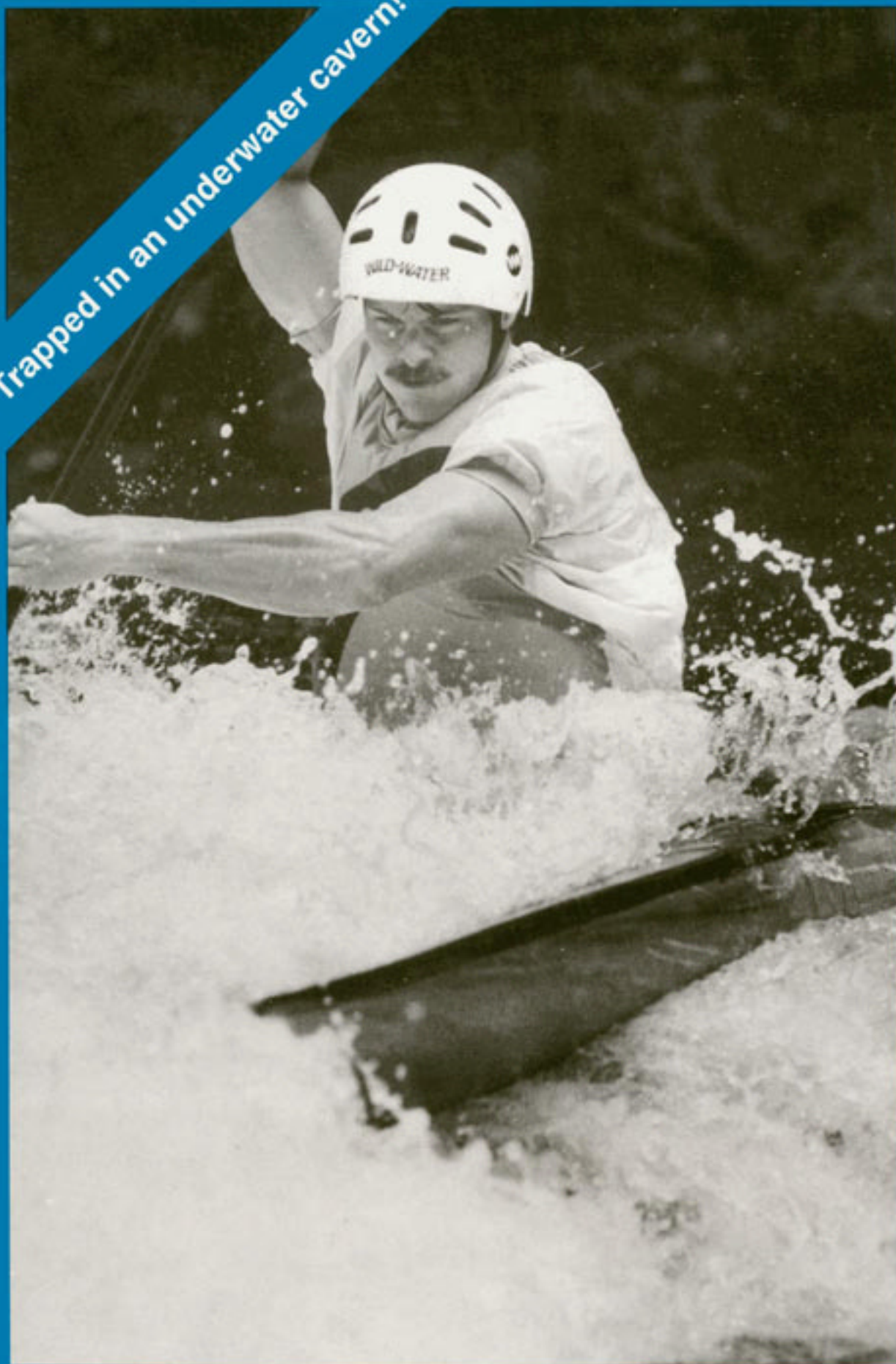


\$2.95
Newstand price

Trapped in an underwater cavern!



March/April 1992

american whitewater

AWA/Dagger Paddle-a-thon

Paddle your butts off during the month of June 1992 and:

- Raise money for AWA's Whitewater Defense Project
- Raise money for your local AWA Affiliate Club
- Win valuable individual prizes
- Be eligible for even more valuable Grand Prizes
- Have one heck of a good time

Sound good? Here's all you have to do:

- Sign up local sponsors to contribute whatever amount they choose per river hour paddled by you during June 1992.
- Log your river time and sponsor information on the official entry form or 8 1/2x11 sheet of paper.
- Collect sponsor proceeds and submit to AWA by July 31, 1992. Receive your prizes!
- The three highest earning individual participants will be Grand Price recipients.

FIRST GRAND PRIZE:	Dagger Canoe or Kayak of your choice
SECOND GRAND PRIZE:	Dagger Elite Kevlar/Graphite Canoe or Kayak Paddle
THIRD GRAND PRIZE:	Moonstone Polartech Pile Pullover with Dagger logo
INDIVIDUAL PRIZES:	AWA/Dagger Paddle-a-thon T-shirts designed by William Nealy, AWA lapel pins

.....
Proceeds to benefit AWA's Whitewater Defense Project. HOWEVER, IF YOU ARE PADDLING ON BEHALF OF A CURRENT AWA AFFILIATE CLUB, ANY MONEY YOU RAISE WILL BE SPLIT WITH 75% TO AWA'S WHITEWATER DEFENSE PROJECT AND 25% TO YOUR LOCAL AFFILIATE CLUB FOR USE IN ITS OWN CONSERVATION, SAFETY OR TRAINING PROGRAMS. Of course, participants paddling on behalf of AWA Affiliate Clubs are also eligible for Individual and Grand Prizes. Individual participants need not be AWA members.

For official rules and entry forms, contact:

AWA
PO Box 85
Phoenicia, NY 12464
(914) 688-5569

Sponsored by the American Whitewater Affiliation,
The Dagger Canoe Company and The Dagger Companies

american whitewater

March/April 1992
Volume XXXVII, No. 2

JOURNAL OF THE
AMERICAN WHITewater
AFFILIATION

Features

30

Wouldn't it be great...?

Two Washington, D.C. visionaries realize their dream of building a section of class 4 whitewater in a power canal--with the help of a utility

By MICHAEL SLOAN

36

Trapped!

Washed beneath an undercut on the lower Meadow River in West Virginia

By BILL KIRBY

41

The Family that Plays Together

A father-son outing on California's Kings Canyon turns into a near tragedy

By STEVE BULETTE, JR.

44

Big Swim

The Five Stooges experience a spin cycle in a hydraulic on the Watauga

By "MOE"

Departments

8

Conservation

Flood control dams threaten the Forks of the French Broad...Rich Bowers named AWA Conservation Programs Director...Michigan Rivers Bill passes...Gertler chastises FERC...Energy Bill snubs hydro...AWA donations

16

AWA Briefs

Pirate rafters spark Kennebec controversy...Nolichucky Rescue Rodeo scheduled...Scootch Pankonin honored...Ocoee Rodeo scheduled...Video review of steep creekin' by duckie

22

Safety

Wilderness protocol for CPR

By WAYNE A. SUNDMACHER, SR.

AWA Safety Survey Results

By DAVID WALLACE and LEE BELKNAP

48

End Notes

All-American girl

By CARLA GARRISON

Front cover: David Hearn on the Savage River during the 1990 World Championships. Photo by James Swedberg.

Back cover: Lee and Ralph Leibfarth surf up a wave on the Ottawa River.



LEARN-TO-KAYAK WEEK

A week of kayak instruction in a vacation atmosphere could be just the break you need. Our quality 5-day program on the Ottawa River introduces you to the pleasures of whitewater and the paddling fraternity.

Adult beginner and intermediate courses include kayak, paddling gear, 5-day meal program, camping, resort facilities and instruction.

Season: Mon-Fri; June-August

Cost: \$424 (\$377 US)

Couples Rate: \$399 (\$355 US)

Weekend kayak clinics also available.



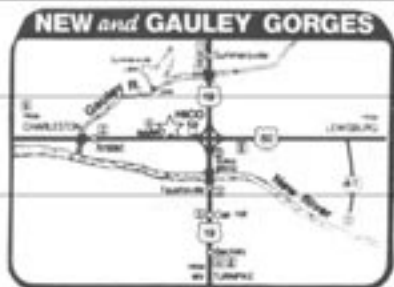
Wilderness Tours

Box 89, Beachburg, Ontario K0J 1C0
CANADA (613) 646-2291 fax 646-2996

WEST VIRGINIA'S MOST COMPLETE PADDLING SHOP

Located in the Heart of the
New & Gauley Rivers

Products from: Perception, Wilderness Systems, Silver Creek, Harmony, Patagonia, Stohliquist, Rapidstyle, Extrasport, North Face, Teva, Alps, Nike, Birkenstock, AND MORE!



**NORTH AMERICAN
RIVER RUNNERS, INC**

On U.S. Route 60, 1/4 Mile
East of U.S. 19 Intersection

1-800-950-2585

FORUM

Fortysomething

"So let us cheer the morns,
They won't be with us long.
Don't laugh at them as they go by.
Just remember when you're young,
That the time for you will come,
When you are old and lonely
and in the way."

My father, who was a master of instigation, used to warble this old dirge to my mother every chance he'd get. I don't recall that she ever found it the least bit amusing. Of course I did, but then I couldn't have been more than twelve at the time.

Well, lately that song has been running through my head and now it doesn't seem very amusing to me either. You see, not long ago, I turned forty.

The event passed without fanfare. Hardly anyone knew about it. I certainly wasn't about to tell them. It was my little, dark secret.

I'd like to say that turning forty didn't bother me, that I was mature enough to recognize that I would be the same person at forty years of age that I had been at thirty-nine. But that really is not the case. The fact is that hitting the big Four Oh! triggered a minor, but undeniable, midlife crisis. Actually, I preferred not to think of it as that; the term "midlife crisis" sounded too much like a malady that should, by definition, be limited to neurotic, self absorbed Californians.

So I chose to regard my "crisis" as a period of self examination, reinvention and reflection.

How would getting older effect relationships with my family and friends? My performance on the job? My libido? And, of course, most importantly, my paddling?

Would I suddenly find myself flipping on every reaction wave? Blowing crucial ferries? Failing to pop definitively into eddies? Missing rolls... and, perhaps, worst of all, swimming?

On the day of my fortieth birthday would I suddenly lose my edge and being come a whitewater "Has Been"?

As the dreaded day approached I took a good look at myself in the mirror. I did not like what I saw. My beard was turning gray... I immediately shaved it off. There was plenty of gray on the top too. I bought a baseball cap.

I checked the mirror again. I looked better, but something was still wrong. It didn't take me long to figure it out.

I had developed a spare tire. A paunch. And no matter how I tried, I could not suck it in.

It was not horribly big, but it was big enough. And it certainly was not going to be an asset to me during my mid-life boating career. If I was going to continue to boat into my "Twilight Years" without embarrassment, it would have to go.

Getting rid of that paunch turned out to be a little harder than getting rid of the

Please turn to page 45

STAFF

Managing Editor: Chris Koll, 25 South Street, Apt. 67, Marcellus, NY 13108

Editor: Bob Gedekoh, Box 228, RD 4, Elizabeth, PA 15037

Advertising Director: Phyllis Horowitz, Box 85, Phoenicia, NY 12464; (914) 688-5569

Conservation: Pope Barrow, Mac Thornton, Peter Skinner

Safety: Charlie Walbridge

Address Changes: Keith Morgan, 2601 Tanglewood Dr., Durham, NC 27705

Missing Copies: Contact Phyllis Horowitz

American Whitewater is printed by EBSCOMedia, Birmingham, AL. All rights reserved.



PURPOSE

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

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

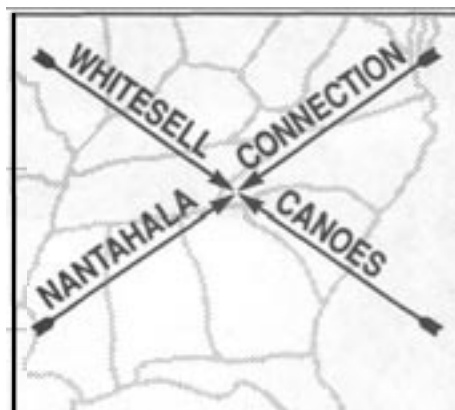
CONSERVATION: AWA maintains a national inventory of whitewater rivers, monitors potential threats to whitewater river resources through its "River Watch" system, publishes information on river conservation, works with government agencies to protect and preserve free-flowing whitewater rivers, and provides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

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

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

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

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



Come visit our new outpost on the banks of the Nantahala River, in North Carolina.

Test drive THE BEST on our eight-mile white-water track. You'll enjoy finding out why a custom-built and outfitted, ready-to-paddle Whitesell Canoe is still your best bet for maximizing your ability on all classes of whitewater.

Call (404) 325-5330 for more info and our free video.



2362A Dresden Drive, Atlanta, GA 30341

DIRECTORS

Anita Adams
Star Route 1, Box 46
Edmond, WV 25837
Ric Alesch
8718 West Floyd Drive
Lakewood, CO 80227
Bill Baker
9420 West Ontario Drive
Littleton, CO 80123
Pope Barrow
136 13th Street SE
Washington, DC 20003
Lee Belknap
1400 Severn Road
Richmond, VA 23229
Risa Shimoda **Callaway**
P.O. Box 375
Denver, NC 28037
Bob Gedekoh
Box 228, RD 4
Elizabeth, PA 15037

Susan Gentry
Route 2, 252
Deer Creek Trail
Hoschton, GA 30548
Dan Givens
300 South Straughan, #705
Boise, ID 83712
Bob Glanville
66 Deer Run
Glenwood, NY 14069
Jack Hession
241 East Fifth Avenue
Anchorage, AK 99501
Bill Hildreth
78 Beechwood Street
Cohasset, MA 02025
Diana Holloran
Route 1, Box 90
Fairview Mountain Road
Reliance, TN 37369
Chris Koll
25 South Street, #C67
Marcellus, NY 13108

Tom **McAndrew**
5535 Ridge Avenue
Philadelphia, PA 19128
Jim Scott
3715 Jocelyn Street NW
Washington, DC 20015
Pete Skinner
Box 272, Snyder Road
West Sand Lake, NY 12196
Mac **Thornton**
322 10th Street SE
Washington, DC 20003
Charlie Walbridge
230 Penllyn Pike
Penllyn, PA 19422
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
Phyllis Horowitz
P.O. Box 85
Phoenicia, NY 12464
(914) 688-5569

Green Summer



An incredible River... **The Narrows of the Green** 300 cfs of water pumping through a tight, undercut, tree-filled gorge with a gradient that exceeds 500 feet per mile in sections.

An incredible Summer... **Summer of 1991** Forrest Calaway, Bo Eakens, Doug Wellman, and other expert kayakers tackling the Dirty Dozen rapids. David Simpson providing an awesome display of open boat sleep creekin'. And Corran Addison running the Narrows without a paddle!

An Incredible Video... **Green Summer** 20 minutes of extreme creek boating action on the Narrows of the Green. All action, no talk... with great music to add to the excitement!

For a VHS copy, send \$21.95 plus \$3.00 shipping and handling to:

Wayne Gentry
Rt. 2, 252 Deer Creek Trail
Hoschton, GA 30548
(404) 654-2725

F O C U S E D



Richard Fox, Eight time World Champion in K-1 Slalom
and Designer of the Perception Reflex.™

Single minded. Dedicated to the task at hand. Driven by a passion for excellence that compels men and companies to strive for optimum performance.

At **Perception/Aquaterra**, we have long recognized that success demands focused effort. From the outset, quality, performance and innovation shaped the design and construction of our whitewater and touring kayaks. Today, that dedication defines our role as the world's leader in kayaking.

Pride in craftsmanship blended with patented, leading edge technology and a nationwide network of paddlesport dealers make **Perception/Aquaterra** the paddler's choice... for the experienced paddler, pressing the limits of personal performance... for the casual paddler, gliding leisurely along water trails, taking in the scenic beauty of the outdoors... and for the novice, working to master basic paddling skills.

Call Perception, Inc. today for the name and number of the **Perception/Aquaterra** dealer nearest you... people **FOCUSED** on helping you get the most enjoyment from your paddlesports adventure.



1-803-859-7518
FAX (803) 855-5995

Perception, Inc.
1110 Powdersville Road
Easley, SC 29640

Half the what?

Paddlers:

I read with interest Bob Beck's letter in the Nov/Dec '91 AW concerning the suitability of open canoes in big water. Contrary to what he (and probably others) might think, air bags in open boats keep out very little water. The water breaking over the bow (and sides/stern) simply flows over the bags and into the open center of the boat. A fully outfitted whitewater canoe probably has as much empty volume as a kayak without float bags installed. The bags in the canoe serve the same purpose as kayak bags: life preservers for the boat in the event of a capsize and swim. Keeping the boat as dry as possible remains one of the skills to be mastered on the way to becoming an accomplished open boater.

To create a "Canyak", I suggest Mr. Beck try a different approach from the one suggested in his letter. He should try paddling his kayak sans spray skirt and floatation while using a single-bladed paddle in big whitewater. Then Mr. Beck will appreciate the truth in the paddling axiom: "Half the paddle--twice the paddler."

Keep up the great work on our magazine and keep Gary and Carla!

James Wassink
Cedar Glen, CA

(Editor's note: The editorial staff has always recognized the skills required to negotiate upper-end whitewater in an open boat. However, Jim, we think you have that axiom mixed up...it goes "Half the paddle--half the brain!")

Semi-pro for me!

To AWA,

Please accept my very late renewal for AWA membership. I have an excuse, so here it is.

Let's face it, the economy sucks so as a budget trimming measure I attempted to cut costs this year by any means. I camped at all of the races I could. I cooked almost all of my meals while traveling on river trips, instead of hitting some of my favorite restaurants. I ingested countless boxes of cereal and spaghetti, not to mention peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and the cheapest beer I could tolerate. I even traveled with "Dubs" (female racer

LETTERS

types) in order to save on gas. I decided to just get down to basics. As long as I got to where I needed to be (that is the river), it didn't matter what else happened or what the circumstances were.

So, when the AWA membership card came around I thought that since I still had most of my River Runner subscription ahead of me I could do without the AWA Journal for awhile. After all, one whitewater rag around the house would be sufficient. That is, until I got something in the mail a couple weeks called Paddler. It seems that River Runner is no more and has become some sort of regurgitated Canoe magazine. It had stories inside that were nothing short of my worst nightmares come true. Stories about sea kayaking and quiet water camping trips. Pictures of folks really "going for it" in something called an Egret. These folks at Paddler magazine feel that I'm going to be impressed and interested in some old fossils swirling around on flat water in an Egret. Forget about it!!!

Please accept my money and sign me back up for the AWA. I think that I have taken this austerity thing way too far.

E.J. McCarthy
West Cornwall, CT

(Editor's note: Don't be so tough on the glossy paddling magazines, E.J. I get Paddler myself, and I've found some pretty good stuff in it. Of course, I too skip over the sea kayaking stuff. The problem is--there's such a small population of diehard whitewater crazies. I don't think any of the "professional" paddling magazines could get by just covering the whitewater boating scene. Fortunately, we're only *semi-professional* here at American Whitewater. Publishing our entire magazine probably costs less than producing just one of their beautiful covers. So I can print whatever the Hell I want...which is exclusively whitewater boating--preferably class 4 or better!)

Letter to Carla

Dear Carla,

My husband paddles with a group of guys that tease him constantly. He wears his dry suit on the warmest days, and eats his lunch out of six little Tupperware containers.

This summer he ran Magic on the Kennebec and surfed it sideways, so I know he's good.

LETTERS

How can I turn Weenie-boy into Gauley-boy?

Sincerely,
Carol Elder
Mansfield Center, CT

P.S. His friends call his Dancer XT a pig boat, is that fresh or what?

(Carla's reply: You don't mention what you paddle, Carol. I suspect that if you announce your intention to run the Gauley and mention that you plan to share the ride to Summersville in a van with six indigent squirt boaters... your husband will quickly express an interest in joining you. And so far as the "Pig Boat" controversy--half the male kayakers I know could be classified as "pigboaters"... regardless of the kind of craft they paddle.)

Writers Guidelines

American Whitewater welcomes submissions from its readers. Proposed articles should relate in some way to whitewater... river conservation... expeditionary boating... safety... interviews with river personalities... paddling techniques.

Our readers are most interested in new rivers, not previously described in well-known guidebooks. Most of our readers are intermediate to advanced boaters, they do not need instruction on how to brace or roll, but they are interested in innovative designs and styles. We try to be receptive to any and all ideas.

The readers of American Whitewater are interested in whitewater... unlike some boating magazines we do not publish articles regarding flatwater canoeing or sea kayaking.

Submissions should be double spaced and neat. Correct spelling and grammar are appreciated.

Photos should be included when appropriate. Black and white prints or color slides are accepted. Photos with pronounced color contrasts reproduce best.

Stories must be edited as necessary to fit the format of American Whitewater. Remember that even the work of professional writers is usually heavily edited before publication. The editor of a major outdoor publication recently revealed that he rarely deals with amateur writers, not because their work is inferior, but because they are unwilling to accept appropriate editing. Expect to see some

changes in your story.

Story length should rarely exceed 3000 words... twelve typed pages.. double spaced. The best stories have a distinct focus or slant. This aspect of the story should make it unique and should catch the readers' interest. The focus should be introduced in a clear way at the beginning of the article.

It is often better not to use chronological order in telling the story of a river

exploration. Our readers rarely care about what kind of vehicle was driven to the put-in or which interstates were traversed. Avoid extraneous details and cliches.

Open the story with an exciting anecdote that will catch the readers' interest, then fill in the details later.

Humorous stories and articles with a different point of view receive special consideration.

PRIVION

The Finest Kayaks Around the World

The Prijon line of kayaks are blowmolded from HTP-the finest High Molecular Weight Polyethylene. Its stiffness and durability together with our true Keyhole cockpits and collision plate footbraces set a standard for safety and comfort.



T-Canyon

Predictable and responsive, the T-Canyon offers optimum safety and performance for everyone from steep creek boaters to beginners. A joy to paddle on any adventure.

Invader

The HOT playboat for the new decade is available in either light or extreme configurations. Unmatched for surfing, yet very comfortable on the edge. Simply the best playboat there is.

Topolino-Duo

The worlds first whitewater K2 playboat. It surfs and rolls like a single. Great for expert teams, Couples and guiding novices. You can fall in love with a Topo-Duo.

