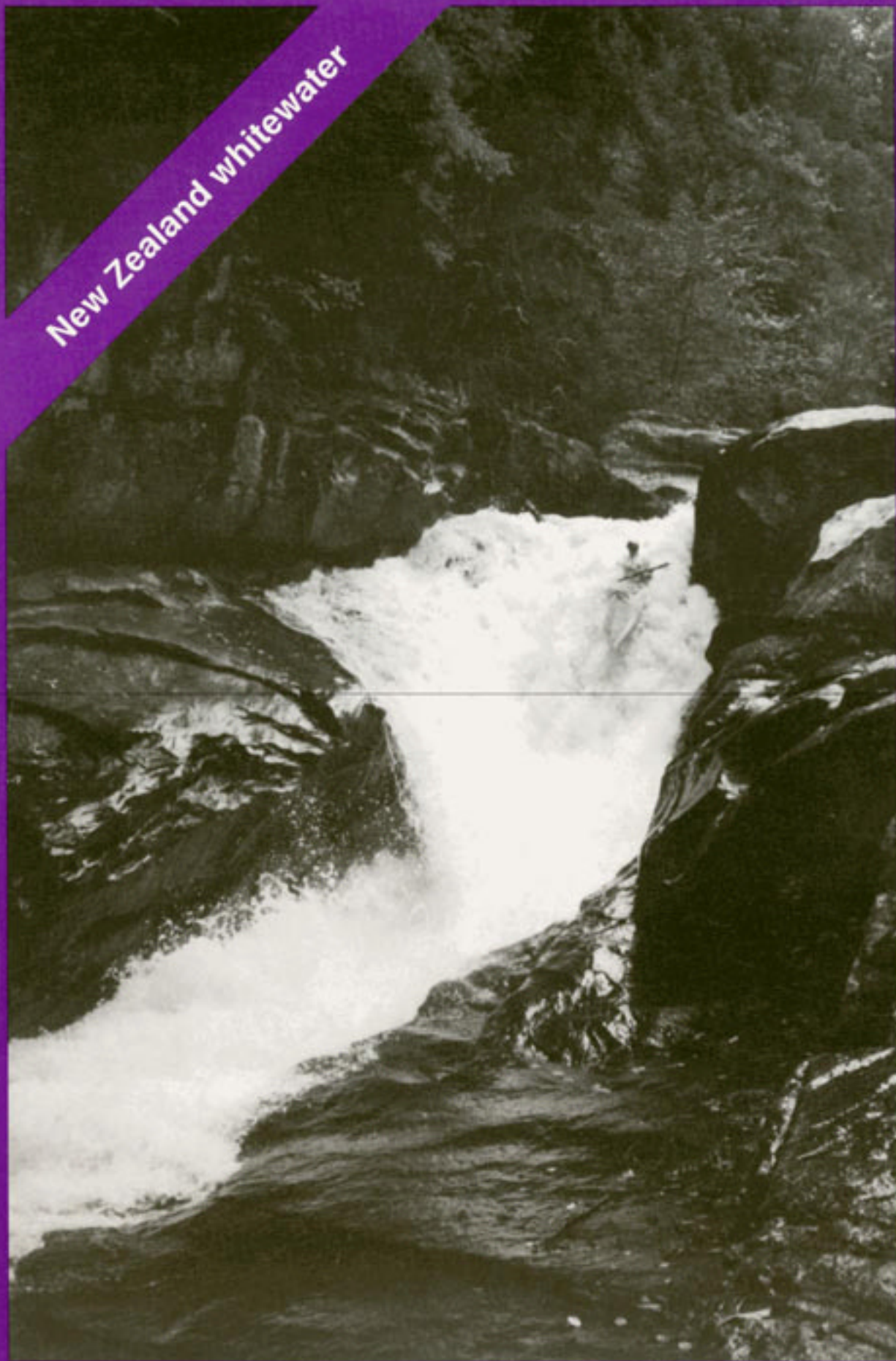


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JOURNAL OF THE
AMERICAN WHITewater
AFFILIATION

March/April 1992

May/June 1992

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FORUM

We got no stinkin' policy

A couple days ago, I received a disturbing communication.

It seems that some prominent figures in the whitewater outfitting industry (i.e. commercial rafting) were upset with several recent **articles** that appeared in American Whitewater. The letter went on to say that these **articles** presented a bias against outfitters and suggested that this editorial policy would be counter productive to boater-outfitter relations.

Well, I had to chuckle.

The fad is, this magazine ain't professional enough to have any "official" editorial policy. Its "policy" is pretty much dependent on the mood I'm in when I throw this rag-tag publication together. There ain't no committee of AWA directors looking over my shoulder, advising what to print.

And since I've worked as a safety boater and as a marketing and organizational consultant for an outfitter for the last five **years**--I don't think I have any natural prejudices against the industry. Hell, even some of my best friends are...uh...rafters.

Now, like any two different groups that share a common resource, the interests of boaters and outfitters will occasionally dash. When they do, I'm likely to print the news from a boater's perspective. After all, the constituency of the AWA are predominantly private boaters.

Similarly, when outfitters and boaters share a common cause, we're happy to trumpet the outfitter's viewpoint. Like in the last issue when AW railed against the presence of "pirate" rafters on the Kennebec.

The agendas of boaters and outfitters will never perfectly dovetail. But we'll always share certain common goals: clean water, free-flowing rivers, and continued access to our public whitewater resources. The presence of these major shared objectives should be sufficient to ensure that both parties continue to work together for the common good.

And so far as an "official" AWA editorial policy--it's as divergent as the opinions of its members. Directors, regional coordinators and members often submit editorial contributions based on issues concerning their parts of the country. I try to tone down some of the stridency of some of the submissions--but more often than **not**--I just let the **articles** fly.

If commercial outfitters--or for that matter, any other party--are offended, they can take consolation in the **fact** that the report doesn't necessarily reflect the opinion of the entire AWA organization. But let's hope that these groups also realize that criticism from any source, regardless how small, merits consideration when it effects how a public resource like whitewater is utilized.



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PURPOSE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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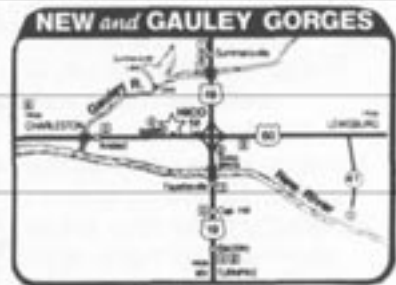
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LETTERS

Sick reader

Dear Editor.

This magazine is starting to make me sick! I was very disappointed when I read the conservation section in the November/December 91 issue of American Whitewater. It must be pretty bad when you can't find anybody to trash, except the author of a river guide book. (That doesn't sound semi-professional to me.)

Ed Gertler has been running whitewater since the early 60s and has run more creeks and rivers than most boaters ever will. In the first place, if Ed had thought the Upper Yough too tough to navigate, he either would have said so or there wouldn't have been a write-up on that section. The first sentence of his description talks about the Upper Yough having the whitewater that made the river famous. Now I know (and I hope you do too) that there is no such thing as famous whitewater that is non-navigable.

Ed's description is very well written for a book that was published in 1983. I'm sure A.W. wouldn't want him to downplay the nature of the river and then have some "Complete geek who could not paddle across a bathtub" drown on the river. You folks should go back and read what the purpose of the AWA is, not just look at the pictures. Specifically the education and safety sections.

Just because F.E.R.C. found a strange way to misconstrue Ed's description is no reason to use him as a scapegoat.

At least Ed Gertler signs his name to his publications, not a revolting alias like the author of the conservation section. What is this magazine coming to?

Bob Walsh
Burned Out Canoe Club

P.S. What map do you all have that shows the Russell Fork in Tennessee? The Russell Fork is Virginia's premiere class 6 run that flows into Kentucky, a good 36 miles from Tennessee (as the crow flies).

(Editors' Reply- We should be whipped! We should be flogged! Sadly, you are right on both counts. Tennessee is home to many great rivers, but, alas, the Russell Fork is not one of them.

And we do owe Ed Gertler an apology. Those of us who know Ed, hold him and his books in the highest regard. Ed has done a lot for our sport and he is a real gentleman. The writer of the conservation

piece in questions meant to direct this sarcasm as F.E.R.C., not at Ed, but it is easy to see how the comment could be mistaken for a cheap shot.

So Ed, if you are still reading American Whitewater, please accept our apology.)

Guides to B.C.

Dear Chris,

Congratulations for running the story on "Boating in British Columbia" in your Jan/Feb 1992 issue. It is indeed the "Great Whitewater North" as titled by author Adam Shandro. But I will appreciate it if you will correct two errors for your readers:

Adam states "...there are no definitive guidebooks to the better runs in B.C. The series of guides by Betty Pratt-Johnson tends to overrate rivers and concentrates primarily on those with a Class 3+ to 4- rating."

He then goes on to describe three runs included in "Whitewater Trips for Kayakers, Canoeists and Rafters in British Columbia: Greater Vancouver through Whistler, Okanagan and Thompson River Regions" basically agreeing with my ratings. I call the Meatgrinder on the Nahatlatch Class 4 to 4+ -- he calls it a solid 4. I think he has not read my books. If there is any discrepancy in our ratings, I've underrated many rivers as far as Adam is concerned: Some runs that I've rated Class 3+ to 4 Adam describes as "awesome."

Apart from his statement re: no definitive guides and re: ratings, it's a great story. And--do I ever agree!--Adam's party was very lucky to meet Diesel. He's a fun, enthusiastic guy who knows B.C. rivers inside and out. I recommend that paddlers who are turned on by Adam's excellent article read my books and then contact Diesel.

(1) In the three "Whitewater Trips" books in print you'll find descriptions of 88 whitewater trips and 12 hot springs, seven of them primitive. Yes, Class 2 water as well. So many good trips for different folks--from rain forest to desert rivers, to saltwater rapids that sparkle like fireworks.

These three definitive guidebooks for three regions of British Columbia include:

a. Rob Lesser hole-riding on Gold River, page 28 of "Whitewater Trips/ Vancouver Island".

b. Meat grinder photo with "yours truly" upside down and flailing--that was the day the drop got its name. But please

LETTERS

note, I finally rolled up. No swim. Page 183, "Whitewater Trips/British Columbia".

c. First descents on Horsethief and Bobbie Burns Creeks, "Whitewater Trips and Hot Springs/Kootenays".

To obtain these guidebooks, contact your library or bookstore or write to Adventure Publishing, Point Grey RPO, PO Box 39141, Vancouver, B.C. Canada V6R 4P1. Fax or telephone (604) 731-9958.

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Yours Truly,
Betty Pratt-Johnson
Vancouver, B.C.

Chill out, man!

Hey Gary:

Chill out man! Sublimate your reproductive drive by going paddling and by writing more of your sublime whitewater drive! At least your words and thoughts (?) are reproduced in American Whitewater. The truly enlightened recognize your creative genius and kindred soul. Even God's literary output, the Ten Commandments, was ill-received by some! Poll your readership if you dare and need the encouragement!

Your supporter,
Jack Mitchell

Gracias to Lars

Dear Chris,

Kudos and Muchas Gracias to Lars Holbek and his Chile Prepper Primer! He has done a great service to potential international whitewater cowboys (and cowgirls) in briefly describing some of the rivers of Chile. I had the opportunity to do 5 of the rivers listed in 1991, and this definitely whets my appetite for another trip down south to that country of great whitewater and vino tinto!

Having boated throughout the 1980s in California, I was well versed in the California Standard: "Guide to the Best Hairball Whitewater Stories and Boating in California" by Lars and Chuck Stanley.

After moving to Georgia, I don't get much opportunity to use that classic guide, but I'm ready to buy that "Guide to the Best Whitewater in Chile" Lars, if you can make yourself sit at the word processor long enough.

Thanks!
David Wallace
Norcross, GA

Leave Ed alone!

An open letter to our Capitol Correspondent

Dear Sir,

You may not remember me; we've met several times at various CCA gatherings and on the river occasionally. I have not been around for some time as I am currently doing Peace Corp work in Nepal.

I've been receiving the AWA journal, though, and so have been keeping abreast of whitewater happenings—the most spectacular of which are by far and away your conservation efforts. You are doing amazing work and deserve enormous thanks and appreciation. We are, without exception, all being enriched by your efforts and commitment.

However, one statement you made (in a recent journal article) was, I thought enormously unfair. Admittedly, Ed Gertler's description of the Upper Yough contributes to the ease with which the authorities are snatching that river away from us. But, that is more the fault of the law than Ed's description. And, as you well know, Ed has a responsibility to accurately describe the rivers he reviews. He writes for the entire boating community, not just the people who might successfully run the Upper Yough. The Upper Yough is potentially fatally dangerous for most people to try to navigate. The more people who hurt themselves or die on the river, the less empathy the general public will have with the boating community. By making rivers safer for everyone, Ed's generally accurate descriptions do the boating community a service, not a disservice.

I know this makes a difficult job more difficult and I am enclosing \$30 (about half my monthly salary) in my own small effort to help. Thanks again for your hard and somewhat miraculous work.

Yours,
Lynn Rodgers
Kathmandu, Nepal



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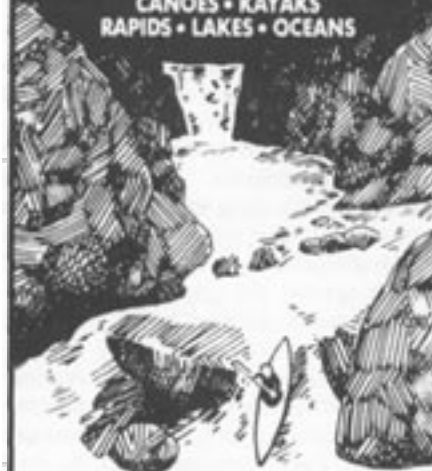
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Hydro spurns boater's comments

By **RICH BOWERS**
Conservation Program
Director

In the last journal, the AWA reported on the processing of over 160 hydro applications for 231 dam sites (in 24 states) across the country. Through this process, the AWA hoped to gain previously un-run river segments de-watered by hydro bypasses, better access to rivers through power company lands, and scheduled release dates and flow levels.

After researching each of these 160 applications, within the 60 day comment period allowed to the public by the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC), the AWA found 28 which had direct impacts on whitewater boating. On March 1st we filed requests for additional studies, needed to represent recreational and environmental uses of these rivers.

Comments on these study requests are coming back - and the news is not good! From the returns so far, (I haven't seen comments from the Deerfield or Penobscot) it is clear that the hydro-developers, and the National Hydropower Association, are not willing to lose one red cent to address a nationwide concern over public resources.

While this may not have surprised anyone, I admit that I was shocked at the overall disregard for the opportunities presented by this re-licensing, and at the tone set by the power industry. In their obviously well coordinated responses, each of our requests are disregarded as: "generic requests", "promoting the



Rich Bowers sits before a stack of comments regarding the effects of hydro plants on whitewater recreation. Power producers are virtually ignoring AWA comments.

limited objectives of its affiliates", and "irresponsible and overreaching".

And not only AWA requests have met this fate -- Fish and Wildlife, state resource agencies, environmental groups (such as the Conservation Law Foundation, and the Saco River Salmon Club) have been summarily dis-missed as "not-justified".

This **article** is not meant to rebut these comments (even where a limited number of shareholders, profiting from a public resource, accuse the AWA of "promoting limited objectives"), but addresses the overall failure of the hydro industry to address the opportunity to restore river habitat and recreation to those who enjoy them.

In no instance does the power industry recognize the national initiative pre-

sented by this process, nor do they address the 30 to 50 year impacts represented by their continued policies. Even in the face of a growing national awareness of the dangers of "irresponsible" damming of our rivers, the power companies are happy

to keep their blinders on and follow their **bottom** line.

Until this can change, it will be up to the AWA, and others, to protect these "limited objectives", and promote "equal consideration" of river uses above and beyond power production.

Introducing the greatest wilderness screw-ups

By **RICH BOWERS**

Let's paint a picture, something along the lines of those calendars that hit the book stores each year. I'm specifically thinking of the one titled "The World's Hardest Golf Courses". You know the one, where the green sits on a small rock on the lip of Niagara Falls! I propose a new one for this year, "The

Greatest Wilderness **Screw-ups** of the World".

Coming up with a cover photo is fairly easy: it's a picture of the Geddes Resources Limited, Windy Craggy mine near the confluence of the Tatshenshini (Tat) and Alsek river canyons.

Considered to be North America's wildest rivers, the Tat and Alsek (with

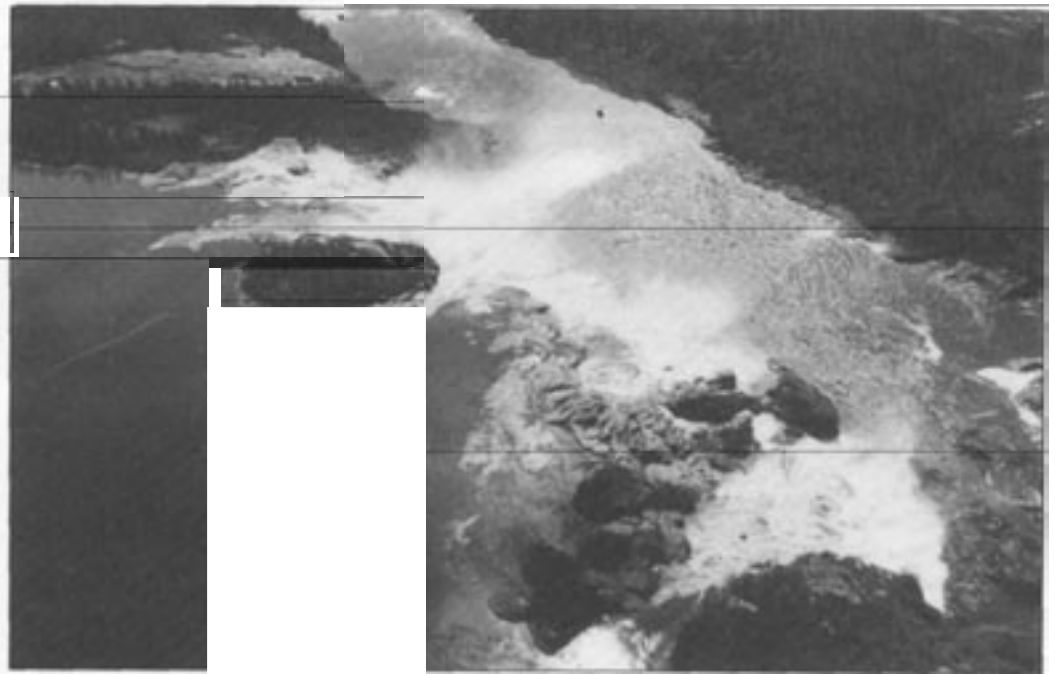
a flow six times that of the Colorado) sit between Glacier Bay National Park in Southeast Alaska, and Kluane National Park in Canada's Yukon. Both rivers are among the 10 best raft trips in the **world**, and the Alsek contains the legendary Turn Back Canyon, made famous by the late Walt Blackadar in his article 'Caught up in a hell of whitewater!'

