere in the range of 1,000-1,500 CFS—so after a particularly wet September week, the three of us met at a riverside road stop along New York's Route 3.

Despite the unusually moist autumn weather, we were concerned about not having water. Just upstream from the Oswegatchie's alleged whitewater stretch, the river is impounded by the Flat Rock Dam. Built for hydroelectric generation, we weren't sure the dam's release schedule was going to be cooperative.

We needn't have worried. By a fortunate coincidence, we had chosen a date three days prior to a scheduled FERC inspection. Flat Rock's flood gates were wide open, drawing down the lake. Downstream, the Oswegatchie flowed bank to bank. Tree branches drooped into the torrent on both shores.

Putting in just below the dam, we drifted for three miles without a rumor of rapids. A rafting brochure may have labeled the stretch as "a thrilling warm-up on an expressway current," but we simply yawned and questioned the credibility of a rafter's recommendation.

Fortunately, as we simultaneously neared the end of both our patience and vocabulary of expletives, the unmistakable drumming of water ricocheting from rocks echoed from ahead. Rounding a right turn under a picturesque one-lane bridge, we found the river plunging into a sheer gorge. The flow narrowed to 30 feet and cliff walls 50 feet high rose abruptly on both banks.

And yes! Hallelujah! Say Amen! Between those two banks lay a legitimate class III rapid.

We frolicked in the standing waves, surfing the curlers and riding the hydraulics. But we couldn't keep from glanc-

ing over our shoulders, acknowledging a gnawing concern in the back of our minds: "Just what is downstream, anyway? Maybe Dickey was telling the truth. Maybe there is a big drop lurking just around the bend."

And by gosh, there was. One hundred yards downstream the gorge opened up, and as the river neared the town of Fine, the first horizon line of the day appeared across the water.

We boat-scouted from above and ran the five-foot drop on the right. Hooting and hollering as we rode out the tail waves, we knew we had a river.

According to Dick, the best drops lay ahead. We paddled under the Route 58 bridge on flat water into the thick forest of the Adirondack Park. A pair of ducks played leap-frog with us for half a mile and three deer lifted their heads as we cruised by.

But the Adirondacks are full of sylvan settings. And we figured we had plenty of time to absorb them. . . say, when we were over 50. Dickey had promised us whitewater, and by now we were beginning to believe he was going to deliver.

A mile further down, the package arrived. But as it turned out, we were the ones ready to come unwrapped.

Because over the following mile, the Oswegatchie dove more than 100 feet in a series of five falls and two rapids separated by pools of water as smooth as a mirror. The river would charge off a ledge, land on its feet 20 feet below, and

pause to collect its breath before leaping off the brink of the world again.

We were alternately electrified and horrified.

The initial big drop occurred approximately a mile outside Fine where two rocky islands divided the river into three chutes. We made a tough landing on the river right island to survey the drop. The right chute plunged 10 feet into a sticky hydraulic. In the middle, the flow made a short, slanting drop into a tiny pool before sliding the final seven feet into a set of standing waves.

We ran the right drop first, pried ourselves out of the hole, and because the carry was so short and the middle chute so inviting, we hoisted the boats up and ran it as well.

Bolstered by our success, we continued downstream. Hey, the Oswegatchie might be hot, but we were ready. In actuality, what we were really ready for was a lesson in hubris.

The river hooked to the right and we entered a broad eddy in the left. Below, the river narrowed to 20 feet between two flanks of rock and disappeared from sight. We scaled the steep, rocky bank to overlook the drop, but what we thought was going to be a cursory scout developed into an agonizing half-hour deliberation.

Where the river had vanished from sight the water swooped downward 15 feet on a 25-foot slide. Because the passage was so constricted, huge curling walls of water rose five feet above the middle



The Oswegatchie's final big drop just below the South Edwards Bridge rewards the paddler following a portage around a Class VI cataract.



The Oswegatchie proves to be a mouthful for Eastern paddlers.

tongue on both sides of the chute. Riding the tongue down the drop would be like staying in the tube while surfing the Banzai Pipeline in Hawaii—but in this case there were two tubes, and we had to stay in the middle.

The two reaction waves and the tongue all converged at the bottom in a maelstrom of froth and foam. Skinner scratched his head and commented:

"Gee, it looks like everthing is pretty much blowing right through."

Al and I could only dumbly agree. But the question remained: Would we be blown through in one piece?

Al was the first to try. Maneuvering his Dancer to the right of a rockpile at the top, Al almost casually lined his boat up in the center of the tongue before the current gripped the craft and whipped down the slide and into the explosion of water at the bottom. Al momentarily disappeared, then popped up, still upright, fist upraised. Skinner and I followed.

Our enthusiasm quickly waned around the next bend at the sight of a cloud of mist rising above another horizon line. We landed on a large midstream island and quickly began plotting our portage. On both sides of the island, the river tumbled away in a 30 foot fall.

Do-able? Probably. The river careens over three separate ledges and we could swear we could discern a tiny tongue licking through the myriad pin possibilities and into the truly awful bottom hole. But we weren't up for it, the carry was easy, and from our vantage point on top of the falls we could see another horizon line beckoning just downstream.

Unfortunately, to our reasoning, the next falls were just as unrunnable. Only a 10 foot drop, the river fell between two sheer rock banks creating a deep hydraulic from shore to shore. A swim here was

unattractive—we could see another horizon line 100 feet downstream and the deep growl of falling water foretold of still another cascade.

After the carry, our hearts sank as we paddled across the narrow pool. The Oswegatchie hurtled off another 30-foot ledge that looked even more terminal than the first. Our exploratory boat trip seemed in danger of becoming a class VI bushwacking expedition.

Then, off to the left, we discovered a narrow side flow. A quick scout revealed that the channel meandered in a wide elbow, falling in tight, little drops like a steep West Virginia creek, before rejoining the main body below. The steep creek sneak provided a delightful counterpoint to

the sheer falls, and proved to be one of the most enjoyable rapids of the day.

The remainder of the run was almost anticlimatic. We popped enders in an easy class III and enjoyed violent surfing beneath a four-foot ledge before the river emptied into a huge bowl, surrounded by pines. At the base of the bowl, two rock pillars bordered the sole outlet—only 10 feet in width. Beyond we could see the still water of a hydro-electric impoundment at South Edwards.

The river swirled beneath us as we passed through the narrow bottle-neck, and we perceived an eerie awareness of passing over a drowned rapid.

The river widened into the lake. To our right, an arm of the lake stretched out to a stone's throw of Route 58 for an easy shuttle. By all rights, we should have taken out right there instead of paddling across the lake, carrying over two hydrodams, and walking around what proved to be the scariest class VI drop of the day—a three tier 45-foot fall.

Even though we did run one more class IV and a marginal class V at our takeout at South Edwards, that section is severely influenced by the hydro projects and adequate water is impossible to predict.

But the mile-long paddle across the lake did give us the opportunity to ponder how a gem like the Oswegatchie can escape for so long the attention of the paddling public. And, we began to consider the possibility of other similar jewels, hidden away in the recesses of the Adirondacks, waiting to be discovered.

As a matter of fact, Dickey's been coming into the shop recently, gushing about this other river in northeastern New York he says I've got to check out.

"General," Dickey says, "It's hot!"

This time I believe him.

Not long after our initial run down the East Branch, Pete Skinner learned of plans for a small hydro-electric project to be built in the first gorge just east of Fine, inundating the initial rapid, and diverting water around the first five-foot drop to a powerhouse below.