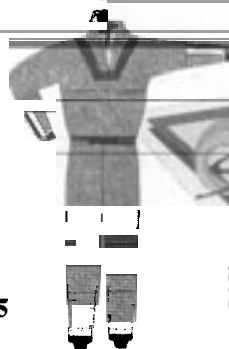
For information on these boats and the rest of the Prijon line, call or write: (303) 444-2336
Wildwasser Sport USA, Inc. P.O. Box 4617, Boulder, CO 80306

YOUR TOTAL OUTDOOR CONNECTION

X/C SKIING

(TOURING - TELEMARK - SKATING)

Tua <i>Extreme/Expresso</i> telemark ski '90	\$299	SALE \$199
Black Diamond <i>Toute Neige</i> telemark ski '90	\$295	SALE \$199
Black Diamond <i>Magnum Sauvage</i> ski '90	\$375	SALE \$259
Kazama <i>Outback</i> telemark ski '90	6270	SALE \$249
Merrell <i>Maxx</i> tele boot	\$459	SALE \$399
Voile <i>Classic Cable</i> binding	\$69.95	SALE \$63
Lowe <i>Special Expedition</i> Internal Frame Pack	6279	SALE \$199
MARMOT <i>Polarlite Tech Sweater</i>	\$135	SALE \$69.95
Arva 4000 avalanche beacon	6219	two for \$399
Ortovox avalanche beacon	6249	two for \$449



DRY SUIT SPECIALS

Eridanus™
two piece \$315
Paragon™
one piece \$247
Nude-X™
dry top \$99

BLACK DIAMOND SPECIALS

	reg.	special
Son Of Crag Pack	95.00	\$59.00
ARC Pack .5	25.00	\$14.95
ARC Pack 1	32.50	\$19.95
ARC Pack 2	49.50	\$29.95
ARC Pack 3	58.50	\$34.95

"WE SHIP KAYAKS"

Dagger - Mad River - Old Town
We-no-nah - Perception - Infinity

At MOUNTAIN GEAR, we deliver the best in products and service at reasonable prices.

Phone and mail orders accepted.

Call for our latest ski and outdoor Hot Sheet.

(800)829-2009

MOUNTAIN GEAR

2002 N. Division,
Spokane, Wa. 99207



FOR MORE INFORMATION, ASK FOR OUR KAYAKING CLINIC FLYER!

CALL US TODAY !
(717) 443-9532



—LEARN WITH THE PROS—

Our Whitewater Kayak School consists of a two-day basic clinic. (Further instructions by special arrangements), ACA certified instructors, classroom sessions, whitewater movies, equipment, shuttles, wet suits, and plenty of river fun are all included.

Beginners start on still water, learning basic skills and paddling techniques. The second day is on easy whitewater.

WHITewater CHALLENGERS GUIDE SCHOOL
P.O. BOX 8
WHITE HAVEN, PA 18661

Flood control dams threaten Carolina's Land of Waterfalls

By DAVID WHITMIRE

Located in southwestern North Carolina is a region known as "The Land of Waterfalls." Transylvania County has one of the greatest differences in elevation in the eastern U.S. ranging from the 6,025 foot peak of Chestnut Bald to a low point of 1,110 feet where the Toxaway River runs into Lake Jocassee.

The difference in elevations, coupled with an average rainfall of over 80 inches (one of the highest averages east of the Pacific Northwest) creates some of the most beautiful and challenging rivers and steep creeks available for whitewater boating.

But some of the finest runs in the "Land of Waterfalls" are threatened by six flood control dams proposed by the Soil and Water Conservation Service and the local county commissioners. The dams would create small permanent ponds and be filled to capacity at times of hard rainfall to supposedly protect the Rosman area -- which was developed in the flood plain.

Three noted runs would be damaged: The North Fork of the French Broad is the grand-daddy of the headwaters runs. With over seven miles of class 3-6 action (including one mile where the river drops a screaming 145 feet), the North Fork provides challenging whitewater in a beautiful gorge setting. Included in the run are three runnable waterfalls ranging from 12 to

25 feet and many unnamed rapids.

The West Fork French Broad River is not quite the volume of the North Fork but offers the same excitement, beauty and remoteness of its relative. The run is five miles long with several waterfalls and rapids up to class 6 in severity. The East Fork French Broad compares to the West Fork in volume but does not offer quite the extreme vertical. Rapids up to class 4 can be found on the river that runs alongside a small state road before reaching the French Broad below Rosman.

The North Carolina Wildlife Commission has already voiced its opposition to the dams stating that the healthy trout fishery present in the streams would be damaged.

Local landowners are also vocal in their opposition as the project would confiscate private land, some of which has been in families for over 100 years. The dams would not enhance land values as the normal pond size is too small for any recreational activity.

Local river advocates are requesting support in stopping this devastating project and reminding their local government that "The Land of Waterfalls" got its name through free-flowing water.

Please write or call: U.S. Senators: The Honorable Jesse Helms, 403 Dirksen Office Bldg., Washington, D.C. 20510 (202-224-



Scenes from the headwaters of the French Broad: these steep creeks are being threatened by small flood control dams that would eliminate some classic steep whitewater.

6342); the Honorable Terry Sanford, 716 Hart Office Bldg., Washington, D.C. 20510 (202-224-3154); U.S. Representative: Honorable Charles Taylor, 516 Cannon Office Bldg., Washington, D.C. 20515 (202-225-6401); County Commission: Chairman Fran Waser, PO Box

666, Brevard, NC 28712.

For additional information, call or write David Whitmire, Rt. 1 Box 411-A, Lake Toxaway, NC (704-966-4716).

Bowers represents AWA in capitol

Facing a landslide of hydro-relicensing projects, and a growing backlog of conservation issues, the AWA Board of Directors bit the bullet and hired a full time Conservation Program Director. We asked Rich Bowers to fill us in on what he has been working on.

I'm excited about working on the AWA's full slate of conservation issues. As some of you may know by now, this opportunity came about due to the upcoming hydro relicensing applications for 1993 and beyond. I contracted with the AWA for this in early January, with a modest project goal of researching each of the expiring 1993 applications (160 in all) for potential whitewater enhancements.

It quickly became apparent to everyone that this process needed a full-time effort. As we go to print, I have completed the research (spending six weeks going through mega-volume applications at FERC), coordinated AWA actions with others involved in this process, and submitted to FERC 25 to 35 AWA requests for additional studies (Pete Skinner worked on these also, and submitted studies for New York).

Depending on the river, the project, and the applicant's sense of environmental responsibility (usually none!), individual studies may call for a combination of: additional or coordinated flow releases, access concerns, and determining the economic and ecological



Newly named AWA Conservation Projects Coordinator Rich Bowers takes a break in an eddy. Bowers' first task will be to represent whitewater interests during the numerous hydro relicensing applications currently being considered by FERC.

feasibility of dam removal. Each study request submitted is an attempt to increase whitewater potential for the next 30 to 50 years which is the length of a license.

The AWA has researched whitewater concerns in all 160 relicensing applications (covering over 231 dam sites). We have requested whitewater studies on such whitewater gems as the Kern (CA), the White Salmon (WA), the Pine and Peshtigo (WI), the Tallulah (GA), Pemigewasset (NH), and Moxie Stream and Saco (ME), and others.

A second project goal was to develop a database on each relicensing project, describing its impact on whitewater, listing support groups and individuals, and giving updates on their status. This is almost complete, and will be updated as our information grows.

Anyone that wishes to get involved in this relicensing effort is invited to give me a call and tap into

this material. As this Conservation Program grows, I look to continue to stay with this process, intervening where appropriate to guarantee that whitewater concerns are given equal consideration with for-power concerns.

In addition to relicensing, I will also have a hand in all aspects of recreation conservation. The AWA's Whitewater Defense Fund, Land Protection, and River Preservation programs, have a solid history of achievement and are a good place to start. I see the Conservation Program Director role as focusing these actions, melding them into one framework, and working with AWA's Board of Directors to develop this framework into a national conservation strategy. The relicensing process is a good beginning for this.

Over the last few weeks, I have been able to tap into many of our member's opinions regarding local projects, and I have talked

with many of our newly organized regional coordinators. Our volunteers and coordinators (also unpaid) are AWA's ace-in-the-hole for becoming a key player in conservation.

I have been involved with river issues as both a professional and as a volunteer for many years. I've been active with the Canoe Cruisers Association in Washington, D.C. as a steering committee member as a past Co-Conservation Vice President. I also helped found the highly successful Savage River Defense Fund.

In the past two years I have been the Coordinator for the National Association for State River Conservation Programs (NASRCP), working with state managers on developing river conservation legislation, corridor management issues, and the strengthening of state programs as they impact on natural resource use.

Two important programs that I was involved

with while working for the NASCRP was the REI-funded National Rivers Coalition, which provided grant monies to grassroots river groups, and the Washington-based River and Coastal Roundtable, a clearinghouse for information on water-related issues. As an active member of these groups, and as NASCRP Coordinator, I have had the opportunity to establish relations among other national river conservation groups.

While working on these river issues, I've also been an AWA member and boater, which in turns lends itself to the linkage I see between the future of conservation and the future of boating.

Our first priority must be to preserve and to protect the river resource! The extent to which we are successful at this will be the biggest determinant of future experiences available to us on the river. How do we do this? The quick and dirty method is as follows: 1) Always remember that paddlers are a small minority (most people don't care about getting trashed, or surfing that perfect wave) 2) Define our goals as boaters 3) Work to develop coalitions among all river users, and 4) Leverage the hell out of everyone who can help us reach our goals.

I, for one, expect clean water and wilderness settings to be part of this experience. As a boater, all my talk of bomber runs, individualism, and personal freedom will be down the drain unless we can run rivers. As a father, I have a great responsibility to my daughter to guarantee that she has the same or greater opportunities, whether she decides to use them or not.

My last strong feeling about boating is this... Rivers are their own best motivator... So I look forward to seeing you out there!

The underside of river conservation

By EDDIE LINE

An eight-lane interstate highway (known as the "beltway") encircles Washington, D.C. *like an impenetrable moat isolating the capitol from the outside world. Inside this terrifying inferno, while the rest of the nation looks on in horror, the ponderous wheels of government slowly grind away. The world inside the beltway is a cacophonous Tower of Babel — inhabited by politicians, bureaucrats, T.V. newscasters, lobbyists, lawyers, government contractors, drug addicts, and special interest groups.

Undeterred by this horrific scene, and ever alert to anything and everything affecting whitewater, AWA keeps a close watch on events of interest to whitewater boaters. The following is part of a continuing series of reports from inside the beltway.

* Stands for Darkness and Confusion.

Editor's Note: Unless otherwise stated, the views expressed in this article are those of the author and do not reflect the policies or views of the AWA.

NATIONAL ENERGY BILL RETURN TO CONGRESS

In February the Bush administration's gigantic national energy bill surfaced again after being torpedoed last year in the fight over oil drilling in the Arctic Wildlife Refuge. Realizing that the Arctic Refuge issue was a no-go, proponents of the bill came back again to the U.S. Senate in 1992 with a new bill minus the Arctic provisions.

Inside the Beltway



However, they did not dump the troublesome hydropower

provisions. These would allow hydroelectric power develop-

CHOOSING A WHITEWATER KAYAK?

Some still get VANHA designs just because he invented the creek boat. Others appreciate the cross-over excellence of his designs ... popular at instructional schools worldwide and a runaway favorite of European rodeo winners. For you Ben Franklin took the guesswork out with his 'for' & 'against' list ...

Why VANHA?

UNIQUE ACCELERATORS deliver more power per stroke.
PRECISION CONTROL eliminates that sloppy loose feeling.
SMOOTH & SMART hull has an expanded "sweet spot".

Why Not?

Limited
Availability

Why NOW?

LIMITED EDITION, for those independently minded.
DARING CONCEPT - leave timid boats behind.
LIMITED LIFETIME WARRANTY - Bond with your new boat or return within 30 days.

Reasons Not To

Can't
Think
of
Any

contact: NOAH INTERNATIONAL
Rt. 4, Box 4638, Blairsville, GA 30512
for the better shops.
404/745-8899

ers to ignore recreational and environmental values. But, this time, river conservationists were ready.

In a startling series of legislative moves, a small band of Senators, prodded by key river strategist, Dave Conrad of the National Wildlife Federation, offered amendments to delete the nasty pro-hydropower provisions—and WON BIG. Every single pro-hydro provision was either stripped out of the bill or seriously weakened. Swelling with pride after this incredible victory, Conrad enthused "I'm going to Disney World!"

Now the battlefield is moved to the House of Representatives where river advocates are taking the initiative. AWA is proposing amendments to strengthen river protection, including adding a provision drafted by Rep. Pete Kostmayer of

Pennsylvania to ban new hydropower on rivers in State Parks on under other State protection. Supporters should write to Chairman John Dingell (U.S. House of Representatives, Wash, D.C. 20515) asking him to push for inclusion of the Kostmayer bill (H.R. 3976) as part of the National Energy Act.

EDGERTLERBLASTS FERC FOR UPPER YOUGH RULING

After learning that FERC used his guidebook, Maryland and Delaware Canoe Trails, to support its preposterous decision that Maryland's Upper Youghiogheny River was not navigable, noted author, river explorer, and bon vivant, Ed ("Boulderbuster") Gertler, was peeved. He fired off a letter to FERC accusing the agency of misunderstanding and

misusing his "exceptionally reliable" guidebook.

Gertler labelled the action "unfortunate". He noted that a "misinterpretation of the solid facts" in his guidebook by FERC's "incapable" staff had lead to a "disasterously wrong conclusion". Gertler pointed out that the agency had totally ignored the commercial rafting business on the Upper Yough which is so thriving (more than 4,000 customers a year) that congestion now occurs. (Editor's Note: Good going, Ed !!! That's the last time FERC will buy one of your guidebooks !)

MICHIGAN RIVERS BILL FINALLY PASSES

President Bush signed the Michigan Rivers bill in later February designating 14 rivers wild and scenic rivers. Several whitewater

streams are included, such as the BLACK, tributaries of the ONTONAGON, the PAINT, the PINE, the PRESQUE ISLE, the STURGEON, and the BRULE.

PENDING WHITEWATER LEGISLATION

Although the Michican river battle is over, lots of bills affecting whitewater are just standing around in Congress, like ladies of the night, waiting to be picked up and taken to the party.

A bill to designate the LOWER MAIN SALMON in Idaho as wild and scenic and to ban hydropower development on the NORTH FORK OF THE PAYETTE has been introduced by Congressman Larry LaRocco. This bill is tops on the whitewater priority list because the North Fork of the



**"It's
so
soft"**

No more sticky
nylon against
your skin.

Our new Lined Torrent Splash Jacket has a special soft and light tricot mesh lining that provides unparalleled comfort.



Call
(303) 444-8495
PO Box 3155
Boulder, CO 80307

NANTAHALA OUTDOOR CENTER

1 9 9 2
NOC
**OUTFITTERS
STORE CATALOG**

EVERYTHING YOU NEED FOR
WHITEWATER PADDLING,
WE MAIL ANYTHING FROM A PAIR
OF NOSECLIPS TO A KAYAK

FOR A FREE CATALOG CALL
(800) 367-3521
FAX (704) 488-2498
41 HWY 7 W, BRYSON CITY, NC 28713-9114

CONSERVE

Payette is now threatened by a destructive hydropower proposal. There is also a bill in the hopper, with uncertain prospects, to designate the **GUNNISON** River in Colorado as Federal wild and scenic.

The bill to make Alabama's **LITTLE RIVER CANYON** a National Preserve has been passed by the House committee, but still awaits action in the full House and in the Senate. This is one of best whitewater runs in Alabama. Alabama Senator Richard Shelby is critical to passage. Boaters should write to him quickly at the United States Senate, Wash., D.C. 20510 asking for his help.

A bill to designate as wild and scenic 206 miles of 8 Arkansas rivers flew through the Senate last year and looks like a sure winner in the House. Six of these rivers are listed in the AWA Nationwide Whitewater Inventory as

having whitewater runs: **PINEY CREEK**, the **BUF-FALO**, the **COSSATOT**, the **LITTLE MISSOURI**, the **MULBERRY**, and **RICHLAND CREEK**.

Legislation is also pending to designate 31.5 miles of, a little-known whitewater run, **SESPE CREEK** in Southern California as a wild and scenic river. It passed the House last year and is set for action in the Senate. Sespe Creek a "real screamer" according to local boater, Keith Beck. A bill to designate 8 more miles of California's **MERCED** River wild and scenic is also still pending in the Senate after House passage last year.

PARK SERVICE MONEY STILL A QUESTION MARK.

River conservationists are still struggling to get funding from Congress for the National Park Service River

Watch Program. This program depends on an annual lobbying effort by American Whitewater and other groups. The technical experts hired by the program are the only bureaucrats anywhere in the Federal government who side with whitewater boating interests in FERC cases. Each year, the National Hydropower Association tries to zero out funding for this program. This year may be different, however, because in March a key Senate staff person who backed the hydropower industry left his job with the powerful Senate Appropriations Chairman, Senator Byrd of West Virginia.

PRIVATE LAND RIVER PROTECTION MOVES TO FRONT AND CENTER

American Whitewater joined with American Rivers, the Oregon

Rivers Council, and a growing band of other river conservation groups to jointly develop a new Federal tool to protect rivers which flow through private lands.

AWA has been hammering away to get something like this for several years. More than 95% of our best whitewater rivers flow through private lands. Finally, at a big January meeting in Annapolis, Maryland, a number of other key groups - including American Rivers - adopted the idea as their own. They voted to rework the original AWA National River Registry bill (introduced by Congressman Pete Kostmayer (D-PA)) to make the bill more of a tool for river restoration. The idea is to develop a national consensus for doing more than just protecting a few whitewater runs. The reworked bill would protect and restore damaged rivers, including riparian lands



Presents

Whitewater Dancer II

This video has it all! Underwater rolls, the 89 Worlds, Rodeos, Hot wave and hole surfing, Class V wipeouts, Tunes by World Famous Fiddle Master Papa John Creech! HI-FI stereo 55 Min.

How to Organize a Successful **River/Outdoor** Cleanup Entertaining and informative. Of special interest to clubs. Get involved. CLEAN UP A RIVER. HI-FI stereo 18 Min.

Highlights of the Grand Canyon '90

Get into The Grand Canyon. See the big drops and an innertube run of Lava Falls. With wild tunes. HI-FI stereo 43 Min.

Highlights of the Upper Yough, Gauley, Russell Fork and Big Sandy

See all these runs on one tape, with hot tunes. HI-FI stereo 43 Min.

How to Modify a Sabre

All you need to know to turn a Sabre into the hottest plastic playboat in the world! With action footage and outrageous tunes. HI-FI stereo 49 Min.

To get your copy(s) in VHS just send a check or money order for \$19.95 each plus \$4.00 postage and handling to:

SURF DOG PRODUCTIONS
12 Freedom Drive. Collinsville, CT 06022, 2031693-8750

TIGHT SKIRTS SPRAYSKIRTS

CUSTOM BUILT THE WAY YOU WANT THEM!

GUARANTEED.

THE CHOICE OF WORLD CHAMPIONS



P.O. BOX 8 • OHIO PYLE, PA • 15470

PHONE: 412-329-5952

BOB "NEEDLE" DANIELS & NANCY COLBERT

and aquatic habitat.

A consensus is now developing among river conservation groups nationwide that a new system is needed to protect - and bring back to better ecological health - rivers which flow through private lands. The AWA Registry bill proved to

be an adaptable tool and we never patent a good idea. More on this exciting new project in the next issue !

EXEMPTIONS ASKED BY RIVER OUTFITTERS

Congressman Wayne Owens (D-UT) has

introduced a bill (H.R.4063) to exempt river outfitters from the requirements applicable to other National Park Service Concessioners, including new requirements now coming down the pike to make concessioners pay higher fees. A key element of the bill would insure that river

outfitters keep the preference they now have for renewal when their contracts expire. The bill does not address the thorny problem of providing better private boater access to permits for the tightly regulated western rivers.

AWA members donate generously in 1992

As a non-profit organization, the American Whitewater Affiliation depends heavily on the support of its members and friends to fund its conservation programs throughout the country. Thanks to your generosity the AWA Whitewater Defense Project received \$21,500 in cash donations during 1991. Please accept our thanks once again for your individual contributions, regardless of amount -- **AWA's** efforts would be severely limited

without them. We would, however, like to take this opportunity to recognize the exceptional support of the following individuals, clubs, businesses and institutions:

1991 ENDER CLUB

(Donations of \$100 or More)

Jane Allinson
Harold Bencowitz
Tom and Doris Berdeen
Tom Beres
Mark Berry
R.L. Constantini

Stuart C. Davidson
Downstream River Works
Andrew Embick
Ken Fischman
George Flinn, II
Joel Freedman
Michael French
David Gatz
Dave Glickerman
Philip R. Hardin
Robert W. Harris
Ned Hughes
Steve Hylkema
David K. Joyce
Jonathan Katz
Pamela Noyes Gedney Kaul

John and Linda Kazimierczyk
Bruce E. Kitney
Mark Klim
Leapin Lounge Lizards
Denis P. McLane
Stephen Miles
William Neal
Marcus G. Organschi
Perception Kayak Club
John C. Porterfield
Barry Robinson
Barbara Rottier
Adrianne and Eric Ryan
Jim Scott
Peter Sholander
Stracka Construction Com-



Paddle with the best.

In this modern day age of high technology, synthetic paddles have been evolving rapidly.

We have stayed on the leading edge, continually testing, upgrading our products, while miraculously maintaining an affordable price. Our paddles are quite light and durable. Both qualities are attainable when you consider their construction.

Call or write for our catalog.



Dagger Company, Inc.
Route 8, Box 204
Harriman, TN 37748
615/882-8223

BILL BURGER

PADDLES FOR THE 90's

CONSERVE

pany
Mike Sloan
Charles E. Taylor
Gordon T. C. Taylor
Mac Thornton
Duanne Wagner
Bill Wells
Ben Whitney
Wilderness Designs

1991 ATTAINERS (Donations of \$50 or More)

Greg Albares
Jane Allinson
Anne H. Anderson
Betty Lou Bailey
Ken Barnes
Steven Barnett
Scott Barren
Pope Barrow
Peter R. Bernstein
George J. Blackham
Alan Bressler
Larry Brocius
Man Butcher
Dana D. Chalfant
Thomas J. Christopher
Hat Clauer
Ed Cline

Bob and Linda Cooley
Robert D. Costello
David Cushing
Stephen Demetriou
Dana Chalfant
Carl J. Erb
Thomas L. Fisher
Michael French
Ken Garrison
William Garwood
Bob Gedekoh
Barry Graham
Steven Groves
Michael Healy
A.J. Hill
Paul Hounot (SP?)
John and Carolyn Jentzer
Britan A. Kilbourne
Todd A. Kluska
Fred Lally
Emile J. Ledonne
Jim Low
Nancy Lemmon
David Mason
James E. McComb
David W. McPherson
David H. Mills
James Morgan
John Joseph Nowicki
Dennis O'Driscoll

John Ropes, Jr.
Mike Ryan
Bill Scarborough
Ken Schenatzki
Timothy G. Shanahan
John Skorpen
Douglas Swartz
Michael Swearengen
Richard Treloar
Charlie Walbridge
Lloyd White
John Wilson

OTHER MAJOR DONORS

Birmingham Canoe Club
Bluegrass Wildwater
Association
Canoe Cruisers Association
Chota Canoe Club
East Tennessee Whitewater
Club
Georgia Canoeing Associa-
tion
IBM Corporation
The Tides Foundation
Triad River Runners
Viking Canoe Club

Warning label to be placed on kayaks

The Paddle Safety
Warning Label, developed for
use by the entire paddlesports
industry, will be introduced on
all boats manufactured by
Perception and Aquaterra.