This area, if protected, would complement the adjoining wilderness of Wrangel-St. Elais National Park, Kluane National Park, Glacier Bay National Park and Preserve and the **Tongass** National Forest and would create the world's largest protected international **wilderness!**

Alright, so there's our picture. Now let's take this spectacular area, home of prime grizzly habitat, bald eagles, and the largest nonpolar ice-fields in the world, and add in a ...Copper Mine??

That's right!, Geddes Resources Limited of Toronto hopes to start mining over 100 million tons of copper (and gold, silver and cobalt) from the 6,200 ft. Windy Craggy Mountain, just 20 miles east of the Alaskan border. Visual enhancements proposed by this project **include** the destruction of the mountain itself, and the **creation** of a 2,000 foot deep pit to take its place. To contain the 48 million tons of acid-generating waste rock from this mine, Geddes will construct a scenic 2.5 mile reservoir, separated from the Tat by a 100 foot high dam (built, of course, in an active fault zone). Additional waste rock, with a lower sulfide content and a lower contamination rate, will simply be dumped on the nearby glacier.

To complete this scenario, let's also throw in 70 miles of roads (20 along the



Lower Falls on Quebec's Great Whale River. A massive hydro project threatens the river.

banks of the Tat), to accommodate the 120 to 225 ore trucks rumbling out of here each day. These trucks are on their way to the port of Haines, Alaska, through which Geddes plans to ship 24 million gallons of fuel and thousands of tons of explosives. And since we are on a roll anyway, let's build the roads through the Chilkat Bald Eagle Preserve. In his article, 'Down the Tatshenshini: Notes from a cold river', Edward Abbey described this area as one where "Bald eagles go winging by, almost as common here as buzzards in the desert".

The company says that spills and accidents are inevitable, but it will be good for the economy and create jobs. With this corporate philosophy, Geddes seems intent in inviting the buzzards in early!

Our February calendar selection is of equal significance, in fact, this one should be a fold-out. The **enormity** of the Great Whale Project, James Bay Power Project II, could be done

justice only in this manner.

This project was a hot topic in 1991 also, when "American Whitewater" presented an in-depth article in the **January/February** issue, and another article, "No ordinary river trip for two pals", in the **September/October** issue. Like the Tat and Alsek, this project offers ecological destruction on a grand scale, but, due to recent developments, the United States (New York State in particular) may have pulled the economic rug out from under Hydro-Quebec.

Before you pop open the champagne however, remember that this is project # II. The La Grande Project (phase I&II), completed in 1985 and costing \$16 billion to construct, generates 10,282 megawatts of power, and created 3 powerhouses, 9 dams and 206 dikes along the La Grande River watershed. The Great Whale **project**, just to the North of the La Grande, is equal in its scope and damage to rivers. This portion of the overall plan will generate another 3,060 megawatts, and create

another 5 powerhouses, 5 dams and 125 more dikes (note: perhaps we should make this our December project; we could sing to the tune of "The twelve dams of Christmas").

The overall plan, including Project III, Nottaway-Broadback-Rupert, would ultimately affect 20 rivers draining into James and Hudson bays, alter a watershed the size of France, and submerge an area the size of Lake Ontario.

The good news is that on March 28 of this year, New York State cancelled a \$12 billion, 20 year contract to buy power from Hydro-Quebec. New York officials cited only economic reasons for the cancellation, but there is a good chance they didn't want to deal with AWA's New York resident and hydro expert - Pete Skinner.

This loss comes directly after the passage of the March 16 Hoyt Bill in the New York State Assembly, requiring environmental review of any major contract for the importation of electricity. This loss will hopefully

CONSERVE

strain Hydro-Quebec's finances and **credit** rating to the point where the project is no longer feasible.

Our final first quarter

well aware of the Bio-Bio's numerous dass V rapids, with names such as Lost Yak, Lava South, One-eyed Jack and Jug-buster. And due to



Joe Greiner in the *maw* of the Bio-Bio's One-Eyed Jack

report, represents the other end of the Americas: Chile's famous Rio-Bio-Bio (see last issue's "Chile Prepper" article), and another of the world's ten best whitewater rivers.

Most paddlers are

the popularity of this river, paddlers are equally up to date on the environmental damage offered by hydro-electric projects currently under construction.

As a quick background, the Bio-Bio, one of

Chile's largest rivers, has been targeted by its recently privatized national electric company, ENDESA, as the recipient of six major dam sites. The completed project (of which only three sites are economically feasible in today's market) would generate **2,900MW** of power, and cost an estimated \$3 Billion.

As we have seen in our own country, mis-planned use of hydropower, the so called 'dean-renewable energy resource' can cause untold environmental damage. In addition to destroying the natural setting of the area, this proposed master-plan would eliminate Chile's most famous world dass whitewater and the tourism economy (\$) created by this resource.

Other concerns, such as the impacts on the 9,000 indigenous Pehuenche Indians, loss of native plant

and wildlife species, and the general intelligence associated with building dams on active seismic faults, all come into play with this issue.

As we go to press, the International Finance Corporation (IFC), an arm of the World Bank, is headed to Chile to start their final appraisal. Once completed, this report to the IFC Board of Directors could spell the death of this whitewater Shangri-la, by providing the additional \$75 Million needed to finance the project. There have been no known reversals on issues at this level.

Interested parties in this country, including the AWA, are working with the Grupo de **Accion** por el Bio-Bio (GABB) to stall this appraisal. Hopes are that a better Environmental Impact Assessment, and/or stronger political pressures can be brought into play to save this river.



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Inside the Beltway

Amended energy bill trashes hydro

By ED E. *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. news casters, 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 dose 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.

UGLY DUCKLING BECOMES BEAUTIFUL SWAN

For almost 2 years now AWA beltway insiders have charted the spasmodic gyrations of the Bush

administration's national energy bill as it stumbled through Congress. We have reported in this column on all the various zigs and zags along the way. When the bill fizzled last year in the fight over oil drilling in the Arctic Wildlife Refuge, river conservationists cheered its demise. For people who care about rivers, this was an unusually an ugly piece of legislation. A big *piece* of the bill was designed to speed up hydropower development at the expense of natural resources (i.e. free flowing rivers).

Although the bill died in 1991, it came back to life again like a vampire in early '92..... without the Arctic Refuge problem but still

containing the same nasty looking hydropower provisions. A fight began in the Senate, and, showing surprising strength, river conservationists managed to strip most of the *pro-hydropower* language out through a series of amendments which passed on the Senate floor. (Thank you Senator Tim Wirth of Colorado !!!!!)

Next the bill was taken up in the House of Representatives. River advocates figured "What the Hell. We're on a roll here. Why not try to make this ugly thing into something beautiful." A campaign began, with AWA, American Rivers, the Wildlife Federation, and several other groups lobbying

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around the dock to encourage members of Congress to offer amendments to actually protect rivers from unwise hydropower development.

They struck **paydirt** quickly. Congressman Peter **Kostmayer** of Pennsylvania said he would push a package of amendments to allow States to veto hydropower projects. Then Congressman Vento of Minnesota said he would offer amendments to protect parks and public lands from hydropower and Congressman Studds of Massachusetts said he would offer amendments to protect fish. The process was over almost before it had **begun**- and virtually ALL the pro-river amendments passed in the committees initially considering the bill.

Hydropower industry lobbyists appeared on Capitol Hill the next day to survey the wreckage. Their anger was visible. Their pro-hydro

provisions were in ruins. Even worse they were now facing no less than 6 new pro-river protection provisions. They vowed to fight back when the bill arrives on the floor of the House of Representatives in May for a vote by the full House. As this article goes to press, a major battle is shaping up between the hydropower industry and river conservation groups, with river conservationist- for once- appearing to hold the upper hand.

If the amendments now in the bill stay where they are, what started out life as an ugly duckling will emerge from Congress a beautiful swan. FERC would no longer be able to license private hydropower development within national and State parks, or on State wild and scenic rivers like the Klamath in Oregon or the Skykomish in Washington or the Youhiogheny in Maryland, or

on State protected rivers like the North Fork of the Payette.

ARKANSAS RIVERS BILL FINALLY PASSES

Within enthusiastic AWA support, a bill to designate as wild and scenic 206 miles of 8 Arkansas rivers has now been enacted into law. Six of these rivers are listed in the AWA Nationwide Whitewater Inventory as whitewater runs: PINEY CREEK, the BUFFALO, the COSSATOT, the LITTLE MISSOURI, the MULBERRY, and RICHLAND CREEK. This is the second State package to wild and scenic rivers bills to pass this year. Earlier this year President Bush signed the Michigan Rivers bill designating 14 rivers wild and scenic, including whitewater streams such as the BLACK, tributaries of the ONTONAGON, the PAINT,

the PINE, the PRESQUE ISLE, the STURGEON, and the BRULE. Pennsylvania also picked up a new Federal Wild and Scenic river with the designation of certain sections of the ALLEGHENY.

PENDING WHITEWATER LEGISLATION

The Arkansas and Michican rivers bills were big victories, and more may be yet to come. Hearings have been held on 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. It now looks like the PAYETTE will be dropped out due to opposition from commercial outfitters who do not want the LOWER MAIN SALMON tangled up with the PAYETTE issue which is much more controversial. Private boaters still rate the North Fork of the

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Payette as tops on our agenda because the river is such an outstanding whitewater run and because it is imminently threatened by hydropower.

The bill to designate the **GUNNISON** River in Colorado as Federal wild and scenic is still struggling through Congress as is bill to make Alabama's **LITTLE RIVER CANYON** a National Preserve and the bill to designate 31.5 miles of **SESPE CREEK** in Southern California as a wild and scenic.

HEARINGS ON RIVER REGISTRY BILL

Since prehistoric times (or so it seems) American Whitewater has been trying to develop a new river protection strategy, a strategy that would make it easier to deal with threats to rivers located on private



Idaho seeks to restrict hydro power on the N. Fork Payette

lands. AWA has argued that most of these rivers are not qualified to be National Wild and Scenic Rivers and that, even if they are qualified, political reality dictates that they **NEVER** will be. For example, there are **NO** federal wild and scenic rivers in New York or in Maine or in North Carolina. Why not?

The program just does not work well in areas where a lot of private lands are involved. Almost all wild and scenic rivers are within National Forests or within other existing Federal land areas.

In years past, despite eloquent pleas, AWA has been unsuccessful in **convincing** anyone to work on

this problem. Finally, last fall, Congressman Peter Kostmayer (D-PA) and Congressman George Miller (D-CA) both gave AWA the green light to develop a proposal. The river registry bill was the result. It was introduced by Congressman Kostmayer — and suddenly, now, like a change in the weather, everyone seems to be jumping on board.

Old article trips up FERC on Salmon

While the Town of **Orwell**, New York, historian had probably rarely encountered paddlers in her archives, she politely welcomed **AWA's** researchers into her **backroom** gracefully. In fact, she seemed genuinely interested in our quest and



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BILL BURGER

PADDLES FOR THE 90's

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had spent a good deal of time looking for the items we had asked for over the phone some time earlier.

After the obligatory pleasantries and barely comprehensible explanations of our mission, we asked if she had found anything about floating logs down New York's Salmon River near Pulaski. Barely able to mask her excitement, she led us to the inner sanctum where she opened up a shoebox of clippings and other papers. Inside the box among other materials, was a short three column-inch piece which caught our eyes.

Scanning the yellowed newsprint, the words literally jumped off the page. Barely able to believe what we saw, the squib stated that around the turn of the century, logs were cut in the upper Salmon watershed, floated down the river, over Salmon

Falls, down to Pulaski, and then rafted on Lake Ontario to Oswego where they were cut into lumber by the Littlejohn Company. Thanks to her help, we at last had the proof we had long been seeking - the Salmon was used as a highway of commerce - the Holy Grail for legal navigability.

The road to her place had taken months, the search for the proof of commercial use of the river becoming an obsession. We weren't alone. Niagara Mohawk, who had contended logs were floated down only segments of the Salmon, were hot on our trail, in library after historical society. They were trying to assure themselves no surprises would upset the decision FERC had reached earlier that the information which existed to prove commercial use of the river was not substantial

enough. Without that proof, Federal law would allow the Company to operate as they pleased in perpetuity; paddler priorities would never receive the balanced consideration they deserve. Now, only the federal courts stood in the way for FERC and NIMO. And, as it turned out, the slip of paper in the shoebox.

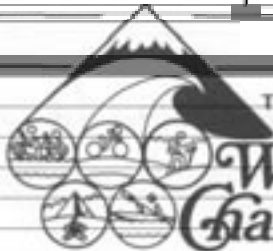
After exhausting two well prepared administrative appeals before FERC, AWA agonized about a court appeal. Although our filings were succinct and well researched, the NYS DEC appeals appeared uninspired. Their support in Court seemed unlikely. We reluctantly decided to throw in the towel - the costs of federal court appeals would have been just too great for AWA to bear alone.

But, in a surprise move, NYS DEC called upon the NY Attorney General to

file a judicial appeal. Thanks to some fabulous writing and research by AWA and John Escheverria of American Rivers, we were able to file an **amicus** brief with our unique view of the facts in addition to the State briefs. It would pay off in the decision.

Oral argument was held in early October of 1991, the newspaper article we had found buried conspicuously in a footnote in the State's brief - logs were floated from Redfield to Oswego, using the Salmon in its entirety.

At the argument, the three judges appeared alert and well prepared. That is when things got really interesting. According to witnesses, the judges listened intently to the AG's attorney and then waited for the FERC attorney to rebut the State's **claims**. After the FERC attorney spoke for a while, one judge interrupted and



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asked if the FERC attorney had read the footnoted newspaper article showing that logs were floated down the Salmon from Redfield, over the falls, out to the harbor and rafted to Oswego. The FERC attorney appeared surprised. The judge said "Let me read it to you." and he proceeded to read it all out loud! The attorney appeared dumbfounded and had no explanation. After the judge read it to the NIMO lawyer, the war appeared won. Checkmate!

The decision came out January 13, 1992 and reflected the attitudes that the judges showed at the argument. They concluded that "One would have to blink reality to **conclude** that the inhabitants of these sparsely settled towns used the many thousands of feet of lumber that these mills produced each year." to support their

conclusion that the river served as a major route of commerce. "We are at a loss to understand how the Commission could overlook undisputed historical evidence that commerce through the harbor consisted primarily of

"Niagara Mohawk's third ground, belittling evidence of 'mere boating and rafting', also demonstrates a misunderstanding of well-settled law."

forest and dairy products and fisheries." instead of logs they further opined.

More important to paddlers, perhaps, is that the Court pointed out that "Niagara Mohawk's third ground, belittling evidence of 'mere boating and rafting', also demonstrates a misunderstanding of well-settled law." Also, the court reminded FERC of its earlier stand with which they agreed "The Commission has recognized that the use of a

river by canoeists **'demonstrat[es]** the stream's availability for commercial navigation."

The Court expanded the concept of navigability by defining it to **include** even our canoes and kayaks used for

fun as proof of navigability. It also recognized the adverse impacts of NIMO's hydro projects on recreational uses of the river - the reasons that we are in the game in the first place. As a result, the Court legitimized our sport and rebuked FERC for buying hook, line and sinker NIMO's flawed interpretation of law and the facts. Better still, lawyers and river advocates have a very strong precedent to **cite** in similar cases all across America - in part

because AWA stayed in the game.

Finally, the Court summed it all up by stating **"Uncontroverted** evidence of past and present usage of the Salmon River for both boating and logging was so substantial that its rejection by the Commission was arbitrary and **capricious** and constituted a dear error of judgment." Hooray for the shoebox and our committed searchers who never gave up! Who says assiduous research by volunteer paddlers can't make a difference?

The fun has just begun. AWA and all other users will be required to get together to convince FERC and NIMO to adopt part of our requests for water releases etc. in a totally new FERC proceeding. AWA and other paddler groups will be well represented.



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BRIEFS

Bill Hoyt paddles his final river

By PETER SKINNER

This March, paddlers lost a loyal friend of rivers - one of a handful of legislators on this earth who really understood the ways of whitewater - Bill Hoyt.

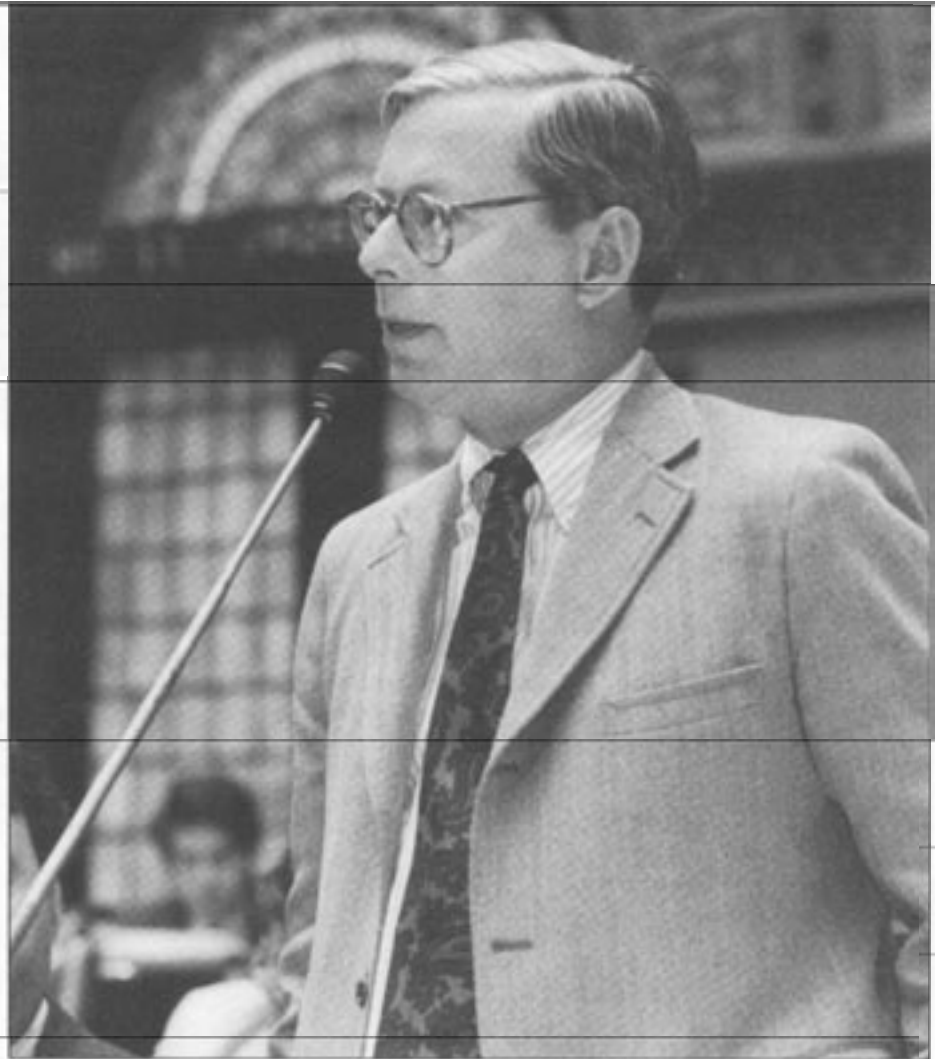
Bill was a big man, but never let his size dominate others. While his office wreaked of cigar smoke normally associated with unsympathetic power brokers, Bill was always solicitous. He helped others do their best, developing constituencies, coalescing coalitions and helping them reach the agreements which make law. Rivers and children and history were his passions.