We were almost too late. The Fine project, like so many small hydro developments, had managed to escape environmentalist attention until its license was practically granted. Fortunately, in this case, Skinner managed to rally a consortium of concerned parties who appear to have temporarily blocked the project.

In a point of interest, the developer wrote the AWA claiming that whitewater recreation on the Oswegatchie was not feasible and cited a local resident who claimed only one party of boaters had attempted the Oswegatchie's fury and they

were forced to beat an ignominious retreat after the river battered their equipment.

What the letter didn't mention was that the local observer, by sheer coincidence, happened to be the landowner whose property the project figured to be built upon.

And to prove that our safe initial descent was not a fluke, and to gather photographs for this article, Roy Cooper and Cabot Stone of Watertown and Bob Glanville of Buffalo joined me for a second run of the Oswegatchie in early April of this year. We ran the same drops under similar water conditions.

Under the circumstances, I would estimate the Oswegatchie is runnable throughout April and early May or whenever rains raise the levels of nearby whitewater sections of the Hudson and Moose to five or six feet, respectively. I know of no convenient gauge to check.

DESERTED DESERT RIVER

Boating Arizona's Salt River

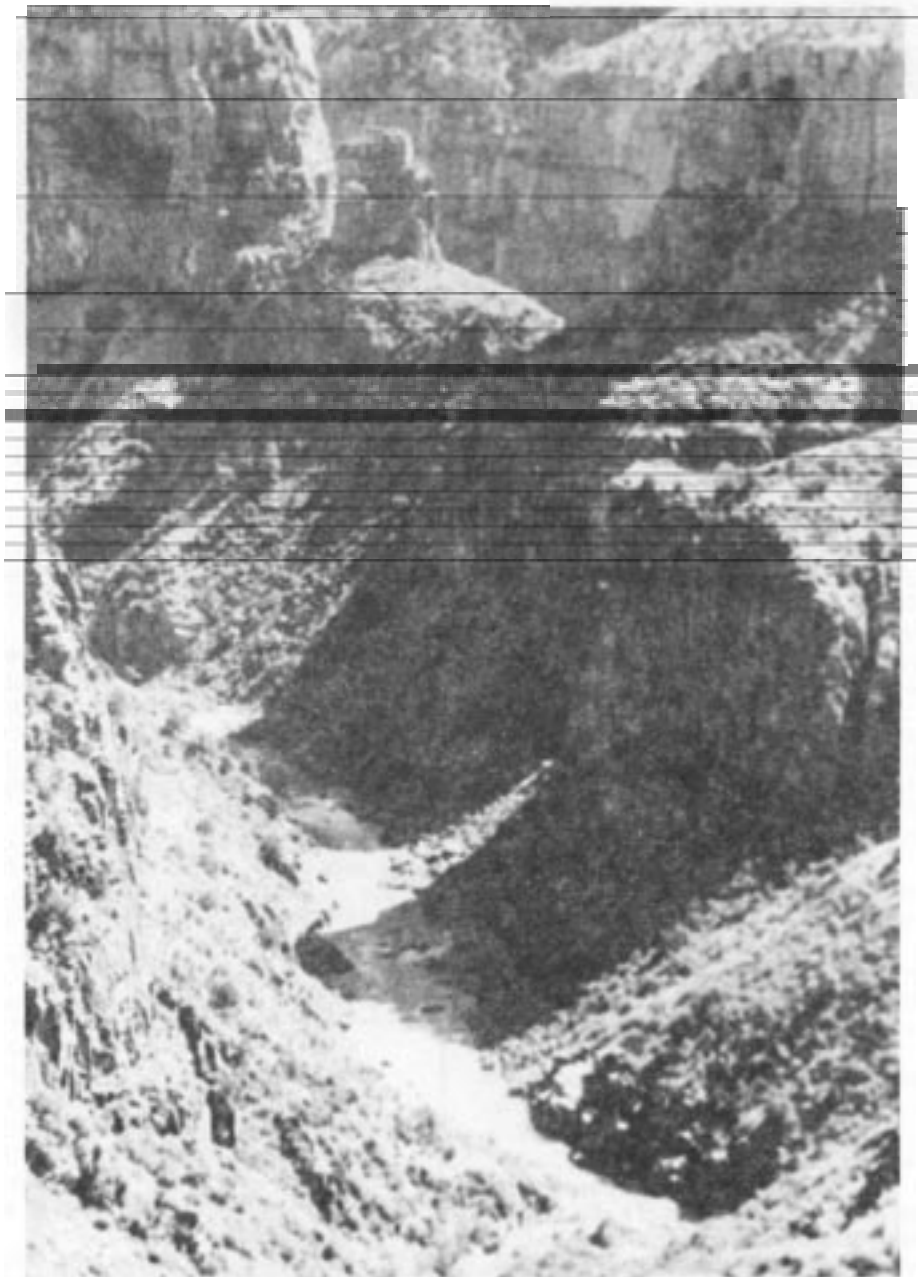
By Randy Welch

Shear cliffs indicating a deep and narrow canyon came into view. It was a welcome site indicating the end of a long overnight drive. We were headed south on Highway 60 through Arizona, fugitives from the icy March air of the Colorado Rockies. A roadside parking area flared out giving us room to park the van on the edge of the growing chasm. "This is an impressive canyon," exclaimed Bob in the warm Pinyon scented air.

The five of us had just crossed the Mogollon (Mug-e-own) rim, a line of cliffs crossing Arizona that describes the boundary between the high geologic province we had just left, the Colorado plateau, and the mountainous Arizona Central Highlands. Many deep canyons, most notably the Grand Canyon, are found in the Colorado plateau. Before us was a scene reminiscent of the western end of the Grand. However, far below us tumbled not the Colorado River, but one of its tributaries also deeply imprisoned by walls of limestone and sandstone.

Such terrain indicated that what we came to find was surely there. Thoughts of rugged canyon beauty seasoned with challenging whitewater generated new energy and caused the fatigue of 15 hours of mechanical jostling to be forgotten.

Again on the pavement, we wound our way down to the bridge and the edge of the Salt River. From a palm tree shaded beach on the southside, we could see that the stream was a full size river and not the expected small desert creek. A quarter mile above the beach a Class VI two-stage cataract, known as Apache Falls, roared, and even though the winding canyon didn't allow us to view much of the river, we could see two more rapids of the Class III variety just downstream. It was just the kind of God's country we needed to strip us of our winter fat and civilized incrustation. Downstream, a short distance, the in-



The Salt River cuts a deep chasm through the Colorado Plateau in Arizona that is reminiscent of sections of the Grand Canyon.

termediate volume river (a staff gauge near the put-in read 5 ft.; a few days before it read 16 ft.) disappeared from view, splitting and flowing around an island of solid rock.

As we stood near the river, a discussion of sorts occurred in bits and pieces. John Jaycox and John Hereford, both with impressive hair-boating records, seemed inclined to use the bridge as a take-out for a run on the "upper-most" reach of the Salt. Bob Durand and myself were leaning towards using the bridge as a put-in. Our

study of topographic maps did not let us know what class of whitewater we would find, but did let us know the relative difficulty of each reach. Bob and I, for one-sided reasons, wanted the lower easier reach to warm up on. Bob's motive was that he, unlike the rest of us kayakers, paddles C-1 and starts each run like a single-winged bird; while I'm just a left brained paddler and have difficulty getting the right side to participate.

Mike Bader, an aerodynamic paddler who can get sufficient action out of any kind



John Jaycox surfs one of his sleek glass boats near mile 7 on the Salt.

of whitewater, was neutral.