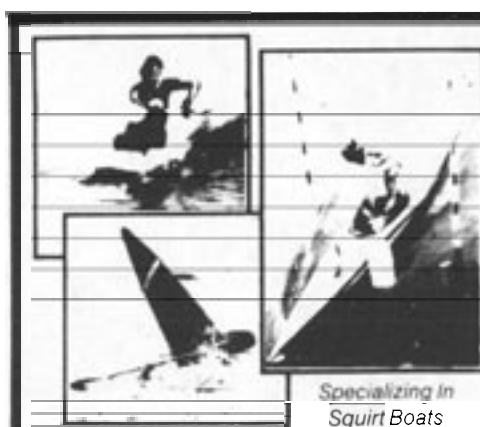
First presented to
boat manufacturers in draft
form at the Outdoor Retailer
Show in August 1991, the
warning label was written with
the legal assistance of Atlanta
attorney John D'Orazio in an
effort to limit charges of
negligence and "Failure to
Inform", the basis of most
lawsuits.

The final text reflects
the solicitation of industry-
wide input and will alert
paddlers to safety consider-
ations and risks inherent in
the sport.



WRITE OR PHONE FOR OUR
FREE DISCOUNT CATALOG

Eureka, Jansport, Sierra Designs,
Slumberjack, Cannondale, Peak 1,
Chouinard, Lifa, Optimus, Lowe,



THE SOURCE FOR CUSTOM
BUILT BOATS

NEW
WAVE
KAYAK PRODUCTS

7780 Chamber Hill Rd.
Harrisburg, PA 17111

717-944-6320
Dealer Inquiries Invited

KEEL-HAULERS OUTFITTERS

-PERCEPTION-HYDRA-PRIJON-HARMONY-MOHAWK-
-YAKIMA-BODY GLOVE-BERMUDES-HELLY HANSEN-
-KOKATAT-SILVER CREEK-EXTRASPORT-SEDA-

-DISCOUNT PRICES - FAST MAIL ORDER SERVICE-

-CALL OR WRITE FOR A FREE CATALOG-

30940 LORAIN RD. NORTH OLMSTEAD, OH 44070
(216) 779-4545

CHACHALACA

Jungle Paddling Costa Rica

From the maker of **GORILLA**
Winner of two 1991 National Film Festivals:
• **SAVE THE RAINFOREST** •

Chachalaca is a whitewater adventure that takes you right through the middle of a tropical paradise.

Award-winning producer/director Terry Shields brings you all the beauty and adventure of the tropics in this dramatic 48 minute film. Experience miles of virgin rainforest, beautiful waterfalls, and gut-wrenching class V rapids.

CHACHALACA...it's real adventure, real fun and an environmental education you could never get at home.

To get a VHS copy of "**CHACHALACA**" send \$29.95 plus \$3.00 postage and handling to:

SHIELDS

PRODUCTIONS

1101 SEWICKLEY DRIVE
CHARLOTTE, NC 28209

Utility proposes head fee for all boaters

Pirate rafters spark Kennebec controversy

By TOM CHRISTOPHER

THE ISSUE: Head Fees on Maine's Kennebec River

How do you tell the difference between a pirate rafter and a group of private boaters who are out for a day of whitewater excitement on Maine's Class IV Kennebec River? That's just the problem that the Central Maine Power Company has at their facility located at Harris Dam Station in the Forks, Maine.

Harris Dam Station is an 85 megawatt generating facility whose dam backs up the Kennebec River to form Indian Pond, a massive stretch of water that extends 13 miles until it reaches the East Outlet that pours from Moosehead Lake.

Rafting and boating the Kennebec, along with fishing, hiking and camping in this wilderness recreation area, has provided thousands of visitors an outstanding recreational experience each year. It has generated a positive economic impact that pours millions of dollars into one of Maine's most economically depressed areas, and hundreds of jobs have been created as a result of the rafting and boating activities on the Kennebec.

For years Central Maine Power has been a co-operative, active partner in developing whitewater recreational opportunities for the Kennebec-Moosehead Lake Region. They are actually one of the utility industry's pioneers when it came time to recognize that power generation from a public resource demanded responsible mitigation, and they initiated efforts to give something back to the public for the privilege of using the resources of the Kennebec River.

In 1976, when the last log drive on the Kennebec River from Maine's timber industry ended, hundreds of river men were left without jobs. Ending decades of pollution on the Kennebec that served the paper pulp mills in Hinckley, Maine was costly in human terms, and local economies were severely weakened. However, the initiative and enterprising spirit of several local people soon recognized the potential value of developing whitewater resources on a clean river into successful business ventures.

With the cooperation of Central



Boater is buried in foam of one of the Kennebec's shoals. A controversy with pirate rafters threatens to place head fees on private boaters who use the river.

Maine Power, the rafting industry on the Kennebec was born; and as the industry grew and developed, so did the support from Central Maine Power.

Longer and more varied releases were offered, changing rooms and lavatory facilities were built and huge parking areas for private and commercial boaters were constructed for the thousands of people who travel to the Kennebec each weekend. In 1989 Central Maine Power constructed a complicated and sturdy set of stairs deep in the Kennebec River gorge at Carry Brook Eddy to facilitate access at the river's midpoint. This made emergency rescues much easier and prevented hundreds of slips and falls, as boaters usually made their way up a very narrow and steep, slippery, dangerous footpath. In 1991 Central Maine Power completed construction of a wilderness camping area alongside Indian Pond and adjacent to the boater parking lot. This was another welcome addition to the recreational resources in this area.

So, what's wrong with this picture??? The answer is PIRATE RAFTERS.

In 1991 commercial outfitter took a total of 30,411 paying customers down the Kennebec River. In comparison, private hardboaters (kayaks, canoes, etc.) made 2,541 trips down the river. Amazingly, there were 3,298 private (??) rafters

on the Kennebec in 1991 -- approximately 10% of all the raft traffic on the river.

For those of us hardboaters who boat the Kennebec from May until November and are there almost every weekend, it is hard not to notice the same few private (??) rafting individuals who are also there every weekend. These guys seem to appear each Saturday with an endless, ever-changing circle of new friends that often don't even know the name of their host. For the most part, they carry no safety equipment, seem to have no commercial designation, but are obviously there to benefit economically from taking people down the river.

I cannot conceive of how some people could have so many friends available every Saturday, every week, every month, to share the thrill of whitewater. Most of my own friends and other landlocked associates have no desire to share fellowship on anything that means dangerous or wet.

Needless to say, Central Maine Power is angry and concerned. Angry because someone is taking advantage of their facilities and concerned because they and the commercial outfitters are losing revenue to a group of greedy, unscrupulous individuals that have no consideration for safety, proper procedure or the current allocation system that Maine's Division of

Inland Fisheries and Wildlife has in place.

This is bad news for the private boating community because Central Maine Power is now considering a \$5 head fee for all private boaters to offset the revenue losses incurred by not being able to identify the pirate rafters.

New England FLOW, a coalition of boating groups of which AWA is a member, heard about this six weeks ago. Central Maine Power was contacted, and FLOW is in the process of meeting with Central Maine Power to resolve this issue. It is unfair to punish responsible members of the boating community for the irresponsible actions of a small group of greedy people.

FLOW will offer a strategy to Central Maine Power to identify these pirates throughout the 1992 boating season and will continue to press Maine's Division of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife for enforcement of the existing statutes to eliminate this river scum from the banks and eddies of the Kennebec. Their greed and bad manners hurt every responsible boater that has made an effort to obey rules and laws that are sometimes necessary to our sport. New England FLOW will continue to present

a strong advocacy against any head fees for private boaters on New England's rivers and will work cooperatively with Central Maine Power on all issues involving their facilities.

The Central Maine Power Company has done much for the whitewater community for many years and deserves our respect and gratitude for all of their efforts and participation. In short -- these

are the good guys! By recognizing their contributions and working with them, New England FLOW hopes to have this issue resolved before the 1992 boating season begins.

Tom Christopher is a Director and Secretary of New England FLOW and an AWA Regional Coordinator.

Nolichucky Rescue Rodeo attracts strong participation

By CHRIS BELL
Rodeo Coordinator

The First Annual Nolichucky Rescue Rodeo was a resounding success! We had six teams and more than eighty competitors, spectators and volunteers from four states. We were covered on two TV newscasts and footage from the rodeo will appear in an ACA rescue video produced by veteran film maker Russ Nichols. Our

organizational skills and ability to turn out energetic, knowledgeable and enthusiastic volunteers has been praised by many in the whitewater community. Thanks to a generous donation from the NOC and strong sales of our William Nealy-designed T-shirt, we broke even. And perhaps best of all, everyone had a great time!

The open division was very competitive, with five teams entered and the difference between first and second place decided by a half-point. Naturally,

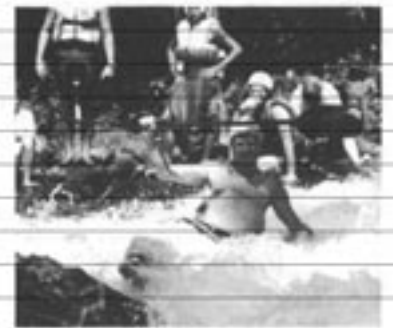
Is Your River Trashed? Then Do Something About It During... **National River Cleanup Week** *May 2 - 10, 1992*

Join the crowd in a nationwide cleanup of more than 3,000 miles of the nation's waterways. We're letting the nation know that rivers are not trash dumps. Get involved. Organize or participate in a clean-up on an urban or wilderness river in your area.

For information on how you can get started, call

PHYLLIS HOROWITZ AT (914) 688-5569

Sponsored by



It's a Rapid Education!

A leader in whitewater instruction since 1972, MKC offers highly personal instruction from Beginner to Expert levels in both kayaking and open canoeing - leading to diplomas recognized world-wide.

Located on the Madawaska River, MKC provides all equipment and transportation during the course, as well as the creature comforts of a vacation resort, including delicious meals served up with old world hospitality. And better yet, our rivers are clean, warm and uncrowded.

Join directors Claudia and Dirk - national whitewater champions - and staff for an unforgettable PADDLING VACATION!

**MADAWASKA
KANU
CENTRE**

Box 635
Barry's Bay
Ontario K0J 1B0
Summer: (613) 756-3620

BRIEFS

the gentlemen and women from the host Western Carolina Paddlers let the visiting Carolina Canoe Club win, but not without letting the visitors think the hosts were giving it their best effort.

The day began with the rope throw for speed and the rope throw for accuracy combined events. Both required five competitors from each team to hit targets from 40 - 50 feet away. First place went to the Western Carolina Paddlers (WCP), second to the Carolina Canoe Club II (CCCII) and third to Charlotte's Piedmont Paddlers (PP's).

USA Whitewater 7 Nolichucky Expeditions sponsored the next event -- the self-rescue competition. It required three decked boaters, an OC-1 paddler and an OC-2 team to first roll and then exit and reenter their **craft** at the tail end of a class II-III rapid. The Carolina Canoe Club gave the field a lesson in self-rescue, with their two teams tying for first place. The WCP's took third. The morning's final event -- the Nantahala Outdoor Center Team Rescue Competition -- proved to be the most exciting. Five "victims" from each team were transported by raft to a large rock in the middle of the river. A swift

current separated the victims from the shore, and an imaginary **dass VII** waterfall awaited them downstream. The victims were given a boat, a paddler, a rope and a mission: re-group alive back on shore. Some teams succeeded, others didn't. The exercise will provide much grist for future debates on the relative merits of zip-lines, thrown ropes and boat-assisted ferries. The CCCII won this event. They were followed by the PP's in second and the WCP's in third.

The organizing committee spent lunch alternating between excited anticipation and dread, for the day's most complex event was still to come -- the American Whitewater Affiliation Rescue and First Aid Scenario Competition. Each team was to draw a different scenario to solve. Assessment, stabilization, **extraction** and first aid would all be judged.

Although every event in the rodeo had been designed from scratch, the planning for the scenario competition was especially intimidating. Paddling MD Randy Provost had worked up a set of scenarios and solutions. Head judge Shannon Rose and able assistant Steve Heiselman had taken Randy's scenarios and devised a

scoring system. This was particularly difficult in that several had multiple "correct" solutions. In these cases the "best" solution depended on the medical expertise of the rescue party, a factor that had to be taken into **account** when scoring. Finally, the "victims" and judges had practiced their parts the week before the rodeo. Despite all the preparation, we could only cross our fingers and pray for the best.

By **Camenae** and **Charon**, the river gods and goddesses must have heard our prayers, for the scenario competition was a blast! The victims wailed and screwed their faces in agony at the proper moments. One judge answered questions and judged responses from his boat. The others monitored all that took place from the shore. And the WCP's June rescue clinic paid off handsomely: their team won both the rescue and first aid portions of the competition, followed by the CCCII in second (in both portions) and the PP's in third (both portions).

The anticipation at the Canoes by Whitesell Mexican dinner was palpable. Which team had won? Everyone knew that it was close. It was. Our scoring system awarded the team placing first in an event

"QUALITY WHITE WATER PRODUCTS"
"QUALITY WHITE WATER PRODUCTS"

American

welding & mfg.

Aluminum rowing frames, camp
kitchens, dry boxes and tables.
Achilles & SOTAR inflatable boats and
FishRite aluminum boats & sleds.


(503) 773-5582

1385 Justice Road
Central Point, OR 97502

*Call or Write for our
Free River Equipment Catalog*

Kayak Chile

Kayak trips for experts only, with no rafts to wait for. Run the Bio-Bio while the proposed dams remain unbuilt. Then go on to the legendary waterfalls of the Fuy and the giant, clear waves of the Futaleufu. Run more whitewater and see more of Chile than you can any other way. Call now to reserve your choice of kayak model and departure date, and to receive further information and a list of all past participants, (who have come from nine different countries,) so you can confer with some of them. *Sport International*, 314 N. 20th St., Suite 300, Colorado Springs, CO 80904 USA. 719-520-1784. 800-779-1784. FAX 719-630-1892.



THE WHITE

Without the Bite!

DRY & WARM

Strohquist

(800) 535-3565

Free 1991 Color Catalog

Colorado Kayak
PO Box 3059
Buena Vista
Colorado
81211

one point, second two points, and so on down the line, with the team with the lowest total score over the five events **declared** the winner. **The CCCII** team's 8.5 points beat out the **WCP's** 9. Congratulations to Neal Gliksman, Richard Ruhler, Brian Palmer, Donald Mell and Dennis and Virginia Huntley. The **PP's** came in third with 15 points, the **CCCI** fourth with 20.5 points and the Dirty Dogs nailed down fifth with 22 points. First in the novice division went to the **WCP's** novice team, which included Chris **Newcomb**, Allen Carter, Evan Geise and Kay Lindsay.

Thanks to the \$1,500 worth of prizes donated by our many sponsors, the drawing that followed dinner was a big hit. Because virtually all the prizes were awarded by random drawing, the volunteers got the same **crack** at the prizes as the competitors.

After dinner and the drawing, many of us reconvened at the **Nolichucky** Expeditions campground for a contra and southern circle dance. Paddlers from the Western Carolina and Carolina Canoe Clubs helped out on fiddle and guitar. All in all, it was a fitting end to a day of camaraderie and teamwork. See **y'all** at the Second Annual Rescue Rodeo June 13th and 14th!

Scotch Pankonin named River Conservationist of Year

Scotch Pankonin of Washington, D.C. was named as the eleventh recipient of Perception's River Conservationist of the Year Award which annually recognizes outstanding initiative in the fight to preserve America's free-flowing rivers.

The award honors Ms. Pankonin's efforts as the Washington D.C. representative for America Outdoors and Vice Chair of American Rivers Board of Directors. Scotch is a prime mover in virtually all major river conservation efforts—planning legislative strategy, helping grassroots organizations or opening doors



to key legislators and agency officials. Recently, Scotch's focus has been working with several organizations to regulate the water flow from the Glen Canyon Dam, currently damaging the downstream

Not because you want to be different...

Because you want to be

BETTER!

Caper and Encore. Two new solo playboats designed to encourage, not prohibit, proper paddling technique. Whitewater canoes for paddlers, not floaters. Call or write for free catalog featuring all five Dagger models.



Dagger
CANOE COMPANY, INC.

PO Box 1500, Harriman TN 37748

(615) 882-0404

What's Up?

Water level readings from selected North American river level gauges are "up on *Waterline*!"

Water levels at your favorite boating spots, and more you haven't explored yet, may be "up too!" Find out for sure where the best conditions are by calling *Waterline* while you're planning your next river adventure.

Readings are **updated continually** 24 hours a day, 7 days a **week**.

Call **toll-free**, any time of **day**, for **information**, sample readings and river gauge lists. **We'll** mail you details or if you have a fax number handy, we'll fax you everything you need to call our *Waterline* gauge phone right now for today's river levels.

"Live" reporting starts approximately 3/15/92

WATERLINE
1-800-945-3376

BRIEFS

beaches on the Colorado River in the Grand Canyon.

Bill Masters, C.E.O of Perception, Inc., made the presentation of the "River Conservationist of the Year" plaque and the check for \$1,000 to Scootch during the Confluence '91 Conference in Orlando, Florida.

"Scootch Pankonin is the essence of what we envisioned when we established this award eleven years ago," Master said. "Her efforts in the river conservation movement are remarkable and are inspirational to environmentalists nationwide."

Dave Brown, president of America Outdoors, the national organization of whitewater outfitters, cited Pankonin's contribution to whitewater conservation.

"Her presence gives confidence to Congressional sponsors that we're doing our end of the job in a professional manner," Brown said. "She provides a well-situated Capitol Hill home at which the out-of-town grassroots lobbyists can stay, eat and set up office and phone bank activities."

Proceeds benefit conservation

AWA Ocoee River Rodeo scheduled for June 27-28

The Ocoee River Rodeo, sponsored by the AWA, keeps getting bigger year after year. This season's event, scheduled for June 27-28, promises to be an exciting competition for competitors and spectators alike.

The events include squirt and surface boat classes with men's and women's intermediate and expert divisions, a open canoe hole-riding competition and the infamous Man of Rubber raft race.

To be contested, a class must include three competitors. This year's rodeo will benefit from a new judging process that is expected to make the rodeo as fair as possible for every competitor yet remain simple for the judges.

The squirt boat competition starts at Torpedo Rapid in the morning then move to Hell Hole for the afternoon finals. Torpedo provides mystery move spots on both

sides of the river, dynamic eddy lines plus a deep channel while Hell Hole allows for surfing, blasting dynamic transitions and excellent mystery move exits.

The surface kayaks and canoes show their stuff on Sunday at Hell Hole. Hell Hole is great for side surfing, enders, multiple 360s, transitions...the list could go on forever.

With the growing popularity of hand moves, where the competitor performs without a paddle, the rodeo plans to have standardized hand mitts available to make the judging more equitable.

The annual Ocoee Rodeo party will be held Saturday after the competition with food, drink and good company. Entertainment includes an auction, silent auction, used boat sale, videos plus awards, prize presentation and the famous Ocoee Rodeo raffle where almost everyone wins

Don't be sticky...

Let \$20 find a *hole* in your pocket

*The AWA is fighting to save our whitewater resources. You can help. Your \$20 membership fee is funneled directly into our effective river conservation actions. Plus--every member receives a bi-monthly subscription to **American Whitewater**...the best semi-professional whitewater magazine in the world!*



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

Yes, I want to join the AWA and receive a subscription to American Whitewater. I've enclosed my tax-deductible contribution of \$20 (\$25 Canada, \$30 overseas) to help conserve our whitewater resources and promote river safety.

Name _____

Address _____

Mail to AWA, P.O. Box 85, Phoenicia, NY 12464

Video review

Steep creekin' by Duckie

reviewed by BOB GEDEKOH

The mountains of northern West Virginia and western Maryland have long served as a cradle of whitewater innovation, a place where new ideas, ie. squirt boating, were perfected and where new gear, ie. kayaks and paddles, were designed and tested. This was really more a function of those who lived in these mountains than the geography. This tradition of innovation lives on.

Consider this, currently boat and paddle designer Jimmy Snyder works there, as does his brother Jeff, noted whitewater daredevil and squirt master. Roger Zbel, John Regan and Phil Coleman, prominent hair boaters who continue to push the limits of steep creeking, are just a few of the other "Bad Dogs of the Upper Yough", accomplished boaters who live for the thrill of

please turn to page 45



Susan Gentry, this year's Ocoee Rodeo coordinator, blasts Hell Hole in a previous year's squirt competition. The Ocoee Rodeo is the largest rodeo staged in the east.

something.

This year's Rodeo coordinator is AWA director Susan Gentry. For more information, contact Susan at (404)654-

2725 or write her at 252 Deer Creek Trail, Hoschton, GA 30548.

Proceeds from the Ocoee Rodeo go to benefit AWA conservation projects.



SEDA



1969 - 1989

20 Years of Canoeing & Kayaking Excitement

CANOEES

WATER KAYAKS

OCEAN KAYAKS

Plus a complete accessory line

SEDA is the one with experience!

Write or call for free catalog

SEDA PRODUCTS, P.O. Box 997

Chula Vista, CA, 92012

Tel: 619/425-3223



RIVERSPORT

213 Yough Street
Confluence, PA 15424
(814) 395-5744

One of the top whitewater schools in the country **Riversport** offers a safe yet challenging experience for first-time beginners, as well as experts

Friendly instructors, small classes, excellent equipment, and a beautiful riverfront camp combine to provide the perfect setting for learning whitewater skills. Students are carefully placed in small classes according to skill level, paddling interest and age. We guarantee your satisfaction. Ask about our special clinics and group rates.

