

AW AMERICAN WHITEWATER

Conservation • Access • Events • Adventure • Safety

BY BOATERS FOR BOATERS
May/June 2010

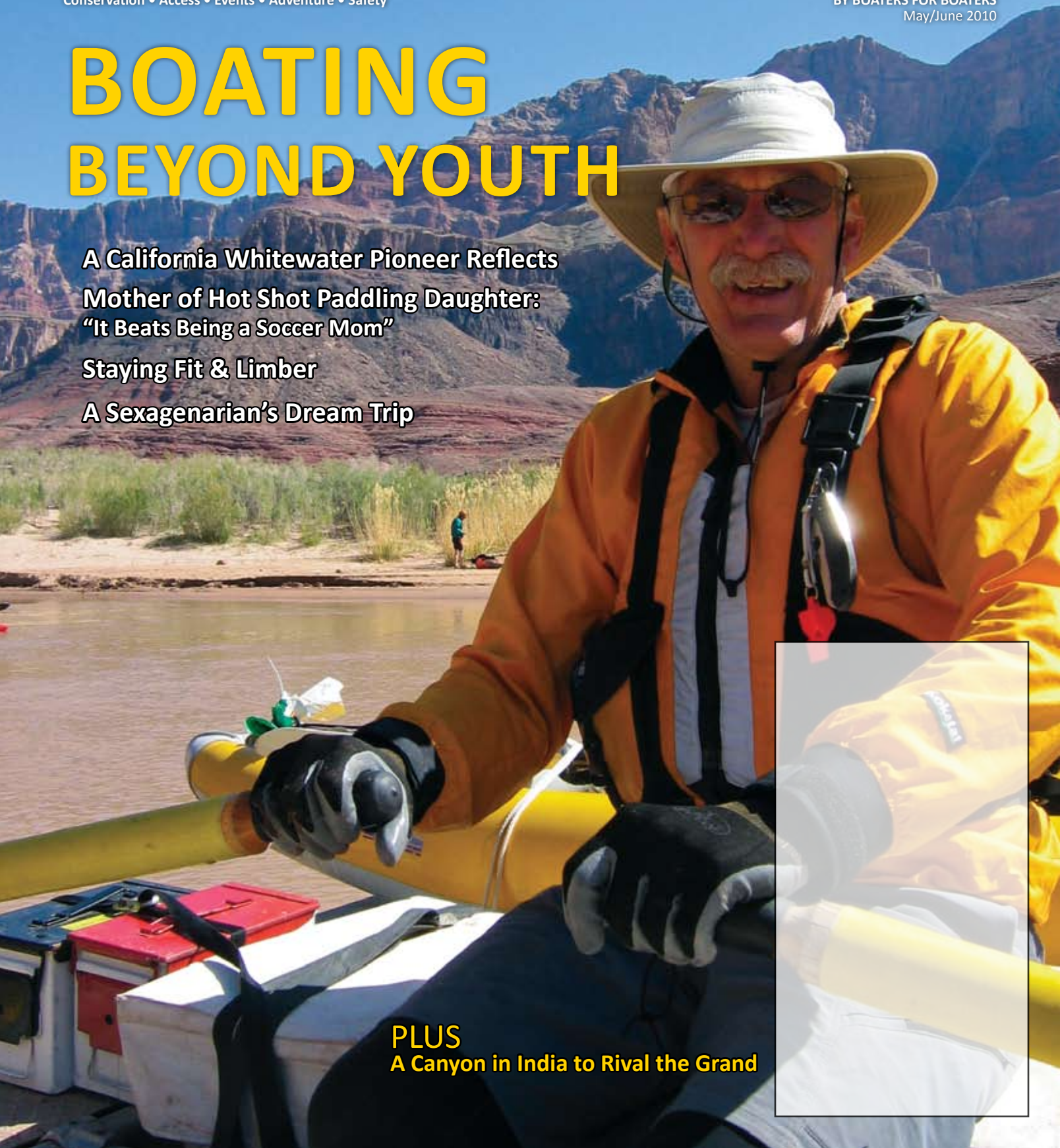
BOATING BEYOND YOUTH

**A California Whitewater Pioneer Reflects
Mother of Hot Shot Paddling Daughter:
“It Beats Being a Soccer Mom”**

Staying Fit & Limber

A Sexagenarian’s Dream Trip

PLUS
A Canyon in India to Rival the Grand





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AW AMERICAN WHITEWATER

A VOLUNTEER PUBLICATION PROMOTING RIVER CONSERVATION, ACCESS AND SAFETY

American Whitewater Journal May/June 2010 – Volume 50 – Issue 3

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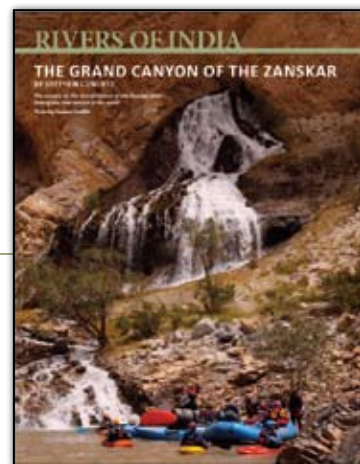
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Blair Samuelson rowing the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon.

Photo by Kathie Titus



Publication Title: American Whitewater
Issue Date: May/June 2010
Statement of Frequency: Published Bimonthly
Authorized Organization's Name and Address:
American Whitewater
P.O. Box 1540
Cullowhee, NC 28723

PURPOSE

RIVER STEWARDSHIP: AN INTEGRATED APPROACH

Our mission: "To conserve and restore America's whitewater resources and to enhance opportunities to enjoy them safely," is actively pursued through our conservation, access, safety and education efforts under the umbrella of River Stewardship. The only national organization representing the interest of all whitewater paddlers, American Whitewater is the national voice for thousands of individual whitewater enthusiasts, as well as over 100 local paddling club affiliates.

AW's River Stewardship program adheres to the four tenets of our mission statement:

CONSERVATION: AW's professional staff works closely with volunteers and partner organizations to protect the ecological and scenic values of all whitewater rivers. These goals are accomplished through direct participation in public decision-

making processes, grassroots advocacy, coalition building, empowerment of volunteers, public outreach and education, and, when necessary, legal action.

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

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

EDUCATION: AW shares information with the general public and the paddling community

regarding whitewater rivers, as well as river recreation, conservation, access, and safety. This is accomplished through our bimonthly *AW Journal*, a monthly e-news, americanwhitewater.org, paddling events, educational events, and through direct communication with the press.

Together, AW staff, members, volunteers, and affiliate clubs can achieve our goals of conserving, protecting and restoring America's whitewater resources and enhancing opportunities to safely enjoy these wonderful rivers.

AW was incorporated under Missouri nonprofit corporation laws in 1961 and maintains its principal mailing address at PO Box 1540, Cullowhee, NC 28723; phone 1-866-BOAT-4-AW (1-866-262-8429). AW is tax exempt under Section 501 (c) (3) of the Internal Revenue Service.