He also loved to paddle - northern Canada in particular. Propelled out the teaching into the New York Assembly in 1974, energy policy and women's and children's issues became his hallmark for nearly two decades. On March 25, Bill died on the floor of the Legislature, a victim of a heart attack. He was only 54.

Bill Hoyt loved rivers and whitewater - the buggier, the colder, the more remote and further North, the better. He loved whitewater too, but gave it his healthy respect. "My stomach always heaves a bit as the canoe is drawn into the smooth tongue of the current above the first drop," he once wrote in the AWA Journal. He paddled over 2000 miles of Arctic rivers, relishing the trackless open spaces and physical discomforts and privation. Read Bill's story of leftover lizard on the Horton River in the Northwest Territories (AWA Journal, M/A 1988). He stubbornly refused to allow his heart condition to slow his passion for exploration. In 1983, he paddled some 325 miles on the Bonnet Plume and Peel Rivers in northern Canada which was featured on Ted Turner's WTBS.

In his wonderful AWA story about the Horton, he sums up his view of paddling:

"Canoeing, especially long-distance wilderness canoeing with its emphasis on 20-mile days, is not intellectually taxing. Rhythmical, steady plodding, the job is to get from point A to point B without



Whitewater lost a friend with the passing of *New York* Representative Bill Hoyt

major mishap. *Cold* weather and rain storms are vexations, but not unbearable ones... Portages, of any length, have no virtue and should be avoided at any cost." (emphasis is mine)

Bill loved epic stories and told them around the campfire with gusto. He was a man's man - a good fellow who loved his cigars, red meat and scotch after dinner. Around Albany, everyone knew him as he went from table to table in the restaurants, raucously celebrating life and other people's good fortune.

His vision and chairmanship of the Assembly Energy Committee helped create legislation which guaranteed 6 cents for every kilowatt that utilities bought outside their grid, aimed at stimulating cheaper competitors to utilities and eventually making New York an oasis for independent power generators. Sadly, it also attracted lots of hydro developers, lusting after dams on New York's scarce whitewater - and

that's where our story begins.

It was about 1985 when Bill Hoyt and I became very close. It all started in a strange way. Freaked out by the small hydro rush of the early 1980s, Ron Smith, a principal in an Adirondack craft company, and I desperately searched for ways to stem the tide. Maybe, we wondered, we could kill the 6 cent subsidy that Hoyt had hoped would help New York, but not ruin its rivers. Bearing our lists of some 500 hydro applications like latter day Cyranos, we set off to convince his aide that rivers were at risk of ruin.

After 30 minutes of spirited moaning in front of her desk, we sat in stunned silence as she told us coldly that our fears of river destruction were unfounded and that the Assembly planned to pass a bill that very year to raise the 6 cent floor to EIGHT CENTS!!!!!! We beat a hasty retreat and regrouped. Someone said, "Hoyt's a paddler - why don't you talk directly to him?"

Two weeks later, we did sit down in his office, crowded with aides and four paddlers. So excited we were to get a chance to talk to Bill, we talked non-stop for an hour. When we paused, Bill turned his attention to our more quiet member, Betty Quick (substantially his senior) of the Sierra Club; why she was there? Politely, she said "Because I love rivers - rivers like the Nahanni [a great wilderness river in British Colombia] which you like too" pointing up to the pictures of Canadian river trips which dominated Hoyt's walls.

"So, he queried with curiosity, When did you run it?" "Just last year" Betty said modestly. Already more respectful, Bill inquired where she put in. "Oh, the plane couldn't land near the river, so we had to carry our boats and gear over the ridge to the headwaters." Bill, who had never faced rigors on the Nahanni quite that challenging, gracefully accepted a one-up-paddlership defeat and said "How can I help you folks?" In her own way, Betty delivered the message Bill needed to hear - rivers he and we loved needed his attention. Within couple of days that aide Ron and I had spoken to earlier had quit her job with Bill's Committee to form a hydropower lobbying group, clearing the way for work

with Hoyt on the New York Rivers Bill and a raft of other river initiatives. Bill lost the drive to push the 8 cent bill and the demise of the 6 cent bill is likely to occur this year.

Paddlers and Bill never parted ways again. He introduced bill after bill with our needs in mind, pressed for funding and better programs, and fought for access to the Niagara River, the Letchworth Gorge and all other rivers in the State. He cheered us from the riverbank of the mighty Niagara in awe when we were getting trashed among the Himalaya waves. He even rode with dignity on the Great Whale in our rubber rafts he deemed "pusillanimous" ('lacking courage; cowardly...' the dictionary says.) Bill loved to use that word to excoriate those who would shrink from the challenge, those, who with the prize in sight, would sit down to think it over. Bill never did that. "Bill Hoyt did not have to wait for public opinion polls or lengthy environment impact studies to figure out how he should feel about what would be done [by the James Bay projects]." said New York's Environmental Planning Lobby.

Bill loved history. He taught early European History around Buffalo, New York for years. I asked him at dinner just the other day why he stopped teaching history

to become a legislator. I was driving to school one day after a decade of teaching and suddenly realized that for the first time I wasn't excited about my lecture. A couple of months later, I quit. That was the way he was - steadfastly committed to excellence.

History and Bill Hoyt collided just before he died. While he guided lots of important bills through the legislature, 145 in all, his defense of Northern Quebec from the ravages of mega hydro projects will certainly be his epitaph. While Bill had been decrying the James Bay project impacts for years, winning the Environmental Planning Lobby's 1991 "Green Courage" award for his work, 1992, his last year, will mark the nadir of his accomplishments.

It was the AWA/Earth River Expeditions trip to James Bay last summer to see first hand what that mega project had done and what it will do if expanded that really focused his attention. Bill came back from the trip galvanized - and swinging hard. Surrounded by TV cameras in Montreal immediately after getting off the plane, he declared total war on James Bay II. Because of his commitment, this project soon rivetted the attention of Canada, America and New York's Governor. The public hearings that we had proposed to

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BRIEFS

him and Senator Franz Leichter around the campfires on the Great Whale river became his bully pulpit - an extraordinary stage in New York City for the Cree Indians to tell their story and for the energy planners to admit that more power from the North was no longer cost effective or necessary. Bill repeatedly tore into the representative of the NYS Power Authority. Fuming with righteous rage, he strode into the Assembly soon afterward, bills in hand to right this great wrong.

Firm in his conviction and surrounded by supporters, he pushed through his bill to require an environmental impact investigation in New York into the impacts that this state's proposed gigawatt hour purchase contracts would have on the tundra, its abundant wildlife, and native peoples. Impressed, Governor Cuomo moved quickly, first delaying signing the proposed \$16 billion, 21 year power import contract, and then demanding a careful study in New York State of its impacts.

But while talking energy policy with his aides on the floor of the Assembly a few days after his bill passed, Bill paddled his last mile, just short of victory for the northern lands he loved. Bill was gone for good.

AWA was privileged to be with him on his last river trip. Although riding the raft was below his dignity, he served as the trip's focal point. He saw that he had a mission and realized that he bore the responsibility to achieve it. Three days after he died, the Governor axed the proposed contract entirely. Without that contract, James Bay II will probably never be built.

Bill, we hope you know that history will judge you as the man who did more than anyone to create the conditions which will eventually kill the Great Whale project and to stop the headlong hydro rush in New York. You translated your love for rivers into real action. You were truly unique and irreplaceable - and will be greatly missed.

We hope that around the campfire and on the riverside and even in the restaurants and offices in town, you got the message - that we all cherished your ethics and visions, your smile and courtesy, your love of the outdoors, your hearty laugh and solicitous nature, your delight in other's accomplishments, even our silly whitewater exploits you secretly wished you had a chance to do too. Neither paddlers nor history will ever forget you.

Paddlers resist Yough fees

By DEBORAH PATZ

President, Keystone River Runners

With apologies to Shakespeare...

Something is rotten in the state of Pennsylvania; while paddlers have been dreaming of their next river trip, the bureaucrats of Pennsylvania have been dreaming up a way to make them pay for it.

Effective April, 1992, the Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Resources initiated a new whitewater boating fee on the Lower Youghiogheny River at Ohiopyle State Park. This new fee is directed exclusively at private boaters; kayakers, canoeists and private rafters.

At first, the DER claimed that the charge was a "user fee", initiated to make sure that private boaters paid their fair share for the use of park facilities like bathhouses and parking lots. Now they have changed their terminology and they are calling it a "reservation fee". But the fee will not be limited to those who call ahead to make reservations; those who just show up to paddle the river will be charged the fee as well.

Boaters will be asked to pay \$4.00 per person; \$1.50 will be utilized to pay for the shuttle bus ride out of Brunner's Run (this has been effect for years), and \$2.50 will be applied to the "reservation". The state anticipates an income of a quarter of a million dollars a year from the fee. But none of this money is slated specifically for use at Ohiopyle, instead it will go into a fund that supports all state parks.

Because the fee was quietly enacted last fall, many boaters are still unaware of its existence. Most will hear of it for the first time when they arrive at Ohiopyle to make their first run of the season. But a coalition of groups and individuals has launched an active campaign to get the fee repealed.

Opposition to the fee is being spearheaded by three of western Pennsylvania's paddling clubs with the assistance of the American Whitewater Affiliation. The local clubs fighting the fee are the Keystone River Runners, the Three Rivers Paddling Club and the Benscreek Canoe Club.

Leaders of the protest movement have raised the following concerns:

*Charging a fee to paddle a free flowing river sets a dangerous precedent. If Pennsylvania succeeds in charging to paddle the Lower Yough, it seems likely that other state and governmental agencies will initiate similar "pay to play" policies on rivers under their jurisdiction.

*The fee represents a dangerous erosion of the very public resources that state park systems are supposed to protect. Rivers are not the only resources under threat. In addition to the whitewater fee at Ohiopyle, the state of Pennsylvania is now charging a \$1 reservation fee to stay in the shelters on the Laurel Highlands Hiking Trail. Opponents to the fee consider this a fundamental issue, asking whether it is appropriate for state parks to be "pay if you want to play" parks, reserved for the use of only those citizens who can afford to use them.

*The new fee is blatantly discriminatory towards private boaters. In its justification for the fee the DER claimed that private boaters should be paying to use park facilities such as restrooms, the change house and parking lots. But no similar fees are being levied on other park users who use the same facilities. As it is the state already receives a percentage of the shuttle fee that is charged private boaters.

•The fee comes on the heels of a huge state tax increase in Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania residents already support and "pay for" their state parks with their tax

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Yes, I oppose the Yough user fee. Please send me a "Say No to Yough User Fee" bumper sticker. Enclosed is a self addressed, stamped No. 10 envelope and my optional donation of \$1. (Checks or money orders payable to Keystone River Runners, 35 E. Burrell St., Blairsville, PA 15717)

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dollars.

Those desiring more information on this issue or interested in helping to oppose the fee should contact Phil or Debbie Patz at 412 459-8631, Tom Irwin at 412 537-6363 or Ron Gardner at 412 676-2267. Additional information regarding opposition to the fee is included in the sidebar published with this article.

Just say no!

The state of Pennsylvania claims that any opposition to the new whitewater fee at Ohiopyle State Park will be short lived. We're out to prove them wrong! Here's what you can do to help...

*Mark your calendar for Saturday, May 23. That is the date of the coalition's first "boat in" at Ohiopyle State Park. What's a boat-in? An opportunity for paddlers to show how strongly they oppose fees for paddling a river. What do you do? Just show up at Ohiopyle by 8 a.m. Then enjoy all the park facilities that are still free of charge. Remember--- this no longer includes the river. You can still hike, swim, picnic or ride the bike trail. Whatever you do, be peaceful and orderly. The boat in will end at 3 p.m. Then you might even want to paddle the river... for free! We're hoping for a huge turn out and media coverage. Other boat ins are being planned, but we need lots of support to make them effective.

• Boycott the Lower Yough during all fee collection hours. Refuse to organize any rafting/hard boating trips on the Lower Yough. Paddle the river only when the ranger station is closed. If you have already obtained permits, don't get any more.

• Tourism translates into big bucks in the Laurel Highlands of Pennsylvania. We want to hit them where it hurts... in the wallet. Avoid camping at Ohiopyle State Park. Don't spend money in the Ohiopyle/Laurel Highlands area. This includes gas, food, rentals, equipment purchases, etc. Let the shopkeepers know what you are doing and why.

• We've got to make our voices heard!

• If you live outside Pennsylvania, call 1-800-VISIT-PA. Let them know that you won't be visiting any state that charges you to boat a river. Call for the principle.

• If you live in Pennsylvania, call 1-800-925-7669. Tell them how much you used to enjoy the Laurel Highlands and why you won't be there this summer.

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•If you live in Pennsylvania, write to or call your state legislator. We need to bury them with calls and mail. These are the people who can pressure the DER to get the fee rescinded. But we have to make a lot of noise!

*Display a bumper sticker! Bumper stickers with the message 'Just Say No to Yough User Fee' are available (optional \$1 donation). All donations will be used to defray the costs of opposing the

fee.

•Tell your friends and family about this problem. Ultimately this will not just effect boaters... but everyone who utilize the state parks. If boaters can be made to pay for paddling a river, what can stop the government from charging for hiking, sightseeing, biking, etc? This is a fundamental issue with long reaching implications and we need to fight it now... or be prepared to pay and pay and pay!

1992 NOWR rodeo circuit set

The National Organization of Whitewater Rodeos (NOWR), an umbrella group formed by AWA to ease the coordination and sponsorship process for whitewater rodeos nationwide, has finalized its sponsorship roster and is kicking off its event schedule for 1992.

NOWR consists of events held throughout the country which will be held from April through September this year. All of its individual whitewater freestyle events are locally organized and are held to both promote whitewater recreation and raise consumer awareness of the need to protect our whitewater resources. These rodeos feature freestyle "hot dog" competition and may include squirt boating, slalom races, downriver or sprint races and events specifically for inflatables.

Several individual event organizers -- Susan Debret (American River Fes-

tival), Cindy Scherrer (Bob's Hole Rodeo) and Cathy Weil (Potomac Whitewater Festival) -- are members of the NOWR organizing committee, along with Risa Shimoda Callaway (AWA President) and Ellen Babers DeCuir (Mistress of Events for the Nantahala Outdoor Center). This group has worked through the winter to secure sponsorship and to reinforce the connection between the events.

NOWR has also developed a set of judging guidelines which it plans to test at several events during 1992. The guidelines are the product of extensive collaboration between several rodeo organizers, squirt boat expert Jim Snyder and Jennifer Wiger, judging chairperson for the AWA Ocoee Rodeo. Once established, the guidelines will provide continuity and a point of reference for both the competitors and spectators at these events.

1992 NOWR RODEO CALENDAR

DATE	EVENT	LOCATION	CONTACT
4/25	New River Kayak Rodeo	McCoy, VA	Bill Sgrinia (703) 387-6172
5/2-3	Bob's Hole Rodeo	Estacada, OR	Cindy Scherrer (503) 668-3121
5/2-3	Potomac Whitewater Festival	Great Falls Nat'l Park	Cathy Weil (301) 229-5637
5/16-17	Bigfork Whitewater Festival	Bigfork, MT	Gary Barker (406) 258-3355
5/30-31	Blackfoot Whitewater Wkend	Missoula, MT	Joel Meier (406) 243-6459
6/13-14	Animas River Days	Durango, CO	Nancy Wiley (303) 259-3893
6/27-28	AWA Ocoee Rodeo	Ducktown, TN	Susan Gentry (404) 654-2725
7/4-5	Gallatin Whitewater Festival	Bozeman, MT	Guy Erb (406) 587-7575
7/11-12	Payette Whitewater Roundup	Banks, ID	Bruce Bistline (208) 345-3654
9/7	Tulsa Dust Bowl Rodeo	Tulsa, OK	Randy Jackson (918) 834-8622
9/19-20	American River Festival	Coloma, CA	Susan Debret (916) 626-3435

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Many manufacturers of whitewater and outdoor gear have made a commitment to the NOWR this year at differing levels. Perception, Inc. and Paddler Magazine are the Premier National Sponsors for NOWR events. Patagonia and Croakies will be National Major Sponsors. National Contributing Sponsors include Adventure Medical Kits, the American Whitewater Affiliation, Aquaholic, Bob Foote Products, Canoe Magazine, Chums, Colorado Kayak Supply, Four Corners Riversports, Gentry Video, HiTrax Sandals, ICS books, Jack's Plastic Welding, JAG Manufacturing, Kokatat, Menasha Ridge Press, PD Designs, Rivers and Mountains, Teva, Werner Paddles, Wildwater Designs and Yakima.

In addition, nearly twenty other manufacturers have agreed to support NOWR events through regional sponsorship of selected events. NOWR extends its appreciation to sponsors at all levels for their support and encouragement of these important whitewater events.

Traits of a successful whitewater organization

By RIC ALESCH

I don't claim to be the expert on what makes an organization great, but recent requests for guidance from persons starting new clubs or trying to shore up old ones prompted me to put some thoughts on paper. Maybe this will stimulate others to offer their ideas. While my frame of reference is somewhat limited, I have been involved with a fairly successful club, the Colorado White Water Association, for about 10 years. Not that CWWA is the ultimate in whitewater, but it has been around for about 35 years and current membership is a healthy 450 persons. Following are 7 traits that I think contribute to a successful club.

1. A Few Dedicated People. The need for dedicated folks may seem obvious but it cannot be overstated. The success of the organization will probably rise and fall with the efforts of a relatively few individuals. As a general rule of thumb, about 5-10 percent of the members will be active participants. The rest will be passive members that send in their dues, read the



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dub newsletter, and occasionally attend a dub function. The most active people will form the basis for the board of directors, which is recommended to run the affairs of the dub for all but the very smallest, informal groups. About seven years ago CWWA instituted an approach where every board member has a specific responsibility, such as conservation, newsletter editor, membership director, etc. This is highly recommended because it clarifies each person's role, avoids duplication of effort, and assures that certain things get done. It probably goes without saying but it is critical to have a highly dedicated leader serving as the president. However, if the responsibilities are clearly spelled out for other board members, it does not have to be as time consuming as it might seem. Recruitment of dedicated individuals is a constant task for the board. It is not unusual to lose 25-50 percent of the board members at the end of each year. At CWWA it has traditionally been the president's responsibility to seek names and beat the bushes for new board members.