KAYAKS



LARGE INDOOR SHOWROOM-OPEN ALL YEAR "ROUND"

IN STOCK
OVER

500

RECREATIONAL
WATER

SEE OVER 40 BRANDS OF CANOES, KAYAKS, YAKIMA CAR TOP CARRIERS, ACCESSORIES WATER-OW-PREMISES FOR TRY-BEFORE-YOU-BUY OAK ORCHARD CANOE EXPERTS

2133 EAGLE HARBOR RD. WATERPORT, N.Y. 14571
(BETWEEN NIAGARA FALLS & ROCHESTER-2 MI. E. OF RTE. 104)

800-4-KAYAKS (OPEN 6 DAYS (CLOSED TUES.))

CPR: When it's better not to try

Should CPR be indiscriminately applied under all circumstances? Like other first aid techniques, the wilderness setting will introduce a new set of protocols for its use that every paddler should be aware of.

By WAYNE A. SUNDMACHER, SR.

As the most experienced member of a group of paddlers, you are leading an early-season run on the Loysock Creek in Northcentral Pennsylvania. It's one of those typical paddling days, partly cloudy with a mild breeze, and the water is high from the storm the night before. Everyone is having a great day when suddenly a member of your party takes an unexpected swim and is washed into a strainer.

Being a rather clear-cut rescue, members of your party access the strainer from shore. The victim is fully submerged, but ten minutes of cutting and pulling by the rescuers pays off. After successfully extricating his lifeless body, and transporting him to shore, you are faced with a long evacuation through the woods to the road.

While no one in your party wants to give up on the possibility of saving your friend's life, you are now faced with the difficult decision of whether it is practical to begin CPR.

As whitewater paddlers, many of us enjoy the early spring runs on isolated, and often inaccessible rivers. Many of us have taken First Aid and CPR courses, participated in Rescue courses, and generally prepared for whatever the river may try to deal us. But, how many of us ever consider how the individual circumstances may affect the decisions we should make.

As a CPR instructor, I have long felt that all whitewater boaters should possess these skills. But, should CPR be indiscriminately applied under all circumstances? Like other first aid techniques, the wilderness setting will introduce a new set of protocols for its use which every paddler should be aware of.

The first concern in any rescue situation is the safety of the rescuers. In river rescue, where the rescuers may be exposed to cold temperatures with inadequate clothing and shelter, these factors should also be considered.

The decision whether to use CPR also requires some knowledge of the surrounding area, evacuation possibilities, and availability of advanced life support.

The problem, any this may not be as uncomplicated as it may first appear, is whether we are dealing with a wilderness medical situation or a standard medical access. Some wilderness areas have standard medical access, due to commercial or park service activity.

A victim located close by a highway or suitable landing zone, may have an excellent chance of survival. While they may be in a wilderness setting, access to advanced life support may equal that of standard medical access. This will depend largely upon the response time and ability of the local emergency medical system, and how fast they can be notified of your problem. In these cases, wilderness medical protocols may not be appropriate.

On the other hand, some areas no more than five miles from a hospital or one hundred yards from a road, may call for wilderness protocols.

The odds of survival for patients requiring CPR vary according to the individual circumstances. Certain factors increase or decrease these odds, and should be examined before CPR is initiated in the wilderness environment. This has been recognized by most search and rescue organizations, and is reflected in the protocols used by Emergency Medical Services with wilderness responsibilities.

Statistics show that under normal circumstances, a victim who receives CPR within four minutes of cardiac arrest and receives advanced life support within the following eight minutes has a 43% chance of survival. If that same victim did not receive advanced life support in under sixteen minutes the odds of survival would dramatically drop to 10%. A victim who receives CPR more than eight minutes after cardiac arrest, has only a 7% chance of survival if advanced life support is reached within eight minutes after CPR is begun, and no chance for survival after fifteen minutes.

In drowning or near drowning emergencies, the temperature and clarity of the water can play a big part in determining the final outcome. Most experts agree that for the purposes of near drowning emergencies, any water which has a temperature below 70 degree Fahrenheit should be considered cold. The preserving effects of cold water greatly increase the possibility the victim will survive. So much so, that the acceptable time lapse between cardiac arrest and initiating CPR can be increased from the usual four to eight minutes to a full hour.

Any victim requiring CPR will have to be carried out. Victims requiring CPR while being carried, especially over rough terrain, have little chance of sur-

vival. Chest compressions are seldom sufficient when administered while the patient is on a litter. Rough terrain multiplies the problem by increasing time, and decreasing the efficiency of a technique which may already be inadequate.

In a wilderness environment CPR will be ineffective and should not be started under the following circumstances:

- 1) The victim has gone into cardiac arrest due to trauma
- 2) The victim is a cold water drowning victim, with an immersion time of more than one hour.
- 3) The victim is in cardiac arrest and advanced life support is more than an hour away.
- 4) The victim is in cardiac arrest, no one witnessed the event, and the time of onset is unknown.
- 5) The evacuation requires an extended carry in a litter.
- 6) Giving CPR would expose the rescuer to a hazardous condition.
- 7) Of course, CPR should not be administered if a pulse can be detected.

Once CPR has begun, the rescuer has an obligation not to abandon the victim. It is generally accepted that CPR should not be discontinued except under the following circumstances:

- 1) Adequate spontaneous breathing and circulation has returned.
- 2) Another rescuer or medical technician has taken charge of the victim, and continues CPR.
- 3) A physician or advanced life support team has taken charge of the victim.
- 4) The rescuer is physically unable to continue.
- 5) An authorized person pronounces the victim dead.
- 6) Continuing CPR would endanger the rescuer.

With these points in mind, let's take a look at a couple of hypothetical scenarios, and see what choices might be appropriate:

In our first scenario; it's a warm spring day, and you and your paddling buddy have decided to run the Cheat Canyon. The river is cold, the level is moderately high, but a commercial raft trip has passed you by, so the level is still within safe boating limits. You and your partner possess solid class IV skills, and are in good physical shape.

At "Colosseum" your partner isn't quite paying attention, misses his line, and gets thoroughly trashed. Having recirculated a couple times without get-

ting to the surface, his motionless body has flushed free and is washing down stream. Realizing there is little you can do but effect a contact rescue, you give chase and tow your friend to shore.

Immediately you exit your boat and begin to survey the situation. Your friend is not breathing, and there is no pulse. The victim has been without oxygen for at least ten minutes, in cold water. No trauma is apparent, and the mechanism of injury seems to be a cold water drowning.

With cold water drowning a possibility, we need to use extra care when feeling for a pulse. When the body reacts to the hypothermic affects of the cold water, blood flow to the extremities will be shut down. Blood flow will be limited to the heart, lungs and brain. Respiration and pulse will slow down and weaken in strength, until both are nonexistent.

In a wilderness environment, CPR will be ineffective and should not be started under certain circumstances

The pulse should be taken for a full minute at the carotid artery in the neck. The pulse rate may be as slow as five to ten beats per minute, and very weak or hard to find. Extra care must be taken so that CPR is not administered to a victim with a detectable pulse. Victims with a weak pulse should be monitored closely, and rescue breathing administered as needed.

In this case our victim does not have a detectable pulse. Our next problem is access to emergency medical services and advanced life support. On this particular river, we know that "Life Flight" support is readily available. The commercial rafting companies have prearranged landing zones, and radio contact with their bases.

The odds are good that the next passing raft trip will be able to supply the support necessary to effect the swift evacuation this situation calls for. The victim can be moved to the landing zone by raft, while lying on something rigid to support adequate CPR compressions. Once called, the advanced life support supplied by the "Life Flight" will only be a matter of minutes away.

In this case, CPR should be initiated immediately.

In our second scenario; you are one of a party of three, who have decided to make an early spring run on the Upper Yough. It's a weekday, and you haven't seen anyone else on the river at all. You and one of the other two have run the Upper a few times before, and are leading the third boater down for his first time.

At Meat Cleaver, the "first timer" totally misses his line and broaches on a rock. The boat has folded in a position which apparently has trapped the unwary boater's legs. Unable to exit and covered by water, all signs of struggle cease after a couple of minutes.

Before you can effect a rescue, the boat breaks in two and the victim floats free. You immediately pull your friend to shore, and make a quick survey of the situation. Our victim has been without oxygen for fifteen minutes. But once again this is a cold water emergency, so since the lapsed time is less than one hour it does not present a problem. The victim has been traumatized by the folding of the boat, but this is not the mechanism of injury which caused cardiac arrest. While this may reduce the odds of survival slightly due to shock, it would not prevent CPR from being initiated.

Accessing the emergency medical system will be a problem. In this isolated area, it will not only be difficult for emergency services to get in and out, but a litter carry will be the only available means of transport.

For one of your party to get help, it will mean paddling down river alone. While your skill levels are good, this puts the messenger at risk for a victim who has a very poor chance of revival.

Under these circumstances, the application of CPR is probably not indicated. While it is a hard fact to accept, there is little chance that your efforts will prove successful.

CPR is a tool. To use this life saving technique in the wilderness environment requires a knowledge of the area, evacuation options, and an understanding of its limitations. CPR is not always appropriate, but when it is, it can and does save lives.

For more information on CPR courses in your area, call the American Red Cross or the American Heart Association.

SAFETY

Accident Survey is not easy reading

By LEE BELKNAP

Here I sit watching these ski maniacs in France wiping out at 70 mph. And they think we're dangerous? In front of me is a list of close calls. The first incident on the list is number zero, a spreadsheet test line. The victim—yours truly, the location—my computer at work (and later at home), the injury—Cabin fever, and the river—well it was this survey.

A year ago, when we sent out the first survey form, we had only limited ideas on what we were going to do with the responses. Hell, I was still spellbound and amazed by the power of Lotus and Always and how they allowed me to create a reasonably presentable survey form. I was hoping I could figure out what to do with the storm of information we were expecting to receive. I hoped I wouldn't drown in it.

Then lightning struck and my rescuer appeared in the person of David Wallace. David threw me his rope from the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta.

He contacted us as soon as he received his copy of the survey and volunteered his expertise at analyzing injury data from small communities. He even had some public domain software available for such an endeavor.

Since then, we have been working on this stuff between work, business trips, boating trips, trips home at night to visit the wife (in David's case), Courtship (in my case), etc. Unfortunately, one of the pitfalls of being a volunteer is that you just can't get something of this magnitude done quickly. I hope none of you has lost interest as a result, and we thank you for your patience.

David has been reporting his findings in an already started series of articles beginning with the Gauley issue back in 1991, and continuing in the accompanying pages.

While David reports on his work with the "Close Calls" survey, I will be reporting in the next issue, my findings from the "Equipment and Attitudes" sur-

vey and how the equipment usage reported compares with equipment that may have been handy in the incidents reported in the close call survey. For now, I would like to share my impressions and some preliminary information from the Close Calls Survey.

THE HISTORY

As you know, the purpose of these surveys is to learn more about the general safety atmosphere in whitewater sports. The spark that ignited this effort really occurred during Gauley Festival weekend of 1990. At a board meeting prior to the festival, I had volunteered to devote my regional coordinator post to promoting river safety and really didn't know what I was going to do about it.

That Sunday, the stuff hit the fan again when, for the second year in a row, a fatal whitewater accident occurred on Festival weekend. For the second year in a row I had arrived on the scene before the victims body had been evacuated. There were also many AWA Board members



Slalom
Wildwater
Sea Touring
Squirt Paddles

Durable
Handcrafted
Well Balanced
High Performance

Silver Creek

Silvermine Rd Box 5, Bryson City, NC 28713 (704) 488-9542

TRILOGY

► Recreation
► Industry
► Environment

The Magazine for Outdoor Enthusiasts

TRILOGY covers travel, recreation, and the outdoors. Each issue includes stunning photography and insightful articles on the personal rewards of outdoor adventure.

TRILOGY helps you understand what corporate America is thinking and doing about the environment, and what people are thinking about corporate America.

TRILOGY is the only magazine presenting the viewpoints of environmentalists and industry...TRILOGY explores what needs to be done...and what is being done. Trilogy's common sense approach creates a lively forum for outdoor concerns...allowing you to determine the issues for yourself.

**SUBSCRIBE TO TRILOGY
AND WE'LL DONATE \$4.95 TO
THE AMERICAN WHITewater AFFILIATION!**

**\$14.95 a year - 6 issues OR \$19.95 for 2 years
SAVE 36% OFF THE COVER PRICE**

Money Back Guarantee...if you're not 100% satisfied
simply write CANCEL on your bill and return it.

TO SUBSCRIBE:
Call: (800) 388-7456
Credit Card Orders or Billing Available

present, and many of them had been involved in the rescue and/or knew the victim.

It was Pete Skinner who reacted first, early the next week. He was on the phone with Charlie Walbridge and several others looking for something AWA could do to reduce the number of such accidents. Including this accident, there had been 9 such accidents in 1989 and again in 1990. Due to the wide variety of causes, no clear trends were visible and Pete was frustrated by the lack of information and data that might be helpful.

Later in the week I stumbled into the conversation, and soon the AWA Safety Surveys were born.

THE PROCESS:

The reason we sent out the Close Calls Survey twice was to give members a second chance reminder and expand our survey population to those that buy American Whitewater in the stores. This strategy worked quite well and we received a grand total of 365 responses for the Close Calls Survey, as well as 211 responses for the Attitudes Survey. All of this came from an estimated population of 2700 Paddlers with skills from flatwater to class VI. We received responses from some of the best

known and highest skilled paddlers in the sport.

Now before you notice that 365 reports out of a population of 2700 is 14%, please realize that we received many responses that didn't constitute a **serious** incident. These included a couple of "stubbed toes", a significant number of unpleasant, **painful**, and/or scary incidents that didn't seem to fit the rather rigorous definitions used to define a "close call" or "serious" injury, and a large number of "I'm sorry I don't have any accidents to report".

"I'm sorry I don't have any accidents to report"!! Hmmm, Well, I'm not "sorry" for you, Congratulations is more like it. Seriously, thanks for **all** of your responses **because** even the "sorry's", the "stubbed toes", and the not quite serious enough's gave us a great deal of useful information and demonstrated the importance of River Safety in the minds of AWA members. Thanks for all **responses**.

When the response's were sorted for the worst, and the duplicate reports of the same incident (we had **many**) were removed from the count, we had 225 incidents that were analyzed by David—that's still 8 percent of the readership reporting

having been involved in a serious mishap on the river.

THE "CLOSE CALLS" SURVEY AND MY IMPRESSIONS:

Reviewing the reports was an experience in itself. I've heard and even experienced enough of such incidents over the past decade, that I was used to hearing about this sort of thing. But no matter how accustomed to this I get, my engineering diseased brain still wants to believe that a large number of these occurrences could have been prevented with the right combination of caution and aggressiveness. Yes, I did said aggressiveness.

In reviewing the reports as they came in, I was caught off guard a couple of times when I found my **name** mentioned as a participant in a rescue somewhere or other that I had not even thought to report. In one case, a long distance swimmer on a flash flooded river reported having thoughts of giving up when I arrived to tow him in. I knew things were serious out there as I'd already witnessed swims that seemed worse, but I didn't **realize** how long this person had been swimming until I read the report. I guess that's why I wasn't taking any chances that day and pulled him in. Sometimes you just can't

2nd Annual Nolichucky Rescue Rodeo

June 13 & 14, 1992



- Menasha Ridge Press
Rope Throw Competition
- Canoes by Whitesell
Self Rescue Competition
- Nantahala Outdoor Center
Team Rescue Competition
- Dagger Canoe Company
Rescue Scenario Competition
- Nolichucky Expeditions
First Aid Scenario Competition
- Wilderness Designs
Volleyball Tournament
- American Whitewater Affiliation
Barbecue Dinner
- Perception, Inc.
Contra and Square Dance

For information, contact: Chris Bell • Route 1, Box 519 • Candler, NC 28715 • 704-665-9665

SAFETY

tell.

We did get some reports where others in a group had paid inadequate attention to a victim. Usually this was quite innocent, but there was one situation, as told from the victims perspective, where many stitches were required on a face wound, but the victim had to wait until after her group got off the river at their own pace, loaded and lounged, and finally dropped her off with some more caring individuals hours later when she was rushed to the hospital. What gives!

There were also some reports in this otherwise serious effort that were, in a sick way—well, nobody was hurt—humorous. The most memorable story involved the group that was spotted after an attempt to run the Tellico at a very high level. When the witness first sighted this group (safely from the road), one of their boats (just the boat) had eddied out above Baby Falls on the wrong side of the river. Having seen this place at a high level, I can only imagine that the hydraulic probably looked like a roadway at the time.

It seems that one of the group had decided to rescue the run away boat by tying a rope to his rear grabloop and ferrying across to the boat. He didn't make it

across. When the witness arrived, the hapless victim had been swept downstream when the rope went taught, and the rope was routed around a tree out in the middle of the swollen river. This left him waterskiing backwards with the lip of a raging Baby Falls staring him in the face. I hope he savored the experience because it apparently took sometime for someone to work their way to the trees and haul him in.

I recently found out from another witness that someone else attempted to run the falls later in the day. He too surfed at the top of the falls, but he wasn't on a rope. Seems there was a real hole up there. The end result was reportedly—well—interesting. He apparently survived with the aid of a polypropylene cobweb that materialized over his head when he surfaced between the roadway and the nightmare a hundred feet down stream. (Since I didn't get a report for this swim, it wasn't included with the data and may not have been as serious as the campfire made it sound).

Many other reports were far more serious. Early on I saw the first report copied from a police report form. At first I thought someone was being sarcastic. I

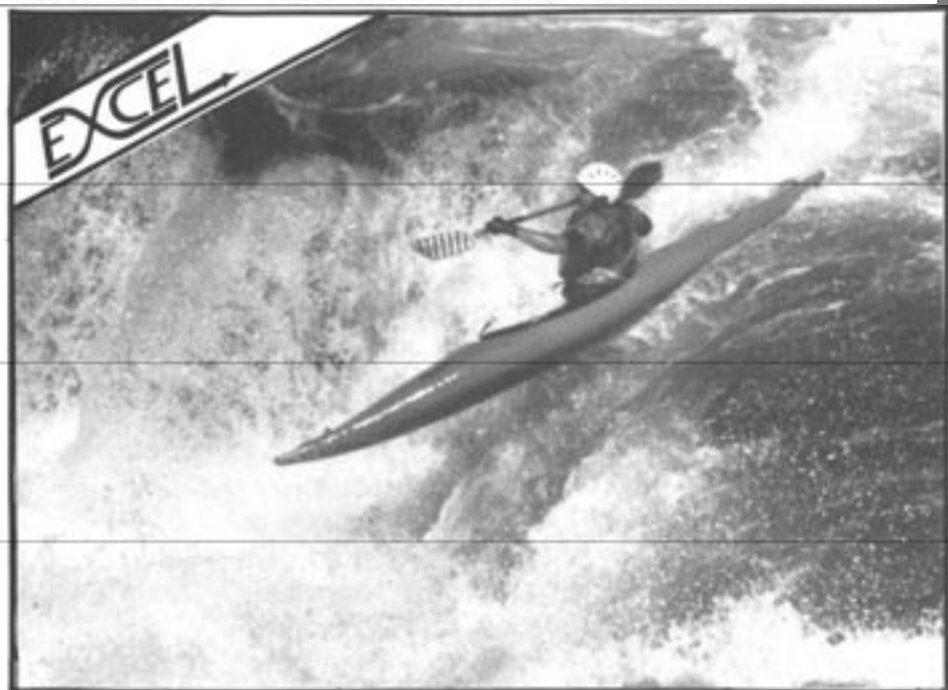
had not seen any of the more severe incidents in a couple of days of work and was in a pretty lighthearted mood when I sat down to work. The mood of the trip being described seemed to fit my mood until I suddenly got to the part about the drowning. That hit me like a ton of bricks. This is serious stuff!

TREES:

While I'm not going to pretend to have extensively analyzed this data as much as David has, I found that one particular problem really stuck out from the very beginning. Trees! There were an awful lot of people getting tangled up in, pinned on, and just generally messing up in trees.

Perhaps this shouldn't be surprising, after all, there are a lot of trees out there to get caught in, and they do have a nasty tendency of showing up where you least expect them, and in places where they hadn't been the trip before.

But on the other hand, if the problem is so common, why aren't we, as a sport, dealing effectively enough with them to prevent such a large number of occurrences? Is it because the trees are so unpredictable and, in any given spot, rare? Are we not catching enough eddies? Do



PERFORMANCE By

WAVE Sports

(303) 879-4371 • P.O. Box 775207 Steamboat Springs, CO 80477
Write or call for a catalog and your nearest dealer.

DOLPHIN DRY CINCH WATERPROOF BAGS
H₂O PROOF COMPRESSION STUFF SACKS
WATERPROOF CAMERA BAGS
KAYAK STORAGE FLOTATION
EXTRASPORT PFD'S
KAYAK SPRAY SKIRTS
DRY STORAGE BAGS
MITCHELL PADDLES
CANOE FLOTATION
KAYAK FLOTATION
YAKIMA RACKS.
AND MORE

The
Innovator
In High
Performance
Canoe
and
Kayak Gear.

CALL FOR FREE COLOR CATALOG OF
OVER 400 PADDLESPORT PRODUCTS.

1-800-843-8985

VOYAGEUR

P.O. BOX 207 • WAITSFIELD • VERMONT 05673

most "treefinders" find themselves mostly experienced on a few "clean" rivers, and thus with undeveloped tree spotting instincts?

These are only a few of the type of questions that crop up in a survey like this. The answer to the question is "many of the above". It is up to each of us to consider each of these questions, and add them to our river running software.

So here you have it. If a few of you find nothing of interest in this stuff we're presenting to you, I probably don't blame you. Statistics are not as exciting as wave shredding. But even if you don't read the details, I hope you'll get an idea of how many things can and are happening out there, and that there are ways we can manage the risk that is inherent in our sport and prevent such things from occurring—and still have fun.

One other thing: Please don't go reading this stuff in front of the fear mongers' shop. A couple of my assistants added "self Confidence" to their list of "helpful techniques" and found a large number of instances that suggested a need for more self confidence. Sure, this is a sport where caution is a required part of the activity, but sometimes too much of a good thing

can make things far worse, especially if you let fear get the best of you and causes you to lose your nerve. In other words, Please be careful out there, but have fun too.

Credits:

Thank you to everybody who has

supported this effort including: analysis of the Close Calls Survey, David Wallace; creation of the survey forms: Pete Skinner, Charlie Walbridge, Barry Robinson; secondary equipment analysis: Barry Robinson, Rick Curtis, Dave Mills

Scary numbers and statistics

By DAVID WALLACE

Introduction

Injuries are a leading cause of death and disability in the United States, and also impact on whitewater sport with several whitewater-related fatalities occurring each year. The sport of whitewater paddling has seen dramatic growth and change during the 1980's, with people paddling increasingly difficult rivers and in greater numbers than ever before. Accordingly, throughout the 1980s we have also seen an increase in whitewater-related injury and death.