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THE JOURNEY AHEAD

OVER THE LAST few weeks, I've taken great satisfaction in watching the removal of Dillsboro Dam on the Tuckasegee River in North Carolina. The dam is a few miles from the American Whitewater office, so it has been easy to check on the progress of removal. On February 3, 2010, the dam was "notched." That simply means that a V-shaped slit was knocked in the concrete structure, allowing water to drain from behind the dam.

Once the pool behind the dam drained, rapids that had been hidden underwater for the last 100 years showed themselves. In this case, a river-wide ledge with an interesting surf wave on the river-left side. This ledge is quite possibly the site of the original wooden structure that was the first dam built on the Tuckasegee at the turn of the last century. As the story goes, the concrete dam was built about 25 years later a little farther downstream, submerging the original wooden dam. Now, with the dam removed, two ledges are visible as "new rapids."

Watching these river features show themselves is like being a kid on Christmas Day unwrapping presents. You don't know what's in the box but it's electrifying to get the wrapping off.

Across the country we are approaching a tipping point where hundreds of LDDs

(little dinky dams), constructed around the turn of the last century, are nearing the end of their useful life. Dillsboro Dam was ripe for removal due to the fact that it had not produced power since a flood in 2004 took out its generation unit. AW participated in the negotiated agreement and AW stood by the utility's decision to remove Dillsboro Dam while local county government spent over four years and a quarter million dollars trying to fight its removal (including a failed takeover attempt of Dillsboro Dam by the county commissioners through condemnation). Dam removal resulted in ten miles of free flowing river and provided critical habitat for an endangered species of freshwater mussel, the Appalachian Elktoe.

Over the past few years, dam removals have been among AW's most exciting projects. These projects are important not only for recreational users but also for fish and other organisms that depend on the connectivity rivers provide as natural corridors for movement across broad landscapes. Throughout the country, AW staff and volunteers are working on a number of high profile dam removal projects, including Condit Dam on the White Salmon River (WA), two dams on the Elwha River (WA), Millpond Dam on Sullivan Creek (WA), and the outdated Gold Ray dam on the Rogue River (OR). These are exciting projects, as

each dam removal spells a huge win for river restoration.

On each project, AW seeks land conservation, public river access, stream flow information, and flow releases that benefit the aquatic ecosystem as well as recreational users. We have a proven track record of success with each of these goals. These enhancements create a triple bottom line: they result in healthier rivers, they provide local communities a sustainable economic base for tourism, and they provide opportunities for healthy nature-based recreation.

Dam removal and other river stewardship projects are directly supported by your membership dues to American Whitewater. We hope that you'll recognize that these projects benefit you and the rivers you enjoy paddling, and that you'll understand that they are just a slice of a much larger AW work plan. Join us to reconnect people and communities with their rivers and create an enthusiastic and lasting legacy for river stewardship and conservation.

See you on the river,



Mark Singleton
Executive Director

PS – Your membership dues and donations fund American Whitewater stewardship projects. If you are reading this publication and you are not a member, please consider supporting this work. If you are a member, thanks for your support. You could also pass this issue on to a friend and let them know what we are doing. There has never been a better time to support American Whitewater!



Two new ledges exposed by the removal of Dillsboro Dam.

Photo by Mark Singleton

SAFETY

THOUGHTS FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF 50

BY ERIC NIES

I AM 52 YEARS old, and I am not as good a boater as I used to be. Not even close. I miss rolls, I flub lines, I fall over without apparent provocation.

I get sore and tired now, too. Sometimes I'm sore and tired at the put-in. This, in concert with the random flipping and roll-flubbing, now results in the occasional swim. I swam at a play spot last year. A play spot, for God's sake. I got tired, flipped, hacked a couple of roll attempts, and swam like Michael Phelps.

I mean, once upon a time, I hand-paddled the North Payette, went no-portage on Golden Gate, and named El Horrendo (Actually, I didn't do any of that, but you get the idea). Now I'm swimming at play spots.

And yet, I still have the mind-set that I am a full-on Class V boater who belongs on hard water. The parking lot at the Green, the horizon at Lava, the scout rock at Inferno—this is where I belong ... or so I'd like to think. To maintain this level of competence on the water, I've had to face up to some (sometimes unpleasant) facts. Here, then, are some thoughts on how to keep the Class V dream in sync with reality.

Get in Shape!

It's an ugly truth, but there it is: you don't need to be in shape to survive Class V. If you're crafty (i.e., old), you can cheat your way down most anything with the abs of an accountant and the aerobic capacity of an armadillo. A few timely rudders, a clever move into the key eddy or around the rude hole, and you're at the bottom in good shape.

Throw in some bad luck, though, and that equation changes. If you get worked in a big rapid—and certainly if you end up swimming in one—being in shape matters suddenly. It gives you the cushion to deal with bad luck. Swimming rapids is work.

Rolling up after a bad beat-down is work. Be ready for it.

These days I'm trying to run, bike, or hit the gym a couple of days a week. I'm gunning for strength and flexibility, but mostly I'm working on straight aerobic capacity. If I can't run a 5-kilometer road race without embarrassment, I know I'm not ready for hard water.

Surf Holes

The general public may think of whitewater sport as a form of exercise, but we know better. Boaters spend most of the time sliding downhill on their butts—glorified tobogganing, but with a backrest and a beverage holder.

Playboating is different, though. When done right, it can actually be a great workout, building strength, tuning up balance and boat-sense, and getting one's roll up to speed. I try to get to a park-and-play spot and work it hard at least a couple of times a month. I'd do it every day if I could.

Weekends at Hell Hole or Chili Bar are no good for this, though. The lines are too long, and people throw rocks if you surf for more than a minute. You need a spot where you can crank out enough back-to-back long rides to actually get tired. If you're paddling back into the hole just before you've gotten your wind back from the last ride, you're doing it right.

Go to Races

Racing, like playboating, is a great way to turn boating into actual exercise. Right now, for example, I know the Cheat Race is only a month away. This will inspire me to keep up on my bike rides, and also to hit my local Class II stream for some race-pace runs and attainment workouts. Otherwise I'd probably be

watching pay-per-view with a lapful of nachos.

Practice Rolling

Friend and Friendsville (MD) legend John Regan really got me going on this one. We were creeking somewhere cold and shallow, and while I was whimpering and trying to stay dry, he was banging out practice rolls. He laughed and said he hardly flipped anymore just running rapids. When he did, he figured he should be ready.

Gear Up

These days I run hard water with a full-facemask helmet, a paddle with big blades, and the fattest, steadiest boat I can find. I'm in the drysuit a lot more often, and I'm wearing solid footwear and topping off my floatbags every time. To me this is cheap insurance, a simple non-obsessive nod to my own mortality.