2. Club-Sponsored Trips. Possibly the most important and common activity for most whitewater dubs is to orga-

nization well worth the time and expense is a dub promotional brochure containing a membership application. Unless you have some mystical hold on your members, there will be many dropouts each year. A brochure is highly desirable for recruiting new members and even coaxing a few old ones back. In the early 1980s CWWA added another publication, which carries the uninspired but descriptive title, the "Schedule-Roster." As the name implies, it is a reference tool produced annually to provide a schedule for all dub trips and activities and a list of members' names, addresses, and phone numbers. This is an expensive and time-consuming project (one board position is totally dedicated to it), but it offers a premium service that many dubs do not.

5. Purposeful General Meetings and Social Events. Meetings are a given in almost every dub, at least for most locally-based whitewater organizations. However, if meetings are held time after time with no specific purpose, members will eventually tire of rehashing the same old issues and probably start complaining about a lack of focus. A combination of general meetings and social events is de-

sirable. Each general meeting should have an identified purpose, such as a special presentation on a current issue, a safety clinic, a conservation talk, etc. CWWA has two regularly scheduled social events, a spring dinner held before and a fall dinner held after the season at a reasonably priced spaghetti house in Denver. Oddly enough, the fall dinner is often more heavily attended (you'd think people would be sick of each other by then). In general, I think it is best to keep dub business to a minimum at the social events, and it is always best to include a visual program (slide show or video) to top the evening. CWWA has also tried other dub social events such as summer picnics and winter ski trips, which have met with only limited success.

6. Fiscal Responsibility. I believe a successful whitewater dub should responsibly spend the funds gathered through dues or other sources. It is a good idea for all but the smallest dubs to prepare an annual budget broken down into the primary categories of activity, ideally coinciding with the assigned board positions so each person has his/her own budget to work with. This does not mean that unforeseen financial needs should not be

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addressed and savings not encouraged. While I do not recommend that you hoard money, it is a good idea to build up a modest cash reservoir to deal with periods of cash-flow difficulties or emergencies. It was not that long ago when individuals on the CWWA board would have to use their own money to pay the cost of pool rental prior to income being received for the pool dasses. A small bank account will carry a dub through such times. Also seek outside funding sources. REI offers a seed grant program through American Rivers, AWA recently provided grants for conservation and river access projects, and local corporations may be willing to donate funds or equipment to your group.

7. A Commitment to Have Fun.

Whatever you do don't take yourself too seriously. Whitewater dubs are volunteer activities generally **organized** for recreational purposes. If you get too business-like and fight over details, folks will tire of the effort and involvement will probably dwindle. Even though many of the CWWA board meetings are held on the 15th floor of a downtown bank building, we frequently down a couple beers during the meetings or simply move it over to a local pub.

There may be several other ingredients to a successful whitewater dub, such as an **active** conservation, river ac-

cess, racing, or safety program, but that would be more than 7 items and I'll let someone else write about them.

Gauley Fest moves to bigger site

The 1992 version of the AWA Gauley River Festival, the largest non-racing whitewater gathering in the country, will be staged on Saturday, September 26.

This year's festival will feature a new venue as the event moves from its site near the New River Bridge to the Nicholas County Veterans Memorial Park in Summersville.

The Memorial Park site is closer to the river and will also provide more space for the continued growth of the Festival. The Park will also provide additional parking--ending a problem experienced in past Festivals.

Camping facilities and an indoor bunkhouse will be available at the Festival site for Friday and Saturday nights.

Asheville plans slalom course

The state of North Carolina awarded a \$30,000 grant towards the construction of a 800-foot whitewater slalom course on the French Broad River that runs through the city.

The remainder of the \$110,000 needed to complete the course will come through donations and pledges of free services.

Construction of the course will be simple: a slanting stone barrier built two-thirds of the way **across** the river will force most of the river through a narrow gate into an 800-foot chute running along the west side of the river, speeding up the water considerably. Then 10 to 20-ton concrete obstacles will be put into the water to create eddies and turbulence.

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[unclear] Kevan Pearce
after bizarre incident.



To help or not to help...that's the question

.....

Offering help during a river emergency might seem like the responsibility of every paddler...but your assistance should be subordinated to the person directing the rescue

.....

By CHARLIE WALBRIDGE
AWA Safety Chairman

Early in January a disturbing accident report from Texas crossed my desk. Winter rains had brought the San Marcos River to near-flood levels. The victim, an experienced kayaker and volunteer firefighter, was paddling alone on a Friday afternoon when he arrived at Martindale Dam, a 12' high, 60 degree sloping drop into a **sizeable** hole. After scouting, he attempted the run. Although **the river** was not so difficult that a single experienced kayaker couldn't paddle it alone, the decision to run the dam without any backup was a grave mistake. Although the victim lost his paddle in the drop and was caught in the reversal, he was apparently able to hand-surf for over two hours! During this time firefighters were called and a rescue attempt began.

The firefighters were worried about **the "drowning machine"**, the deadly hydraulic which forms at the base of many dams. Lurid descriptions of hydraulics are apart of most river **rescue training courses**, and many lives have been saved because of this **knowledge**. Paddlers, however, know that the situation is not so simple. The nature of the reversal varies from one dam to another and changes with different water levels. Far from being uniformly dangerous, some dams are quite **runnable** at the right water levels. A hydraulic has an extremely steep entry, and is extremely difficult to surf even by expert boaters who hold on to their paddle. The fact that the victim was able to hand-surf for hours suggest that he was caught in a large, sticky play hole. Had he known this and bailed out, he almost certainly would have been flushed through and been able to swim to shore. It is thought that the victim, a volunteer firefighter, may not have thought **his** situation more dangerous than it was, leaving him to hang on rather than flip and take his chances with the river.

Tom Goynes, a local outfitter and volunteer firefighter, arrived at his home some time later. Entering the house he heard radio communications which convinced him that a swiftwater rescue was in progress. As he loaded a raft and several hundred feet of **rescue** line into his truck, he heard himself being paged over the radio. He was able to pick up two expert local kayakers who were returning from a day's boating on his way to the accident site. As the department's "river rescue expert", Goynes expected to be able to conduct the rescue himself. At the site he

found several firefighters to serve as a bank crew, and quickly set up a tethered **raft** rescue with himself and the kayakers in **the boat**. But as he entered **the water** and approached the dam, his bank crew was ordered by the fire chief to pull him back in! Apparently the chief was not familiar with swiftwater rescue and didn't want to risk a **raftload** of men to a "**killer hydraulic**". He had already called for a helicopter. Goynes returned to shore for a talk with his chief, and got permission to attempt the rescue. He went back to his raft and approached again, only to be pulled back again by his shore crew. This time they were following the orders of an assistant chief stationed on the far side of the river, who as the Incident Commander was in charge of the operation.

A military helicopter finally arrived. Hovering above the dam, they lowered a **19 year** old soldier on his first rescue mission down on a jungle seat. The plan was to run a strap around the victim and secure him to the rescue line, but things started going wrong when the would-be rescuer was accidentally lowered into the water! The chopper lifted him up to compensate for the current, slamming him into the dam. At some point the victim, who at 250 pounds outweighed his rescuer by seventy-five pounds, got him in a bear hug. With the weight of the victim, rescuer, and kayak pulling downward, the pilot had to pull up. As the helicopter rose high enough to clear the trees, its winch started pulling the two men up to safety. Although the victim was warned to hang on tight and not to grab for the aircraft, when a helicopter skid came into reach the victim lunged for it and fell to the ground. He did not survive the fall.

Tom Goynes, in his well-written report of the accident, points out that the extended drought of the preceding five years had made everyone's river rescue **skills** a bit rusty. Although past chiefs had been aware of his whitewater ability and given him a free hand, the present chief apparently did not. In retrospect, Goynes feels that he should have reported to the incident commander prior to making his attempt. But given what followed, I'm not sure that this would have done much good. The swiftwater rescue training commonly given to firefighters cannot make them expert paddlers; there are dangerous gaps in their knowledge which will sometimes get them into trouble. A firefighter who

trains regularly in river rescue has much less river time, and considerably less water reading and boat-handling **skills** than a typical intermediate kayaker. Although river rescue training warns about the **dan**-ger of low-head dams, nowhere are firefighters taught the subtle differences between a **runnable** and playable "hole" and a life-threatening "hydraulic". Furthermore, fire rescue is extremely gear-intensive, making them overly reliant on equipment rather than the dynamic **skills** needed to function in swift water. The result is an approach which is often clumsy, and frequently more rescue than the low-tech, skill intensive skills that river-savvy paddlers would employ.

It's easy enough for paddlers to find fault with rescue squads, but it should be remembered that many of these groups are all volunteers with limited funds for training and equipment. Full-time "professional" units have more gear and training, but the need for swift water rescue is at best an intermittent one. Many times several years elapse between incidents, plating need for gear and training far down a list of priorities which include house fires, car accidents, heart attacks, and the like. Rescue professionals lack the time and the


resources to spend hours working the river, learning the nuances of boat handling and water reading. Even in a river-oriented unit where water rescue is a major focus, few men have developed more than a second-year boater's knowledge of the river. These limitations are unlikely to change soon, and a canoe or kayak paddler in trouble will find help coming from someone who is, in essence, a novice boater.

This is not an unprecedented problem. Refineries and other large industrial plants don't rely on local fire and rescue services. Like kayakers, they've seen local public safety units rendered ineffective by the special problems (enclosed spaces, toxic chemicals and gasses, etc) encountered at their facilities. Unwilling to place the lives of their workers in the hands of outsiders, they equip and train their own teams at considerable expense. When we go running rivers, our situation is similar. We paddlers must likewise be prepared to deal with our own problems.

It would seem logical, then, for rescue squads to seek help from experienced kayakers. The bureaucratic muddling which denied Tom Goynes the opportunity to make a save seems almost laughable in retrospect. To treat it this way

obscures the real problems which public agencies face. Rescue squads operate on a military model. Teamwork is essential to their operations, and the Incident Commander or Chief calls the shots. He is responsible for what happens to his superiors, the courts, and elected officials. Any action he takes will have to be explained later. This makes them wary of taking help from "good samaritans" who may mean well, but who often do nothing but cause trouble.

I had my own experience in the problems you can encounter when accepting outside help last weekend during a run down a very low Middle Fork of the Tygart. An open boater I was travelling with tried to take a 15' open boat sideways through a 4' wide slot and pinned solidly. As we pondered the situation, a lone kayaker paddled up and asked if we needed help. I initially said no, but then thought that it would be good to have an extra hand on the far side of the chute. As he moved into position, several of us set up a Zdrag on the near shore. After the usual fumbling, we got it to work. I looked up to see our "good samaritan" jumping up and down on the hull of the canoe at the center while pulling up and back on the topmost



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S AFETY

gunwale. A few moments later the gunwale broke, the boat folded, the **Royalex** ripped, and the canoe was totally destroyed. Our new friend paddled off as we recovered the remains. The boat's owner reported that she had asked him to stop; he in turn berated her for being "unsafe" (an interesting observation for a solo **kayaker**), and further observed that the river was too tough for open boats and that she, therefore, did not belong on the river. I suspect that given a chance the other open boater in our party might have disputed this. If our hot-shot friend stayed away, there's a good chance we might have recovered the canoe intact.

Another incident comes to mind. While running the Lower Gauley last Fall, I came upon a commercial raft **stuck** in the boulder garden above Gateway to Heaven. Being a "good samaritan", I eddied out behind the rock and confirmed that the raft was indeed swamped and securely **pinned**. I talked with the rafters for a bit; there were no guides anywhere to be seen. Clearly the guests needed to be evacuated, but how? A good boater could jump in the river and swim to safety, but it could be unpleasant. Fortunately a guide eventually appeared; we helped secure a rope

from the shore to the raft, then gratefully left the mess to the outfitter. But what if I'd told everyone to swim for shore, and someone got hurt? What if I'd deflated a tube to "help unpin" the raft and it cut loose, slamming the group into a worse situation? No matter what I did, the outfitter would be held responsible later. It's good to offer help, but it's also important to know when to back off.

Paddlers are notoriously independent, and tend to act individually in rescues. It's very hard to get them to work together, **something which the rigid** structure which firefighters operate under allows them to do routinely. For me, the consequences of **accepting** help from an unknown "good samaritan" was a busted boat; for the firechief, it **might be** the death of a volunteer or victim followed by inquiries, hearings, and lawsuits. A bad call could cost him his job, and it's understandable that he would be reluctant to take the risk of accepting help from unknowns. In many areas local outfitters or canoe clubs have developed **working relationships** with fire and rescue services. An protocol, or understanding, can be developed which allows water rescues to be handled by river people, while the shore

backup and evacuation is taken care of by local authorities. Other paddling groups have offered river rescue training to local groups. Either project is worthwhile for those who living near a river which **sees** a lot of recreational use. If you come across a rescue which endangers the life of the victim or his rescuers, you can try to **reason with the Incident Commander**. But for the reasons already discussed, you may not have much luck.

The use of the helicopter in this instance is extremely disturbing, since there have been a number of incidents around rivers where these machines have done more harm than good. Helicopter rescues, can be lifesavers, but they often very risky. Typically the pilot and its crew have no special swiftwater **training**, are unfamiliar with the area, and cannot communicate with the ground crew. Crashes and dropped victims are not uncommon. At best a chopper takes hours to arrive, during which time the cold water and fast current takes its toll. I'd much rather **see** improved ground-based training than blind reliance on airborne help. Calling a chopper should not mean that ongoing attempt should stop; only that there is a **backup** if all else fails. When **helicopters**

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are to be used in swiftwater rescue, their crews specific training first. It's a miracle that this "rescue" didn't end in a crash! As it was, had they pulled the victim free of the hydraulic and deposited him immediately downstream for pickup, he probably would have lived.

The bottom line is that it pays to get river rescue training. The American Canoe Association has been working to develop a real hands-on, in-the-water rescue program for paddlers; our schedule is listed below. We are not the only outfit doing this; organizations like Rescue III, Ohio DNR, and individual clubs and outfitters offer similar programs. **Think** of taking a course in your area, if not from the ACA, then from some other organization which knows what paddlers need. That way if something happens, you'll be able to do more than side-surf and wait for the chopper.

Safety report printed

One common remark coming from paddlers who have dealt effectively with potentially serious problems on the river is that they remembered reading

about a similar problem elsewhere and knew what to do. The third and latest collection of accident and near-miss reports, The 1989-1991 River Safety Report, will be published by the Safety Committee of the American Canoe Association this May. Its 105 pages contain dozens of accident and near miss reports, each one with a lesson to teach the active whitewater paddler. Modeled after the American Alpine Clubs' Accidents in North American Mountaineering, this material makes grim reading. But the unpleasantness is worth it if the material helps you avoid similar situations yourself.

Individual copies are priced at \$5.00 each + \$2.00 shipping and handling. Back issues are available; The River Safety Reports for 1986-1988 and 1983-1985 are available for \$ 3.50 each when ordered with the latest edition (all three for \$12.00). Wholesale prices are available for clubs, outfitters, and other organizations requiring ten or more copies. **Sell** them at a reduced rate, or use it as a fundraiser.

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Equipment and attitude survey reveals tendencies

By LEE BELKNAP

As promised in the last issue, here are some of the findings from the AWA Safety Equipment survey. As you know, the equipment survey is the second of 2 AWA surveys and was presented as a 2 page questionnaire in the centerfold of the March/April '91 issue of American Whitewater. While statistics aren't as interesting as the stories they represent, perhaps you'll find some of this information useful. Information from the Close Calls survey will be used here to add meaning to this information.

CONDUCTING THE SURV

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SAFETY

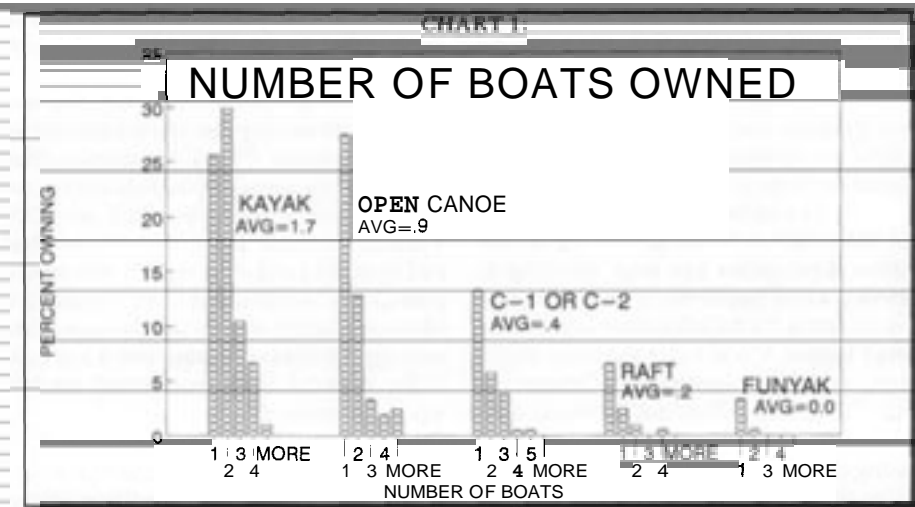
approaches. The first approach (Phase I) was a standard tabulation of the responses while the second (Phase II) was an attempt to prioritize equipment in order of importance as indicated by the written responses to the Close Calls Survey.

Prioritizing equipment (for phase II) involved reviewing each written Close Call response (where written accounts were available) and estimating what equipment or techniques were helpful (or would have been helpful if available) in each instance. To minimize the inconsistencies and bias's of this reviewer, four of us independently reviewed each case, and the results from all four were used to rate the importance of each item.

PHASE 1 SURVIVOR RESULTS

The "AWA Safety Attitudes and Equipment" survey was included in the centerfold of the March-April issue of the American Whitewater magazine with an estimated readership at the time of 2700. 211 readers responded. The average respondent:

- Paddled 65 (yes, sixty five) times in the previous year;
- Was 38 years old;
- Had been paddling for around 7 years;




The typical boater owns more than one boat, and many cases, more than one type of boat.


- Owns more than one boat;
- Considers her/himself a class 4 to 5 paddler;
- Went to an average of 9 pool sessions last year;
- Has been an AWA member for 5 years;
- Favors paddling for achievement (60%), over scenery (37%), adrenaline (35%), and friends (32%).

50% reported a close call at some point in their paddling life, while only 42% of their "close calls" were actually reported to the Close Calls survey.