Analyzing only the small number of fatal events each year does not provide enough information to define trends, or risk factors, which could possibly be

targeted for interventions. It was with this in mind that the American Whitewater Affiliation (AWA) decided to collect information on non-fatal whitewater-related incidents (accidents)—the AWA Close Calls and Serious Injury Survey.

We would like to thank all who took the time to respond to the survey. Perhaps this information will help to prevent a serious injury or death from occurring in the future.

Survey Methods

The AWA Close Calls and Serious Injuries Survey (Survey) form was sent to all AWA members (2000+) and several whitewater clubs in January, 1991. The Survey was also printed in the March



Starrk - Moon Canoes

**Delta, Pa. at the Muddy Creek Gorge
and the lower Susquehanna River**

**CANOES, KAYAKS,
DRYSUITS & ACCESSORIES
RENTALS & SHUTTLE**

717-456-7720

1991, issue of American Whitewater. People were encouraged to fill out survey forms on all whitewater-related "close calls" or serious injury events that they were familiar with. Specific timeframes to report on cases were not stated on the Survey form, but had been indicated in the November/December 1990 issue of American Whitewater to be events within the last 3 years.

Due to problems from memory recall, we did not include survey on events which occurred prior to 1980. We accepted survey reports through May, 1991.

We used the following case definition to include a survey report: The report had to be a whitewater-related event which resulted in serious injury or death, or which was a "close call". We considered a "close call" to be events such as boat entrapments, pins, near drownings, bad swims, and other serious events. To be included, events had to be considered serious and have the potential to have resulted in injury or possibly death if circumstances had been different.

Information on type of injury was abstracted from the narrative. A "Near Drowning" was defined as a non-fatal event in which: 1) victim lost conscious-

ness; or 2) CPR was performed on victim and breathing was re-established; or 3) victim stopped breathing, but later started breathing again. A report of "bad swim—near drowning" was not considered a near drowning unless these criteria were met.

only single whitewater-related events were included in results. Multiple survey responses sent in on the same victim were not included, and the event was counted only once unless there were multiple victims in the same event.

Results—General

Over the 5 month response period (January-May, 1991) we received reports on 225 single whitewater-related incidents which occurred from 1980 to April, 1991 (Figure 1). Incidents occurred on rivers in 29 States, representing most major whitewater regions of the country, including Alaska. Roughly 25% (53) of the incidents occurred in West Virginia, the highest number for any state (Table 1). Where victim's sex could be determined, males were involved in 79% (170) and females in 21% (46) of the incidents. The age groups most involved were persons 30-39 and 20-29 years old, accounting for 46% and 23% respectively of all reported events (Figure 2).

In regard to class of difficulty, incidents occurred on rapids rated class II through Class VI with the majority (39%) being Class IV:

Whitewater Class	Percent
Class II	8.5%
Class III	26.8
Class IV	38.8
Class V	23.7
Class VI	2.2
N=224	

Type of Boat

Regular whitewater kayaks were involved in 66% of all whitewater-related events (Table 2).

Table 2 Frequency of **Whitewater-Related Incidents by Type of Boat Used** 1980 to April, 1991

Boat Type	Number	(%)
Regular Kayak	148	65.8
Squirt Boat	22	9.8
Raft	21	9.3
Open Canoe	17	7.6
Race Boat	9	4.0
Regular C-1	8	3.6
Total	225	

Incident Type

Boat entrapment—vertical pins, side pins, other boat entrapment—was cited in almost a third (72) of all reports:

New England Whitewater Supply

We know whitewater, And we know whitewater gear. Call us and you'll talk to an expert who is committed to helping you get the right gear, hassle-free.

If it has to do with whitewater, we probably have it...

Call or write for our free catalog and quarterly NEWSletter.

**P. O. Box 149
Bedford, MA 01730
617-275-6551**

While ► we're serious about our service, our NEWSletters aren't always serious. The design at right from a recent NEWSletter is available on a Hanes Beefy T shirt. White or silver, M, L, or XL \$12 + \$3 shipping.

The N.E.W.S. INQUIRER

is the Official Tabloid of

New England Whitewater Supply

BIGFOOT MONSTER INVADERS GAULEY FEST-NO ONE NOTICES!

"I thought it was a raft guide!" says canoeist.

River Narc
Surfs Turf-
Rusts Boaters
"Strokes for
broke, but
never takes"

Exclusive
Photos:
Bo Knows
Canoeing

Elvis Appears
at Lava Falls

Baroness Flies!

Man with Bowtie Locks Business Partner in Basement.

"I had no choice," says T.W. Williams "He would have gone to the Gauley, and the August books still weren't done!!!"

Burt Squirts
for Deliverance ■
Loni's concern:
"His toupee will get
sucked off!!!"

Charles & Di:
"SEX WAX saved
our marriage!!!"

Former First Lady's
Plea Outrages Boaters:
"Just Say No to Neon!"

"I had no fwd or whitewater for a moment" says Keven Pearce after bizarre incident

	Number	(%)
Vertical Pin	18	8
Side Pin	46	21
Recirculation	47	21
Undercuts	23	10
Rock Sieve	16	7
Long Swim	42	19

Incident type varied by whitewater class of difficulty (Tables 3 and 4). For persons involved in incidents on Class II whitewater, side pins were most often reported (47%). Vertical pins were most numerous—13 incidents—on Class IV whitewater. Vertical pins were few in number (3) in Class V incidents, where long swim (41%) and recirculation (36%) were most often cited. Only 5 incidents were reported occurring on Class VI whitewater. Three of the Class VI incidents involved some form of boat entrapment—undercut, rock sieve—and 2 incidents involved recirculation and a long swim.

Injuries

Eighty-five (38%) of the survey reports involved a serious injury, of which seven were fatal. There were 11 near drownings and 14 dislocated shoulder incidents reported (Table 5). One kayak pinning incident in Mexico resulted in

injuries which later required the victim's legs to be amputated. By type of boat used, persons who paddled race boats had the lowest percentage of injury—22%—with rafters having the highest percent—48% (Figure 3). Rafts were involved in 3 deaths, and regular kayaks 4 deaths.

River Flow

In terms of river flow, incidents occurred on rivers ranging from very low flow to flood conditions:

	Number	
Very Low Flow	4	1.8
Low Flow	39	17.3
Medium Flow	112	49.8
High Flow	47	20.9
Flood	23	10.2

Incidents which occurred during high flows and flood conditions accounted for almost one third of all incidents. These high water incidents were not very forgiving, as over half (58.6%) of the victims ended up walking out of the river as opposed to paddling out.


"Very High Flow" and "Bad Hydraulic" were contributing factors which were most often reported in association with incidents that occurred during flood conditions.

Discussion

After their whitewater incident, many of the survey respondents knew why the incident occurred, and passed on to us some good advice and information—the causes of these incidents were not just written off as "acts of God". In the January/February 1992 issue of *American Whitewater*, I discussed some of these incidents and the risk factors involved in boating during high water and flood conditions. In a future issue of *American Whitewater* we will discuss other risk factors identified from the Survey, and possible ways to prevent these whitewater incidents from occurring.

Table 5. Leading Types of Whitewater-Related Injuries, 1980 to April, 1991 (N=85)

Injury Type	Number	(%)
Shoulder Dislocations	14	16.5
Near Drowning	11	12.9
Fractures	15	17.6
Head and Neck	6	7.0
Hypothermia	4	4.7
Leg Injuries	11	12.9
Cuts	9	10.5
Fatalities	7	8.2



River House Productions
Presents

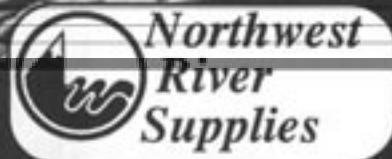
REVENGE
of the
Russell Fork

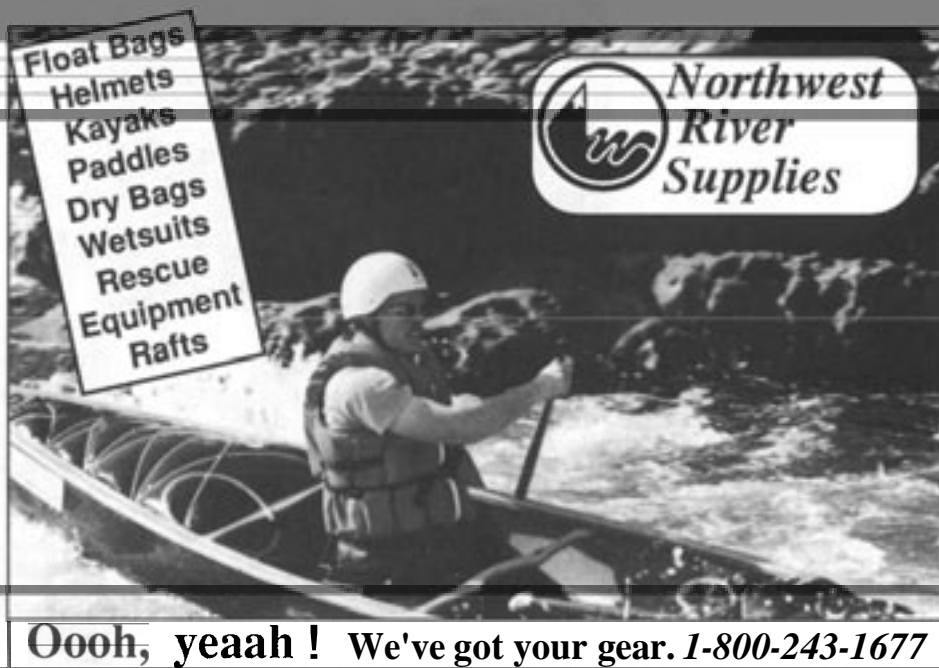
Thrill to some of the best boaters in the East getting munched, crunched and generally thumped and pummelled on one of the premiere hair runs in the Appalachians. A radical soundtrack by Bill Perkins highlights this non-stop, action-packed video.

30 Minutes \$24.95 + P&H

RIVER HOUSE PRODUCTIONS
P.O. Box 415
Erwin, Tennessee 37650

Address Inquiries to: Hanley





Oooh, yeaah ! We've got your gear. 1-800-243-1677



Wouldn't it be great...

With a lot of help from a friendly utility, Washington, D.C. paddlers transform a discharge canal into a world-class slalom course

By MICHAEL SLOAN

Last summer, while most of the hard core paddlers in the east were groaning about the lack of water, and the river conservationists were doing battle with the hydro developers, a handful of Washington D.C. racerheads were dreaming up a plan to create year round, class four whitewater.

The plan started as the far fetched daydream of two Washington D.C. area slalom paddlers: "Wouldn't it be great if we could create a river like the Upper Yough that ran all year around?" Being racerheads, they were really dreaming about a site that could be used for slalom training for the 1992 Olympics. The answer of course was "yup", and the response of most of the people they talked to was "Yaaaa, right".

But a funny thing happened last fall. The two paddlers, (with a little help from a few of their friends, and alot of help from the local electric power company) pulled it off. There is now a world class whitewater slalom training site 30 miles upriver from Washington, D.C. The site includes 900 feet of solid class four whitewater that looks like a cross between the Upper Yough and the whitewater Olympic course near Barcelona, Spain.

The key to the success of the plan proved to be the involvement of the local electric utility. While many utilities around



Transforming a discharge canal into a class-4 stretch of river: In the top photo (1) the discharge canal runs fast and smooth before work begins (2) rebar and chickenwire form the shapes of the future concrete obstacles (3) obstacles cure after placement of concrete (4) obstacles are lowered into the rushing water with the use of a 90-ton crane (5) workmen attired in type 5 PFDs supplied by the utility help lower concrete obstacle into final position (6) larger obstacles funnel the flow into a chute (7) the final product--900 feet of technical, class 4 whitewater. Photos by Scott Wilkinson.



..to create a class four river?

the country have been actively attempting to destroy our whitewater resources, the Potomac Electric Power Company (PEPCO) decided to help create an entire new section of world class whitewater.

Officially, the project was developed by the Bethesda Center of Excellence (BCE). The BCE is the slalom division of the Canoe Cruisers Association of Washington, D.C., and is recognized by the US Canoe and Kayak Team as one of five regional centers for slalom development. In practice, the project was the brainchild and labor of love of two D.C. area slalom paddlers, ex U.S. team member John Anderson and his friend and paddling partner Scott Wilkinson.

The site is located on the warm water discharge canal at the Dickerson electric power generating station owned by PEPCO. The coal powered generating plant is cooled by water pumped out of the Potomac River. When the plant is operating at full capacity, or 90% of the time, between 450 and 650 cfs of warm water is released into a 900 foot long, 40 foot wide concrete flume that drops 18 feet before reentering the Potomac. That's about 110 feet per mile vertical drop. For comparison, the good section of the Upper Yough averages 100 feet per mile, and the normal flow is 600 cfs. The Olympic course in Seo, Spain drops 24 feet in about the same distance, but the water volume is only half as great.

Paddlers have been eyeing this canal since the power plant was

built in the early sixties. In fact, paddlers have been coming to the area just below the discharge canal to train and play during the winter in the warm water outflow from the plant since at least 1967.

For years, paddlers have talked about what might happen if obstacles were placed in the concrete flume. The general



consensus was that the site could be made into a fine training site, but no one believed that the electric utility would be willing to go along with the project, much less provide the all-out support needed to make the project happen. Also, none of the paddlers realized how much water was being released into the canal, or how steep the canal actually proved to be.

Two years ago, Scott Wilkinson approached PEPCO plant manager Dick Shakeshaft to discuss the idea of turning the flume into a slalom training site. The approach was simple. The top U.S. slalom paddlers desperately needed a world class training

site on an artificial course to help prepare for the 1992 Olympics. The U.S. team is very strong in international competition on natural rivers, but has not had as much success on artificial courses. Since the Olympic course is an artificial course, the U.S. team would be at a distinct disadvantage without an artificial course to train on. But there were no artificial courses in the U.S. suitable for training for the Olympics.

For anyone who has never paddled on an artificial river, the water is, well, wierd. The eddies surge and pulse, water changes direction with little warning, and the speed of the water is faster than in normal rivers. Eddies on artificial courses are a lot like eddies in flood stage rivers. If you don't know where you want to go, you'll be upside down in a hurry. Paddling fast on water like this requires special technique, and a different sense of timing compared to natural rivers.

Wilkinson easily convinced Shakeshaft that "the Dickerson canal was a whitewater course just waiting to hap-



pen". The PEPCO plant manager had watched the paddlers training below the discharge canal for several years, and was excited about the idea from the beginning. The pitch to the rest of PEPCO management took more than 18 months. The two paddlers developed a professional quality proposal including video to help convince PEPCO brass that whitewater slalom was a respectable sport, to demonstrate the need for a new world class training site,

and to show that the local paddler group would be capable of managing the project in a professional manner.

Scott and John convinced the PEPCO Board of Directors that PEPCO involvement with the project was needed to improve U.S. chances for gold medals in the 1992 Olympics. They also convinced the utility that the sport was relatively safe, and would provide an excellent opportunity for the utility to be involved in

the local community.


PEPCO nibbled. In July of 1991, PEPCO provided \$2,500 to the Bethesda Center of Excellence to develop a 72 foot long scale model of the project to test project feasibility. Analysis undertaken before construction of the model showed much higher water volumes, and much more gradient than expected. The project began to look less like the "better than the feeder canal" training facility envisioned

NEW!

BANDIT

NEW!

by **SIDEWINDER**



TIRED OF PADDLING SLUGS?
Then the **BANDIT** is the boat for you!

- All layups: Glass, Poly, Kevlar
- Heavy-duty seams
- Sparkle or solid colors
- Also available as kits
- Squirt and kids' models

PADDLES


Complete line of wooden & synthetic kayak paddles
Slalom, Slasher & S.O. Terrik

NEW! Synthetic CANOE paddles
Wildwater, Slalom

Standard or heavy-duty layup
Graphite kayak, canoe paddles available

SIDEWINDER PADDLES 1692 2nd Street Pike Richboro, PA 18954 215-598-3669

FREE! **WHITEWATER**
EQUIPMENT CATALOG



CASCADE OUTFITTERS
A Tradition of Quality Equipment
P.O. Box 209 • Springfield, OR 97477
503 (747-2272)
Toll-Free Order Line 1-800-223-7238

**WANTED
TOPURCHASE**

Existing canoe livery and/or rafting outfitter. Contact Daniel Sherr, 249 Munsee Way, Westfield, N.J.

908-232-3129

WANTED

RAFT

GUIDES

Zoar Outdoor is looking for class 4 raft guides for the summer 1992 on the upper Deerfield River in Western Mass. Send resume to: Karen Blom, PO Box 245, Charlemont MA 01339

and more like a world class whitewater course.

Once PEPCO approved the construction of the model, the project fell into place with no hitches or delays. It was a bit like watching a neophyte paddler with no roll run the Great Falls of the Potomac without getting his/her hair wet. Pretty unbelievable, at least until the expertise and energy of the project planners became apparent. It's also pretty amazing what can be accomplished with the strong support of an electric utility company.

For the first step in the project, Anderson and Wilkinson convinced the David Taylor Naval Research Center (DTRC...the research facility where the Navy tests ship designs) to allow the use of their facilities to build and test the model. In addition, DTRC scientists agreed to donate their own time to assist in model development and validation. Mike and Steve Garvis, old time U.S. slalom team members, cut several hundred feet of plywood into shape. Wilkinson and Anderson pretty much lived inside the DTRC for several weeks assembling and painting the plywood model, making miniature concrete obstacles for testing, and calibrating the model.



Davey Hearn surfs a wave on the fast-moving water of the Dickerson race course.

By the end of August, the model had been completed. Water flow had been calibrated, and preliminary test results proved the model to duplicate the flow in the actual canal much closer than expected.

The model builders had also played around placing the miniature concrete boulders into the water enough to realize that the final result could be a world class training and racing site. At this point, U.S. Olympic Coach Bill Endicott and national team members such as Davey Hearn and Jon Lugbill were brought in to provide input on how to make the course design resemble the Olympic course in Spain.

The final course design was the result of a collaboration of a large number of people, with John Anderson the chief course designer. The design includes a little of everything. Big holes, surfing waves, diagonal ledges, big drops, whirlpool eddies, and lots and lots of funny "artificial course" water.

On September 12, the Bethesda Center of Excellence went public with the model. During a major press conference, U.S. Olympic Coach Bill Endicott called the project "the single most important thing we can do to enhance our training for the Olympics." More importantly, PEPCO vice president Bill Sim endorsed the project and agreed to provide funding of \$25,000. Sim also astonished the crowd by promising "a Thanksgiving present" for the U.S. slalom athletes.

The press conference resulted in a flurry of press articles by the Washington Post and other local newspapers, TV coverage by two networks, and stories on the AP wire. The press coverage, along with the persuasive powers of Scott, John and PEPCO Vice President Sim convinced a number of major area corporations to as-

CLINCH RIVER PADDLE CO.

FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE YOU CAN DESIGN YOUR OWN.

7-Blade Designs

8-Types of Grips

3-Types of Shafts

3-Weights

5-Types of Cloth

Wooden Paddle Repairs

We Ship By U.P.S.

Coming Soon Kayak
Paddles

BAILEY JOHNSON

2450 Jones Road

Lenoir City, Tenn. 37771

(615) 986-9387

WRITE OR CALL FOR A FREE BROCHURE

☐ Located directly across from the private boater take-out on the Lehigh River ☐ Pennsylvania's newest Patagonia dealer
☐ Perception/Mad River Canoe/Wave Sport/C.K.S./Stokquist/Extrasport/Body Glove/Teva/Sidewinder/Silver Creek/The North Face/Cannondale/New Balance/Rossignol



SPORTS & WEAR

34 SUSQUEHANNA ST. • JIM THORPE, PA 18229

**GUIDE
DISCOUNTS!**

717 1325-4421

Model preceded real thing

The development of the scale model of the Dickerson discharge canal proved to be instrumental in the success of the final project. The model allowed us to quickly test a wide variety of different shapes and sizes of obstacles in different configurations. The results of the final project were much closer to the model than anyone expected.

The model was built on a scale of 1 to 10.5, which represented the largest model which would fit in our testing facility. The model was built as large as possible in order to simulate discharge canal as closely as possible.

The model was built from plywood, and great care was taken to ensure accurate duplication of the full sized canal. The surfaces of the model were coated with a sand/paint mixture designed to simulate the roughness of concrete. Before any testing of obstacles was undertaken, the model was calibrated to ensure accurate water flow.

Water volume was carefully checked for consistency.

The model proved to simulate almost exactly the observed behavior of the Dickerson canal with obstacles, with only a few discrepancies caused by the smaller size of the model. The small size of the model means a higher surface area ratio, which results in more friction, and slows the water speed. The smaller size also results in higher surface tension, meaning that the waves in the model were smaller than the waves in the completed course.

The effort spent on developing the model has paid off many times already. The final course was constructed in three days, and no major adjustments have been needed. This is very different from the experiences with artificial courses elsewhere in the world which have generally required substantial, and expensive, adjustments after construction.

sist in the project. Asplundh Tree Services volunteered to **clear out** brush and scrub trees surrounding the canal. The Miller and Long Construction Company built the concrete obstacles for way below cost. Genstar Stone Products provided over 600 tons of concrete at cost. Williams Equipment donated the use of three heavy duty cranes, crew and other equipment needed to move the concrete **obstacles** to the site and lower the concrete boulders into the canal. And PEPCO assisted in every possible way, even going so far as to buy life jackets for the crane crew to wear while installing the boulders.

Three months of furious work after PEPCO provided the initial go ahead to construct the model, the actual project was ready for installation. For three days in **late October**, crane crews using massive 90 ton cranes lowered 75 concrete boulders weighing up to 17 tons each into the canal.

The concrete boulders were formed by pouring no-slump concrete over forms made from structural steel and chicken wire shaped to specifications provided by course architect John Anderson. *All* of the shapes used in the final project

All the Great Rapids have already been named, right? Not any more . . .

The Dickerson Whitewater Course has just been built and we need your help to name the rapids (and offset some of the construction costs)

Olympic hopefuls are using the very powerful and challenging water of the course to master the intricacy of artificial whitewater as they prepare for the 1992 Olympics

It is anticipated that the course may be opened to other whitewater enthusiasts after the Olympics

The Bethesda Center of Excellence a U.S. canoe and kayak training center has met two-thirds of their goal to raise the necessary \$75,000 to meet out-of-pocket expenses in building the Olympic simulator



BETHESDA CENTER OF EXCELLENCE

Please support this Olympic project and help our athletes bring home the gold in 1992!