As we talked, the oppressive and seemingly omnipresent spirit of the federal bureaucracy manifested itself in the form of Forest Ranger Sheri Johnson. She quickly disarmed defensive feelings by announcing she wasn't there to regulate only to provide advice and determine who and how many were running the river. Once the Salt dried, she would head north to the Middle Fork in Idaho to resume a more heavy-handed job.

Sheri was helpful. She provided us with a good annotated river map, informed us of shuttle options and told us where we would need the cooperation of the nearby Apache Indians. She also let us know that the northside of the Salt upstream of the Highway 60 bridge was considered off limits to boaters by the Fort Apache Reservation. As for the upper-most run, Sheri said, "I can't stop you from doing it, but I don't recommend it."

Knowing that local river rats and associated shuttle possibilities were about, we decided to go for the lower run, known as the Upper Salt. Shuttle possibilities for the upper-most run were limited and we all agreed the lower run promised to be excellent.

That evening out in the first drop, we were stretching our bodies and checking the feel of boats when two kayakers paddled out of the upper canyon. Rob Lesser, a well known international adventurer had come down from Idaho to find hair on which to hone his skills. His tale of five portages and of at least half a dozen difficult class V drops in 17 miles on the upper run convinced us that the lower run was a good first choice. Hereford, sensitive to the feelings of others to a fault, gave the final OK to the plan.

Our first morning started slowly. The sky looked cooperative, but the local mechanics of the atmosphere created a cold **down-canyon** wind that bit deeply and didn't stop until about 10:00. The river was like the air, clear and cold. I chose to wear every piece of boating clothing I had.

According to the river map provided by the Tonto National Forest, the route 60 bridge is at river mile 60. The logical take-out is at the next highway bridge, Highway 288, 52 miles downstream at river mile 8.

Our boats packed for a 3-day trip, we paddled to the first drop below the bridge known as **Island Rapids**. We had been warned that this drop was usually avoided by rafters. To do that it would have been necessary to use the north side of the river and pay an access fee of \$10.00 per person per day to the Fort Apache Reservation. From our vantage point we saw no reason to avoid the drop. Either channel around the bare rock island looked easy. We found, however, that the problem was really just downstream of the island. There, following the right channel, we came to a horizon where the river dropped from view suddenly. Going over the edge, we found ourselves working a steep boulder garden that could have easily stopped a raft. Looking back upstream (ah, hindsight!), it appeared as though the far left channel had sufficient water to allow a sneak, even for a raft.

The next seven miles took us through as many good Class III drops. Most of them were the result of boulders spewed out from side canyons. A dirt road, not often noticeable from the river, follows the canyon 7 miles downstream to Cibecue Creek and allows boaters who pay the user fee to make a short day trip of those drops. At Cibecue Creek, where the canyon road

had been washed out, we left the possibility of being distracted by everyday activities.

Jaycox had already been busy with the movie camera. The rapids and big canyon backdrop provided him with ample opportunities for filming outstanding scenes. It was good having John film. He is a man dedicated to detail and doing a thing right in order to provide maximum usefulness. Where we came from, the Salt River is only a vague rumor. There should be many boaters there, yearning to do something different, that would welcome the opportunity to view the films.

In our first day's paddle, we hammed it up as much as was possible with loaded boats. Many of the drops had character in that surfing waves and playable holes were in abundance.

We had lunch near Ledges Rapids, Mile 49, where the opportunity for hole riding was particularly good. Mike played with undying energy. He probed each promising hydraulic and when he found one to his liking, rode it in every conceivable attitude, including upside down.

After the Ledges the canyon began to look less like the Grand Canyon. From the river, it appeared that we were in a small granite gorge much like Brown's Canyon of the Arkansas River in Colorado. An impressive difference were the groves of Saguaro Cacti **growing** on the north side of the Canyon. The channel was often filled with truck sized rounded boulders. Mike pointed out in an unforgettable manner that the Canyon walls were often under-cut. By coming too close, he was forced to put his inverted-kayak rock climbing skills to the test.

When the Granite Narrows ended, we were at Mile 42 in Gleason Flat. There the canyon opened up creating a big sky. We chose to camp on a large sandy beach just inside the Salt River Wilderness. Our hope was to have plenty of early morning sun to combat the morning wind.

As so often happens in the west, the stars that night were as unimpeded as is possible on this planet. During the day we had the river to ourselves. As the daylight faded, the only infringements on nature in view were a lonesome vehicle trail from the north and a mummified wooden structure. We gave ourselves a treat by utilizing a small portion of the abundant driftwood to build a fire. In the warmth of the fire, Mike made evident through his entertaining humor that his zest for living went beyond tickling the tail of hydraulic dragons.

Early the following morning we paddled into another narrow inner gorge. This one looked to be of a hard blocky rock reminding us about warnings concerning a deadly drop, Quartzite Falls. Immediately upon entering the gorge, which resembled parts of Westwater Canyon in Utah, we came upon two rock choked rapids. From above, Eye of the Needle and Black Rock looked deserving of scouting. In each case a clear route was easily seen from the river

bank. Rapids in this dark gorge were spaced farther apart and contained fewer play spots. However, the scenery was quite exotic as we were brought closer to the plants of the **Sonoran** desert.

By noon we reached the dreaded drop that every river run seems to have. It was there at Mile 28, Quartzite Falls, that we met the only other river travellers we were to see. They had escaped the canyon a week earlier during a flood and were back to reclaim their boats. We watched and helped a little as the two rafts made the critical and difficult left hand eddy just above the falls. A sand filled cleft on river left provided the rafters with a short portage path that began and ended with steep rock scrambling. We also chose to portage. The turbulence of the top chute and the size of the bottom hole indicated that if only one stroke were to be less than perfect, the drop would be fatal.

After the short and abrupt falls, there are only a couple of real rapids. Corkscrew, a Class III-IV drop, just below is one of the river's more challenging drops. It gave us an opportunity to witness the danger of paddling polyethylene boats. Mike's plastic boat, complete with beams, folded like a door hinge when entering an eddy and catching on some rocks. Fortunately Mike made a quick exit and all was well. The only permanent damage to the kayak was the addition of a few wrinkles.

We had given some thought to taking out at Mile 22, Horseshoe Bend. At that point the river has dissipated most of its energy and a dirt road, that appeared to be in a condition easily traversable by two wheel drive vehicles, leaves the south side of the river. But upon arriving there, we decided to see the Canyon to its end. As promised, no major rapids appeared but the river remained swift and was broken with many Class I-II drops. It took only two hours with moderate paddling to cover the 14 miles of lush **Sonoran** desert.

At the abrupt Canyon exit most of us relaxed and enjoyed the sedating stillness. Just before dark, a bald eagle drifted out of the Canyon and into the wind signaling dramatically the end of a wonderful run.

Tired and beaten by the activities of the previous days we decided not to take on the upper-most reach of the Salt. Our responsibilities back home demanded that we return soon. To mitigate feelings of leaving something unfinished, we planned to spend a day paddling the Middle Box of the Gila on the return trip through New Mexico. We knew too that the attraction of the Salt was great enough that our return was not at all unlikely.



Play hole in the Ledges.