There were a large number of paddlers who paddled more than one type of craft. Chart 1 shows how many boaters (in percent) own each kind of boat. Chart 2 shows reported paddling skills broken down by skill level and boat type (in per-




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BOATING TIME

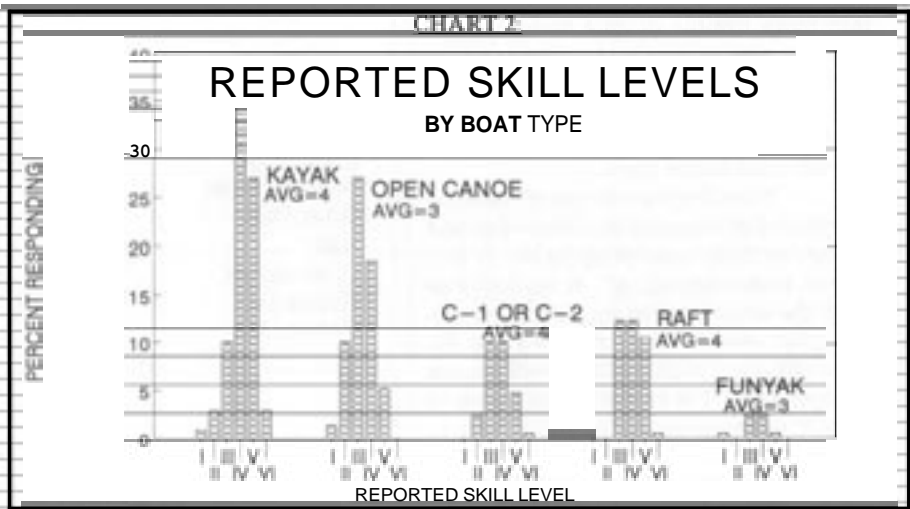
Another way to look at the popularity of each type of boat was by adding all of the days reportedly spent in one. Chart 3 shows these percentages alongside the percentage of close calls (as published in the March-April issue of American Whitewater).

As can be seen from chart 3, kayakers had a slightly higher incident rate than their river time would suggest. However, canoeists, both open and decked, had slightly fewer, and squirt boaters were in the middle.

Could this be as my canoeing buddies have always suggested -that the extra paddle blade really does get in the way? I don't think so. David's work with the Close Calls survey dug up the following info:

RIVER DIFFICULTY, PADDLER SKILL

Most open canoe incidents occurred in class III water while most Kayak incidents occurred in class IV. This seems to correlate with the skill levels reported in chart 2. Chart 4 shows the percentage of incidents at each difficulty level alongside the info from chart 2 (recalculated so that



Typical skill levels reported were quite high.

each boat type adds up to 100%).

(Please note that these numbers don't reflect actual time spent paddling rivers of each difficulty level.)

PINS

33 percent of kayaking incidents and 41 percent of open canoeing incidents involved some form of pinning or boat entrapment (see chart 5).

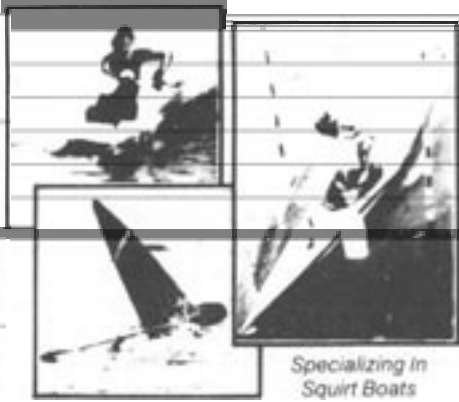
Of these entrapments, a much

larger portion of them occurred in class II and III water.

INEXPERIENCE

A third of the incidents involving canoes listed inexperience as a contributing factor.

What this data seems to suggest is that for some reason, open boaters pin more frequently (so much for my friends' boast) and less experienced paddlers get



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SAFETY

into more trouble despite easier rapids. Perhaps open boaters are getting into similar trouble as often as Kayakers, but are just stepping out of the boat and avoiding it. As a kayaker this smells like cheating, but who can blame them.

Then there are the squirt boaters. They just don't seem to be as death defying as they've been cracked up to be. Is this due to under-reporting? A tendency to keep the unruly boats on familiar rivers and play spots? Fear of scratching the artwork? Or a higher skill levels among the operators? The survey doesn't seem to answer these questions, so you'll have to draw your own conclusions.

EQUIPMENT CARRIED

One of the main purposes of the Equipment survey was to determine what equipment is most commonly carried on the river these days. Chart 6 shows a condensed version of those results. Because of the possible answers on the survey form, data was condensed as follows: Always = 100% of the time, sometimes = 50%, never = 0%, cold = 20%, high = 10%, and cold/high = 5%.

The equipment is listed in order of priority as suggested by phase II of this study. Other equipment not listed but noted as sometimes useful included a better helmet; better boat outfitting; better spray skirt; a two-way radio; and broach loops (those cable loops in front and/or back of the cockpit of some of the newer plastic boats). We also had a report or two of paddlers attributing their misfortune on the way the boat had been carried on the car (backwards).

One item not studied was a saw. With around 10% of all incidents involving trees, a good chainsaw might be handy. Small folding saws are available and might be helpful during some rescues. They could also be useful for clearing the hazards before they become a problem.

OTHER EQUIPMENT

A couple of items studied in phase II showed up on the low end of the priority list but are still worth considering. These items include fog free glasses (for obvious reasons); a map; (I once knew of a group of paddlers that spent a cold night on a river when they could have walked a quarter of a mile to a group of houses); food (I'm not sure of this one, there are those who will argue that food just gives a drowning victim something to choke on); and a better foot bracing system in lieu of foot pegs.

ALTERNATIVE FOOT BRACING

In the case of foot bracing systems, there are 3 main alternatives: Break-a-way foot pegs; soft bulkheads; and hard

Chart 3

<u>Boat Type</u>	<u>Percent days on river by Boat Type</u>	<u>Percent incidents by Boat Type</u>
Regular kayak	55%	64%
Squirt boat	10	10
Raft	8	10
Open canoe	17	8
Race boat	(N/A)	4
Regular C-1	10	4

Chart 4

	<u>Kayakers</u>		<u>Open canoes</u>	
	<u>Reported Skill</u>	<u>Reported Incidents</u>	<u>Reported Skill</u>	<u>Reported Incidents</u>
Class II	4	9	16	30
Class III	13	26	44	41
Class IV	44	35	30	18
Class V	35	27	8	12
Class VI	4	4		

Chart 5

<u>Reported incident type</u>	<u>Kayak</u>	<u>Open canoe</u>
Vertical pin	8	0
Side pin (middle)	14	35
Side pin (ends)	6	0
Bottom splat	1	0
Other types of boat entrapment	4	6
TOTALS	33	41

European style bulkheads. Personally I've never been satisfied with the way a soft bulkhead (stuffing the nose with minicell foam) squishes forward with use and sudden stops. The solid European style bulkheads are far sturdier and provide good support. A thick foam pad of at least a couple of inches will help absorb shock so your bones won't have to. Break-a-way foot pegs scare me.

Break-a-way's remind me of the time I was pinned upside down over Sock-en-dog with my feet stuck in front of the foot pegs (due to improper positioning). When the boat washed free, I had a difficult time paddling away with my arms pits against the cockpit rim. I was very glad I didn't have to surf in that condition.

A much more serious incident was reported to the Close Calls survey, a paddler was unable to maneuver, surf, or roll after loosing his foot pegs near the beginning of a very long class V western rapids. As a result, it was a long time before he was barely able to make it to shore.

These and many similar situations that have occurred over the years

seem to indicate that the European type bulkhead - with plenty of padding - seems like the best way to go.

LARGE COCKPITS

Large cockpits are a luxury that could also save a life. These are handy even for a rescuer trying to climb out onto a rock in the middle of a rapids - A difficult task with some of the smaller cockpits, especially those equipped with thigh hooks. The Equipment Survey recorded relatively few paddlers using such cockpits - although more than expected. This will probably change as more of the new boat designs with this style cockpit are sold.

LIFE JACKETS

There were a surprising number of low volume squirt jackets reportedly being used, but the Close calls data didn't show this to be a problem, presumably this is because we're smart enough to keep them on the "easier", more familiar rivers where they belong.

The data did indicate though that a better floating life jacket may, or could have been helpful in a few of the cases where bad swims or recirculations had

occurred. I wonder though how many of these cases involved waterlogged lifejackets. I can think of several times in the past where my regular jacket was probably floating only because it and my boat were keeping it afloat.

Perhaps someone should look into the durability of life jacket floatation under "normal use" conditions for boaters who are out there most weekends.

"THE BUDDY SYSTEM" & THREE PADDLER MINIMUM"

While not equipment, this item was included in the equipment portion of the survey and may be related to some problems noted in phase II among the Close Calls reports. The most noted problem was poor communication among boaters. An informal buddy system could help, but more **communication** from paddlers most familiar with the run could help in many of the cases. This is not a simple problem, nor does it have a simple solution. We all must work to minimize this problem.

ROPES

Six rope entanglements were reported including one on a stray rope that caught around the paddlers waist and held him under the current until rescued: two incidents involving paddlers tying throw ropes to themselves or their boats while attempting to ferry the end across a river (both in flood — one was tied to a lifejacket which had to be jettisoned causing the resulting swim to be very serious); Another incident involved entanglement between a tree and a stern line: and two other paddlers were caught by flying ropes while paddling in their boats.

Needless to say, ropes should be taken seriously. If one gets loose, be sure to find it so someone else can't get hurt later. Never tie a rope to yourself or an occupied boat, holding it in your teeth is one way to properly ferry an end across a current. Be sure to stay out of the way **when it starts to fly** and try to avoid hitting other paddlers as well. I figure most of us know these things already, but the data shows that the message hasn't been heard by everyone.

STERN LINES

As mentioned above, there was one incident of entanglement involving a stern rescue line entangling with a strainer. While we found one could have been useful on a number of occasions, there may be better ways to address these needs.

One popular European alternative is just now showing up in this country on some European boats. This system is similar to the stern tow line, but is located

CHART 6
SAFETY EQUIPMENT USAGE AND AVAILABILITY

EQUIPMENT	ESTIMATED REPORTED USAGE (PERCENT — SEE NOTE 1)			
	EVERYDAY	STEEP/TECH	BIG WATER	EXPLORE
Throwrope (less than 80 feet)	48	59	54	72
Throwrope (more than 80 feet)	37	41	39	42
Throwrope (all lengths)	85	99	93	100
Keyhole (large) cockpit	21	29	24	29
First aid kit	40	48	45	56
Whistle	58	58	57	51
High float PFD	27	26	30	33
Regular float PFD	56	56	51	57
Low float PFD	14	13	12	12
Always have minimum of 3 paddlers	44	51	53	54
Use the Buddy System on the river	51	59	56	65
Drysuit	23	27	25	30
Wetsuit	22	22	23	19
River knife	54	51	50	75
Carabineer(s)	82	93	86	98
Rear float bags	82	86	83	87
Front float bags	65	67	66	68
Matches, firestarter, other survival stuff	35	43	39	55
Short rope or webbing around waist	29	37	34	44
Stern line	39	34	35	40
Take apart paddle	20	33	28	39
Always wear shoes/booties	59	54	52	56
Rescue harness on PFD	4	7	5	12
Breakaway deck	4	4	5	6

NOTE:
The survey allowed several possible answers for each piece of equipment. The choices were:
A, S, N, C, H, and CH (ALWAYS, SOMETIMES, NEVER, COLD WATER, HIGH WATER, COLD & HIGH WATER).
To simplify this presentation, the responses were combined using the following equation:
ESTIMATED REPORTED USAGE (%) = A + .5 x S + .2 x C + .1 x H + .05 x HC

immediately behind the cockpit and is stored inside a small teacup size pouch that is often recessed into the deck. While I've never witnessed its use, my European friends tell me that the attachment point near the cockpit allows better boat control while the towing.

Another alternative is a rope loop sized to make an emergency seat harness. Many paddlers use webbing for this purpose. When not in use, the loop is shortened by making a series of slip knots in it until it is the length of a belt and can be worn around my waist with a carabiner as a buckle. To tow a boat, one end of the loop is hooked around the paddlers shoulder while the other end can be binered to the vacant boat.

The loop can also be used as an emergency anchor sling, or to tie up a loose boat during a rescue (including the rescuer's boat in a tight spot), or possibly to stabilize a trapped victim until a throw rope arrives at the scene.

KNOTS IN ROPES

I've seen it many times. For some reason, intentional or not, a knot in a rope getting hung up on the river bottom or elsewhere. A knot in a rope can in fact act as a small grappling hook

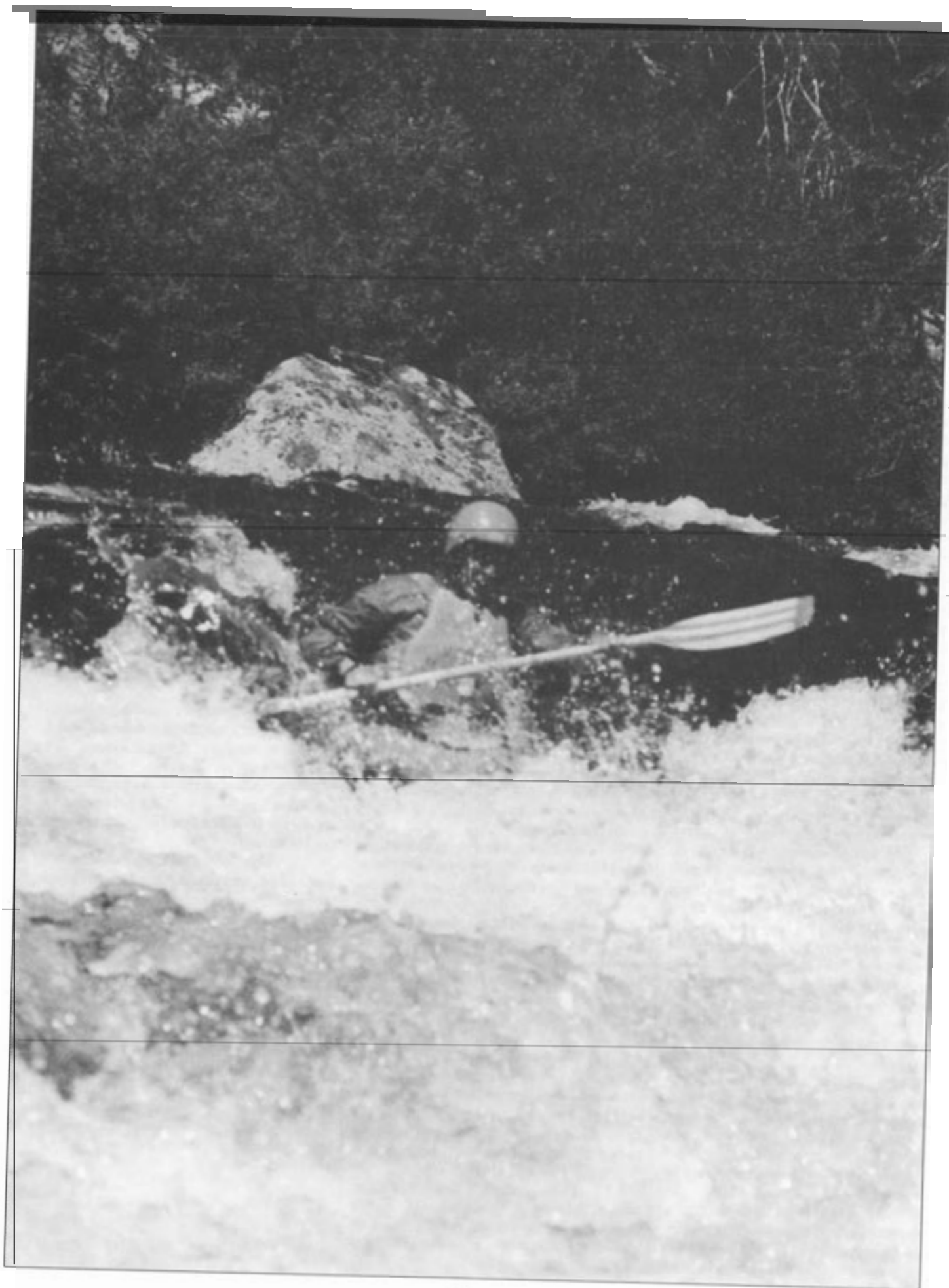
Once watched an unoccupied C-1 doing a permanent tander while anchored to the bottom of the "Room of Doom" slot at Sweets falls on the Gauley. The throw rope was hooked to the boat's grab loop in just such a manner without being tied to anything. It took an hour or so for us to cut the boat free.

The boater who's stern line became entangled could have been in even worse shape if he had tied knots along his stern line, or if the excess (at the cleated end) had been tied off as is so tempting to do. If you're going to use a stern line, please be careful.

THE FUTURE

Well, there you have it, some of the highlights of what we have found. David will be reporting one more time in a future issue, then we'll be compiling a report for distribution to those who wish to study this stuff in further detail.

I hope you've found some useful information from this effort. See you on the river.



My Own Private Idaho

Wilderness is only a day trip away on the Deadwood

By CHRIS KOLL

The truck topped the grade, slipping from the shade of the pines into the brilliant sunshine of a high mountain meadow. At my urging, Tim pulled to the side. Before the truck stopped rolling, I was out the door, struggling with my fly.

Shuttle rides can be hell when you start the morning with three Diet Cokes.

But as I stood in the isolate glade, soaking the sandy soil, it was readily apparent this was not your average piss-stop.

Around me, the long grasses of the meadow, tawny from the late summer heat, rippled in the morning breeze and clumps of wildflowers added splashes of blue and yellow. Half a mile distant, a dark green line of pines marked where the meadow ended, steeply dropping from the 8,000-foot summit to the valley floor of the Deadwood River. And on the horizon, like a low bank of violet clouds, the Sawtooth Range rose in the East.

The day had started as another paddling day trip. But instead, I was about to experience my own private Idaho.

I wouldn't classify Bob Gedekoh as a crunchy granola fruit cake. Crunchy granola boaters take this back-to-nature thing a bit too far. Surviving on rice cakes for weeks at a time in order to experience "true" wilderness. Paddling flatwater 12 hours a day for the privilege of hearing a loon. Or even passing up a good class 5 run just because the river passes under a bridge or two.

No, Bob doesn't take his love of the outdoors to that extreme. But all things being equal, given a choice between running a whitewater run that traverses the unblemished outback or a river through more civilized surroundings, Bob will opt for the wilderness every time—even if it requires sacrificing a few creature comforts.

We were visiting a state famous



Charlie Pettigrove surveys class 5 drop while silhouetted against Idaho skyline.

for its multi-day paddling trips. With the Middle Fork of the Salmon and the Selway, Idaho arguably boasts the two finest wilderness runs in the country.

But passage on both rivers is regulated. Prime paddling dates occur in May and June during peak run-off and a limited number of launches per day are allowed in order to maintain the pristine condition of the river corridors. Permits are issued each winter following a lottery among the applicants.