Buy a Boulder \$500

Individuals or groups name a boulder drop, or other feature on the course. Plaque with name near feature and name added to contributors' plaque

Gold Contribution \$200 Name on the contributors' plaque

Silver Contribution \$100 Name listed as course supporter

Bronze Contribution \$25 or more Explosive red and blue kayak design on white 100% cotton t-shirt. L or XL.

Tax-deductible contributions of any size are always welcome and greatly appreciated

Bethesda Center of Excellence

Olympic Simulator

6211 Ridge Drive Bethesda MD 20816

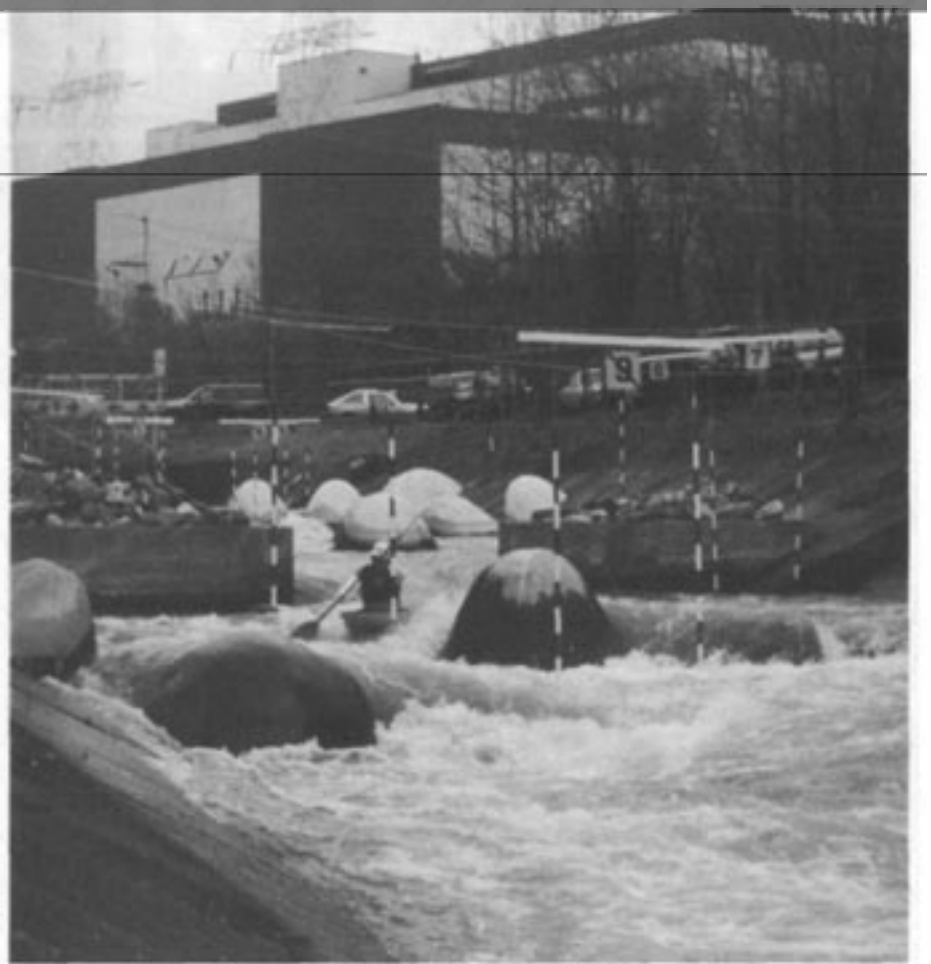
were tested in the model to determine their effect on the rapidly moving water in the canal, and also to ensure that the obstacles would stay in place under full water flows. In several places in the model, simulated obstacles weighing up to twelve tons were washed out during model testing, and had to be replaced by heavier obstacles.

The obstacles are not permanently fastened to the canal. They stay in place due to sheer weight. In theory, anyway, the whitewater course is completely adjustable. All it takes is a 90 ton crane to move the obstacles around.

The whitewater course has proven to be much better and much more difficult than expected. The general consensus among the athletes that have paddled here is that the Dickerson whitewater course is one of the finest and most difficult artificial whitewater slalom sites in the world. The responses of the first paddlers on the course ranged from Jon Lugbill's "wow" to "urrrk, what have you done?" According to Bill Endicott, "This may be the best artificial course in the world." The water is fast and turbulent, with large drops, big holes, and good surfing waves. The eddies surge and pulse and create substantial whirlpools. There are few resting places, and the course ends with an extremely difficult drop leading into a very intimidating hole. Overall, the water speed is much faster, and the water surges much more than on most natural rivers. At full flow, the course has the feel of a flood stage river, with the same type of whirlpool eddies, turbulent and shifting eddy lines, and odd surges in the main current. Good paddlers have been having problems staying upright in some of the eddies. *(Editor's note: This means that the author has been having trouble staying upright in the eddies).* The course is definitely not for the faint of heart.

The Bethesda Center of Excellence expects that most of the top slalom athletes in the U.S. will spend at least part of the winter training on the Dickerson canal in preparation for the 1992 Olympics. Unfortunately, the course is not open to the public at this time. Due to liability concerns, access to the course has been limited to seriously training slalom races who have signed liability waivers and have been placed on the approved paddler list by the Bethesda Center of Excellence. If PEPCO agrees, the BCE may open the site to other paddlers on an occasional basis after the Olympics next year.

PEPCO is very excited about maintaining a long term training site here,



but since the project is the first of its type in the country, the utility considers the project to be very experimental. In order to ensure that PEPCO will allow continued access to the site after 1992, the BCE is asking that paddlers do not sneak on to the course for "bandit" runs. Not only is the site on private property, but the concrete boulders are not permanent. If PEPCO decides that potential liability is greater than the public relations benefits of keeping the site open, we will lose access to the course. The boulders can be removed from the canal literally overnight.

We could also lose our boulders to the "repo" man. What the repo man would do with a 10 ton lump of concrete is beyond me, but the BCE is raising money to ensure that we don't find out. The estimated cost of the project is \$250,000. All but \$75,000 of the work has been provided at no cost to the BCE, and sponsors have already contributed nearly \$45,000 in cash donations. The Bethesda Center of Excellence must raise an additional \$25,000 in order to pay off construction costs.

The BCE is soliciting corporate sponsorships (any size donation) and selling T-shirts (\$25 donation and up) and

concrete boulders (\$500 donation and up) to pay off construction debts. Contributors get to take home the t-shirts, but for obvious reasons, the boulders need to stay where they are (they would crush the normal shuttle vehicle). Major contributors can name one of the boulders on the course, and the BCE will mount a permanent plaque with the contributor's name engraved at the top of the course.

Any contribution you can make to this project will have a material impact on how well our whitewater slalom team does in the 1992 Olympics. Plus, this may be your only chance for the immortality that comes with naming a class four rapid. Ten years from now wouldn't you like to hear the ABC Wide World of Sports announcer say, "The world champion emerges (you name the drop/boulder) and into (you name the eddy/hole/wave)?"

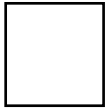
For more information on the Dickerson project call the Bethesda Center of Excellence (301) 229-2269, or send your tax deductible contributions to: Bethesda Center of Excellence Olympic Simulator, 6211 Ridge Dr., Bethesda, MD 20816. Please specify t-shirt size.

TRAPPED!



A story of innocence lost and wisdom found

By BILL KIRBY



heavy overcast lay over the canyon rim and patches of fog drifted among the rhododendrons and laurels as we dragged our boats over the highway guardrail. Yesterday's snowfall had left two to four inches of the heavy, wet white stuff, making the descent into the canyon even more delicate than it would have been with only the loose rock and leaves negotiate. The fissured sandstone caprock on both sides of the gorge brooded over the river like the furrowed brow of a glowering giant.

It was Thanksgiving, 1973 and Jack Wright and I were going to make the second known attempt to run the lower Meadow River, in southern West Virginia, from Corridor L (now Route 19) to the Gauley River. I was about to receive a terrifying lesson in humility.

I had been paddling seriously for a year and a half. After buying a battered old Prijon Special for one hundred bucks and taking the Canoe Cruisers Association basic kayaking class, I had worked my way up the difficulty scale of eastern whitewater.

My copy of Wildwater West Virginia became dog-eared and dilapidated from hours of study. Through the fall, winter and spring of 1972-73 I ticked off the standard runs in the guidebook like the tourists in my native Washington, D.C. blowing through the monuments and federal buildings on a forty dollar a day package tour. Pool rolling sessions through the winter, along with runs on the Potomac below Great Falls, the staircase of the Shenandoah, Goose Creek, and other Class II runs.

The unofficial start of the spring season in those days was the Petersburg Whitewater Weekend, where everyone in the mid-Atlantic states would gather. The races were the ostensible central point of the weekend but we cruisers would ignore the races and meet to find paddling partners and run as many streams as possible in the short daylight hours. That year I ran the Hopeville Canyon, Red Creek, Seneca Creek. Later that spring I ran the Savage River for the first time, arriving in the middle of a tremendous storm. The dam was operating at full capacity and my first run on the Savage was at 3000 cfs.

Next came the Middle Fork of the Tygart and the Tygart gorge, my initiation into the thrills of steep, technical whitewater. Then the New River for some big water. The Upper Yough came next, at that time the most feared run around, no rafts, no duckies, no tourists. Finally, in the fall, Gauley season opened and I was there. I ran everything, Iron Ring, Sweet Falls, the works.

My first year of paddling had been one long triumph. I had taught myself to roll in the winter. I read the instruction books, mentally rehearsed it a thousand times, and the first time I tried a roll in the pool it worked perfectly.

I never, ever came out of my boat. I ran drops that other people carried. I could hand roll, paddle-spin in the holes, paddle class 3 water standing on the seat of the boat, surf Rocky Island with no paddle.

I had never been thrashed by the river, never carried a drop that was considered runnable. I was twenty-one years old and I was on top of the world.

By the fall I had quit my job, having saved up enough money to paddle full-time for awhile. My old Dodge van ran like a Swiss watch and I lived in it for several months, occasionally taking advantage of friends and associates for a shower and a night of sleep in a real bed. When Jack suggested we run the Meadow I was as ready as I could possibly be.

The lower Meadow at that time was considered virtually unrunnable. The entry for it in Wildwater West Virginia said that it was only for members of the Kamikaze Kayak Club. The only group to attempt to run it had carried most of the drops, in fact walking more than they paddled.

They brought back stories of huge ledges, waterfalls, boulder traps, strainers, undercut rocks and impenetrable rhododendron thicket on the shore. They had not been able even to see several miles of the stream due to the arduousness of the portaging. A writer of television advertising could not have

If it helps I would be very glad...

There has been a lot of discussion lately in these pages concerning the motivation of whitewater boaters, their mental states, and the ethics of risk-taking activities. I would like to relate an experience I had some years ago that serves to illustrate and define my views on these matters.

In some ways the events in this story seem to have taken place ages ago, but in others they are as fresh to me as if they were yesterday. The story describes the single most memorable whitewater trip I ever had, one which changed my life in every way imaginable. I have put this story in writing for the first time after almost two decades for two reasons. The first is so I can get it off my chest and stop thinking about it. The second is the hope that someone may read it and find it relates to their own paddling habits and perhaps be helped by it. If that happens, I would be very glad. — Bill Kirby

dreamed up a more effective trap for a young, over-inflated ego. The morning of our attempt on the Meadow we woke to find the moisture from our breath had formed delicate ice crystals on every metal surface on the interior of the van. The wetsuits, still wet from earlier paddling, were frozen as hard as a pine board. They would thaw under the heater on the drive to the put-in.

I was paddling a friend's boat, having sold my old **S-Glass Prijon** to an eleven year old who is now a world-class slalom racer. A friend in Ohiopyle had an old clunker that he wanted to sell, and I volunteered to take it to Washington to sell for him, as the season in Ohiopyle was over and few paddlers would see the boat there.

This boat was a near-copy of my own, a rather heavy, all S-Glass '69 **Prijon Special**. It leaked around the cockpit rim and it had no foot braces, a typical hard-used river runner's boat. My **sprayskirt** was just finished, home-made from a do-it-yourself kit that was very popular at that time. I had not used it in heavy whitewater before. A **Bell Toptex** helmet, Harishok life jacket and Kober wooden paddle completed my basic paddling outfit.

By the time we put on the river below the highway bridge the temperature was in the high 40s but the gray sky and the bare branches of the trees gave the scene a gloomy aspect. We paddled around in the flat water below the bridge, trying to activate stiff muscles and relieve the tension that I felt at the prospect of running this forbidding stretch of river. Soon we turned downriver and entered the first drops.

The run did not start well. The first drop of any consequence, visible from the bridge, consisted of a sharp left turn over a three or four foot drop with the current running straight into a large undercut rock. At our rather low water level, about 600 cfs, most of the flow went under the rock. It would require hard paddling after the left turn to get far enough to the right to pass under the higher part of the undercut rock. Jack went first and successfully slid under the rock, with his head down on the deck. I followed, but failed to get far enough right and struck the underside of the rock with my head and shoulder as I lay forward. I flipped, waited to clear the rock and rolled up. The frigid water blasted the cobwebs from my brain and encouraged vigorous paddling to restore heat to my **limbs**. A bad beginning.

My performance fortunately improved after this false start. I remember few details of the next mile or so, but we ran several large rapids. The typical rapids consisted of a steep, complex boulder strewn approach to a terminal ledge, usually of about eight to ten foot height. The low water level necessitated some rock bouncing in the approaches, but this was **steep-creeking** at its best.

I began to loosen up, allowing the rhythm of the river to dictate my paddling style. It began to seem normal to scout a ten foot ledge by running the boat up on a wet rock at the edge of the

drop, with the bow or stern in mid-air over the ledge, craning the neck to **see if** the out-flow seemed strong enough to indicate a lack of **piton rocks** at the bottom, and then **backing up** and running the drop with one or two strokes acceleration. We ran several sequences in this fashion and I began to feel that this thing could **be** done. Enlightenment was just around the corner.

The next drop was just like the previous ones. I waited in an eddy above while Jack ran through the twisting, rocky approach and then over a ten-foot ledge into a narrow, concave hole at the bottom. I couldn't see him until he paddled into an eddy on the left below the big drop. I followed his line through the approach and stroked hard over the lip of the ledge. The hole at the bottom was very soft and I submerged completely, then bobbed back up, still upright. The view downstream was of nothing but spray and tops of rocks so I began paddling for the eddy in which Jack waited.

As I began pulling for the eddy I noticed that the boat was not responding to my efforts. I looked down and saw that my new, **home-made skirt** had popped from the water pressure at the **base** of the ledge and my boat was full to the rim with water. As usual, I had no air bags and the boat was riding almost entirely below the water line.

My light, nimble craft had become a 1500 pound submarine. I hollered to Jack that I had lost my skirt and **began** chugging as hard as I could for the eddy. Running the unseen drops below in a flooded boat was an unappetizing prospect.

By maximum effort I was able to reach the eddy. The eddy was a rather mobile one and I was relieved to get to the shoreline where I could put a hand up on a head-high rock to steady myself. Safe for the moment, I looked at the shoreline. The **eddy** was about two boat lengths long and the shoreline consisted entirely of three to four foot boulders, with no beach or low rocks for an easy exit to empty the boat. No problem, I would simply hold onto the rocks, stand up in the **boat**, and step out to perform the necessary evacuation.

I was now parallel to the shore, facing upstream, with my right side against the head-high boulders and the stern of the boat tapping against more boulders on the downstream end of the eddy. I placed the paddle carefully across the forward deck of the boat and held the boulders with my right hand.

As I began shifting my weight about preparatory to **sliding** onto the stern deck, the boat shifted backwards slightly. I looked back and saw that about a foot of the stern was now under the boulders forming the downstream end of the eddy. For the first time I noticed that a sizable current was going in that direction, not exiting on the stream-ward side of the eddy, but disappearing directly into the boulder pile behind me.

The boat seemed to be settled firmly into a crack, so it would simply make it easier for me to step out and regain control of the situation. I slid backward out of the seat and got my **knees**

clear of the cockpit rim. Suddenly, the boat lurched backwards again and now I felt the boulders at the downstream side of the eddy pressing against my back as the boat continued sliding backwards.

A new sense of urgency attached itself to the concept of getting out of the boat. I turned to the right and scrambled for purchase on the boulders on the shore. My paddle rolled off the forward deck and floated under me, disappearing quickly into the boulder pile behind. I could find no **handhold** on the boulders and the boat continued sliding downstream, with my feet still inside the cockpit.

I spun to the right, still clawing the rock for any ledge, nubbin or crack as the boat accelerated under the boulders. The cockpit rim caught my heels and I was now lying on my back, with only my head above water, un-

I had a sense of great speed as I brushed past rock on all sides. I bounced off rock. I suddenly stopped. A V-shaped crevice had caught my calf and I was stretched full length in the flow, my helmet strap cutting into my neck and chin as the helmet filled with water and formed a sea anchor in the strong current.

The feeling was indescribable, but it had elements of fear, horror, relief, shame at the mistakes that had caused it, gratitude for being alive, and every other emotion that I could describe. I began shaking, sobbing, giggling, in such rapid

der a boulder as far as my chin, the boat pulling at my heels and my fingernails sliding down the upstream side of a washing machine sized piece of Tuscarora sandstone. The boat finally released my ankles but I had run out of boulder and the current took me instantly under the boulder-pile.

The time elapsed from when I had first noticed the boat sliding backwards to disappearing under the boulder was perhaps five to ten seconds.

It was darker than the darkest night. The roar of a thousand Niagaras filled my ears. I put my legs together and raised my arms over my head, making myself as small and streamlined as possible.

I had a sense of great speed as I brushed past rock on all sides. I bounced off rock. I suddenly stopped. A v-shaped crevice had caught my calf and I was stretched full length in the flow, my helmet strap cutting into my neck and chin as the helmet filled with water and formed a sea anchor in the strong current. My lips were pulled back from my teeth as water forced its way into my cheeks.

I **kicked** spastically and my leg came free. The sense of speed returned. I hit more rocks. I tumbled in every direction. I felt the acceleration of steep drops. I felt the sideways force of changes of direction. It lasted a few seconds. It went on forever.

Suddenly, the noise abated. I noticed that my life jacket was orienting me in one particular direction. I swam frantically in that direction. My head popped above water. I looked around. I was in another eddy, this one calm.

It was surrounded on all sides by more boulders three to four feet high. I thrust upward, caught the top of a boulder and

pulled myself out of the water. I stood up. I had surfaced in a roughly circular pool completely enclosed by boulders, separated from the main channel of the river some twenty to thirty feet away.

I saw Jack out in the main channel searching rapidly along the shoreline. Seeing me disappear into the boulder pile, he had immediately headed downstream, running blindly drops that normally would have required careful scouting. I waved and caught his attention, making the **OK** sign with my thumb and forefinger. Then the reaction hit me.

I suddenly was aware of what had just happened to me.

succession that one was indistinguishable from the other. I curled into a sort of standing fetal position and was completely out of touch with the world for about a minute. In the jargon of the time, my mind was completely blown.

As Jack beached his boat, I recovered my senses and took stock of my situation. The boat was gone. My paddle was gone. The shoes had been pulled off my feet. The dry bag in the boat had contained a camera, water bottle, first aid kit but, fortunately, not my car keys, as was sometimes my habit.

We were several **miles** down a wild canyon, with snow on the ground and the temperature in the forties, and we had one more boater than we had boats. Our shuttle driver, a novice boater who had accompanied me from Washington, had seen us off at the bridge and driven around to **Carnifex** Ferry where we had planned to take out. None of it seemed of the slightest importance to me.

Jack came up the slope to where I was and we discussed our options. The discussion was brief. Jack had no interest in continuing the trip alone and we were fairly sure that we were still closer to the put-in than to the **take-out**. So, after a momentary struggle to get **Jack's** boat through the rhododendron and briar thickets and up the slope to the railroad halfway up the canyon wall, we walked back upstream on the tracks.

Walking in your **socks** several miles through four inches of wet snow, carrying a high volume slalom boat on our shoulders, sounds like an ordeal but I literally felt that I was walking on air.

Here come the cliches, I'm afraid, but I'm not a sufficiently skillful writer to avoid them.

As I **walked** up the railroad tracks I seemed to be surrounded by a golden glow. I have never before or since felt so alive. Every leaf, every rock, each cloud, the bark of trees, insects, even the snow under my chilled feet, were all etched so sharply in my vision that it almost brought tears to my eyes to **see** them. The beauty of every sight, sound, smell and touch was overwhelming. The sheer joy of being alive, or more specifically, of not having been **killed** in a pitch black subriverine cavern, made me so euphoric that I was high as a kite.

When we reached the highway bridge, we climbed back up the canyon slope to the road. Every gland in my body was pumping out mood-altering chemicals at maximum rate and I could not stand still as we paused for breath at the top. I bounced about like a hyperactive child.

We did still have a problem, however. How to get to our car? This was soon solved as, purely by chance, our shuttle driver had decided to come back and look at the put-in again, **killing** time until we were due at the take-out. The sight of my van rolling down the hill toward us just when we needed it, as if summoned by telepathy, did not seem extraordinary to me at the time. On a day like this how could it have been otherwise?

The feeling of euphoria lasted for weeks. When presented with any frustration or disappointment the thought instantly sprang into my mind: Yes, that's a drag but you are still alive to see it, and that is more than enough. The luminous cloud around me gradually disappeared but even today, when things go wrong, I can with some effort recall a fragment of that feeling and place things in a much broader perspective than I might otherwise.

Were the benefits of this experience worth the risk? In retrospect, I can certainly say yes, since I got the benefits without paying the ultimate price that it might have cost. Would I do it again? Absolutely not.

This experience did not end my hair paddling career. The next day, in fact, I borrowed one of Jack's boats and he and Chip **Queitzsch** and I paddled the upper Gauley at 6000 cfs, and a few years later I was one of the earliest paddlers of the Great Falls of the Potomac. But I can say that my attitude toward boating was subtly but radically altered that day.

I looked at nasty drops with a more jaundiced eye. I began carrying drops that I might have been driven to run before by my ambition to be a "top boater". I had seen the elephant, saw that it was a very large and weighty animal indeed, and I was not anxious to go quite so close to it again. I have never been back to the lower Meadow, except on foot to search for my gear. I never found a thing.