UPPER SALT RIVER

Location	just north of Globe, Arizona and just upstream of Roosevelt Reservoir
Length	52 miles
Put-in	Highway 60, elevation 3,400 feet
Take-out	Highway 288, elevation 2,200 feet
Average gradient	24 feet per mile
Steepest reach	40 feet per mile below Cibecue Creek
Hazards	Quartzite Falls at River Mile 28 Diversion Dam, ½ mile downstream of Highway 288. Flash Floods.
Runnable levels	800 to 4,000 cfs.
Season	Usually March through April. Sometimes February to June
Flow Information	Salt River Project, phone 6021236-5929 or 602/236-8888
General Information	Tonto National Forest (no permits required). P.O. Box 29070, Phoenix, Az. 85938. Phone 6021261-3199.
Maps	River Runners Map, Upper Salt River USFS USGS Quads: Blue House Mtn., Haystack Butte, and Rockinstraw Mtn.

awa affiliates

Adirondack Mt. Club Schenectady
c/o Ken Robbins
21 Beechwood Dr.
Burnt Hills, NY 12027

Allegheny Canoe Club,
c/o **Walt Pilewski**
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Titusville, PA 16354

Antioch Kayak Club
c/o Karl Mahle
P.E. Dept. Antioch College
Yellow Spring, OH 45387

Appalachian Mt. Club
Connecticut Chapter
c/o Richard Ploski
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Forestville, CT 06010

Appalachian Mt. Club
NY-NO. J Chap.. Canoe Comm.
% Braley, 64 Lupine Way
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Ashville YMCA Kayak Club
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Ashville, NC 28801

Beartooth Paddler's Society
c/o Keith Thompson
1171 N. 10 St.
Laramie, WY 82070

Beartooth Paddler's Society
c/o Michael Maxwell
4440 **Toyon** Dr.
Billings, MT 59106

Birmingham Canoe Club
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Birmingham, AL 35201

Boat Busters Anonymous
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St. Paul, MN 55119

Buck Ridge Ski Club
c/o Jay E. **Bradbury**
1024 Carolyn Dr.
West Chester, PA 19380

Canoe Club **Of** Gr. Harrisburg
c/o Walt Sieger
2747 N. 4th St.
Harrisburg, PA 17110

Canoe **Cruisers** Assoc. of
Greater Washington, D.C. Inc.
P.O. Box 572
Arlington, VA 22216

Castillo, Larry
2224 S.W. 24 St.
Miami, Fla. 33145

Chicago Whitewater Association
c/o Marge Chine
1343 No. Portage
Palantine, IL 60067

Clinton River Canoe School
23705 Audrey
Warren, MI 48091

Coastal Canoeists, Inc.
P.O. Box 566
Richmond, VA 23204

Colorado Whitewater Assoc.
7600 E. Arapahoe
Englewood, CO 80112

Dragonfly Designs
Box 468T
Geyserville, CA 95441

Eastern Montana College
Outdoor Program
c/o Mark Polakoff, Box 570
Billings, MT 59101

Explorer Post 2001
c/o James A. Hasse
11627 So. Arbor Dr.
Houston, TX 77089

Explorer Post 999
c/o R. Steve Thomas, Jr.
3509 W. Colonial Dr.
Hopewell, VA 23860

Farmington **Hills P&R** Canoe &
Kayak
c/o David **Justus**
31555 Eleven Mile Rd.
Farmington Hills, MI 48018

Foothill Canoe Club
PO Box 10664 F.S.
Greenville, SC 29603

Furman, Dr. Richard
702 State Farm Rd.
Boone, NC 28607

G.L.O.P.
c/o James Tibensky
1510 Lombard Ave.
Berwyn, ILL 60402

Georgia Canoeing Assoc.
PO Box 7023
Atlanta, GA 30357

Hoosier Canoe Club
c/o Jerry Schoditsch
6418 Bramshaw Rd.
Indianapolis, IN 46220

Idaho Alpine Club
P.O. Box 2885
Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401

Idaho State University
Outdoor Prog.
c/o Ron **Watters**
Box 8118 ISU
Pocatello, ID 83209

Idaho Whitewater Assoc.
c/o Rob Lesser
1812 N. 21st
Boise, ID 83702

KCCNY
c/o Phyllis Horowitz
P.O. Box 329
Phonocia, NY 12464

Keel-Hauler Canoe Club
P.O. Box 30094
Middleburg Hgts., OH 44130

Kennebec Sewer Runners
c/o Paul Reinstein
RFD #1, Box 5240
Skowhegan, ME 04976

Keyston Raft and Kayak Adv.
Box 1486
Valdez, AK 99686

Ledyard Canoe Club
Dartmouth College
Hanover, NH 03755

Lower Columbia Canoe Club
Box 40210
Portland, OR 97240

Mason-Dixon Canoe Cruisers
c/o Ron Shanholtz
222 Pheasant Trail
Hagerstown, MD 21740

Meramec River Canoe Club
Earl C Siffle
26 Lake Rd.
Fenton, MO 63026

Merrimack Valley Paddlers
c/o James Jackson
38 **Beebe** Lane
Merrimack, NH 03054

Metropolitan Canoe
& Kayak Club
c/o N.A. Payne
Box 1868
Brooklyn, NY 11202

Minnesota Canoe Assoc., Inc.
Box 14207 University Station
Minneapolis, MN 55414

Monocacy Canoe Club
Box 1083
Frederick, MD 21701

Monoco Canoe Club, Inc.
c/o Tom Buckard
456 Steuben Ave.
Forked River, NJ 08731

National Org. River Sports
c/o Marv McCurdy, Ed.
Box 6847
Colorado Springs, CO 80934

New Waves Kayak Club
Smith, Morgan
2644 Bonnie Brae
Casper, WY 82601

Monoco Canoe Club, Inc.
c/o Tom Buckard
301 **Oakdale** St.
Toms River, NJ 08757

Northern Arizona Paddlers Club
c/o James Rolf
P.O. Box 1224
Flagstaff, AZ 86002

Northern New York Paddlers
Box 228
Schenectady, NY 12308

Northern Vermont Canoe Cruisers
c/o Alan Roberts
Box 826, Wellington St.
Colchester, VT 05446

Ozark Wilderness Waterways
Club
P.O. Box 16032
Kansas City, MO 64112

Outdoor Adventure Club
c/o Rodman D. Joblove
2845 Liberty Ellerton Rd
Dayton, OH 45418

Penobscot Paddle & Chowder **Soc.**
c/o Adrien Humphreys
20 Forest Ave.
Orono, ME 04473

Philadelphia Canoe Club
4900 Ridge Ave.
Philadelphia, PA 19128

Raw Strength & Courage Kayake
Jerry Gluck
1230 Astro Dr. #B2022
Ann Arbor, MI 48103-6165

Redwood Paddlers
c/o John Farison
6794 Clara Lane
Forestville, CA 95436

Rutgers **Univ.** Outdoor Cl.
P.O. Box 231
c/o Robert Markley
New Brunswick, NJ 08903

Sierra Club **Loma** Prieta Chapter
c/o David Kim
3309 Oxford Lane
San Jose, CA 95117

Telluride Navy
P.O. Box 888
Telluride, CO 81435

Tenn Valley Canoe Club
Box 11125
Chattanooga, TN 37401

Tennessee Valley Authority
Forestry Library
Norris, TN 37828

Texas Whitewater Assoc.
Box 5429
Austin, TX 78763

Toledo River Gang
c/o Jim Hock
320 Cyril St.
Toledo, OH

Triad River Runners
912 Bellview St.
c/o Glenn Creamer
Winston-Salem, NC 27103

U of **M** Outdoor Prog.
U. of Montana, UC 164
Missoula, MT 59812

U-Wisconsin Hoofers Club
c/o Mike Sklavos
329N. Jackson #3
Janesville, WI 53545

Upper Delaware NS & RR
Box C
Narrowsburg, NY 12764

Valdez Alpine Club
c/o Andrew Embick MD
P.O. Box 1889
Valdez, AK 99686

WIMPS
c/o Bill Wang
66 Statt Rd.
Rochester, NY 14624

W-PAFB Outdoor
Adventurers **Club**
Rod D. Jablove
2845 Liberty-Ellerton Rd
Dayton, OH 45418