I am 52 years old, and I know that my next beat-down is coming someday. I can't prevent it, but I can prepare for it. I just need to prepare a bit more than I did when I was 20.

See you at the gym.

Eric Nies on the Rio Bio Bio, Chile, some time ago.

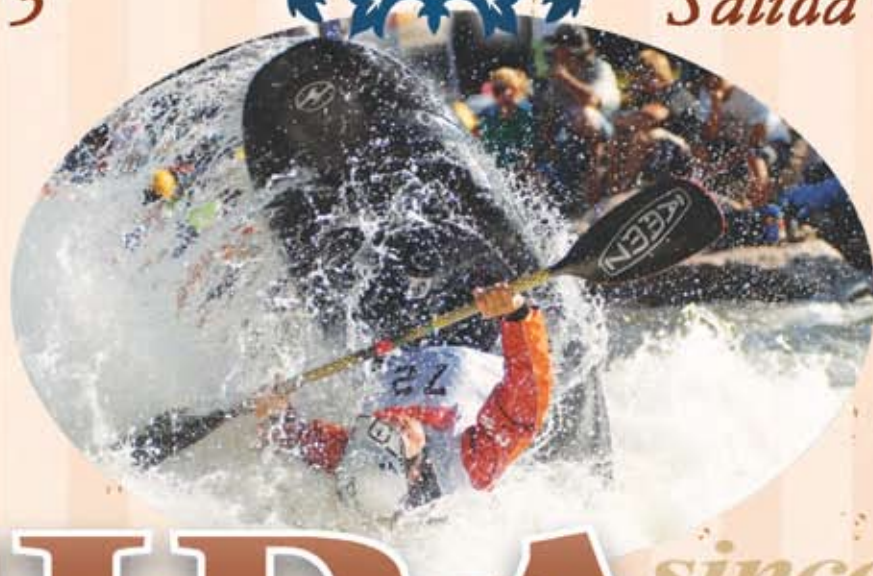
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STEWARDSHIP

COLORADO STEWARDSHIP

BY NATHAN FEY

UPPER COLORADO RIVER

FOR OVER TWO years, American Whitewater and a diverse group of stakeholders in Colorado have worked to negotiate a management plan to balance competition for water in the Upper Colorado River. At the close of 2009, the Upper Colorado River Stakeholders Group submitted its Management Plan Alternative to the US Bureau of Land Management as part of the agency's future resource planning process. As we move through 2010, Water Providers from the Front Range cities of Colorado, and stakeholders from western slope agencies and organizations are working to develop an organizational framework that will guide collaborative water management in the Upper Colorado. This season, our aim is to develop incentives to protect instream flows, and further examine how much water is needed for kayaking, rafting, and fishing. Ongoing negotiations are focused on putting the concepts agreed to by the stakeholders into practice, including voluntary releases of water from upstream reservoirs to enhance the number of usable days for rafting and kayaking, and state held water rights to preserve dynamic flows needed for channel maintenance and fish habitat. Issues that remain unresolved are target flows necessary to support a vibrant commercial and non-commercial recreational economy, and the frequency of "flushing flows"—high spring flows that clean river channels and redistribute sand and gravels.

The stakeholders' plan seeks to balance the existing rights of water providers to take additional water from the Upper Colorado River basin with protection of instream flows critical to preserving the world-class rafting, kayaking, and recreational opportunities found between Gore Canyon and Glenwood Springs. The recreational opportunities, historical values, and wildlife habitat found along the Upper Colorado make the river eligible for Federal



protection under the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act. Plans to expand dams and pipelines used by Denver, Northern Colorado, and Colorado Springs to capture water from the Colorado River, are directly competing with recreational and ecological values for what little water is left in the Colorado River.

The segments of the Upper Colorado on which the stakeholders' plan is focused do not have instream flow protections, meaning that there are no legal rights to keep water in the river. The projected future demands for water in Colorado threaten what little water could remain in the river from its headwaters to the confluence with the Roaring Fork and Gunnison Rivers. The multi-year efforts of AW and the Upper Colorado River stakeholders will create much needed flow management and permanent protection for the river's flow-dependent values.

COLORADO RIVER ACCESS CONTESTED ... AGAIN

IN 2009, COLORADO'S Taylor River, near the communities of Crested Butte and Gunnison, became the latest centerpiece in the decades old debate of river access in the state, and the rights of navigation. A parcel of private land bordering the Taylor River was acquired by a wealthy Texas businessman with plans to develop an exclusive community with private fishing and recreational opportunities. The actions of the landowner closed this section of the Taylor, which has been widely used

Man-made obstruction on a Colorado River, evidence that the state needs to recognize the right for the general public to portage around obstacles that threaten continued downstream navigation

Photo by Nathan Fey

by commercial and non-commercial river runners for over two decades, to boating. The commercial rafting businesses were informed by the landowner of the risk of civil and criminal trespass charges if rafting operations were to continue on his "private" river.

In response, the Colorado River Outfitters Association (CROA) approached State Representative Kathleen Curry (Ind. - Gunnison) to sponsor a bill in the 2010 General Session clarifying Colorado's Right of River Navigation, and establishing a right to float through private property. American Whitewater Staff worked closely with CROA to draft a bill that would have statutorily defined rivers and streams in Colorado as navigable. Representative Curry was unwilling to carry such a bill, and suggested CROA seek another sponsor for such legislation. Rather than losing their sponsor, CROA invested in legal and legislative assistance to deliver Representative Curry a narrower bill that protects the rights of commercial outfitters and addresses the immediate threats facing outfitters on the Taylor River. Representative Curry introduced the River Outfitters Viability Act, HB 10-1188.

American Whitewater and its affiliate clubs in Colorado helped move the bill through the House Judiciary committee and floor votes, with the expectation there would be future opportunities to add amendments that improve the bill for private boaters when it crossed to the Senate. In February and March of this year, AW, Colorado Whitewater, and non-commercial paddlers have worked to move the bill through the legislative process, while meeting with lawmakers to amend a bill we feel doesn't go far enough to protect the rights of all Colorado Citizens and visitors. We have:

- Conferenced with Governor Bill Ritter and his legal advisors
- Conferenced and met with the sponsors of HB1188 from both the House and Senate
- Provided legal information and authorities to key Colorado Senators
- Conferenced and met with commercial outfitters, their lobbyists, and their legal counsel
- Drafted proposed amendments to improve HB1188 and extend its protections to private boaters
- Interacted with the news media to advocate our position on behalf of all boaters

AW has worked closely with Colorado Whitewater to draft amendments in a way that benefits landowners and the boating public alike, to reduce conflicts, and to balance the competing interests this area involves. Our proposed amendments benefit landowners by restricting when portaging can occur, requiring downstream travel (no loitering anglers), and expanding liability protection for landowners. The bill also promotes boating safety for all members of the boating public by clarifying the rights of navigation for all persons,

and providing that the incidental contact or minimum contact to portage will not result in criminal prosecution. It further provides liability for anyone who damages the property of a landowner.