We had scheduled our trip to Idaho for early August to catch the first releases on the definitive class 5 section of the North Fork Payette. And since we possessed no permits for the North Fork's more scenic cousins, I felt comfortable that Bob would not subject me to the travails of a multi-day excursion in one of his quests to go where no man has gone before.

After all, I was illequipped to deal with camping out of my kayak. My sleeping bag (a bulky flannel sack with pictures of ducks printed on the lining) couldn't fit into the trunk of a compact car. The best I could manage for a dry bag was

a double layer of trash can liners. And my boat, a Perception Sabre, didn't have enough room behind the seat for a sack lunch, much less a week of provisions.

And besides, I was used to boating in crowds. For most of the year, I paddle as a safety kayaker for a commercial outfitter, and it just wouldn't seem natural to surf a hole without a throng of rafters cheering me on.

But we hadn't boated the North Fork for more than a day, scouting its challenging drops while dodging traffic along the highway that parallels the river, when Gedekoh announced:

"I'd really like to see the Deadwood. It has water now and the levels might not last much longer. Besides—it's supposed to be a real wilderness run. The river isn't supposed to be as hard as the North Fork, the scenery is supposed to be spectacular."

I took another glance at the horrifying river before me and weighed the difficulties of another day of serious class 5 rapids against the prospects of being trapped in the outback, gnawing on tree bark for sustenance, weaving together pine boughs for cover and huddled under a space blanket for warmth.

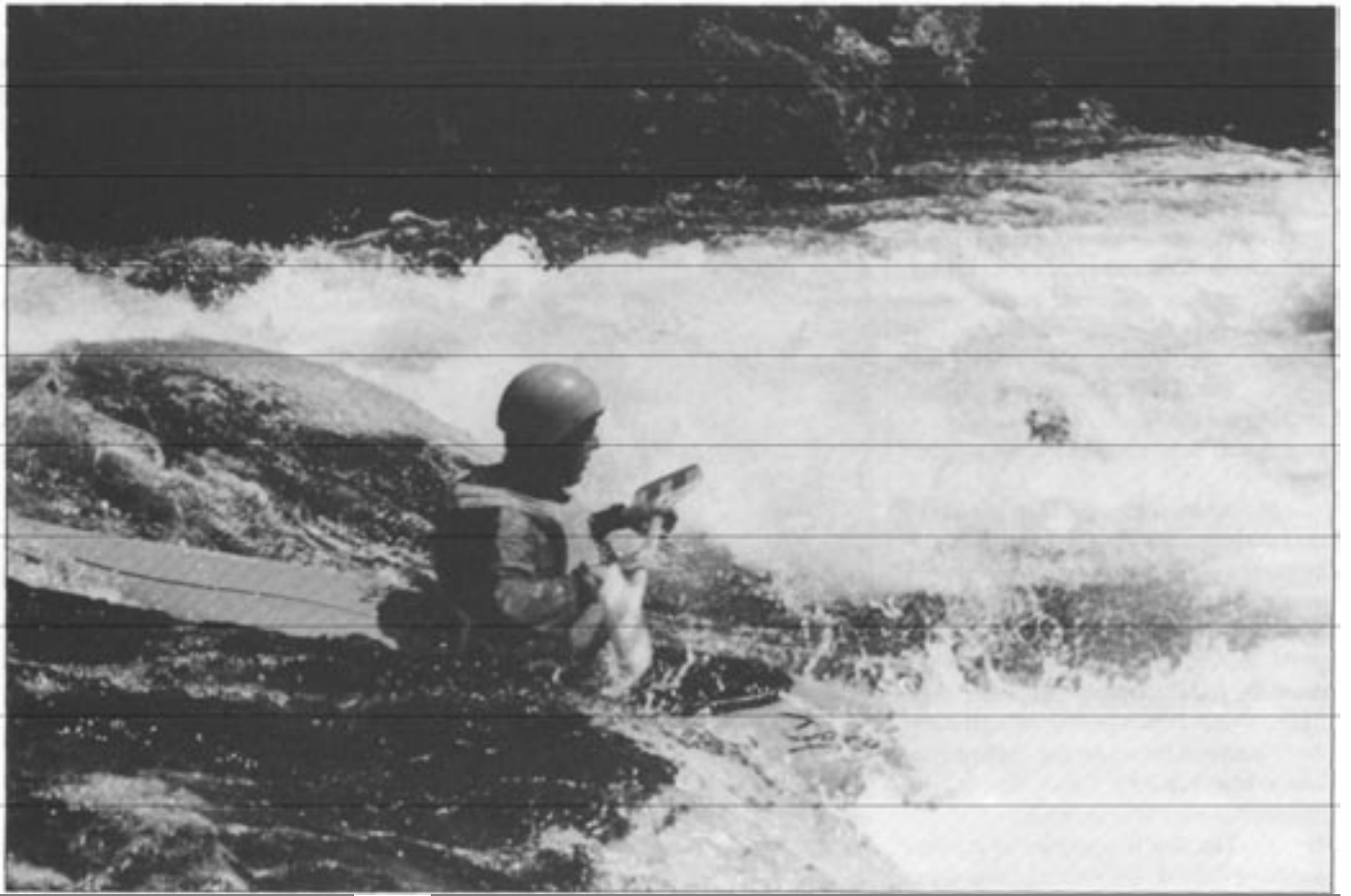
Given the choices, I found I had developed a taste for granola.

Given the relatively small size of the Deadwood, the river enjoys a remarkably long and dependable paddling season.

The run begins at an elevation of 5,160 feet at the base of the Deadwood Reservoir and finishes 1,500 feet and 24 miles later where the river empties into the South Fork of the Payette. The upper 14 miles of the river are completely inaccessible and while a road and a single bridge interrupt the run 10 miles from the bottom, for all practical purposes, the river is a wilderness experience.

The function of the Deadwood Reservoir is to augment summer flows on the main stem of the Payette, so when the

In my imagination, I pictured dozens more carries, some that required hacking a path through the undergrowth, using our river knives like miniature machetes.



Charlie dashes through one of the Deadwood's class 4 drops.

Payette's levels start to diminish in July and August, the gates are opened and the Deadwood is navigable through the hottest days of the summer.

Unfortunately, the Deadwood Reservoir is not particularly large, and by mid August a zone of mud and much surround the mountain lake like a bathtub ring and flows are reduced for another year. But during that month and a half the Deadwood provides the closest substitute for an Idaho wilderness trip that can be experienced in an eight hour package.

Kind of a Reader's Digest or a Clift's Notes version of a Salmon trip.

I perused a copy of the Idaho Statesman while Bob and our companions Tim Kelley and Charlie Pettigrove mopped up the remnants of a massive country

breakfast in a cafe in Garden Valley.

The Statesman, an enlightened state newspaper, printed weekly flow projections for Idaho whitewater runs, and reported an anticipated flow of 800 cfs for the Deadwood.

"It's a low flow, but do-able," Bob observed as we ambled out to Tim's truck.

We followed the road that paralleled the South Fork Payette, skirting first the Swirly Canyon section and then the popular South Fork Canyon run. The scenery remained constant: low hills covered with sage and dotted with scattered clumps of pine and occasionally split by fractured outcroppings of rock exposed by the quick currents of rivers or creeks. Although the view was uniquely beautiful, the picture was distinctly western: arid and colored in

hues of brown.

After forty five minutes of dusty road, we crossed the Deadwood at its confluence with the South Fork, dropped a vehicle at the small BLM campground, and backtracked three miles to where a narrow dirt track blazed north towards the Reservoir.

And as we slowly bumped our way up the steady incline, the land around us changed. The forest became thicker, the foliage more verdant, and the air possessed a hint of moisture. By the time we emerged in the aforementioned meadow, the topography had assumed the feel of an Alpine setting. Moments later a 10-point buck stepped onto the road and calmly observed us as we passed. Then, through a break in the trees, we saw a flash of blue as deep and clear as a gemstone. And we

were at the lake.

"This wilderness stuff ain't **so** bad," I said to myself. And propping my feet up on the dash, I cracked open another Diet Coke.

We parked below where the Deadwood issued forth in a narrow torrent from the bottom of the dam, cascading under a one-lane bridge and disappearing into a tunnel of trees.

It was nearly eleven in the morning and **the sun** burned brightly overhead. We stripped off our shirts as we unloaded boats. Anxious to get on the water, I slipped my life jacket over my head, tucked in my sprayskirt, and slid into the water.

My boat submerged momentarily, showering **me with** spray. The kayak immediately bounced to the surface but my upper body was already numb from the chill of the water. Gasping and spluttering, I powered to shore.

"I think **I'll** wear a paddling jacket," I said to the others while I rooted around in the back of the truck. "And **maybe I better** carry some extrapoly-pro."

"And **you better think about** packing a sandwich and something to drink," Bob observed. "It's going **to be** along day."

Suddenly, **Bob's** advice seemed to make sense. I stuffed a couple candy bars and an extra Diet Coke into my dry bag, well...I mean my doubled trash can liner, and proceeded to load my boat.

For the first several miles we splashed through riffles in fast current and easy class 2 rapids. Conscious of the length of the run, we paddled to make time, but we were always wary of the possibility of strainers.

According to local guidebooks, the Deadwood is notorious for downed trees lodged in the middle of its big drops. The dam holds back water in the spring, preventing the annual spring surge of run-off from cleaning out the run. In fact, the book warned that many of the major rapids could possibly be clogged with debris.

So we weren't surprised to **see a** tangle of branches rising from the water just a few miles down the river. **We** eddied on the right, found we could skitter over the submerged **trunk** along the bank, and continued on our way.

But five minutes later we **encoun-**

tered another obstacle—a series of tree trunks laced between boulders in the middle of a class 4 drop.

"I can see the line," Tim said from the security of shore. "It goes right where that tree is lodged."

The portage around the drop was an easy one, but I began to wonder if I liked this wilderness **kayaking**. In my imagination, I pictured dozens more carries, some that required hacking a path through the undergrowth, using our river knives like miniature machetes. Slowed by scouting, I **fantasized** about being caught on the river by end of day, and having to burrow under a pile of trees to survive the night.

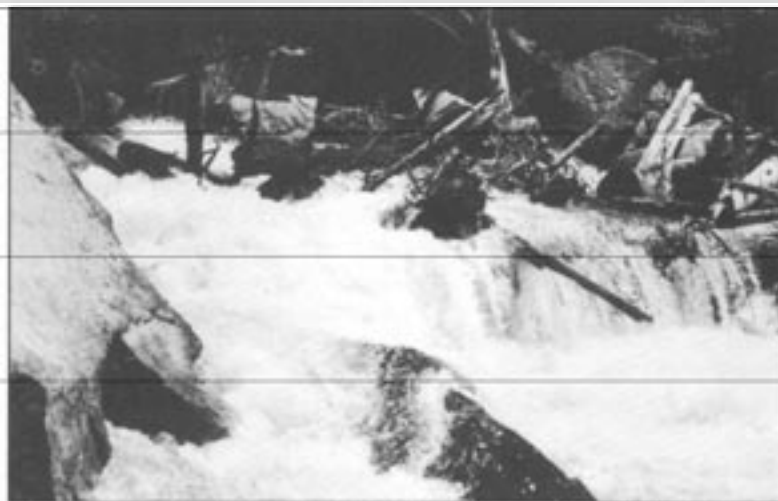
But my fears were for naught. After reentering the stream, we were met with a delightful section of whitewater composed of **easy** class 4 drops connected by continuous rolling water. **And** best of yet, no logs.

The miles rolled by. Typically, Bob or Tim would take the lead, drifting up to the lip of a rapid then darting left or right. None of the rapids were particularly long and necessitated only a move or two before we were through the boulders or around the holes and bobbing our way through the run-out waves.

At 800 cfs, the Deadwood was not particularly pushy, and we had plenty of time to pick our way through even the more technical lines. And more importantly, the river was not **so** difficult as to steal our attention from the country we were passing through. Bob, as they say,

Timber--standing and fallen

The trees that look beautiful on the side of an Idaho mountain don't appear as appealing when lodged in the middle of a class 4 rapid.





Tim Kelley tempts fate by paddling his fiberglass Screamin' Meanie through a bony drop on the Deadwood.

was in hog-heaven. The river was undeniably beautiful.

Our friend Tim Kelley differs from Bob when it comes to appreciating the wilderness. Oh, Tim actually spends more time in uncivilized settings than Bob does. He's a captain in the U.S. Army—a graduate of Ranger School where they teach you to eat worms and sleep in puddles of water. And he's also climbed Mt. McKinley as well as some of the highest peaks in the Andes—spending weeks at a time in subfreezing temperatures, digging ice caves for shelter and wearing the same underwear for a month.

But Tim ventures forth into the wilderness because it contains the activities he likes to do—whether it be mountain climbing, ice-climbing or running ridiculously difficult whitewater. He revels in the challenge of performing trying daunting tasks under adverse conditions whereas Bob values the outback as much for its aesthetic qualities such as beauty and solitude.

And so, as we approached the halfway mark of the trip, I wondered if Tim was finding the day as much to his liking as Bob.

But my worries about Tim's emotional well-being ended at the next horizon line. It was a long class 5 over three steep scrapy ledges with a line that weaved between several boulders. And for addi-

tional spice to the run, a couple of logs lurked to the side of the rapid—no problem if you were on your mark, but certainly a difficulty if plans went awry.

We scrambled up the bank on the right for an overview of the drop. It didn't take long for Bob, Charlie and me to look away from the river and start searching for the best portage trail. But Tim remained on the bluff, shielding his eyes from the sun, mulling strategies for the rapid.

Tim was still plotting his campaign, blissfully scrambling over boulders, examining different angles and memorizing landmarks for his necessary move while I finished dragging my boat to the bottom. I settled against a boulder, soft with a thick upholstery of lush green moss, to wait for his run.

The late afternoon air was heavy with the August heat and perfectly quiet except for the buzzing of bees molesting a nearby patch of flowers. I leaned back, and my last conscious thought was of the vivid green of the pines matched against the cerulean blue of the Idaho sky. Then I was asleep.

Shouts from Bob and Charlie awoke me just as Tim cleared the first ledge, perfectly on line. He threaded his way between two boulders, boofed another drop, emerged through the subsequent hole, and shot his way down the long run-out on the left side with a hoot

and holler of exaltation.

Charlie and Bob were already pushing off in their boats, paddling off to the left to follow Tim. They were already far downstream before I finished rubbing the sleep from my eyes.

The next two miles were the best of the trip. The continuous rapids splashed over the hull of my boat as I cruised between boulders and dropped over small ledges. But despite the cold water in the face, I felt logy from my abbreviated nap. My companions drew further ahead until finally, for stretches of the river, I was alone.

You are very alone with your thoughts when paddling in solitude on a wilderness river. I noticed the way my paddle bit into the water. The spray of droplets that flew from the blade at the end of each stroke. The subtle pull of the current as my boat cut through eddies. And I felt every stroke in the tired muscles of my back and shoulders. The rapids weren't of much concern on the bottom half of the Deadwood, and I fell into a steady rhythm, slicing through the class 3 water, absorbing the scene around me in the quiet stillness of twilight.

It was the essence of wilderness paddling.

But in the middle of one of those innocuous class 3s, while I was lost in a reverie, I fell into a pour over. My boat stalled, was sucked sideways, and I was pulled into a solid surf.

At first, I momentarily panicked. Caught in a hole in the middle of nowhere with no one in sight. What if I couldn't escape? What if I came out of my boat?

But just as quickly, I relaxed, lowered by brace, and leaned back to enjoy the sensation of bouncing in place alone under the sun and blue skies of Idaho.

And just for the benefit of any birds that might be watching, I twirled by paddle once.

Chris Koll is the managing editor of this magazine and after his single-day foray into the Idaho wilderness has allowed Bob Gedekoh to talk him into multi-day trip on the Selway this season.



By MIKE SKLAVOS

Hidden away in remote northern Wisconsin are rivers with isolated falls, some of which would tickle the fancy of any hair boater. But many of the secluded drops remain unknown by resident whitewater paddlers.

Such was the case for the Pine River.

It was late August and I should have been at work, but instead I was driving north to go boating. My companions and I were heading to the Pine River to participate in a recreational flow study that was being conducted collaboratively by the Wisconsin Electric Power Company (WEP) and the National Park Service (NPS). The study was also being monitored by the Department of Natural Resources (DNR) and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (FWS).

I must admit that at first I was skeptical as to the reported class V difficulty of this run. Having paddled for

many years, I thought I knew most of the runs in the state. We frequently travel up north and no one has ever mentioned this section to us.

Of course, there was some good reason for the Pine's obscurity. The most challenging portion of the river—a half mile section in which the stream drops 35 feet—is normally dewatered by an upstream hydroelectric project.

But when WEP agreed to release water back into the dewatered section to test the suitability of the reach for whitewater recreation, my curiosity was piqued. Although I had my doubts as to whether this run was really as hard as advertised, I was willing to make the effort to participate, providing I could schedule my work around this venture. The release was set for a Tuesday, so we were not sure how many people might attend. Fortunately, a couple of friends were able to

**WARNING
WHEN SIREN
SOUNDS -- WATER
WILL RISE
RAPIDLY**

Above: Mike Sklavos negotiates the First Falls on the Pine River.



BEFORE AND AFTER:
Paddlers scout the opening drop of the Pine prior to the scheduled water release. Minutes later, a boater descends the same rapid that has been transformed into a wild torrent.

arrange work **so** that they could join me. So... off to the north we went.

After a **restful camp** on the shores of the **Menominee River**, a river we paddle **all** summer (and a great squirt run, I might add), we headed to breakfast and later to an early rendezvous with Angela Tormes. Angela is the NPS Midwest Riverwatch Coordinator and the coordinator of the project. I had spoken with her on the phone about a month prior to the study and she had expressed some concern that there may not be enough interest in the study. She had spoken with paddlers from the **area** but didn't know exactly how many would actually show up. I told her that I knew of six to eight people that should be there. From her other conversations, she assumed about four others might **also** attend. Everything seemed to be shaping up for a good time.

When we arrived at the put-in, which **was at** the tailwaters of a dam on the Pine Flowage, we met other paddlers who had arrived earlier or camped there overnight. We had planned an early arrival **so** we could check out the river bottom. We thought that since the opportunity presented itself we should take advantage. It **is not every** day that you get to **see** the river bed bone dry, or nearly so with just 25 cfs. Scouting rivers when they are dry and then seeing them with water soon after gives one the chance to study the **prin-**



Class II and the question in our minds was what will it look like with water? We **gazed** and speculated, but our experience told us we just had to wait and **see**.