Wanda Canoe Club
c/o F. Trautmann
15 Beveridge Rd.
Mahwah, NJ 07430

Wasatch Min. Club
c/o Kayaking Dir
3155 Highland Dr.
Salt Lake City, UT 84106

Washington Kayak Club
P.O. Box 24264
Seattle, WA 98124

Wild-Water Rafting Club
Box 1523
York, PA 17405-1523

Willamette Kayak & Canoe
P.O. Box 1062
Corvallis, OR 97331

Wilmington Trail Club
Box 1184
Wilmington, DE 19899

Z.C.P.F. and C.K.C.
c/o Robert W. Smith
10422 Tomkinson Dr.
Scotts, MI 49088

the cutting edge

NEW WAVE KAYAKS

Custom Boat Builder Sees Increased Sales

It's eight p.m. and after business hours at John Schreiner's New Wave Kayak Products boat-building facility near Harrisburg, Pa. But a quick glimpse around the shop tells you a lot about his business.

The plant is comprised of two one-story metal buildings. Racks holding kayaks in various stages of completion are arranged against the walls. Four boats currently under construction lay upon cradles in the center production area. And in the spray booth, the deck of still another boat awaits a coat of metal-flake resin.

In the cramped business office, one of Schreiner's assistants labors overtime upon a stubborn personal computer and Schreiner is here too, looking harried but happy, despite the late hour.

Schreiner has every right to look pleased. After 12 years, New Wave appears ready to step out of the role of a cottage industry into the position of a healthy small business.

"I've been doing this for 12 years, now," Schreiner said, "but only the last four years have been full-time. I started out with Danny Broadhurst. We did a lot of wave-skis originally and we used to do a lot more racing boats. Now we're just specializing in river boats."

The term "river boats" hardly does justice to Schreiner's products. What he actually manufactures are highly-technical, custom-built fiberglass and kevlar kayaks and canoes—mostly of extremely low volume—and all featuring eye-catching graphics on their decks.

And he builds quite a number of them.

"In 1986 we had a total of about 400 boats produced," Schreiner said. "But by the first week of March, we've already had 140 orders this year. That's real unusual because most of the orders don't come until the spring. Last year at this time, we only had orders for four boats."

That equates to a growth of over

3,000% for Schreiner. And the success that New Wave is enjoying can be attributed to a definite trend in terms of boat selection within the paddling community.

Twenty years ago, back when the term "roto-mold" would have been mistaken for some form of potato fungus, practically every kayak was made of glass. Like some secretive Communist cell, scattered paddling clubs would borrow a mold and meet in the dead of winter to build boats in somebody's garage.

Then, after a week of gagging on vinylester fumes and scratching from fiberglass dust, the proud boater would wheel out a craft the color of a paper bag. The boat-building process was an annoying task—a hardship few people chose to endure.

The advent of the roto-molded plastic boat changed all that. Perception revolutionized the whitewater boating world with its forgiving, durable yet functional designs at a reasonable price. The number of whitewater boaters swelled dramatically, and 90% seemed to be paddling a plastic boat.

Schreiner decided there was a niche in this climate for a custom glass boat manufacturer.

"Perception brought a tremendous number of people into the sport," Schreiner said. "The beginner starts with plastic, and once he becomes experienced, he's ready to move up. He develops a general awareness of a glass boat's design characteristics. A plastic boat can't conform to the individual's exact specifications. . . it's massed produced, one size fits all."

Of course, if there is one particular type of design that has gained the attention of the paddling public, it's that of the low-volume craft known as a "squirt boat."

"Squirt boat" is a generic term for any craft whose low volume and sharp edges

allow the paddler to perform a pivot turn—that is to bury the stern into the water so that the boat can make a lightening quick turn while standing on its tail.

As Schreiner's sales figures attest, growing numbers of boaters lured into the sport in the seventies by Perception's attractive products and savvy marketing, are now looking to the custom boat builder when purchasing their second or third kayak.

"As a boater, I know that you're limited to only so many moves in a high volume boat," Schreiner said. "There's a lot more performance in a low-volume kayak. Just as the introduction of the Duffeck developed into a major stroke 10 years ago, in time the pivot will become a major move. That doesn't mean people will be blowing their boats straight up in the air, but they're using the move to pop into little eddies."

"Our biggest seller is a squirt boat called the Jet. We sold 115 boats last year—which is tremendous for a glass boat. And it's still going strong."

"The Jet is turning into a second boat for a lot of people," Schreiner said. "People are buying two boats for use in different conditions. The Jet can be used as a low-water boat for the less experienced or as a high-end boat for the expert paddler."

But lumped in the general category of squirt boats, are many various designs—all with different performance characteristics. Schreiner's squirt boats like the Jet, designed by Jimmy Snyder of Friendsville, Md., and the Demon, one of his own creations, handle differently than designs by the East's other major manufacturer of squirt boats, Friendsville's Jesse Wittemore.

Essentially, Wittemore's boats are built for cruising—flashing down the river from eddy to eddy with speed and grace. Designs by Snyder and Schreiner are shorter and slower and built for tricks in the eddy lines. They are a freestyle ski to Wittemore's long and hot slalom boards. The boats really share one characteristic—they all squirt with a vengeance.

But unlike many other industries where competing firms scratch and claw for every percentage of the market, squirt boat designers appear remarkably low-key. In fact, many of Wittemore's popular designs such as the Silon, Falcon and Surge are available through New Wave.

"As far as producing each other's designs, we have kind of a gentlemen's agreement," Schreiner said. "Jess will sell the design for a boat outright while Jim gets paid by the boat sold. But it's pretty much an honor system how we work it out."

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AWA Fortunes Climb Thanks to Friendly Belay By Patagonia's Yvon Chouinard



Yvon and Malinda Chouinard relax at day's end.

It was with a sense of terrified elation or morbid curiosity—like one feels when driving to the put-in of a first descent that I set off to California to seek **AWA's** fortune. Out of money, nearly out of time and hope, but with so many hydro plants to fight, a successful trip was a must move. AWA just plain had to find some cash to pay for the 1987 litigation and lobbying push.

San Francisco was all smiles and impressed with our efforts, but wary of a big commitment—at least now when we needed it. So, a bit discouraged, I trudged south to Patagonia—the land of Sinchilla and bright colors. The

worst that could happen is that we get a final refusal.

Yvon Chouinard and his wife Malinda and a host of innovative paddlers, climbers, bikers, surfers etc. run the **Lost Arrow Corp.**, of which Patagonia is a subsidiary. Somewhere in his forties, Yvon is still a legend to climbers, even though his first ascents are now often copied. Malinda too, is legendary for her singleminded commitment to achievement, in civic causes and in business acumen. And like his fellow climber—outdoor businessmen friends, Doug Tompkins of Esprit and Royal Robbins—Yvon has shifted his allegiance to kayak sur-

fining and river running.

Ventura, Patagonia's home base, is the northern tip of the Los Angeles sprawlway, hemmed in by the steep and treeless mountains which preclude further development up the coast. Although bucolic, the town has a certain buzz of prosperity, a hum of hard work. And the mountains give the visitor a kind of reassurance that the endless miles of unchecked suburban growth beginning in San Diego stops at last.