Over the years I have lost a number of friends and acquaintances to boating accidents. It feels me with a sense of terrible tragedy when I **realize** that the last thoughts and emotions they felt, before they were swallowed by the endless dark,

must have been much like those that I felt as the current pulled me under that boulder on the Meadow: an explosion of fear, grief, despair and an overwhelming feeling of loss. Sorrow for myself, my family, my friends and a wordless scream of the injustice of it all filled my brain like white hot metal when I realized I was going down, into a sieve from which no experienced boater could expect to emerge.

My friends must have felt this when they realized they were pinned, with no hope of rescue, or that this hydraulic was not going to flush them out. I still remember that feeling. It was horrible beyond words, and only by most extraordinary luck did I live to have another thought, any other thought at all.

Physicists now say, in their popular explanations of modern theory, that the evidence indicates that an old theme of science fiction writers may indeed be true.

They say that every time a quantum event occurs, an electron changes energy levels or emits or absorbs a particle, there is no way of saying it should have gone one way or another. If there was an equal chance of the event having taken one of two paths, the mathematics indicates that it may have, in fact, taken both paths at once, but in different dimensions. Thus, every time an event happens two new universes are created, one in which we see the results of the event from one path, and another universe in which the event went the other way. The result would be an almost infinite number of universes, branching and bifurcating at infinitesimally small intervals of time.

If **this is so**, then in some other universe, or perhaps most of them, I have been dead for over eighteen years. I never met my wife, my son was never born, my mother grieved for me, I never got my college degree, on and on and on.

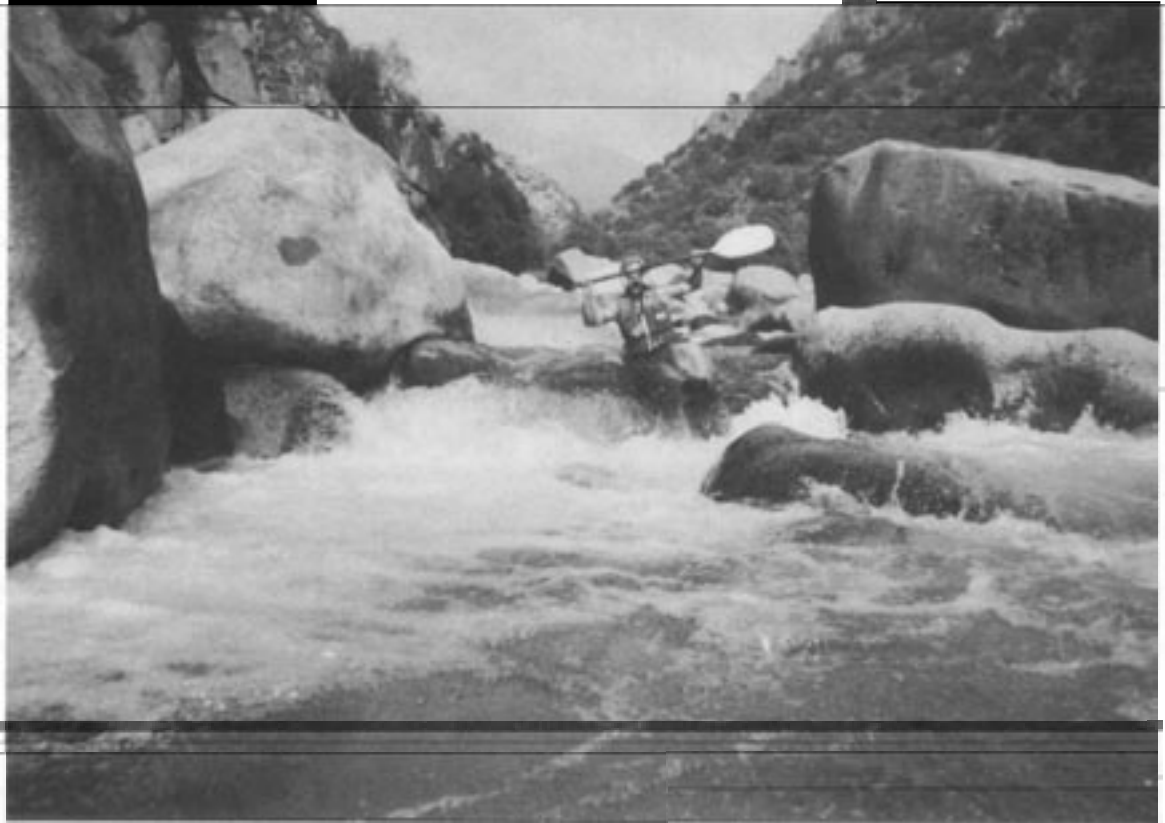
What I realized after my adventure was that no feeling of accomplishment, no sense of satisfaction at having done a difficult thing, is worth a high probability of this happening. Through our sports we create and savor a feeling of danger and excitement, but in most cases this **feeling** is largely illusory. Most rivers and most rapids, even the impressive looking ones, present only a small chance of real danger, for a limited span of time and in a narrow area of space. This kind of risk-taking is worthwhile, giving us an increased zest for life without dramatically increasing our chances of losing it.

But when we stretch ourselves too far, whether through hubris, or peer pressure, or sheer bullheadedness, then we are not being adventurers.

We are being fools.

Bill Kirby is a past editor of this semi-professional magazine. The original artwork was created for this article by Mike Molinet of Syracuse, NY. Molinet is a former high school wrestler coached by the editor of this magazine and was trashed during a pair of team raft trips.

A family that plays together... sometimes prays together



By STEVE BULETTE, JR.

My dad went over the falls a little too far to the right. **As** he traversed to the left at the bottom, the oncoming water flipped his kayak. Before he could roll, he was pushed against the undercut rock.

I peeled out into the current to help, but before I could get there, he disappeared. Then the current started to suck me into the crevasse. I had to use my hands to push myself out from the rocks and I went over the second falls utilizing Ninjaflurry strokes. I was **seriously scared**.

In a panic I jumped out of my kayak, grabbed my throw rope and clambered over the boulders to where my father had vanished. For a moment I forgot all about the pain in my stumped big **toe**. When I arrived at the spot there was no response to my calls. A million possibilities raced through my mind **as** I scrambled around on the **boulders**.

Then I paused... I could hear a faint voice, "Down here. Down here!" I

Near catastrophe on Canyon section of California's Kings River

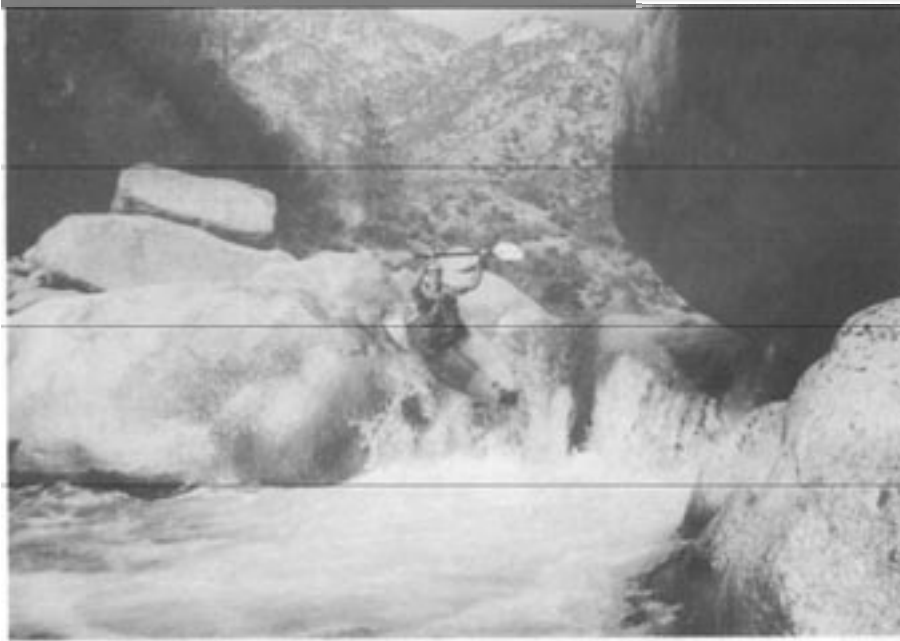
looked down and to my left. There was a small space between two rocks, about two feet wide. I dropped to my hands and **knees** and crawled down through what proved to be a chimney, a chimney that led...

Our plan to run the **class 5**, fifteen mile long Canyon of California's Kings River fell into place during the second week of August. My forty-three year old father and I seized the opportunity to make the run at 400 cubes. We would have liked more water, but we couldn't have gone

any sooner.

Somehow we conned my uncle into running shuttle. **He really** didn't know what he was getting into; the drive was a killer. We chose the shorter shuttle, utilizing the dirt road from the take out at the Mill Flat Campground to Highway 180, and my dad really put his new Jeep Cherokee to the test. I was so car sick by the time we reached the trail head at Yucca Point that I felt more like barfing in my kayak than carrying it. And the two mile hike down into the canyon from the rim looked like it would be pretty rude.

For the first three quarters... okay, one quarter... of a mile I tried to be really macho and carry my boat full of gear. Then I accepted the humiliation of the inevitable and started to drag my kayak. My "**Conan Dad**", on the other hand, seemed to go into an altered state of mind that blocked out pain. He carried his boat and gear over his head the whole way to



the river.

We finally made it to the water to start our two day trip at 2 p.m. We had chosen to paddle **Prijon** T Canyons because of their comfort and safety features. They weigh a bit more than other comparable boats, but we quickly adapted to this, and there was plenty of room to store our gear.

As I looked at the river at the **put-in** I was a little skeptical about whether the trip was going to be worth all our effort. The two and one-half hour drive, the hellish hike to the river... and now, at the **put-in**, the river level did not look like it was going to offer much excitement.

In fact, the first couple of miles were innocuous class three and four **rapids**, but then the canyon started to close in on us, with house sized boulders obstructing the river. We began to leapfrog around one another as we eddy hopped through drops containing eight to ten foot falls. The first person through each drop would communicate with the second person by means of a signal blown on a police whistle.

We each had a disposable 35 mm waterproof camera attached to our vest, so we took turns taking pictures from the eddies below each drop. We had just established a good rhythm when we approached a boulder garden too choked to suit this go-for-it approach.

The only slot big enough to allow a kayak to pass dropped eight feet onto visible hardness. And so we made our first portage. We continued to "drop" down the river as before and soon we surprised a black bear who was goofing off at the water's edge. The startled bear leaped

from rock to rock and then loped up a hundred foot vertical wall on a **small** ledge barely visible from the water. Apparently that bear thought he was a mountain goat.

Shortly after we sighted the bear we spied a sandbar, just big enough to **allow two** people to stretch out. Since such sites were rare we whipped out our gear and food, planning a feast. But we soon discovered that our "Waterproof Strike **Anywhere Matches**" weren't so great after all. After demolishing them without **lighting** our tiny stove, we settled for a few cold weenies and some peanut butter sandwiches.

At dusk we sprawled atop our sleeping bags, intrigued by the thumb nail **sized** bugs flying thirty miles an hour a few inches above our faces in an attempt to escape the darting bats. I became mildly concerned when sand and other debris dropped **onto my** face from **the cliffs** above, presumably some critter was scampering about up there.

In the moments before we drifted off to sleep we thought about the ominous drop associated with the roar coming from just downstream of our campsite. In fact, in the morning our wake up call from the river consisted of a fifteen foot slide into total immersion, followed by a mandatory surf in a hole at the bottom. Considering my dad's three visits to the **rocks before** he climbed into his kayak, one could only assume that **adrenalin** is a natural laxative.

We continued down the river, running several more drops without incident, not knowing that our fair share was yet to come.

Our first taste of trouble came at

a rapid that consisted of an eight foot **slide-hop** over a rock, followed by a **narrow** falls. After bank scouting, I went first and had no trouble. But the rock hop did not go as planned for my dad. He pinballed sideways in the current, his kayak broached just above the falls. The force of the current pinned his body against the rock.

I quickly beached my kayak and scrambled over the rocks to reach my father, badly jamming my big toe on a rock. I limped to where my father was pinned as fast as I could, only to discover that his boat was being pushed deeper and deeper into the water. Fortunately, he was able to exert pressure against the rock and keep his shoulders and head above the water. The pressure was so great, however, that it was becoming increasingly difficult for him to breathe.

I was able to position myself so that I could lift his bow and after some effort he washed over the falls backwards. The only consequences of this incident were my badly bruised toe and a small tear in my dad's **sprayskirt**.

Not long after this we spotted a Forest Service **helicopter** with a man dangling from a cable **overhead**. They seemed to be checking us out. My dad raised his arms and brought them together over his head, indicating that we were not in any distress. They waved and flew off, leaving us to our fates.

We continued to negotiate many technical rapids, soon encountering a series of falls challenging enough to warrant scouting by bank. At the base of a seven foot drop the water rushed onto a garage sized undercut rock. Then some of the water ricocheted to the right about ten feet over another **significant** falls. **The rest** piled up onto a big rock before the second falls and disappeared upstream into a crevasse.

We decided that I would go first, while my dad stood on the bank, ready to assist me if all did not go well. I managed the first falls without any problem and caught an eddy on river left above the undercut boulder. I convinced my dad to get into his boat to run the **first drop**, I would provide safety from my boat in the eddy.

My dad went over the falls a **little** too far to the right. As he traversed to the left at the bottom, the oncoming water flipped his kayak. Before he could roll, he was pushed against the undercut rock.

I peeled out into the current to help, but before I could get there, he disappeared. Then the current started to suck me into the crevasse. I had to use my hands to push myself out from the rocks and I went over the second falls utilizing

Ninjaflurrystrokes. Iwasserioulsycared.

In a panic I jumped out of my kayak, grabbed my throw rope and clambered over the boulders to where my father had vanished. For a moment I forgot all about the pain in my stumped big toe. When I arrived at the spot there was no response to my calls. A million possibilities raced through my mind as I scrambled around the boulders.

Then I paused... I could hear a faint voice, "Down here. Down here!" I looked down and to my left. There was a small space between two rocks, about two feet wide. I dropped to my hands and knees and crawled down through what proved to be a chimney, a chimney that led to a small cavern about six feet wide with a ceiling about two feet above the water. Most of the dim light came from the edge of the undercut boulder. My dad and his kayak were floating in there, trapped, but unhurt.

Though greatly relieved that my dad was still alive, I soon realized that getting his kayak out of there would be a formidable challenge. The swift current coming under the rock and the waterfall located immediately downstream dampened my desire to try to float the boat free. And although the hole above through the rocks looked like it might be large enough to allow the kayak to squeeze through, there wasn't enough clearance beyond the crack to concede its release.

I tried to move a large stone that might have made the difference, but the rock was too heavy for me to budge. My dad pulled his boat up as far as he could and then he climbed through the chimney to help me. Working together, we were



just able to move the rock out of the way.

We pulled his kayak up through the hole until it butted against the corner of a larger rock, wedged tightly in the crack. Our hearts sank because it appeared that we lacked about an inch of clearance. In desperation, we pushed and pulled. At last the kayak bent and scraped free past the large boulder.

After having spent about two hours on what amounted to a fifty foot stretch of river, we were ready to resume our journey down the river to hell.

We were starting to wonder if we would make it out of the canyon by dark. We weren't excited about spending a night without food or about facing my mom at

the take-out a day late. She was waiting for us and would probably call out the National Guard if we didn't arrive before dark.

We portaged a couple of times, not wanting to risk injury, going as fast as we could without killing ourselves. Finally the canyon opened up a bit and we could actually see the course of the river for a fair distance ahead. This was a welcome sight; we had become accustomed to the river disappearing over falls or through tight slots only a few yards ahead of the bows of our boats.

The next couple of miles would have been easy and fun if we hadn't been so exhausted. There was an hour of daylight left when we finally sighted the take-out and my mom, waiting on the bank. We were, needless to say, very happy to see her.

After stuffing our faces at our camp at Roger's Crossing, I was hesitant when asked the question, "Would you ever want to run the canyon again?"

However, looking back on it now, I believe I would. Maybe my eighteen year old brother could come along and make it a threesome. Even more of a family affair. But I would like to try it with more water, maybe 1000 more cubes.

After all, excitement and adrenalin can be good for the system!

The rat gets hungry.



Editor's note: Steve Bulette, Sr. is an Assistant Principal at Granite Hills High School in El Cajon, California. Steve, Jr. is a junior at San Diego State University, majoring in mathematics.

Big swim on the Watauga

The Date: July 4, 1989

The Place: Watauga River, NC

The Level: 10,000 cfs (A flood)

The Boaters: The author, Curly, **Larry**, Joe and Shemp (all 5 Stooges!)

*Author's note: For the sake of maintaining the anonymity of the other boaters involved in this fiasco, who never fold their immediate families or close friends of the incident, the names were changed to protect the insane. I will let them, and they **KNOW** who they are, decide if they want to go public in and accept responsibility.*

This big swim occurred on the **Watauga River** on the "easy" section above the Gorge. We Stooges selected this section after running around the North Carolina mountains for about four hours looking for something low enough to boat. Since none of us had seen this section, our selection of the Upper Watauga was based entirely on second hand information.

The **statement**, "There's nothing out there—it's just a flush," as made by Shemp, has become indelibly etched into my memory.

At the put in, no one showed any apprehension whatsoever, with the possible exception of Curly, who was a bit quieter than usual. The other members of the group were their normal, confident, cocky selves. For some reason though, I put **my keys** in my paddling jacket ~~pocket~~ instead of my boat. I also didn't take along my camera. These departures from the norm could have been interpreted as a premonition... but the mental fog was too thick to penetrate.

As we jumped on the river, I checked the time on my **Seiko**—1:49 p.m.

As we rounded the first bend, I noticed that the force of the river was incredible. The wave patterns were **confused** and dynamic. I **remember** thinking that it was a good thing that we weren't downstream paddling the **Watauga Gorge** at this level.

Hardy Har.

As we approached the first horizon line, I realized we were at the mercy of the river. Maneuvering to avoid large obstacles was difficult, because the obstacles were moving targets in the seething, pulsating brown water. Flotsam was everywhere. Curly was right in front of me, and we were both having trouble bracing into

waves that suddenly weren't there. We laughed nervously about the "fun" we were having.

As we ducked to ~~miss~~ a tree limb and a front porch that was normally twenty feet above the water, some locals on the left bank began cheering, as if we were a circus sideshow. They must have thought that we were going to die, and, by golly, they were going to have some fun watching! It was only seconds after we passed them that **all** hell broke loose.

The trouble began when the river necked down to half its previous width and began to drop steeply. The waves were gigantic, fifteen feet and growing. As I crested one huge wave I looked downstream to see Larry, who was leading, out of his boat and swimming for his life. I could not see Shemp, who had been running second.

Curly disappeared in front of me behind a huge wave as I punched the exploding **wave/holes**. When I crested the last wave, I saw Curly's boat upside down in the biggest hydraulic I have ever seen. I tried to summon the speed to punch it, but it was a lost cause.

When I hit the hole, I got the sickening feeling of being sucked in backwards. Then my Mirage was backended and repeatedly pinwheeled. **This** sequence of events left me upright, without my paddle, sideways in this megahole. **Curly's** boat was still in there with me and I grabbed it for stability. Joe's boat also joined me there for a while, and almost decapitated me on one of its recirculations.

A few seconds later I was violently window shaded, and, after executing the **most** dynamic hand rolls of my life, I **realized** that it was time to swim for it. As I ejected, I thought of several things.

First, I knew that swimming on a flooded river could be a life-threatening choice. I also knew that I **would be** entirely on my own, because the four Stooges ahead of me were in similar dire straights. My biggest fear was the strainers, since this **normally** narrow stream was running very high into the trees. But, in the final analysis, I realized that in my boat I was hopelessly stuck in the hydraulic, and that the only way out was swimming.

So out I came, and was immediately slammed to the bottom of the river. As I realized that I was in relatively **calm** water, I opened my eyes to reorient myself. First I saw pitch black, then, slowly the blackness gave way to a murky brown, then light brown... I was coming up.

I popped to the surface about fifty yards downstream of the hole. As

soon as I realized I was up, I looked downstream for obstructions and, seeing none, I looked for a relatively safe eddy. I found one the size of a truckstop on the right and made a superhuman effort to **reach** it with what little energy I had left.

Fortunately, I made it. I quickly surveyed the river to locate my paddling partners. I spotted three of them; Curly on my side of the river, and Larry and Joe on the other. Shemp was missing in action. After congratulating each other on making it to shore alive, Curly and I we began to search for Shemp. A short distance downstream, we found his boat, wrapped around a tree in the torrent. It didn't look like he was in it, but we could not be sure.

We hiked back to the put-in and hitched a ride downstream to reconnoiter with the rest of our party. There we found Shemp, in the company of the others. We had **all** survived.

The dude who had given us the ride must have thought that we were **all** a bunch of idiots. Even he, a "**civilian**", **knew** of the Class 6 rapid about 1/2 mile below the bridge.

Eventually we all got our boats back—although Larry's Reflex stayed in the **Watauga Gorge** for about three months before coming out of hiding. Four of us lost our nice graphite paddles and some other pieces of gear were never recovered. Later we learned that the river crested at 9,800 cfs at 2:00 p.m. We were very close to that crest. **Our** total river journey lasted less than two minutes.

Word of our little misadventure spread like wildfire through a National Park. Even non-boaters became enthralled with the legend of the five intrepid kayakers. **Months** later, during a **business** meeting, an auditor from Boone asked me if I knew any of those "crazy guys that almost drowned on the **Watauga River** in July". She had read about the fiasco in the newspaper.

I responded beneath my breath that it was certainly nobody I knew... From then on, I decided to wear a disguise at all times, for fear of **being recognized** as "ONE OF THEM". I was even forced to move to Atlanta to escape the incessant sniping of my former boating buddies.

In North Carolina boating circles we became known as "The Lemmings", for obvious reasons. Several songs and poems were **penned** by aspiring musicians and poets in tribute to the courage of the Stooges and in memory of their lost equipment. A fine example of this "art" follows. (To be sung to the tune of The Brady Bunch)

Here's the story, of a bunch of lemmings, Who were itching to paddle in a flood. It was July Fourth in 1989, and they were feeling good.

Here's the story, of a flooded river. Waves and holes so big it really was a flowin'. There were five men, putting on together, But they were all alone. 'Til that one day, on the Watauga at 10,000, And they knew that it was much more than hunch. When they put their boats upon this swollen river, That's the way they all became a river lunch. A river lunch, A river lunch, That's the way they all became a river lunch...

Editors note: This article was actually written by Dave Jordan of Atlanta, formerly of Raleigh, North Carolina. Dave supplied his name reluctantly... But really Dave, doesn't it feel better to have a clean slate? Now, if the other Stooges would just step forward, they too could be free of this terrible secret burden...