As this issue goes to press, House Bill 1188 is scheduled in the Senate Judiciary Committee and both supporters and opponents of the legislation are drafting testimony to be delivered in the hearing. American Whitewater is offering testimony to Colorado's Senate Judiciary Committee on March 15, 2010.

Stay tuned for more information on Colorado's River Outfitters Bill, and whether the Colorado legislature will statutorily recognize the public rights of navigation.

YAMPA RIVER

A CONTROVERSIAL PROPOSAL BY Shell Oil Company to dam and divert the Yampa River in Northwestern Colorado has been withdrawn, allowing the state's last free-flowing river to roll on for one more year.

In February, Shell Exploration and Production Co. dropped its filing for a 15 billion gallon water right from the Yampa River upstream of Dinosaur National Monument—nearly 8 percent of the river's average spring flow. In a statement released earlier this year, Shell decides not to pursue the water right "in light of overall global economic downturn that has affected our project's pace."

To put it into perspective, the company's water rights filing would have granted them the ability to divert 375 cubic feet/second of flow from the Yampa River, and store it in a 15 billion gallon reservoir covering over 1,000 acres of land. The Yampa River at the Steamboat Springs Whitewater Park flows at 375 cfs in July.

American Whitewater applauds Shell's decision to withdraw its application to use water from the Yampa River for oil shale development. Protecting the Yampa is important to the economic, environmental

and social values of the west's last free-flowing river. While this is a win for Yampa River and the many businesses, agencies, and organizations that opposed Shell's water rights application, Shell hasn't scrapped the plans entirely. "The exact scale and timing for development will depend on a number of factors, including progress on our technology development, the outcome of regulatory processes, market conditions, project economics and consultations with key stakeholders," company officials said in the statement. Shell has indicated that it intends to submit applications for its oil-shale projects this year or in early 2011.

DOLORES RIVER

OVER THE PAST two years, American Whitewater has received several requests for assistance from our affiliate clubs, volunteers, and partner organizations in the Dolores River basin. Given the current staffing and success of our stewardship program, we are now in a position to meet this need. We have developed a strategy to empower key volunteers with the tools, resources, and leadership needed to build collaborative partnerships and engage in existing efforts to address multiple aspects of river health, including minimum flows for environmental and recreational needs, and reservoir spill utilization.

Engaging key volunteers in meetings and negotiations is a critical part of our strategy in 2010, and a successful project will result in over eight new volunteers actively working to represent recreation interests in collaborative processes, a local AW affiliate network in the Dolores basin to serve as an information clearing-house within the recreational community, and contract staff working directly with AW Stewardship staff to coordinate research activities and serve on technical work-groups and committees.

If you would like to get involved with AW's Dolores River Project, please contact Colorado Stewardship Director, Nathan Fey at: nathan@americanwhitewater.org.



Photo by Nathan Fey

STEWARDSHIP

CALIFORNIA STEWARDSHIP

BY DAVE STEINDORF

FURTHERING THE SCIENCE OF RIVERS

IN FEBRUARY 2010, researchers from the UC Davis Department of watershed sciences published an article in the journal *Bioscience* entitled "Ecology and Management of the Spring Snowmelt Recession." The paper presents a conceptual model that explains why snowmelt flows that gradually recede are a critical component for functioning river ecosystems. This is an idea that is very familiar to most boaters. High flows in the spring that are predictable draw paddlers to free flowing rivers throughout the West.

Back in 2008, Dave Steindorf and Bob Center from American Whitewater, met with Jeff Mount, Josh Viers and Sarah Yarnell from UC Davis, to discuss observations that have been made about how dams impact river flows in the spring. While natural systems have flows that drop gradually during the spring snowmelt, regulated systems typically drop at much fast rates. Paddlers looking to boat on spill flows below dams often look at Internet flow pages on Wednesday assuming that flows will hold through the weekend only to check the gauge on Friday and see that it is too low to go.

While this is inconvenient and annoying for boaters, it can be devastating for the critters that live in these rivers. Bugs, frogs, riparian vegetation, fish, and yes, even boaters have all timed their lifecycles to take advantage of this period of predictable high flows. "American Whitewater helped to provide the catalyst for this research effort," said Josh Viers, coauthor of the paper. Funding for the collaboration was provided in part by the Resources Legacy Fund, which according to Viers "was the type of collaboration that was envisioned in this grant."

Having this paper peer reviewed and published is an important step toward developing better tools that can be used to restore rivers below dams. For too long most of the discussion in dam relicensing has been focused on summer base flows needed to sustain trout populations. By working to improve the science that is

being used to develop flow regimes below dams we are able to help the cause of boaters and the biota.

YUBA/BEAR FLOW STUDY UPDATE

BEGINNING IN 2008, American Whitewater engaged in our most extensive flow study to date. Because of its vast infrastructure and large geographical area, the projects operated by Pacific Gas & Electric and the Nevada Irrigation District in the Yuba/Bear watershed has required us to take a different approach in gathering information about whitewater recreation on this project. We are happy to report that the use of online surveys and real-time and forecasted flow information has been working well. Thus far we have gathered information on 10 of the project river reaches including, Fordyce Creek, Canyon Creek, the South Fork Yuba River and the Bear River. We are still in need of information from several very important reaches on this project. The reaches on the middle Fork Yuba, between Milton reservoir and Plumbago Road and from Plumbago Road to Our House Dam, are of particular importance. Boaters who have interest in these reaches need to provide information this season if it is to be considered in the relicensing process. Online surveys can be found on the American Whitewater website at americanwhitewater.org/content/Wiki/projects:105?.

We will be posting forecasted flow information for these reaches on the release calendar that is also located on the American Whitewater website under the River Info tab. Information is also still being collected for the other reaches on this project. We would like to thank all of those who have participated made this study a success by filling out surveys. The responses you contribute to this study will be used to develop new flow regimes for the Yuba and Bear rivers and their tributaries.

Rok Sribar and Ambrose Tusciano on the South Yuba River below Cisco Grove, CA.

**Photo by Catherine Howard
Photography**



BOATING BEYOND YOUTH

MAJOR PROBLEM ON MINOR TERRAPIN

BY PAM ASHLEY

How it All Began

"BOUGHT YOU A boat. Come outside and look at it."

I was cooking supper when my husband said these peculiar words. Peculiar because we 'd sold our ski boat since we didn't use it enough to warrant having one. We were 44 years for me, 43 for him and rarely skied since most of our friends were too busy to join us as spotters. The excuses were valid but unending, ranging from kids' sports, work schedules, to health issues...that and my husband's left knee with its need for tendon grafting and replacement.

At his insistence, I turned the stove down and followed him outside. Sitting on the lawn next to the driveway were two recreational kayaks, bright red and bright yellow, looking severely out of place in our farm setting.