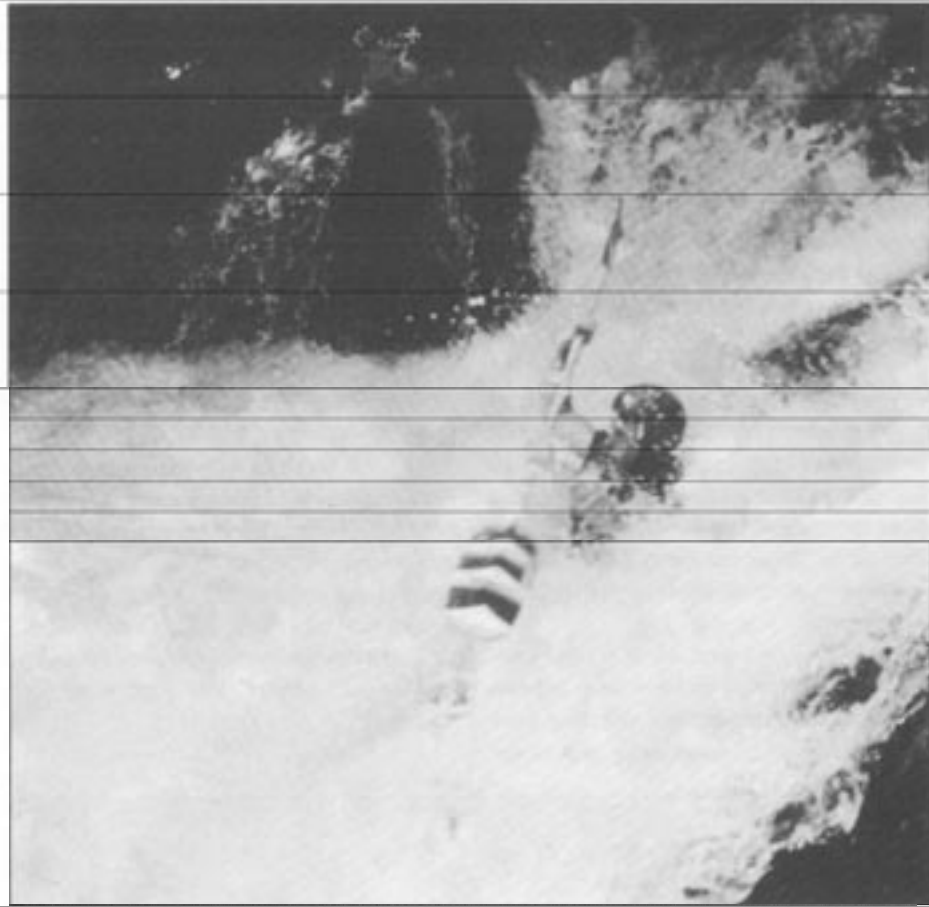
Angela called all the paddlers together for a short meeting to organize the day's events. The plan was to **begin** with a release of 150 cfs and to progress from there. Subsequent releases would be in increments of 50 to 75 cfs. This was a **small** river and the drops were steep, therefore a lot of water was not needed for minimal flow. With a huge amount of water, this section could be **very** dangerous, if not life threatening. I knew we would not come close to those flows on this day.

There were 15 paddlers present from various organizations in the region. Groups represented were the University

of Wisconsin Hooper Outing Club, Chicago Whitewater Association, Sierra Club, Badger State Boating Society and the American Canoe Association. Also on **hand were** many spectators who had heard about the event or had come up with the paddlers to observe and enjoy the sun.

As a special note, I must mention that opportunities to paddle difficult water in Wisconsin during the warmth of summer don't happen. We usually paddle in snow or cold rainy weather in March or April. Many people mentioned over and over again what a treat this was. Aside from the special focus of the day, the weather was a significant factor in elevating everyone's spirits.

When the first release of 150 cfs **stabilized**, the paddlers observed the flow and concluded that it was not enough.



Bob Obst drops off the second ledge during a Pine River test run.

The drops were very bony, and nose hits would probably be a problem. So we requested more water, and an additional 50 cfs was released. Much better now. By the way, how many times can paddlers wish for more water and get it on a moment's notice? Unique scenario, eh?

We scouted, established safety positions and running order. With this many people on such a small river, some plan needed to be initiated. So we formulated one. Everyone was in agreement — another anomaly in the boating community!

The first fall was a double drop. About 50 yards of Class II water preceded the first ledge. The initial fall in this sequence was about six feet and had a shallow bottom. Several nose hits were recorded. At the bottom of this ledge, which could be run clean in the right spot, the water took a fast 90-degree turn to the right. A boat length and a stroke later, you dropped five to six feet over the second ledge into a nasty hole that recirculated a

bit. The hole caused a few surfs, blew a couple of spray skirts and forced a swim, but otherwise most people made it through with style. Of the three, this drop was definitely the one to generate the most concern.

About five boat lengths below this ledge was the second of the series of three ledges. This one was about 12 feet high and quite vertical. The right side was steeper, with a small horseshoe cut in the lip of the falls. During our river bed scout we noticed that a rock was well placed to cause a piton if the right side were run. This caused everyone to stay left. Some consternation occurred during the first run, when a paddler hit something as he ran the falls, but no one else repeated the nose touch. This vertical ledge dropped off into a frothy hole with jets of water hitting you from the sides as you dropped to the bottom. A few tipovers were recorded, but for the most part it was a bit easier than the previous ledge. It had a very straight entry with no obstruction

except for the spectators on the bank hollering and cheering the runs.

The third ledge was located just below the second falls, where the river bed widened. This proved to be the grungiest of the three at the initial 200 cfs flow. A slightly scrappy entry plummeted you down a washboard incline into a hole at the bottom. Then there's a nice pool before the Class II run-out to the take-out. This was definitely the easiest of the three. Although requiring some maneuvering, the drop was still the most benign, providing one remained upright. In an inverted position, this falls could deliver the most damage due to its long, rocky, shallow nature.

Three of us made this first run, while others watched and analyzed the moves as we made our way through the drops. Because of its technical nature, the first falls drew the most attention. As the three of us boated downstream, the others took their turns. Looking upstream, it seemed as if the river were alive — paddlers and spectators everywhere. I'll bet this scene was never before witnessed on this stretch of water, but hopefully it was a sign for the future. It had a flavor similar to Gauley season, but on a much smaller scale. It was great to see so many enjoying the day and this previously unheard of section of this tiny stream.

At the take-out there was a truck to shuttle us back for the next run. It was a very nice gesture appreciated by all. Why couldn't paddling always be like this?

The subsequent releases that day were 250 and 300 cfs. As the level rose, the number of paddlers diminished a bit. A few were satisfied with one run, while others carried up and ran drops over and over, hardly having time to savor one before attempting the next. It was clear that everyone was having fun and that the spirit was quite positive. Even the WEP officials seemed happy.

With higher flows the drops became more enjoyable and had stronger hydraulics. But none of the drops became unmanageable. The first falls had another route open at the highest release, giving the option of not having to wrestle with the considerable hole that was forming. Some of the paddlers opted for the new

route since the stronger backwash gave everyone who ran it a bit of a tussle. The second falls remained unchanged at all three levels. The third ledge, however, became a real treat at 300 cfs. Waves formed where rock had previously scraped boat bottoms. Holes also formed to provide a few surfs at the bottom of the fall.

As the time passed, it was soon realized that the water was going to run out. WEP officials, noticing a three-inch drop in the lake, decided to end the study after testing the three levels which had been released. Although a few of us were curious to see what would happen with a bit more water, we accepted the inevitable. It was time to call it a day.

Understandably exhausted, the paddlers met again to draw some conclusions from the day's activities. The first order of business was to complete surveys about the run. We then had a discussion session to summarize our thoughts and make some generalizations. Mostly ev-

eryone was in agreement. We felt that the Pine was generally of Class IV difficulty. The drops were rated Class IV to low V for the first and Class III+ and Class III, respectively, for the second two falls. Most paddlers felt that 225 cfs would be an acceptable release level, although a bit more water would be nicer. People concluded that a lower flow would be a fair exchange for more releases, as long as the releases were not too low.

With its close proximity to the Menominee River Gorge, this section of the Pine would permit a greater selection for paddlers traveling to this remote section of Wisconsin. This run would bring more recreational opportunities for paddlers of the upper midwest during the off season and improve boating quality in the otherwise dry summer.

I believe that most of the paddlers were grateful to have been able to participate in this endeavor. Whether there will be future releases only the Great

Kahunna knows. I hope he is benevolent and bestows this much welcomed summer run for we well deserving upper midwesterners who are otherwise destined for long drives.

This event also led many of us to think about negotiating other possible recreational releases in the future. We have at least one other section that is dry because of a dam—a Class IV section of the Wisconsin River that is paddled infrequently. Who knows, maybe the future will bring whitewater to many of those runs which have lain dormant and dry for so long.

As sunset fell during our drive home, talk of the Pine resumed. We spoke of LaSalle Falls at the head of the reservoir and contemplate that 20-foot drop that we haven't yet run as well as what might lie under the lake itself. Just think of the drops that might be hidden. "Hey," someone said, "what if the dam were not there?..."

Deciding suitability of recreational flows

NPS coordinates Pine River study

By ANGELA M. TORNES

A logical point of beginning of the National Park Service's (NPS) involvement in the study of future Pine River hydroelectric project flows is the Congressional allocation of funds to the NPS in 1990. The money was directed specifically to initiate within the Rivers, Trails and Conservation Assistance Program a subprogram which would provide assistance to hydropower companies and to recreational and environmental groups in the licensing and relicensing process.

The NPS staff assists all interested parties focusing on select projects in developing parts of the Environmental Report, an integral component of the license application submitted to the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC). Our staff first identifies all parties which may be interested in a project and solicits their comments regarding recommendations for enhancing the project. If a specific recommendation is needed which requires quantitative data on which to base that recommendation, we assist the hydropower company in defining the parameters of the study, and, in some cases, join the company in conducting the study. The studies recommended

are dependent on the qualities of the project area and may include studies of recreational use or flow releases for aesthetics or recreation. The Pine River study was a case of the latter.

The initiative for providing recreational flows through the historic, or bypass, channel began in 1988, when the Chairperson of the Wild Rivers Committee of the John Muir Chapter of the Sierra Club (Wisconsin) read an article in an American Rivers newsletter. The article explained the hydroelectric licensing process of including comments and recommendations for studies from recreational groups and agencies and encouraged boaters to become involved.

This Sierra Club member immediately pursued the matter of providing for flows in the Pine, and, like a good milkweed pod dispersing its seed, began sending letters to the Wisconsin Electric Power Company (the owner of the project), American Rivers and the appropriate agencies, including FERC, NPS, U.S. Fish and Wildlife (USFWS) and the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources (DNR). His letter was waiting here in Omaha, the NPS Midwest Regional Office, when I arrived in the summer of 1990.

The decision for the NPS to recommend a comprehensive flow study was an evolutionary one. A recreational flow release study had been conducted on the Pine in the interim by the Company and consisted of two kayakers. The kayakers agreed on an optimum flow, but disagreed on the boatable value of the run. In addition, NPS voiced the same concern about impacts to the aquatic ecosystem as did the Wisconsin DNR and the USFWS, but no information was available to make a determination on the release's impact. It became clear at a June 1991 meeting of the Company's and agencies' staffs that another flow release study was necessary.

It's not difficult to understand why there's so much interest in the Pine project. It is a pristine stream which flows through Forest and Florence Counties in northeastern Wisconsin toward its confluence with the Monominee River. Pine and aspen trees flank its banks as it meanders through and tumbles over Canadian Shield bedrock. The State of Wisconsin has recognized the Pine's unique beauty by designating it a Wisconsin Wild River.

The hydroelectric facility impounds the river just upstream and diverts the river away from a series of three major drops which form part of the original river bed. The diverted section is approximately 0.5 miles long and has an elevation change of 35 feet, most of which is in the upper part of the stretch.

Given such an astoundingly beautiful setting, I felt no hesitation in searching for boaters who would be willing to participate in the study. Initially I called the Sierra Club, the University of Wisconsin "Hoofers" and the American Whitewater Affiliation. AWA referred me to one of its affiliates, the Chicago Whitewater Association, which proved to be a veritable fount of information. Together with Eric Spreng of the Chicago group, we contacted members from boating groups not only in Chicago, but also in Minneapolis/St. Paul and Duluth, Minnesota and Madison, Milwaukee and Green Bay, Wisconsin (and some small Wisconsin towns that barely made it on the map).

Throughout the day the boaters, who had arrived from disparate locations, collaborated in making decisions concerning the runnability of the various flows. No one ran the 150 cfs release, everyone ran it at 200 cfs and roughly half ran the 250 cfs release. Only a few ran the Pine at 300 cfs.

The completion of the recreational releases signaled the next phase of the study. After a long, sunny day of running the four releases, the boaters completed a survey which rated each flow while the Wisconsin DNR and the USFWS conducted their assessment of fish stranding. Once the day's work was through, everyone — the Company, boaters, agencies and observers — felt satisfaction from participating in an effort where willing cooperation ruled supreme. Each group played an integral role in the day's success and had a better understanding of each other's concerns. And each group closed the activities with their own celebratory ending — from wallowing languidly in the



The team of test pilots pose after Pine River run.

deliciously cool reservoir waters to imbibing the cool, traditional Wisconsin beverage of choice, or both.

Analysis of the results proved the 200 cfs flow to be the optimum, with a recommendation of 225 cfs preferred if it were possible to attain with the Company's spillway gates. The boaters recommended two to six releases a year, with three releases being the most common recommendation. They also recommended that each release last four or five hours. The Wisconsin DNR and the USFWS did not oppose the recreational flow releases, but recommended that ramping rates be incorporated into the release so that there would be a gradual increase and decrease of waters. The NPS sent these concerns and recommendations along with the study report to the Company and to FERC.

Presently the Company has some hesitation about liability associated with the recreational flow release, as well as a few other concerns about releases during wet years and dry years. We have responded to their concerns and feel that potential problems can be resolved with the assistance of the agencies or FERC. FERC has shown a clear precedent in cases around the country for issuing licenses which include articles delineating recreational flow releases. Ultimately it will be FERC that decides what kind, if any, of recreational flow releases will pass through the Pine River historic channel.

Should readers wish to voice their opinion about the releases to FERC, they may write in reference to the Pine River Project (FERC No. 2486) to the following address: Dean Shumway, Director, Office of Hydropower Review, Office of Hydropower Relicensing, Federal Energy Regulatory Commission, Room 204-RB, Washington, DC 20426.

Angela M. Tornes is the National Park Service's Midwest National Rivers Program Coordinator.

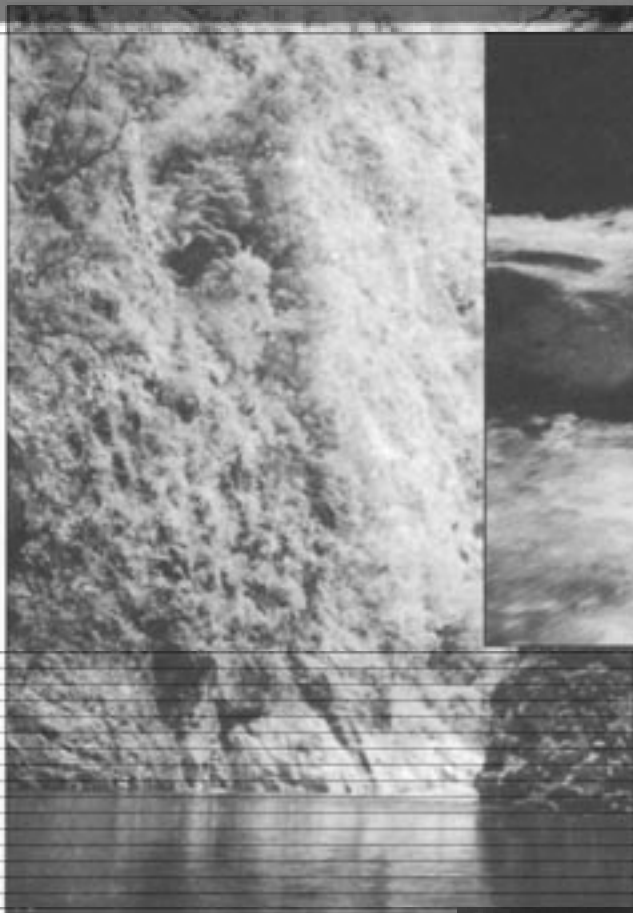
Boating the world's most diverse collection of whitewater rivers

*In a land where sheep
out-number people 12-to-1;
Paddlers find a variety
of water in New Zealand*

By MAC THORNTON

What happens when three red-blooded AWA members invade New Zealand for two weeks of boating? Hordes of sheep are sent scurrying in other directions. But the trio is distracted by how easy it is to tap into the world's most diverse collection of whitewater in a small country: the semi-tropical runs through jungle-draped canyons, the glacial torrents, the big-water Western style rivers through arid landscapes, and the helicopter put-ins in absolutely pristine Alaska-type country. It's all in New Zealand.





Top: Mt. Cook rises above New Zealand plain; left: sheer walls rise above the Motu River; above: Gordon cruises through class 3 rapid on the Motu.

A lot of people in the world hate Americans, since we tend to be as a group, rather arrogant and in comparison to most of the world, filthy rich. But in New Zealand, they remember World War II quite vividly, and they seem to positively like Yanks. They don't like our nukes much, but if you lived with the Southern Cross directly overhead (i.e. very far south), and just wanted to raise sheep, and gaze at the marvelous scenery, who would you want to see get nuked?

"How you doin', Mate?" a genuine, grinning face will ask you, with the offer of a handshake in one hand, and the offer of a Steinlager in the other. One of the times we had car trouble, the very first car coming by stopped. A Kiwi stepped out and said what they usually do when confronted with adversity, "She'll be right, Mate." As two Washington pinhead bureaucrats (Gordon Bare and myself) and a crusading environmentalist from Alaska (Jack Hession) will tell you, this scene takes a few days to get used to. However, the laid back Kiwi attitude is highly contagious.

They inhabit a nation composed of two major islands, as long as California but only 150 miles or so wide. The North Island has a volcanic past and has several large lakes with legendary rainbow trout (originally imported from California). It has semi-tropical jungles in the north, pine tree farms the size of counties, and of course, lots of fertile pasture for sheep, which outnumber people 12 to 1. They also raise deer for venison.

The South Island is like Colorado surrounded by an ocean, with some Norwegian fjords and Irish pastureland thrown in for scenic interest (as if any was needed!). James Michener wrote, "New Zealand is probably the most beautiful place on earth."

Getting Out of Auckland

Your plane will deposit you at the top of the North Island in Auckland, where one third of the 3,000,000 New Zealanders live. The McDonalds in the airport send you a clear message: get your car and boats rented and head for the rivers as quick as you can.

I should mention here that 15



The entrance to the paddle-through tunnel on the Shotover River,

days is the absolute bare minimum for the traditional whitewater tour of this country, which includes a couple of North Island rivers, the ferry to the South Island, and a perimeter trip of that Island with the southernmost terminus at Queenstown, and return. We were boating and driving, boating and driving.