Forum continued

beard, but amazingly enough, in the months before I turned forty, utilizing a brutal exercise regimen coupled with starvation, I dropped thirty pounds.

I wish I could tell you that I received a lot of compliments regarding my new appearance. But, I didn't. My skinny friends never seemed to notice the change, while my plump compadres didn't like it one little bit. They examined me critically and said things like, "Are you sure you don't have cancer?" or "Wouldn't you like one of these brownies?"

It soon became clear to me that successfully losing weight does not endear one to those still fighting the battle of the bulge.

But did losing weight make me a better boater? Reverse the ravages of age? Make me a lean, mean kayaking machine?

Well, I certainly found myself sitting a lot higher off the water than before. My boat handled differently, but I'm not sure that it handled any better. I had more stamina but less brute strength. And I found myself getting cold on the river very, very easily.

Finally, on the day of my fortieth birthday, I discovered that I could paddle just as well (or as badly, depending on your viewpoint) as on the day before. So, all things considered, I guess losing the weight was worth it.

The important thing is that I learned from the experience... learned that

although there are some things that we can not control... like age, there are others... like physical conditioning, that are definitely within our grasp.

And now when I consider the river scene objectively, I realize that there are plenty of boaters out there, quite a bit older than I, who, on their worst day, can still paddle rings around me on my best day.

Whitewater boating happens to be one of those sports that treats its aging enthusiasts well, at least those who stay in shape. There are racer heads pushing forty that are actively competing for spots on

Duckie video review...continued

mastering whitewater.

So what have these "Bad Dogs" been up to lately? In which direction have they decided to send the sport this time?

The surprising answer to this question can be found in a new video, *A Token of My Extreme*, produced for Blackwater Video by Dan McMullen. Incredible as it may seem, the boys have, at least temporarily, forsaken fiberglass.

"For plastic?", you ask incredulously.

No. The answer is even stranger than that. They have relinquished their fiberglass for rubber.

That's right... rubber! As in duckies!

"Geek boats!"

But these are no run of the mill duckies and these are no geeks. These are Thrillseekers, high performance rubber boats designed and produced by Albright, West Virginia's Attila Szilagyi. And what the Bad Dogs are doing with these creations is nothing short of amazing.

As documented in McMullen's video, the Bad Dogs are utilizing these rubber vessels to expand the horizons of whitewater boating, tackling tiny, steep creeks with gradients of more than 400 feet/ mile and flows of less than 100 cfs. In so doing they have opened up a new frontier for whitewater sport; descending creeks that inarguably could never be safely paddled in hard boats. One of the advantages of this new approach to the sport is that it allows the adventurous to seek out class V and VI thrills, even when the rain gods have been less than cooperative.

And while the rubber format reduces some of the risks posed by the undercuts, strainers and technical falls characteristic of these tiny streams, the video nonetheless suggests that Thrillseeking is

the team. Most of the hot hair and squirt boaters I know are well into their thirties. And there are several very competent boaters paddling the Upper Yough and Gauley who are well into their sixties.

So, these days, when I start to feeling "old and lonely and in the way", I know the cure. I just throw my boat on the roof of my pickup and head for the river. Inevitably, after a few minutes on the water, I start to feel younger and a whole lot better about myself. Call it a form of hydrotherapy. One thing for sure. It beats the hell out of playing bingo with the rest of the oldtimers down at the center.

not for the faint of heart. Although the risk of pins and wraps has been reduced, it has not been eliminated. And the new format is clearly a contact sport; in the video boats and boaters careen off rocks, logs and undercuts in a fashion that surely results in the loss of plenty of human hide.

It is also apparent from watching the video that successful outer limit Thrillseeking requires plenty of skill and a thorough, almost instinctive, understanding of current as a function of streambed anatomy. In this regard Jeff Snyder is clearly the master, and so, as a consequence is the "star" of the video.

As an added bonus the video also includes an impressive segment of Snyder hard boat squirting without a paddle in a sizable hydraulic, presumably on the Cheat.

The musical soundtrack of the 36 minute video is exciting and effectively synchronized to the action. Some might wish for narration or subtitles that would identify the boaters and the location where the film was being made.

The quality of the footage is consistently good, McMullen and Glen Stirling have caught the action from effective points of view and with steady hands. Occasional slow motion sequences and computer modified graphic sequences are also used to good effect. The final sequence which includes a number of Thrillseeking Close Calls is particularly dramatic.

In summary, anyone tired of conventional paddling and looking for a dramatic new approach to running whitewater will likely be intrigued by this video.

A Token of My Extreme is available for \$29.95 from Blackwater Video, 304-292 4048, 659 Madison Ave., Morgantown, West Virginia 26505.

AFFILIATES

- ADK **Genesee** Valley
c/o Scott Trude
3565 N. Creek Rd.
Palmyra, NY 14522
- Adirondack Mountain Club
RR 3, Box 3055
Lake George, NY 12845
- Adobe Whitewater Club
P.O. Box 3835
Albuquerque, NM 87190
- Allegheny Canoe Club
c/o Walk Pilewski
755 W. Spring St.
Titusville, PA 16354
- AMC Berkshire
c/o Bill Cushwa
63 Silver Street
S. Hadley, MA 01075
- AMC Delaware Valley
c/o Eric Pavlak
Apt. X2-11 Hatfield Village
Hatfield, PA 19440
- AMC New York
c/o Maxine Grover
2 Secora Rd. #C5
S. Monsey, NY 10952
- America Outdoors
P.O. Box 1348
Knoxville, TN 37901
- Appalachian Paddling
Enthusiasts
c/o Bill Perkins
P.O. Box 60
Erwin, TN 37650
- Arkansas Valley Whitewater
Club
P.O. Box 593
Salida, CO 81201
- Ashville YMCA Kayak Club
c/o Chuck Hines
5 Holly Hill Ct.
Ashville, NC 28806
- Beartooth Paddlers
c/o Ron Ladders
1124 Sunnyside #103E
Billings, MT 59101
- Birmingham Canoe Club
P.O. Box 951
Birmingham, AL 35201
- Bluegrass Wildwater
Assoc.
P.O. Box 4231
Lexington, KY 40544
- Boat Busters Anonymous
2961 Hemingway Ave.
Oakdale, MN 55128
- Buck Ridge Ski Club
P.O. Box 179
Bala Cynwyd, PA 19004
- Burned Out Canoe Club
c/o Fred Vaughn
Box 15
McConnell, WV 25633
- California Kayak Friends
14252 Culver Dr. #A-199
Irvine, CA 92714
- Canoe Club of Harrisburg
c/o John Ressler
180 Andersonstown Rd.
Dover, PA 17315
- Canoe Cruisers **Associa-
tion**
P.O. Box 572
Arlington, VA 22216
- Carolina Canoe Club
P.O. Box 12932
Raleigh, NC 27605
- Central Georgia River
Runners
P.O. Box 6563
Macon, GA 31208
- Champaign Canoeing
c/o Keech T. LeClair
Brayton Park, Beach Rd.
Ossining, NY 10562
- Chicago Whitewater Assoc.
c/o Marge Cline
1343 N. Portage
Palatine, IL 60067
- Club Adventure
c/o Adventure Quest
P.O. Box 184
Woodstock, VT 05091
- Coastal Canoeists
P.O. Box 566
Richmond, VA 23204
- Colorado Rocky Mtn.
School
c/o Bob Campbell
1493 Rd. 106
Carbondale, CO 81623
- Colorado Whitewater
Association
c/o Jon Allen
217 Canyonside Drive
Salina Star Route
Boulder, CO 80302
- Ctl. III. Whitewater Club
2502 Willow Street
Pekin, IL 61554
- E. Tennessee Whitewater
Club
P.O. Box 5774
Oak Ridge, TN 37831-5774
- Foothills Canoe Club
P.O. Box 6331
Greenville, SC 29606
- Garden State Canoe Club
c/o Linda Gorman
170 Stahl's Way
N. Plainfield, NJ 07060
- Georgia Canoeing Assoc.
P.O. Box 7023
Atlanta, GA 30357
G.L.O.P.
- c/o James Tibensky
P.O. Box 2576
Chicago, IL 60690
- Greater Baltimore Canoe
Club
P.O. Box 591
Ellicott City, MD 21043
- Guadalupe River Paddlers
c/o Betty Walls
37 Chaparral
New Braunfels, TX 78130
- Headwaters Paddling
Assoc.
Box 1392
Bozeman, MT 59715
- Hong Kong Snakes Kayak
Club
22 Bushy Hill Rd.
Simsbury, CT 06070
- Hoosier Canoe Club
c/o Dave Ellis
4770 N. Kessler Blvd.
Indianapolis, IN 46208
- Housatonic Canoe & Kayak
104 Kent Rd.
Cornwall Bridge, CT 06754
- Ichthyological Assoc. Inc.
c/o John Homa, Jr.
50 Ludlowville Rd.
Lansing, NY 14882
- Idaho State Outdoor Pgm.
c/o Ron Watters
Box 8118, ISU
Pocatello, ID 83209
- Idaho Whitewater Assoc.
5010 Bitterbush
Boise, ID 83703
- Kayak & Canoe Club of
Boston
c/o Peter Cogan
Landmark College
Putney, VT 05341
- Kayaking I-IV
c/o Schumacher
471 Hagemann Dr.
Livermore, CA 94550
KCCNY
- c/o Pierre De Rham
P.O. Box 195
Garrison, NY 10524
- Keelhaulers Canoe Club
c/o Jane Allinson
375 Erieview
Sheffield Lake, OH 44054
- KNIK** Canoers & Kayakers
c/o Bob Wemple
2627 Ingra
Anchorage, AK 99508
- Lansing Oar & Paddle Club
P.O. Box 26254
Lansing, MI 48909
- Leaping Lounge Lizards
c/o Rick Norman
3437 E. Green St.
Pasadena, CA 91107
- Ledyard** Canoe Club
Box 9
Hanover, NH 03755
- Lehigh Valley Canoe Club
P.O. Box 2726
Lehigh Valley, PA 18001
- Lower Columbia Canoe
Club
22800 S. Unger Rd.
Colton, OR 97017
- Meramec River Canoe Club
c/o Earl Biffle
26 Lake Road
Fenton, MO 63026
- Merrimack Valley Paddlers
c/o George May
157 Naticook Road
Merrimack, NH 03054
- Metropolitan Canoe &
Kayak
P.O. Box 021868
Brooklyn, NY 11202-0040
- Minnesota Canoe Assoc.
P.O. Box 13567
Minneapolis, MN 55414
- Mohawk Canoe Club
2108 Nottingham Way
Trenton, NJ 08619-3032
- Monoco** Canoe Club
c/o Frank Cancellieri
861 Colts Neck Rd.
Freehold Twp., NJ 07728
- National Park Service
Upper Delaware **S&RR**
P.O. Box C
Narrowsburg, NY 12764
NORS
- c/o Mary McCurdy
Box 6847
Colorado Springs, CO 80904
- North Texas River Runners
215 Lakeshore Dr.
Haxahachie, TX 75165
- Northwest Passage
1130 Greenleaf Ave.
Wilmette, IL 60091
- Nova Riverrunners
P.O. Box 1129
Chickaloon, AK 99674
ORGT
- c/o S. Beaumont
SAC-0110 Georgia Tech
Atlanta, GA 30332

Outdoor Adventure Program Bldg. 2807 Mt. Home AFB, ID 83648-5000 Outdoor Centre of New England 8 Pleasant St. Millers Falls, MA 01349 Ozark Wilderness Waterways P.O. Box 16032 Kansas City, MO 64112 Perception Kayak Club c/o Perception Inc. 1110 Powdersville Rd. Easley, SC 29640 Philadelphia Canoe Club 4900 Ridge Ave. Philadelphia, PA 19128 Pikes Peak Whitewater Club c/o Kathleen Laurin 20 Manitou Ter. Manitou Springs, CO 80829-1742 Richmond Raft Co. c/o Stuart Bateman 11048 Warwick Blvd. Newport News, VA 23601	River Rendezvous P.O. Box 888 Telluride, CO 81435 River Touring Section c/o Patrick Murphy 411 E. Las Flores Dr. Altadena, CA 91001 Rockin "R" 1405 Gruene Rd. New Braunfels, TX 78130-3334 Sebago Canoe Club c/o Richard Schneider 1751 67th St. Brooklyn, NY 11204 Sierra Club Alaska c/o Jack Hession 241 E. 5th Ave. #205 Anchorage, AK 99501 Sierra Club Loma Prieta c/o Dave Kim 3309 Oxford Lane San Jose, CA 95117 Sierra Club RTS c/o Lynne Van Ness 159 Southwind Drive Pleasant Hill, CA 94523	Sierra Nevada WW Club c/o Charlie Albright 7500 Gladstone Drive Reno, NV 89506 Texas Whitewater Assoc. Box 5429 Austin, TX 78763 Three Rivers Paddling Club c/o Paul Kammer 400 6th St. Beaver Falls, PA 15010 Tight Skirt Sprayskirts P.O. Box 8 Ohiopyle, PA 15470 Toledo River Gang c/o Mike Sidell 626 Louisiana Avenue Perrysburg, OH 43551 Triad River Runners P.O. Box 5771 Winston-Salem, NC 27113 U. of Maine at Machias Library 9 O'Brien Ave. Machias, ME 04654 University of Tennessee Student Activities Office 343 University Center Knoxville, TN 37996	Valdez Alpine Club c/o Andrew Embick P.O. Box 1889 Valdez, AK 99686 West Virginia Wildwater Assoc. P.O. Box 8413 S. Charleston, WV 25303 Western Carolina Paddlers c/o Chris Newcomb Route 1, Box 522 Candler, NC 28715 Wildcat Canoe Club c/o Michael Ranstead 3425 E. 106th St. Carmel, IN 46032 Zoar Outdoor P.O. Box 245 Charlemont, MA 01339
---	---	--	---

Close Calls Survey continued

Table 1. Frequency Of Selected Rivers Involved In Whitewater-Related Incidents 1980 to April, 1991

River Name	Section	Frequency
Arkansas, CO		
	Browns	2
	Pine Creek	1
	Royal Gorge	2
Big Sandy Creek, WV		4
Chatooga, GA		
	Section III	3
	Section IV	4
Cheat Gorge, WV		5
Colorado		
	Grand Canyon	3
	Gore Canyon	2
Upper Gauley, WV		17
Green Narrows, NC		3
New Gorge, WV		7
North Fk. American, CA		
	Chamberlin	3
	Giant Gap	1
North Fk. Clearwater, ID		5
Potomac, MD		
	Great Falls	1
	Little Falls	3
	Mather	1

Tygart, WV		
	Gorge	5
	Arden	2
	Middle Fork	1
North Fk. Payette, ID		1
Russell Fork, KY		2
Watauga, NC		
	Gorge	5
	Section III	5
Youghigheny, PA, MD		
	Upper	6
	Top	2
	Lower	8
	Middle	3

Table 3. Leading Whitewater-Related Incidents Occurring in Class II and Class III Whitewater by Accident Type, 1980 to April, 1991

Accident Type	Number'	(%)
Side Pin—middle	9	47.3
Other Boat Entrapment	3	15.8
Log/Debris	4	21.0
Rock Sieve	2	10.5
Undercut Trap	1	5.3
Class III (N=59)		
Accident Type	Number'	(%)
Vertical Pin	2	3.4
Side Pin—Middle	11	18.6
Undercut Trap	7	11.8

Side Pin—Ends	6	10.1
Log/Debris	11	18.6
Rock Sieve	4	6.7
Foot Entrapment	2	3.3

Table 4. Leading Whitewater-Related Incidents Occurring in Class IV and Class V Whitewater by Accident Type, 1980 to April, 1991

Accident Type	Number'	(%)
Class IV (N=86)		
Vertical Pin	13	15.1
Side Pin—Middle	7	8.1
Undercut Trap	11	12.7
Recirculation	21	24.4
Long Swim	17	19.7
Log/Debris	11	12.7
Rock Sieve	6	6.9
Class V (N=53)		
Accident Type	Number*(%)	
Vertical Pin	3	5.7
Side Pin—Middle	7	13.2
Recirculation	19	35.8
Long Swim	22	41.5
Undercut	3	5.6
Log/Debris	2	3.7
Other Type	11	20.7

Numbers do not add up to the Totals, since more than one accident type could be chosen for each incident.

Advice from an All-American girl

It's the American thing to do

By CARLA GARRISON

You've probably heard the story. The one about the tiny parasitic catfish in the Amazon headwaters that wiggles its way into the unmentionable orifices of the human body, then embeds the spines of its gill covers into the surrounding tissue so that it can't be pulled out. You probably didn't really believe it, did you?

Well, let me tell you that I never doubted it for a minute. **Any** story that hideous just has to be **true**. So it came as no surprise to me when a doctor friend of mine **showed** me a nine page article about this endearing creature, published in the latest issue of the *Journal of Wilderness Medicine*. The report, which includes pictures of the fish and documents cases that necessitated penile amputations in men and caused lethal hemorrhages in women, explains that not just one, but six, different members of the genus **Candiru** have been implicated in this kind of disgusting assault.

The author of the article points out, in defense of the **Candiru**, that it normally parasitizes the gills of other fish, and that it probably swims instinctively up the human holes by mistake. But somehow I doubt that piece of information would be of much comfort to a victim of a **Candiru** attack.

There are, of course, lots of catfish in the rivers that we all paddle every day. In fact, one old timer, who fishes in West Virginia, tells me that some of the ancient catfish, who live in the deepest pools of the New, are more than five feet long and weigh hundreds and hundreds of pounds! No **one** ever manages to catch these wily monsters, but he says that they are there, and I believe him.

But before you give up boating the New, let me assure you that there is no way that any five hundred pound catfish is going to try to swim up one of your holes where it doesn't belong. The catfish in the New are good old fashioned American catfish and, unlike their Brazilian cousins, **they've got good** manners and they know their place.

Which brings me to my point. Why would anyone in their right mind expose themselves to something like the **Candiru**? Why take a chance and dip your precious bottom into the **murky** waters of the Amazon headwaters?

Yet more and more American kayakers insist upon spending their vacations paddling abroad. It's the hip, **trendy** thing to do.

Well, it seems to me that everyone

should stay at home and paddle in the good old USA and quit traipsing all over the world in search of fame and glory. I'm telling you these exotic paddling spots are ripe with all sorts of menace, and I for one have no intention of subjecting myself to it.

Since I started writing for this rag I seem to have attained a certain degree of notoriety in paddling circles. (*Editors' note: Carla was notorious long before that!*) Now I get calls all the time from crazy people I don't even know who want me to join all sorts of outlandish expeditions to the most **Godawful** places. Most of these trips are free, and in some cases, they even offer to pay me! Well, some people might be willing to do almost anything to flash their biceps on National Geographic Explorer or the Discovery Channel, but not me! And it's not just modesty either, though I am, by nature, a modest person. (*Editors' note: Riight.....*)

I can accept the risk of paddling class VI water... as long as it's good, honest American class VI water. What I won't accept is the potential for disaster that comes with meandering through some disgusting foreign country; places where the don't serve **Coors**, places where they allow people to smoke on airplanes, places where they aren't even smart enough to speak English!

South America is a perfect example. If the **Candiru** doesn't get you, the piranha will. And if the fish don't get you the head-hunters might. Do you want to spend eternity dangling from somebody's lodge pole shriveled up to the size of a lemon? Or maybe you plan to stick to the high country of Peru. I understand the Shining Path guerrillas really know how to give their hostages a good time.

But it seems like every paddler I know is off to Chile to paddle the Bio Bio and the Fataleufu. The Fataleufu! What the hell kind of a name is that? There's no dignity to the sound of it! I certainly have no desire to paddle some river that sounds like some old lady's flatulent poodle dog.

And who in their right mind would want to boat in Africa? I've heard the horror stories from the Zambezi. Imagine being crushed by some smelly, sexually deranged hippo trying to mate with your boat. As big and stupid as they are, they can still swim about ninety miles an hour! And after the hippo has its way with you, some crocodile will, like as not, mosey along and nip off your leg for a midday snack. And need I remind you what disease you are almost certain to get

if you get a blood transfusion in Africa?

Asia? No way! A sizable majority of the people there actually believe that cows rank further up the cosmic ladder than people. Lots of these people starve to death, while those cows waltz around browsing in the rice fields like they owned the place. These Asians even use all their wood to cremate the old cows that have died of natural causes, while they throw their dead grannies in the river like worn out tires! I have always tried to be tolerant of pollution in the rivers, but I draw the line at eddies full of dead people.

Come to think of it, that sort of sounds like a scene from the Lower **Yough** on a Sunday afternoon in July!

Maybe you think that Australia would be more civilized. Well, admittedly they do speak English, though they don't speak it well. But the damned place is full of poisonous snakes and, worse yet, disgusting men, who look and act like Paul Hogan and refer to women in derogatory terms like "Birdie" and "Barbie".

And they eat mutton, too. **Mutton** is the meat of a greasy old sheep that has gone bald. Sounds yummy, huh? We make dog food out of mutton in this country.

And don't imagine that boating in Europe would be any better. Ask the members of the U.S. Whitewater team. They found themselves in the middle of a civil war during last **year's** world championships.

Consider this. Studies show that the average Frenchman consumes ten times more wine than the average citizen of the world, and the average German shows such **finesse**... they sit so erect in their boats it makes you wonder if they've developed some new kind of saddle.

Now Canada is a **different** matter. Those color coordinated pastel paddling outfits that they wear are so incredibly stylish. I'll admit that a trip to **Quebec** to get to know them tempts me. Besides, Canada isn't really a foreign country, is it? The way I see it, it's just a big old suburb of the United States.

In conclusion, I strongly believe we should all honor the old adage and Paddle America's Rivers First. It's better for the balance of trade, and one hell of a lot safer. It's the American thing to do.

And if you don't **take my** advice and you wind up with a catfish up your fanny, don't come whining to me... **cause** I ain't gonna be the one to pull it out!

Plan to attend the AWA....



Ocoee River Rodeo

June 27-28, 1992

Surface boat competition

men's intermediate
men's expert
women's intermediate
women's expert

Squirt boat competition

• *men's intermediate*
men's expert
women's intermediate
women's expert

Open canoe hole-riding competition

Man of Rubber Raft Race

and of course, the annual Ocoee Rodeo party featuring...

**food, drink and good company*

• *silent auction*

**used boat sale*

• *whitewater videos*

• *the famous Ocoee Rodeo raffle*

For information, contact: Susan Gentry
252 Deer Creek Trail
Hoschton, GA 30548
(404)654-2725



american whitewater

AWA Journal

PO Box 85

Phoenicia, NY 12464

Address Correction Requested

NON-PROFIT
U.S. POSTAGE

Permit No. 326
Birmingham, AL