"I thought it was about time that you started doing Terrapin Creek," he said, "and I knew you wouldn't unless I got you a boat."

Now the background to this story is very important. Terrapin Creek is a lovely, spring-fed, rain dependent creek protected by the Sierra Club that flows south to north through farm and timber land from the Choccolocco Mountains in northeast Alabama to the Coosa River in Leesburg, AL (which incidentally is near the home of Little River Canyon of notorious Class V-VI fame; however, that is an entirely different set of stories). Terrapin is mostly Class I flatwater but there are several Class II sections that appear when water levels are above 200 cfs. When drought conditions exist, the creek always has a mild flow supplied by the multitude of springs along its route, but the ability to paddle is nonexistent unless there is ample rainfall to raise the water level above Terrapin's dozens of rocky shoals. There are two sections that are most popular for floating. The upper

eight miles are unboatable except in high water, but the lower five miles have less altitude drop and are supplemented by a tremendous set of springs named Seven Springs, a continuous bubbling cauldron of icy coldness. A test of true he- or she-manship is the ability to lie flat in the icy springs for more than a minute. The lower float is always boatable, but there are seemingly endless stretches of dead water to paddle through in low water.

My husband and his friends began floating Terrapin Creek in their high school days, 35 years ago. After our marriage, they had continued to paddle Terrapin while I maintained my normal routine with no thought toward inviting myself along. I'd seen their pictures and thought the creek was beautiful, but I really believed it was a "guy thing."

The first day that we were both off duty from our hospital jobs, as registered nurse and sleep technologist/registered respiratory therapist, we set off to paddle Terrapin Creek. The flow level that day was about 8.5 feet on the gauge (or about 200 cfs). I had an absolutely fabulous time!!! The water was crystal clear with alligator gar, bass, crappie, snakes, and the namesake terrapins on every partially submerged tree and rock. We passed a beaver dam blocking one of the many spring-fed streams emptying into the creek. There were stretches of flatwater that made my deltoids burn from what seemed to be nonstop paddling, but then there were interesting Class II rocky shoals that required close attention to prevent lodging sideways or dumping over.

I spotted a water moccasin sliding across the water in a pattern that I knew would intersect mine so I slapped my paddle hard on the water. The snake jerked his head up, turned toward me as if to say, "Wow, I didn't know you were there!" Then he dove underwater and I watched him swim along the bottom under my boat then surface near the opposite bank. Being so close to nature in its own habitat filled an empty spot in my heart.

I followed my husband's lead through the longest "rapid" on the creek, the Rock



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BOATING BEYOND YOUTH



Seven Springs, Terrapin Creek, Alabama.

Photo by Pam Ashley

High Water Terrapin

I talked it up to everyone I knew at home, at work, at the grocery store, wherever. Of course, it was inevitable that my older brother called to say he wanted to paddle the creek. Since my brother and I had never really had a hobby in common, I was thrilled for the opportunity to introduce him to such a great diversion from the everyday grind.

We planned our trip for a day when we were both available, a difficult task considering our busy schedules. We thought it was fortunate that we had chosen the first clear day after several days of downpour. My brother, Gerry (not his real name – to protect the innocent), came to my house where I had already loaded the two boats and their paddles onto the truck. The fact that there had been almost nonstop rain for previous four days meant nothing to my inexperienced mind.

On the agreed-upon day, Gerry and I arrived at the Outdoor Center and requested a shuttle. In the vivid 20-20 hindsight of post trauma, the owner said that he had not shuttled anyone else that day; but, *since it was me*, he would make an exception based on my many trips on the creek.

No clue, no clue.

Game wardens occasionally monitor the creek for fishing licenses and the presence of pfd's so we had some cheap dollar store pfd's tied behind our seat backs, but they had never been put on or cinched to fit. Gerry did unhook his pfd and rested it under his legs for comfort and later sat on it to soften the ride. It just never occurred to me that my brother and I should have been wearing life vests in water that high and swift.

I was totally psyched when we off-loaded at the put-in and saw that the water level was four feet above the highest water I had ever entered. Normally, the water was shallow and quick to drag at the beginning, but this was high and fast and virtually smooth, albeit a little muddy, so I set out as a completely ignorant 44 year

Garden, where boulders jut haphazardly in the steepest drop. I didn't even clip any of the many large rocks sitting just under the surface. We finished the eight-mile float with no semblance of problem, stopping at several places to get out of our boats to swim against the current, which mimicked swimming in a lap pool. After the initial shock of the cold, spring-fed water, you can swim and swim and never get anywhere... pretty cool. We had taken snacks and sun block, and I progressed to sitting in my Otter dangling my feet over the sides in the cool water while learning how to maneuver my boat with the double-bladed paddle.

The scenery is unbelievable to begin with, but it's enhanced further when its history is known. Native American villages once lined the banks of Terrapin Creek. The Native Americans derived the creek's name from the thousands of turtles perched on every graspable point overhanging the water. Artifacts including pottery, arrowheads, tomahawks, spears, beads, and bone have been recovered from Terrapin's banks and adjacent countryside. Two natural fish-catches still exist where pour-overs dump the main flow into narrow channels. Very little imagination is required to envision hand-hewn canoes paddling down the very creek that we live along today. Perhaps some of my own ancestors who were

forced to walk the Trail of Tears paddled their canoes on this timeless stream.

In the previous century, a motel sat on the banks of the creek just past the Rock Garden but there is no trace of it to be seen today. A stacked rock foundation with intricate archway is the only reminder of a mill that once operated in the main flow. The upper eight-mile float is virtually devoid of human contact off the creek. Both sides are surrounded by timber and farmland and the occasional recreational lot owned by farmers but rarely used. Cell phone service is unavailable on the entire upper float.

After my initiation on the creek, I was hooked. Every day that my husband and I could manage a trip to the creek, we were there. He introduced me to the nice folks at the Terrapin Outdoor Center who shuttled us and our boats to the upper put-in at the Frank Stewart Bridge. We could paddle the upper eight-mile portion of the creek in about three hours, allowing a few stops to swim and snack. I invited coworkers from the hospital where I worked 80 miles away and they towed coolers on inner tubes without incident. It was a grand, happy, nothing-bad-could-ever-happen time for me.

old fat woman without a pfd accompanied by a 47-year-old brother with no pfd and no paddling experience whatsoever down a creek with many times its normal flow (about 1000 cfs). And helmets? We didn't need no stinking helmets.

High water had changed the appearance of the creek to the extent that I rarely knew exactly where we were as we floated along. Occasionally I would see a tree or rock outcropping that would orient me, but I might as well have been on an entirely different body of water that day. The water level had washed out the banks so the privet bushes and fallen trees were now part of the creek's topography. Debris was caught in trees from the prior days of rain when the level had reached 15 feet and 3500 cfs. It was interesting to see coolers and people stuff so high above our heads... not the least bit daunting...yet.