Logistics are pretty easy, since these friendly people speak ENGLISH, and in comparison to the many hanggliders, parachutists, and 300-foot bungee jumpers in New Zealand, kayakers are viewed as being quite sane. There is an interesting minority group of Polynesian natives called the Maori, whose ancestors named most of the rivers. This leads to problems, for instance, three of the top whitewater runs in New Zealand are the Rangitaiki, Rangitikei, and the Rangitata. But their word for "river" was easy for us. "River" is "awa!"

Camping is really easy. Every hamlet has at least one "Motor Camp," a clean, low-key and inexpensive version of KOA. Gordon and I usually rented a small cabin for U.S.\$15-20 per night. Jack refused to stay in our cabin, stating that we snored too much. I believed him until the night I woke up and heard a sheep outside bellowing, "Ja-a-a-a-ack, Ja-a-a-a-ack." [Just kidding, Jack.]

The Marvelous Motu

Our prime target on the North Island was the Motu River, New Zealand's only federally protected "Wild and Scenic" river. A decade ago, a hydro concern began drilling test sites for a major dam in the middle of a 56-mile long wilderness river corridor, in the heart of an impenetrable jungle. Following an intense political dogfight, enviro advocates and paddlers prevailed and saved the Motu. We wanted to see if the hydro boys in New Zealand could be any less sensitive than their U.S. counterparts. We packed our rented Dancers for a three day trip, and embarked 56 miles from the sea, where the river would barely float our boats. We paddled hard for five hours, gradually leaving the sheep behind. The jungle closed in over the bluffs and we made camp, covering only 12 miles that day. As the summer sun slipped towards dusk, we sipped our Steinlagers and peered into the dense ferns and undergrowth. Staring back, I saw what looked like dozens of cat eyes shimmering, close to the ground. On close inspection, they were bioluminescent spiders, barely an eighth of an inch wide. (By the way, there are no snakes, no poisonous animals and no predators of any kind in New Zealand, except for imported ferrets and feral pigs.)

The next day, the canyon walls rose to over 1500', covered with a green



Crystal water beneath high gorge walls as Mac Thornton paddles on the Motu.

blanket of soft jungle. The river necked down, and class 3 and 4 rapids became numerous. Some were boulder gardens, like **Bullivant's** Cascade. But many had to be scouted, since we were not into running drops we could not see over. I got a bit ahead and found myself in the middle of the famed Motu Slot, where most of the flow is funneled into a 8' wide passage. I saw the Slot was blocked by a log and eddied out fast!

The third day we entered a second gorge with even higher walls and bigger, more dramatic rapids, still Class 4. Finally we passed Helicopter Rapids, marking the spot of a helicopter crash during the dam reconnaissance for the hydro project. **Folks**, if they could dam the **Motu**, they could dam anything. U.S. hydro developers are not the dumbest on earth. They are in a tie with their New Zealand cousins.

We paddled vigorously through a 18-mile flat section and by the end of the third day we were on the road to the **South**

Island. Higher water would make the trip a lot less strenuous and the rapids more fun.

On to the South Island

After our early morning ferry crossing, we found some Kiwi **kayakers** and spent an afternoon on the Earthquake section of the **Buller** River, named after a major "slip," as they call landslides. Big, playful Class 3-4. On to the **Waiho**, draining **Franz** Joseph Glacier, where we paddled in a dense fog and drizzle (**b-r-r-r**). Then the Kaware, a Colorado-sized river, where we dodged the **bungee** jumpers and ran the famous Chinese Dogleg Rapid.

The **Shotover** River near spectacular Queenstown (the Kiwi version of Boulder, Colorado) is best known for its obnoxious jet boat sections. But if you can navigate a 45-minute shuttle on a Class 5 dirt road, you can escape the jet boats and access the steep, rocky Lower Canyon sec-

tion. We hit this run on a **brilliant** summer day, as the rapids gradually increased to tight Class 4. The run ends usually by **kayaking** a 600-foot diversion tunnel dug by gold miners in the 1860's. Immediately **upon exiting the tunnel**, you are confronted by a steep Class 4 rapid.

The scariest run on the trip was the alpine country Landsborough, where three rafters have died in recent years. But the river was the easy part. The only way to get upstream on the Landsborough was to hire a helicopter, with the kayaks suspended below in a mesh basket. As the helicopter gained forward speed, the basket would begin to swing to and fro. This action required the pilot to counter the yaw action on each swing, which made the kayaks swing even harder. It was more than a little disconcerting to pitch back and forth and see the kayak basket swing violently up even with us passengers. When Gordon, a Vietnam vet with lots of combat experience put on his helmet and strapped it down hard, I gulped.

There is an interesting minority group of Polynesian natives called the Maori, whose ancestors named most of the rivers. This leads to problems...but their word for "river" was easy for us. "River" is "awa!"



The view from the chopper was incredible, with 11,000 foot **peaks** and glaciers in the distance, and a deep, forested valley with the white-capped Landsborough far below tumbling towards the sea. Once down (sigh of relief) on the river, it was another basically Class 4 run comparable to the Lower Gauley with four notable rapids, the hardest being Hellfire Rapid. The river is said to be Class 5 in the high water season when the rafters perished.

Above: Gordon paddles through the lush Rangitaiki River corridor. Left: Rigging the kayaks in a blanket for helicopter shuttle on Landsborough River.



World Cup Races

Two days drive later, we were back up in the **semi-tropics** on the North Island at the little town of Murapara on the extremely lush **Rangitaiki** River, which runs on dam releases. Here was the first event on the 1992 World Cup racing circuit, which was of particular interest to Gordon, the Assistant Coach of the U.S. Olympic Team. The **Lugbills** and **Hearns** were skipping this event, but some of the boaters were pretty fair, like 1991 World Cup champs Richard Fox (British K-1), Gareth Marriott (British C-1) and Myriam **Jerusalmi** (French K-1W).

We hopped on the river after the races and found it much like the Savage - bouncy and continuous Class 3-4 with one intimidating rapid, Jeff's Joy, an accelerated wave train leading over a 10' sloping ledge into the left bank. Class 5.

Put **New Zealand** on your **must-do-in-your-lifetime** list. There are many easier awas which run **all** year and harder ones which run mainly in October to December. Some of the well known awas other than those mentioned above:

NORTH ISLAND

Mohaka and **Naparuroro**, both Class 3-4, west side of island.

Rangitikei, Class 4-5, a remote ledgey run in south central part of island.

Wairoa, Class 4-5, New Zealand's popular rafting run. Pool drop river runs on dam releases on 25 specified dates. East side of island.

Waikato, famous Fulljames play wave near town of Taupo in the center of the island.

SOUTH ISLAND

Rangitata, Class 4-5 rapids in scenic Klondyke Gorge, east central part of island. Pencil Sharpener and Pinch Rapids, both with big riverwide holes.

Karamea, and **Waiafeto**, both class 4, helicopter access only.

New Zealand logistics: You can do it yourself!

When to Go—October through December is the New Zealand spring, with the rivers mentioned boatable at least a couple of months longer.

Airlines—A good time to use your frequent flyer mileage, if you have it. United and TWA are around \$1600-1800 round trip from the east coast. Try to book Air New Zealand from L.A. to Auckland—I got a \$1250 fare round trip from the east coast.

Boat Rental—Forget taking your own boat -- it'll cost more than the boat is worth. For rental of a Dancer at about US\$10 per day, I recommend Peter Sommerhalder's Auckland Canoe Centre. Peter is a very helpful and knowledgeable guy. 302A Dominion Rd, Mt. Eden, Auckland 3, N.Z. Phone (09) 686-773/FAX (09) 869-485.

Car Rental—This is tough since cars are expensive. There are the usual two philosophies. You can get a recent vintage, reliable Toyota station wagon or equivalent for about US\$50 per day, or you can shop the Rent-a-Wreck type places when you get there and take your chances for about half that much. We took the second option and suffered some lost time and tense moments, like when we heard a loud "POP" and dirty water started covering the windshield. Think about this: most of the time you are nowhere near anywhere. Be aware that if you reserve a car for "x" days, in New Zealand they expect payment for the entire term even if you turn it in early. Don't forget the issue of car racks/rain gutters. You may want to take your own racks.

Guidebooks— Nearly worthless: New Zealand Canoeing Handbook—available in the USA. One line descriptions of rivers. Better: New Zealand's North Island Rivers— by Graham Eggar, about US\$9 in New Zealand. South Island companion book to be published this year. Somewhat obtuse and difficult format which omits some basic info, like how long is the section, what is the gradient, how do you locate the access points. Best advice: buy all the guidebooks and try to piece things together.

Motu River Shuttle— A 125-mile long one-way shuttle for about US\$65 per person + boat for 3. Allen Hassall, P.O. Box 2124, Whakatane, N.Z., Phone (07) 308-7760, or (07) 312-3179.

South Island Helicopter Shuttle— A true adventure. About US\$60 per person + boat for 3. Jamie Scott, Fox Glacier, N.Z. Phone (02) 883-0853.

Interisland Ferry— The 3 1/2 hour ferry from the capital, Wellington, to Picton on the South Island costs about US\$125 for a car and 3 people. More important is to reserve—a spot at least three days in advance, especially if you are there in high tourist season (December and January). Reservations can be booked at any travel agency or tourist bureau in the major towns once you get there.

Places to Eat— New Zealanders cook with all the finesse of the English and Irish. Delicatessens do not exist. You will love it here if you like baked beans on toast for breakfast and aged pork pies for lunch. Seriously, as a former West Virginia restaurant reviewer, I have high standards(!). The fresh fish, lamb and venison are the best bets. Recommended: Greymouth: Gilmer Hotel (unique "whitebait" omelet), Queenstown: Roaring Meg's, Wanaka: First Cafe, Blenheim: Top Spot, Wellington: Shorebird.

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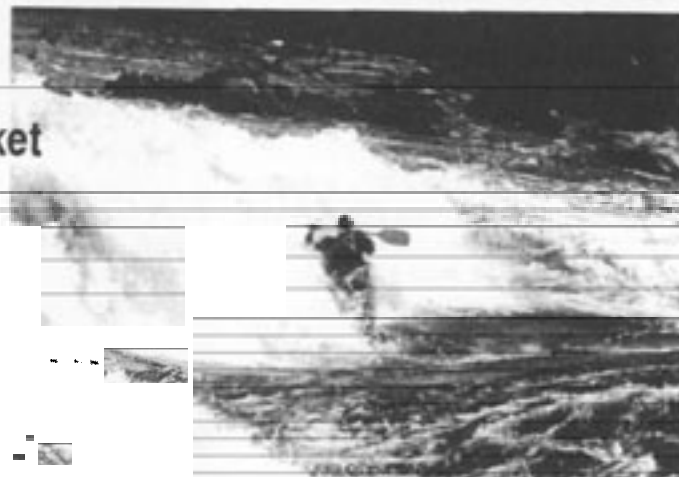
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When you fail to pass the inspection

By GARY CARLSON

I looked the customs inspectors square in the eye when he asked me if I had anything to declare and replied with a confident "No, sir." But he still questioned that I park the car so he could take a closer look-see.

I pulled to the side, cursing the bad luck that made him choose my vehicle for his arbitrary inspection. There couldn't have been anything overtly suspicious about my **brand-spanking** new four-wheel drive utility truck. My paddling gear was neatly folded in mesh duffle bags carefully **stored** in their appointed places. My boats were securely fastened in their high-tech kayak stacker. **And** I was freshly shaven and fashionably attired in designer pile that still sported its factory fluff.

Now, back when I was a callow youth, I'd contract a screamin' case of the shakin' heebie-jeebies every time I approached the customs booth **enroute** to a boating trip on the Ottawa or Jacques Cartier up Canada way.

It would take no more than a quick suspicious glance from a customs inspector to reduce me to a jibbering hyena:

"Purpose of your visit?"

"I'm putting on the Rouge. I mean putting on the Rouge River, not the powder you put on your face. Wait—I don't mean you put powder on your face...I don't use powder. Powder? Did I say powder? **No, there's no powder...**"

Now, there was no **real** reason behind my paranoia. Even then, I was always a clean-cut kind of boy. That is, as **clean-cut** as any young paddler could be. I always figured, why bother with a shower...a boater always washes up on shore. And since my shorts got **scrubbed** every day while I wore them, why change clothes?

But there was also the matter of my truck. Back then I drove the kind of shuttle vehicle you'd think would invite a thorough inspection.

It was an old pick-up with a leaky cap patched with duct tape. The hood was indented from when a deer forgot to look both ways before crossing the road while the back bumper drooped toward the pavement, suspended by a clothes hanger and a "Surf West Virginia" sticker. The windshield was cracked from tailgating a coal buck over a bumpy WVA road. And the passenger side door closed only with the help of a NRS strap.

In the back lay a heap of debris accumulated through a season of paddling. Wadded wetsuit booties. A soiled sleeping bag. A month's worth of dirty shorts, shirts and socks. A case worth of empty beer bottles and an opened box of

potato chips that had disintegrated into a soggy paste.

You could have hidden a bail of cannabis or a family of illegal immigrants under the rubble. **And** even though I lived a relatively wholesome lifestyle, I gave ride to paddlers, fer **Crissakes**. Who knows what could have fallen out of their pockets? So every time I approached the border, I fully expected the guard to pull on a latex glove and say:

"Will you pull over to the side son, we've got a special search we've got to perform."

But you **know, it never happened**. The inspector would simply take a cursory look in the back, **wrinkle** their nose, and wave me through.

But like so many paddlers of my era, I've grown a little more socially **respectable** with the passing years. And so I was damned irritated to be detained now that I'd cleaned up my act.

I was becoming increasingly impatient after five minutes when my inspector stepped out of the office. And to my amazement, he was leading a miniature pig on a leash.

"Would you step out of the vehicle, please?" the agent said. And as I exited, the pig squirmed by my legs—snortin', **gruntin'** and wigglin' its curly little tail as it scrambled into the front seat. The inspector followed, holding an empty plastic tray.

Five minutes later, I sat in the office, facing the agent from across a gray desk that held the tray—now filled with a collection of vials, bottles and containers.

"I think you have a little explaining to do," he said.

"Explaining?" I said **incredulously**.

"There ain't nothing there to explain. Every paddler my age has this stuff lying around."

"This bottle is just **ibuprofen**, you pop a couple in the morning on the second day of boating—more if you had a few beers around the campfire the previous night. And this bottle is only **aspirin**—sometimes it's better to use after all the **greasy** food you eat on paddling vacations. **Keeps** the blood **pressure** low."

"This tube is an analgesic. **Bengay**, I think. For the shoulder I dislocated a couple seasons ago. And this tube is for the poison oak on my butt I picked up after **meeting** a girl on the New. And, oh yeah, that other tube is supposed to cure up another consequence of that evening."

"Now, I have **prescriptions** for these medicines. This one is just **penicillin** for a low-grade infection I picked up surfing below a sewer outlet. You know, I thought those brown trout

looked remarkably **tapered**. This one's for cold-water ear—it tastes lousy but the alternative is having your audio canal bored out like a **roto-roooter**. And this is supposed to fix **giardia**—and if you **think** I swallowed beaver shit for some kind of high, you're crazy.

"**This other stuff is all over the counter**. That's 12-hour nose spray. It eats away your sinuses, but it's better than humiliating yourself by wearing noseplugs on the river. And this is eyedrops. You'd have searched me for sure if you'd have **seen** my red eyes after paddling all day. And on an all-night drive to the put-in, you need these caffeine pills. Hell—it's that or drink Diet Coke until your molars float."

"And this little tin—well, believe me, **there is** a legitimate use for **Sex Wax** when you're **paddling**."

After finishing my discourse, I fully expected the inspector to **pat me** on the shoulder, wish me a pleasant weekend, and send me on my way.

But instead, he denied me enhance, citing me as a potential substance abuser and certainly a present **threat** to the public health. Imagine, me!

Well, I learned my lesson.

First, I stopped at the duty-free store and picked up a case of real Molsons—the **kind** they sell up there with double the **alcohol**—and a couple bottles of Canadian whiskey. I piled them up in plain sight on the front seat.

Then I stripped my Patagucci threads and slipped on a soiled T-shirt, one advertising a certain spray skirt proclaiming "Made With Only The Finest Rubbers." And **using** a spare quart of motor oil, I anointed my head to duplicate that three days on the river look.

Then I took a can opener—one of old church-key types—and punched a few neat triangular holes in the muffler. And I emptied a bag of **cheese** curls onto the front seat—then **rubbed** them into the upholstery.

And finally, I found a handy garbage outside of a 7-11, and emptied the contents onto the floor of the vehicle.

Forty miles up the border was another point of entry. And in an hour, I was in Canada, breezin' my way to the river. The new inspector gave me short shrift. He pegged me for just another boater.

And as for the second drug-sniffin' pig...

Well, I **figger** he just didn't want to squeal on one of his own.

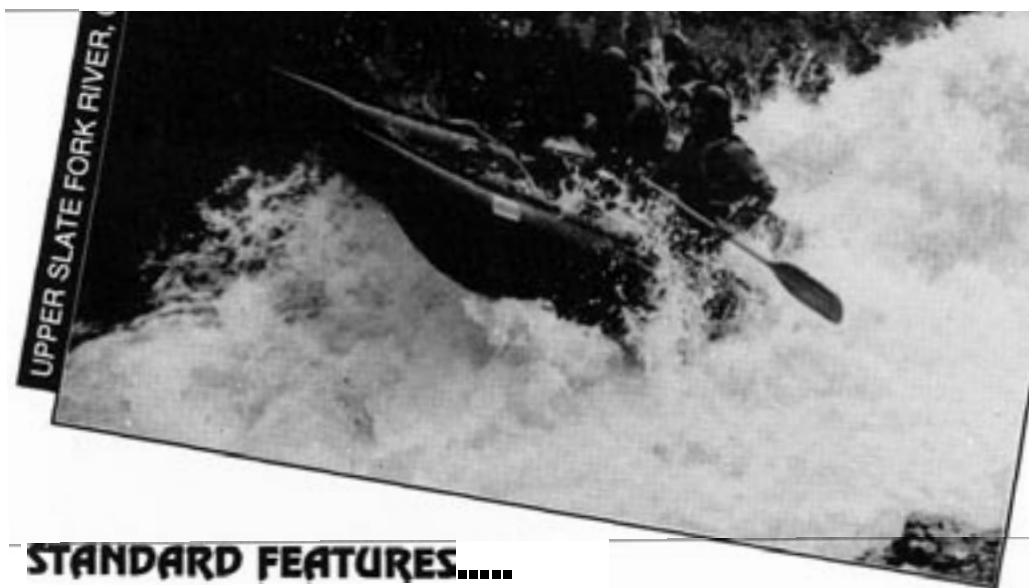
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