There are lots of fun stories about Yvon. Like the time during the early days when he decided to rappel down a 400 foot cliff on three sections of rope

which were tied together. The rope itself was so heavy that the first knot would not pass through the slings. So there he hung—pythoned for three and a half hours until a herculean effort succeeded in forcing the knot through. Afterward he always down-climbed.

Or the time he tried an overhang in the Tetons. "I had climbed up to a spot underneath one overhang and then used ropes and e'triers to do the overhang. Just above that, there was a slightly overhanging wall. I looked at it and thought I could do it. You have to decide right then and there whether you can or not, because you can't just stop in the middle of an overhanging wall and put up protection. You can't let go with your hands. I **took** off, and I was able to put in one runner around a rock, but that was all. I got to within about three feet of a **ledge** and my arms were shot. I was just going to make it. There was a loose handhold. I knew it was loose, but if you pull on a **loose handhold** in the right direction, sometimes you can use it. That's what I tried to do, and it broke. So I free fell about a hundred and sixty feet, to the end of the rope. Luckily, it was a small diameter rope—nine millimeter. So it took up the shock, and I didn't break any ribs or anything, although I was bruised and somehow opened a big gash in my leg—down to the bone. I was hanging in midair, which would have been a pretty serious thing except that I landed directly level with our last belay spot. I got myself swinging, and I swung in until I could grab some blocks that were there. It was an unbelievable miracle." (New Yorker Magazine, Jeremy Bernstein, 1979)

Yvon is first and foremost a brilliant mechanic. "When I was in high school. . . the only classes I could stand were the auto-mechanics and shop classes. I was a pure geek—the worst" (Ibid) That experience came in handy when he began to tackle climbs then thought impossible. Carabiners at that time were all imported, so Chouinard figured he'd make and sell them himself, borrowing the eight hundred and twenty five dollars and thirty five cents from his parents for a forging die. With that, a drill press, and a grinder, Yvon began with his own hands to create a line of climbing and other products which now fill an entire oversized, brilliantly illustrated coffee table quality catalog.

After the carabiners, Yvon decided non-malleable pitons were the answer climbers needed and learned blacksmithing. With a little coal forge,



Yvon Chouinard combines two of his recreational pursuits: climbing above a river and his kayak.

some tongs and a hammer, he began making pitons out of **chrome-molybdenum** steel—at two per hour. Making a living hammering metal barely kept him with sufficient food, but it did pay for climbing. And after a tour of "climbing duty" in Korea and San Francisco for the Army, Chouinard moved to Ventura to make climbing equipment.

Somewhere in Ventura, Malinda and Yvon joined forces. After almost a decade together, they can boast not only a marriage and two kids, but also a partnership forged by a business which expresses their shared ingenuity. As Yvon puts it, he has "6 business goals:

1. Make Money
2. Give Away Money
3. Be Creative
4. Pride
5. No Hassles
6. Phun

1. I need an income to be financially secure, to buy a new surfboard once a year and some gas and Bondo for my Toyota. My lifestyle is pretty simple. . . (and) I don't enjoy **bullshitting** with your typical business executives or hanging around Rotary Clubs. . . The primary reason for wanting these companies to be profitable is so we can achieve the other goals, 2-6." (the Spring 1987 "Quarterly")

He goes on to say, "In 1980-81, we gave away \$162 to charities, . . . Last year we gave away 3% of our net profit before taxes and this year it will be about 5% or about \$150,000."

Work has to end sometimes, especially at Patagonia. Yvon has what must be the most enlightened view of management in the "phun" department,

Employees "are allowed to take time off, whether its two hours or 2 weeks as long as your work gets done and as long as it doesn't screw up the others from doing their work." As for Yvon, he takes that motto literally, stringing paddling, fishing, climbing and skiing expeditions together for months at a time—no doubt testing new equipment and figuring out new things to make and sell relying on his M.B.A. style "Management By Absence." to make it all work.

And work it does. Nearly 300 people work at Patagonia now and the Chouinard's main worry is not **cash/flow**, but too fast growth. The company grew 140% in 1982-1983 alone. "Malinda and I have been wrestling with this problem of how to slow down our growth. There are no business books on the topic and no mentors to give us advice. . .

The Chouinard's "misfortunes" are our good fortune. You see, we got a letter from them March 12 which said,

"Enclosed is a check for \$10,000 to assist the American Whitewater Affiliation in their fight to stop the small hydro power ruination of our country's rivers. Let us know how you're doing from time to time."

Judge's Ruling Opens Niagara Gorge

In a stunning victory for paddlers, New York Supreme Court Judge Vincent Doyle ordered in mid April that the Niagara Park Commission issue a permit to four paddlers for a run on the Niagara River. The four paddlers, lawyer Robert Glanville along with Gibbs Johnson of Georgia, Bob and Alan Baker of New York had sued the state when their one half inch thick permit application was arbitrarily turned down.

Glanville had filed the application in 1986 after the Park Commission had inaugurated a new permit program for the two mile 100,000 cfs gorge. The Commission had taken this action after paddlers Pete Skinner and Bob Patraw were charged while waiting for the shuttle vehicle with "disorderly conduct" by Park Police several months earlier after a routine surreptitious run on the river.

Glanville indicated to AWA that he hoped the Commission would not choose to appeal the case, given the carefully worded and clear message the decision reflects. As Judge Doyle stated: Petitioners, in this case, have submitted a copy of the International Scale of River Difficulty (Exhibit O) that classifies rivers on a scale of 1 through 6. The rapids below the Whirlpool in the Niagara Gorge are classified IV (4) as indicated in the article, entitled "The Niagara River, The Paddling of a Legend," (petitioners' Exhibit P). Each petitioner has extensive kayaking whitewater of Class V or greater difficulty (petitioners' Exhibit M). Exhibit Q is a copy of the most widely accepted objective system for numerically rating rivers according to their difficulty and paddlers according to their qualifications. If the paddler's point score equals or exceeds the point rating of the river, the paddler is generally thought to be capable of paddling the river safely. The rating of the rapids of the Niagara Gorge is Class IV, 28 points, for the rapids below the Whirlpool. Each petitioner here qualifies for a point score in excess of



Buffalo, NY lawyer Bob Glanville and three other Kayakers recently won their suit to be allowed to run the famed Niagara Gorge. Glanville's action may establish an important precedent in opening the Gorge to qualified boaters.

40.

In this case, petitioners have clearly demonstrated they are fully qualified to undertake the proposed activity.

Although respondent Park Commission in 1981 authorized four kayakers as well as various film and safety personnel, associated with an ABC commercial television production to use park lands, he has denied petitioners similar access to park lands without stating any basis for the difference in his decisions. It is fundamental that a deliberate and arbitrary discrimination or inequity in the exercise of regulatory power, not based upon differences that are reasonably related to the lawful purposes of such regulation, denies to an applicant the equal protection of the state's laws which is guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment (see, *Ali v Division of State Athletic Comm.*, 316 F Supp 1246, at 1250). Although

ample opportunity has been afforded respondent, this court has not received any evidence clearly delineating any basis for the differential treatment accorded these petitioners. Upon the record before this court, the evidence compels a finding that respondent's action in denying petitioners a permit constitutes an arbitrary and unreasonable departure from its previous position respecting the ABC television production (see, *Mtr of Charles A. Field Delivery Service, Inc.* 66 NY2d 516). Thus, the respondent has denied petitioners the equal protection of the laws pursuant to the Fourteenth Amendment.