My brother was enjoying the float immensely. His ministerial job kept him indoors much of the time and this was definitely a change from his usual routine. He remarked on the pristine natural surroundings even voicing the thought that he should have brought his wife's little Yorkie, Millie, to ride in the boat. He said that she could have swum alongside the boat sometimes.

This trip was beginning to be the best time I'd ever had on the creek. There were many spots of true whitewater with back-flapping waves breaking over our unskirted boats. I was absolutely thinking I was a bad ass (a 44 year old fat woman bad ass at that). I let out a few "yee haws!!!" after passing over some of the choppy waters and I had visions of turning into a real creek junkie. My husband and I had duckied the Nantahala River a few times and I was seeing some areas of Terrapin Creek which resembled the Nantahala that day.

The creek was ours with the exception of one couple who had shuttled themselves. We passed their blue kayaks early in our float. They had pulled up to a clear bank where the woman was spreading her towel on her overturned boat and the man was fishing a little way down a stream feeding into the creek. I don't think they even saw us glide by silently in the water.

When I heard the water roaring as we approached the Rock Garden, I told my brother to keep an eye out for rocks and follow me thinking that was all the explanation warranted. I paddled ahead amazed to see that the Rock Garden was an actual rapid with big whitewater waves, probably a Class III at least (or maybe a Class V if you rate it on the basis of danger involved and access to help). I barreled down the middle, paddling with everything I had and just having a blast.



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Major Problems

As I approached the end of the rapid, I heard my brother yelling, "Help me! Help me! Help me!" I looked back and saw one of his water shoes and his boat floating upside down toward me as he was being washing-machined down the rapid...butt over heels.

For some unknown reason, it became important for me to catch his boat before it floated down the creek. I certainly couldn't paddle against the current to attempt to reach him so it seemed imperative to save his boat.

In the swift water at the base of the Rock Garden, I was leaning over grabbing at his tow handle when the water flowed into my boat and I found myself flipping over.

There I was...both boats upside down, my paddle mercilessly twisting me however the water pushed it, no pfd, with no hope of turning my boat right side up or emptying the water from it. I let the paddle go because it kept dragging me underwater. I found trying to hang onto my boat futile since it was slippery and there were no hand-holds to cling to. As I was fighting to stay on my boat I realized that I was becoming exhausted and, for the first time, I felt the true danger of the situation.

I knew my brother was injured at the very least and maybe worse. At this early stage of my paddling I hadn't considered foot entrapment a possibility on Terrapin Creek, so there was no way for me to warn him either.

I LOOKED BACK AND SAW ONE OF HIS WATER SHOES AND HIS BOAT FLOATING UPSIDE DOWN TOWARD ME AS HE WAS BEING WASHING-MACHINED DOWN THE RAPID... BUTT OVER HEELS.

When I realized that I was too exhausted to stay with my boat, I reluctantly let go and swam toward the flooded bank on the left side. There was no visible land through the dense privet bushes, fallen trees, blackberry bushes and saw briars. When I reached the overhanging foliage I grabbed on and began making my way downstream in the swift current by hand-walking with the branches, fully aware of all the venomous snakes I had seen in this creek and expecting to latch onto one of them instead of a limb any second.

As I tediously moved downstream, water pouring over my head and shoulders, I was violently jerked upside down underwater by a limb that had snagged the leg of my shorts. I didn't catch my breath as I took in a

double lungful of water. Although I already knew the seriousness of our situation, I was engulfed in full-fledged panic as I saw death looming closer than ever before in my life. Instead of seeing my life flashing before my eyes, I began to feel an intense calm and

I began feeling my real-time experience in extreme slow motion. I reached up with my hand, felt the obstacle holding me down and worked the fabric until it was free. I swam away from the bank and dog paddled letting water drain out of my lungs through my mouth willing myself not to breathe until the water stopped coming. I had spots before my eyes and I fought against blacking out. There were sounds unlike anything I'd ever heard coming from people, alive or dead, escaping from my body as the water gurgled and spewed from my lungs. I eventually began gasping for air and, when my breath was under control, I swam back to the bushes and began moving downstream once more except this time I was using my feet as feelers for underwater obstacles.

Surprisingly, both boats had stayed together and had stayed pretty much beside me out in the middle of the creek. I watched in disbelief as both boats just hooked a left turn and eddied out against a fallen tree resting just above the water line. The fact that they eddied out on my side of the creek finally gave me a glint of hope. After the boats stopped, I held onto the branch where I was, closed my eyes, gathered my wits, and rested my body.

When I was renewed, I swam to the fallen tree and climbed on horsey style. The tree was stable and sturdy, about two feet in diameter, and there was a limb behind my back that I could hold onto for leverage. With sheer determination, I hooked my right arm around the limb and grabbed

*Pam Ashley, author/photographer,
Terrapin Creek, 7 ft., 100 cfs.*



Terrapin Creek at 12 ft., 1000 cfs.

Photo by Pam Ashley

the tow line of my boat with my left hand and pulled it with its full capacity of water onto the tree with me. I had nothing to brace my legs against so it was purely an adrenaline super strength that enabled me to lift the flooded boat two feet out of the water. How much could a 9 foot recreational kayak weigh with a full capacity of water? It was weightless that day. After the water drained, I flipped it upright then immediately unclipped the dollar store pfd and strapped that baby on. My paddle had conveniently eddied out with the boats so I was fully equipped with boat, paddle, pfd (but still no stinking helmet).

I carefully eased into my boat fearful of capsizing since I'd never gotten into a boat floating in deep water from a perch on a fallen tree. When I was safely seated, I grabbed my paddle and began the hardest part of my journey paddling against the current upstream for about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile to the base of the Rock Garden. I saw my brother on the bank about 100 yards upstream but the roar of the water was too loud to hear anything. We uselessly yelled back and forth until I realized it was pointless. I couldn't get to him and he couldn't get to me. I still didn't know how badly he was injured.

With a wave of my hand, I turned and began the hour-long paddle to the nearest telephone. If the task hadn't been so urgent, the rest of the float would have been the highlight of my paddling life to date. There were many great swift water currents and big 'ole waves breaking over the boat, but I was hyper vigilant and almost tunnel-visioned with the fear of flipping again which would prevent me getting the help that my brother desperately needed. I eddied out whenever I heard the roar of whitewater to scout for the best path without the advantage of getting out of the boat because the banks were dense with flooded overgrowth (and I wasn't going there again, no way).

I cast a cursory glance at Seven Springs as I paddled by, but they were visible only



as a slow roiling on the surface of the flooded creek. Ordinarily, they were visible on the creek bank with a small rock wall encasing a pool of ever-streaming iciness. Seeing them made my extreme thirst more miserable.

As I paddled along, I began thinking about the outdoor center's take-out. Since the take-out is behind the owner's home, it just happens to be at the end of a swift water flow, which makes even low water take-outs difficult for many boaters. In high water like that day, the water flowed right over their concrete landing and the eddy was on the opposite bank where nothing but bushes and critters lived. I knew that there were a few houses about 200 yards upstream of the outdoor center take-out and I decided to get out there if I saw an easier egress. The next place to take out past the outdoor center would be about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile downstream at the public put-in/take-out with a long walk back to help. With my plan in place, I paddled like a mindless fiend to get help for my brother.

When I finally reached the first sign of civilization, I paddled to the nearest obvious place used for seal launching, but it was against a steep bank with fairly swift flow. I grabbed a tree root and butt scooted up

the bank dragging my boat. When I got to dry, flat land, I left my boat and paddle and literally ran uphill to the nearest cabin, which was under construction. The carpenter must have thought me nuts as I tried to tell him what happened and that I needed to call 911. After I told the 911 operator that my brother had turned over in Terrapin Creek and I knew he was injured, I declined the carpenter's offer of a ride to the outdoor center thinking it was just "next door" only to find out that I had about a $\frac{3}{4}$ mile walk of winding driveway ahead of me. I was covered in thick red mud from ankles to mid back and didn't want to mess up his car. It's funny how stress affects your ability to think clearly.

The rescue squad ambulance and I arrived at the outdoor center at the same time. The owners of Terrapin Outdoor Center were extremely knowledgeable of the creek's path and knew the closest access to the Rock Garden by land, which was still a considerable piece upstream. The ambulance crew called in the Calvary who showed up with rescue boats and we all headed upstream by road to launch the boats. In the meantime, one of the squad members who also worked on the helicopter from the university hospital where I am employed called them and

BOATING BEYOND YOUTH



Paddlers in Rock Garden, 8.5 ft., 300 cfs.

Photo by Pam Ashley

Gerry's Tale

Gerry said he heard the sound of the rapids at the Rock Garden about 100 yards before we got to them. I went first and he followed. At the very beginning of the Garden, his boat landed on a large rock and turned perpendicular to the flow of the creek. His boat was immediately swept out from under him and his ride began. Fortunately, he was able to grab his flotation device but then, unfortunately, he reacted instinctively to attempt to stand up in an effort to keep his head above water. Cardinal whitewater no-no! The force of the water began to roll him on the bottom of the creek. He held the PFD close to his chest and every time he came to the surface he would get a breath of air and down he'd go again. His shin rapped an underwater rock while he was at the mercy of the creek. He said everything began to go in slow motion and it seemed like an eternity before he was cast into a calm portion of water near the shore. He was then able to swim to the bank that had the thickest, stickiest undergrowth possible. He parted the branches expecting to come face-to-face with a snake at any moment. At the time, it didn't matter that he was out of the water. He tried to re-enter the water in an attempt to float down the rapid, but his bare foot couldn't grip the moss slick rocks to wade out into the flow.

He looked down the creek and saw me hanging to a limb and then I was swept down the creek out of sight. He said he remembered saying, "Oh, Lord, what are we going to do now?"

He performed self-examination of his leg and tested weight-bearing concluding that it must not be fractured. Knowing that our survival might depend on him, he began to mentally take stock of his survival skills then realized that he had none. He was a minister who golfed frequently but lacked any real life-saving skills or outdoor competence. Gerry had grabbed my husband's PFD from the boat which had a watch attached to the strap. Since he was able to keep up with time, he knew that hours had passed and he didn't know how much further we

found that they were less than 20 miles away. They flew over the creek looking for Gerry. They spotted his kayak still resting against the tree where I left it, but they saw no sign of him so they landed in a nearby field and waited for the worst.

When we got to the designated recreational lot to launch the boats, it was decided that I had to accompany the squad since none of them knew the creek nor would they have any idea where my brother had flipped over. At the time of our incident, the rescue squads from the four counties that share Terrapin Creek had never even had a practice rescue on the creek. There had been many rescues in Little River Canyon where the danger was obvious, but who would have thought that Terrapin was capable of claiming victims? The rescue squad had two 16-foot aluminum flat bottomed boats in which they planned to send six people per boat downstream with only two short wood canoe paddles in each boat. I was in the process of telling them that I didn't think it would be safe to try to maneuver the creek with only two paddles especially in the Rock Garden when I heard one of the rescue squad members yell, "Are you Gerry?"

At first I thought he was speaking to another squad member but then I heard him yelling things like, "Are you injured? We're coming to get you." I looked across the creek and there was my brother. He

had managed to walk upstream a couple of miles, barefooted on one foot with a huge hematoma on his shin. Seeing him instantly lightened the load that had been smothering my whole being. Relief! Relief! Relief! With that said, we still couldn't get to him. The creek was high and swift and they couldn't paddle straight across the creek then back again without being washed downstream. The squad leader told him to continue walking upstream to a "drive across" (hilarious in this situation) and wait. This rescuer walked upstream on our side of the creek to continue contact with my brother while we began Plan B.

We loaded the boats and drove to a house where we retrieved two four wheeler ATV's. I stayed with the ambulance as we followed the ATV's to the hunting club road that led to the drive across. When we reached the locked gates, the ATV's drove around and came back eventually with my brother hanging on for dear life. He later said he wasn't sure he would survive the four-wheeler ride back to the road—something about jumping a hill.

The EMT's and I assessed his hematoma and determined that a fracture was unlikely. After the use of the ambulance, two rescue boats, two ATVs, and a lifesaver helicopter, there were no charges ever sent for their services.

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had before the end of the trip. He was also aware that it was possible I had ended up in the same situation he found himself.

He began to analyze his situation and come up with a plan of action. Initially, he thought it best to sit and wait, but he had no intention of spending the night in the woods. He didn't know how much further we had to go downstream, but he did know how far we had come so he headed upstream with a cheap water shoe on one foot and nothing on the other. Sadly, he had worn cross trainers to my house but I had insisted that he change to the water shoes. We hadn't discovered Teva or Chaco at that time. If he had stayed with his laced up cross trainers, his foot would have been protected instead of becoming the bloody, bruised foot on which he hiked through rocks and briars.

He had worn his favorite golfing cap but he took it off, hung it on a bush limb, scratched a message in the sand that he was OK then headed upstream. He said that he had heard the chopper while he was hidden by trees but just couldn't believe that it was looking for him.

During my urgent paddling time on the creek, I comforted myself with the knowledge that there was another couple upstream that might see my brother and be able to take care of him until help could be summoned. I envisioned them giving him a ride on one of their boats or maybe staying with him until help arrived.

Reunion

After Gerry was rescued and we'd retrieved my boat and paddle from the upstream spot where I had taken out, we started the drive home. When we approached the public put-in/take-out, I saw my husband's red kayak tied behind one of the blue ones. I stopped the truck and got out to retrieve the boat. The man of the couple was bringing the other blue kayak up the slope when my brother met him and shook his hand. I noticed a bit of clipped dialogue and awkwardness between them as we thanked him for salvaging my husband's boat. The

woman said they had seen the helicopter and knew something bad had happened when they found the kayak lodged against the tree.