For all the reasons above stated, petitioners' applications for a permit are granted. Respondent is directed to issue to petitioners a permit pursuant to 9 NYCRR 376.1 subject to such reasonable conditions as respondent may impose respecting the time, date and precise location of petitioner's

access to the Niagara River, together with the execution of such releases and/or indemnification agreements as respondent may find to be reasonably necessary.

Submit judgment accordingly. Of some concern to **Glanville** is the Judge's discussion of indemnification. An insurance policy for this activity might not be inexpen-

sive, although affordable if shared by other paddlers. This decision paves the way for others to seek permission for runs on New York's most famous whitewater run.

NY Assemblyman Speaks Out Against Unnecessary Dams

"There's no virtue in dams!" Guess who said that - a politician in New York. Not only did Assemblyman Bill Hoyt, Chairman of the Assembly Energy Committee say that, he said it numerous times during a hearing on the environmental impacts of small hydro held by the New York legislature in April. Bill, famous for his canoeing of Northern Canadian rivers, has been a true paddler's friend in a government generally hostile to river protection.

Assemblyman Hoyt was also instrumental in convincing his fellow legislators to earmark \$150,000 for a special rivers study this year in New York. If used well and in time, there may be a chance to save New York's rivers.

Protecting New York's dwindling river inventory will not be saved, however, by a mere study. Rather, passage of a special legislative package designed by AWA is obligatory. The keystone of this package is a new review process to be implemented by the Public Service Commission which will require adjudicatory hearings regarding environmental superiority before small hydro can receive New York's special financial subsidies under Section 66-C of the Public Service Law. Hearings on this legislation are scheduled April 29, the day after AWA released in a press conference in Albany its legislative video showing the gross damage small hydro has done to New York's rivers already.

A WA Gauley Festival Planned

The AWA will again sponsor the Gauley River Festival, tentatively scheduled for Saturday, September 26, 1987. The festival site has yet to be chosen.

Last year's festival was attended by more than 1,000 paddlers and raised over \$5,000 for AWA conservation activities.

The 1987 event will again feature live music, whitewater videos, equipment displays, food and beverage and door prizes.

AWA Board Candidate Injured While Boating

Houston—Steve Daniel, a candidate for the AWA Board of Directors in the past election, lost both legs below the knee after a kayak trip down a remote Mexican river ended in disaster.

The accident occurred Dec. 30 after Daniel's boat was pinned underwater on the Rio Mezquital. Daniel's companions extracted him from the boat and performed mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, but were forced to severely extend his legs in the effort, damaging veins and tissue.

Daniel then waited three days at the scene of the accident until his friends could return with help. Daniel was first transported to a Durango hospital by a Drug Enforcement Administration helicopter, then, after undergoing preliminary surgery, was transported by jet to Houston. Daniel was released from the Durango hospital only after U.S. Rep. Joe Barton assured hospital administrators a \$2,000 bill would be paid.

Daniel is the assistant head of the Texas A&M University Philosophy Department. His address is 3806 Oakwood, Bryan, TX, 77801

AWA River Conservation Video

Thanks to the efforts of Adirondack Media Productions of Lake Placid, New York, AWA now offers a ten minute high quality video production which graphically depicts the visual and recreational impacts small hydro can create if poorly adapted to river corridors. This video integrates slide and video footage shot at several hydro projects in New York juxtaposed to the original conditions and recreational values of these river segments. The narration discusses some of the history of selected sites and the need for state legislation to curb the deployment of more projects.

Donors aid In Dam Fights

Faced with the possibility of losing to small hydro a substantial proportion of Amercia's water, AWA has stepped in to lead the fights where time and money permit. People have come forward to help out in any way they could. Offers of time, professional services, equipment and money have made this guerilla war begin to work. The Directors have been gratified by the outpouring of support and thank everyone who has given so selflessly during the last few months. We are overjoyed to thank a few of the donors who have made special financial sacrifices for AWA:

Yvon and Malinda Chouinard • California
Mr. Joel Freedman • Connecticut
The Kayak and Canoe Club of New York
Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Skinner • Vermont
REI, Inc. • California
Mr. Kent Olsen -Washington, D.C.
Adirondack Media Productions • New York
Wild Water Design, LTD
Farmington River Club
Laurel Highland River Tours
Canoe Club of Greater
Harrisburg
Paige Aaron
Jill Arbuckle
William Burmeister
Brad Caleagni
Robert and Nancy Cressey
Thomas Daniel
Jim Davis
B. Meier
Joan Quinzani
Norm Rehn
Canoe and Kayak Club of
New York
T.C. Tremblay
Marilyn Vogel
Michael Dulcos
George Flynn
John Gilren
Marge Gaston
Don Harriman
Ralph Mason
O.H. Mayer
Jack McCarron
Mike Roth
John Taylor

The effort to stop installation of bad small hydro takes time and money. Thanks to these and so many other gifts, we are now able to make some inroads.

'Squirt Boat' Just A Generic Term

The phone rang at work. On the other end of the line was a boater from Denver willing to pay US Sprint an inflated daytime rate to ask me one question:

"If you could only buy one model of a squirt boat—which one would you purchase?"

I spent the next 10 minutes babbling without giving him a real answer. The truth is, there is no answer.

As the accompanying story indicates, the term "squirt boat" is a catch-all phrase used to describe any craft that can execute a pivot term. Boats often listed under this category range from Magnum by Snyder, to a Silon by Wittemore, to a Sabre by Perception. Realistically, these three examples are vastly different boats.

I know. I own one of each.

And I like all three of them—but for different reasons: the Silon is a fast boat to blaze down a river and yet squirt at will; the Magnum is a short boat where every eddy is an adventure; and the Sabre is a plastic boat that I can beat without remorse, and still retain the partial feel of a glass design.

So in answer to the Denver boater's question—there is no solution. . .only choices.

"Among Eastern designers and builders, everyone is friends," Schreiner said. "It's not a cut-throat atmosphere. There's some differences in opinion as far as construction, but I have all the respect in the world for Jesse's designs. I think the differences in designs reflects differences in personal paddling style. Jess makes the fastest boat of all the squirt boats while Jeff designs the quickest turning and most maneuverable boat. My designs are more middle of the line.

"The biggest differences between builders is the choice of a resin system," Schreiner said. "I believe vinylester is the best value for the dollar. The other choices are polyester and epoxy. The poly is too flexible and the epoxy too rigid. The epoxy is stronger—but that benefit is a trade-off. If it does break, it shatters. The vinylester may crack or leak, but it doesn't tend to blow apart."

Whatever the system, Schreiner seems to be in position to take advantage of the booming demand for low-volume custom boats.

"We produced 30 boats in the last two weeks and can lay up six boats a day," Schreiner stated.

And with that kind of production, New Wave promises to make an impact on the whitewater boating sport.

A Safety Parable Fishin' with Dynamite

Grandad used to tell a story about a local **hereo** in **Lauderdale** County they called **Coldwater** tumbert. I'm not sure how he got the **name**, but it could have had something to do with the way he fished. At that time, my grandfather lived near Florence, Alabama, **close** to the Tennessee River. This was before the time of **TVA** and the Tennessee was free flowing from end to end. Coldwater would attach a blasting cap and fuse to a half stick of dynamite and toss it into a likely looking pool on the river. The ensuing blast would throw water everywhere and, a few moments later, he would leisurely paddle his john boat around the pool collecting the fish stunned by the explosion.

Coldwater wasn't a mean man, quite the contrary. He was often called on to provide fish for the Mount Olive Baptist Church annual fish fry and fundraiser. He provided this service with great efficiency and at no charge. He would even provide, to those individuals requesting it, certain liquid refreshment which was difficult to obtain at the time, the time being during prohibition, although I think there was some profit involved in this service.

You can see by this that Coldwater, being the independent sort, didn't have a lot of use for law enforcement agencies, and you could say the same about their opinion of Mr. Lambert. There was one individual in particular, a game warden, they called Chas, who made it his personal ambition to bring Coldwater to justice. In fact, this became his life-long work.

The incident for which Coldwater was most renowned was the day he invited this game warden to go fishing. I think Coldwater, who for years managed to outfox every law enforcement officer in the county, considered this a challenge. The locals knew about the fishing trip for weeks before it was to take place, and it was the conservation all round those parts. But no one could figure out how Coldwater was going to pull it off. A **considerable** amount of wagering was said to have taken place on the eventual outcome.

On the day of the fishing trip, Chas arrived at the designated spot early, but Coldwater was waiting in the boat with a local, named Angus, who had come along as a witness for the wagering. Chas hadn't bothered bringing a fishing pole and neither, he observed, had his adversary, nor had Angus. Coldwater reassured him that they didn't need a pole, and that his method, which was highly successful, didn't require one. Chas could hardly con-

tain his excitement at the anticipation of fulfilling his lifelong dream.

In due time, they arrived at Coldwater's favorite and most consistently productive fishing hole. Coldwater opened a gunny sack between his legs, pulled out a stick of dynamite, and began preparing it for fishing. Chas couldn't believe his eyes or his good luck. It was as if Coldwater wanted to get caught.

"Got a permit for that dynamite Mr. Lambert?"

"Yes sir, I do. Use it to blow stumps. Does a good job. Got right good at it too. Never get a misfire any more."

Coldwater kept working on the dynamite as he talked. Angus observed the jousting with great interest wondering what was going to happen next.

"I guess you know I'll have to arrest you if you throw that."

"Yep."

"Why you **doin'** it."

"Maybe I'm just tired of the game. Kind of lost it's excitement lately. Maybe I'm thinking bout retirin. When a man gets my age, things change for him you know." Coldwater replied as he lit the fuse.

"You'll go to jail for this, why don't you just quit."

"Yea. I guess I could." Coldwater replied as he layed the dynamite in the bottom of the boat between Chas's feet.

"Ain't you going to throw that?" Chas asked, his voice suddenly rising.

"You're the game warden, Chas. You know better 'en me, **fishin'** with dynamite's illegal."

Well things began to happen fast after that. Coldwater later described how he had to tackle Angus to keep him from getting

to the dynamite first. But when the smoke cleared, there were fish everywhere. Chas refused to pick up his catch, even though Coldwater swore he wouldn't turn him in.

I think there may be a little of Coldwater Lambert in all of us. We don't all, always, follow the rules. We don't all, always, drive 55 or wear a **seatbelt**. We don't all, always, carry a throw rope or paddle in groups of at least three. People are just naturally chance takers. It's in our blood. Most of us make some kind of calculated guess at our chances a hundred times a day. It becomes second nature after a while. It's up to each one of us to do this for ourselves. In the final analysis it's our own lives we put on the line. Whether the decision is conscious or by default, we make decisions when we pick our paddling buddies, when we decide which rapids to walk, when we buy our gear, and a hundred other choices.

Paddling instruction is better than ever. We provide guidelines and publish articles on safety. Most clubs offer CPR courses on a regular basis. The river rescue classes, which are becoming popular, fill a big gap in the safety picture. But what about river **savvy**, that ability to accurately access the risks involved and arrive at an **intelligent** decision? How do you teach that?

I'm sure Coldwater had the odds figured in his favor, but I've always wondered what he would have done if Chas had wanted to stop Coldwater more than live.

Ken Burst



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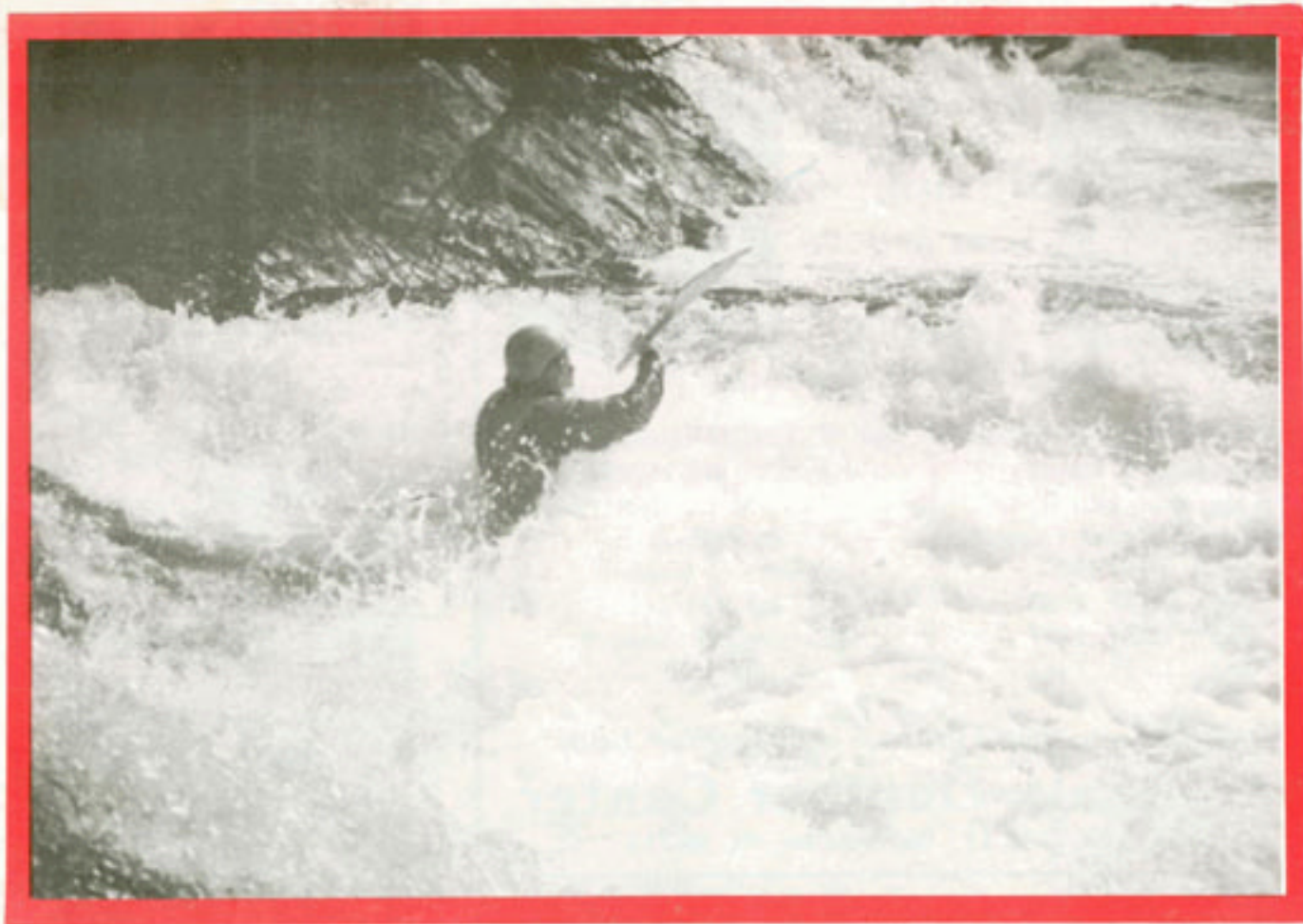
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