On the way back home, as we discussed the events of the day, Gerry shared an interesting coincidence with me. He said that he was walking upstream when he spotted the blue kayaks. He'd found a logging road that roughly followed the creek, which was easier traveling with a bare foot, but he decided to approach the couple to seek help when he noticed that the woman was sunbathing naked on her kayak. Fearful that the man would harm him if he suddenly walked up to his naked companion from the woods, Gerry just backtracked and continued following the logging road until he heard the back-up beeping of the rescue squad truck off-loading the rescue boats. It was then that the rescuer had yelled, "Are you Gerry?"

As we discussed what happened upstream, my brother explained that the man in the blue kayak was a friend who attended church in a nearby city and that the woman who was sunbathing naked was not his wife. What are the odds that a man involved in an affair would take his lover to paddle a flood-swollen creek on a weekday when no one else was supposed to be paddling, and that his minister friend would see them together?

We were thirsty and had headaches so I stopped at the first convenience store we passed. I bought soft drinks and headache powders and we drank greedily. I looked at Gerry at one point and said, "Guess it was a good thing that you didn't bring Millie." Gerry dryly replied, "Little Mill Mill wouldn't be coming home with us tonight."

We both laughed finally.

At the end of the day, I had my life, my brother's life, my kayak/paddle, my husband's kayak, and one water shoe, so the losses were minimal. I felt fortunate that we had survived the stupidity that led me into taking an inexperienced person down a rain-swollen creek with no training, no pfd, no stinking helmet.

Moving Beyond

I suffered from post-traumatic stress as evidenced by waking often every night with vivid memories of the day but with different outcomes each time. Sometimes my nightmares were about my own demise hooked underwater by my shorts with the imagined grief of my family when my body was found or I'd dream my body would be caught in my kayak under a fallen tree spanning across the creek. At other times, the nightmares were of my brother being found with a leg entrapment, his badly mangled and battered body twisting lifelessly in the current or I'd dream that we found him with a compound fracture having



Terrapin Creek 12 ft., 1000 cfs.

Photo by Pam Ashley



Rock Garden at low water, Andy Bowen in foreground.

Photo by Pam Ashley

bled to death on the bank. These dreams lasted for over a year then eventually subsided. I never stopped paddling, but there were times when I had to force myself to get in the boat, heart pounding in my throat and ears, sweaty palms; yet I was determined not to let my fear rob me of the joy I found with paddle in hand.

My husband somewhat understood how I felt, but some of our friends were clueless and pretty much thought I was fearful by nature. I was always the last to launch my boat because the mental pep talks took awhile to put motion in my body. I would eddy out every few hundred feet just to assure myself that I was in control. I wasn't sure if I'd ever be free of that fear when I heard the roar of approaching whitewater but, by God, I was determined not to let it stop me.

I still don't like the Rock Garden although I've never had a bad experience there myself. I've been known to wade down the left side and drag my boat to the end of the Garden. I always enjoy the float better when the Rock Garden is behind me. For a couple of years, I would see my brother's deteriorating golf cap hanging on the limb but was never able to maneuver close enough to grab it. It's completely gone now.

This eventful day happened several years ago and, since then, paddling has evolved to fulfill all the lost youthful dreams that I had before picking up the paddle. I had been an avid tennis player, fast-pitch softball pitcher, and water skier in my younger years, but had been absent of a steady physical sport before I started paddling.

Kayaking is a sport that is an equalizer for men and women. We also began cycling about 30 miles a day each weekend on the Chief Ladiga/Silver Comet Rails-to-Trails that runs from Anniston, AL to Atlanta, GA passing right through Piedmont, AL where our adventure occurred. Piedmont, AL is a little-known Mecca of outdoor activities with beautiful scenery surrounding Terrapin Creek, the Choccolocco National Forest, the Chief Ladiga Rails-to-Trails cycling trail, and the Pinhoti Hiking Trail. Local whitewater paddlers use Terrapin Creek to keep their paddle muscles honed. Jacksonville University, which is approximately 20 miles west of Terrapin Creek hosts a paddling clinic every year to teach water skills and safety to people of all ages

My husband and I go to West Virginia every October and raft the New River and Gauley River (on the last day of Gauley Season). I've swum Hungry Mother and Fluffy Box of Kittens and haven't been traumatized by the Gauley yet. At my age, now in my mid 50s, after a badly fractured left shoulder from a snow skiing accident a few winters ago, I don't trust kayaking greater than Class III, but I'll hop my butt into a Class V river on a raft any day of the week.

We are now quite savvy about whitewater safety, swift water rescue and checking water levels. We have real pfd's and stinking helmets. My husband bought my first helmet at the Nantahala Outdoor Center end-of-season sale where anyone can bring gear to sell. It was a Harmony black round helmet that my son said made me look like the guy they shoot out of the cannon at the circus. I've worn it on the New River, Nantahala, Ocoee, and Gauley Rivers; however, now I have a cool looking yellow whitewater helmet. A friend of mine now wears the circus helmet and I see what my son meant. He does resemble the guy that gets shot out of the cannon, but he'll tell you what you can do to yourself if you kid him about it. I am also a Platinum Paddler member of American Whitewater and wear my AW gear proudly.

We bought 12 acres of beautiful Terrapin Creek frontage about two miles upstream of the Frank Stewart Bridge, which is the

upper put-in. The float from our land to the bridge is interesting and pretty tame so I usually paddle either our stretch or the lower five-mile float below the outdoor center, which is more populated and doesn't have the elevation drop of the upper eight miles. I've never been able to get Gerry back on the creek.

My friend with the circus helmet has camped, kayaked and rafted with us on many occasions developing a close kinship with me. He says he doesn't know many women today who could have survived 100 years ago, but he is sure that I could.

I'm pretty proud of that.



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BOATING BEYOND YOUTH

ONE PADDLER LIVES HIS DREAM

BY HENRY E. DORFMAN

AS I APPROACHED the close of my sixth decade, the intersection of two trend lines swam into view. I had started whitewater kayaking late, so the plot of my skill level was still rising. However, measures of joint integrity were falling to meet it. If there was a time for me to have a world class whitewater experience, it would have to be now.

After a good deal of research and pondering, I selected Costa Rica. It provided a variety of paddling in an exotic setting. Plus, most of the runs were rated Class IV, which was definitely the top end of my range.

However, upon reviewing videos on the web, I began to wonder if Class IV was somewhat of an understatement, in the vein of "Some assembly required."

My qualms were assuaged by an outfitter's web site. They noted that they split the group on the more treacherous river sections. I could opt for something a class down when they got into the serious boat splattering.

To prepare for the rigors of a week of continuous whitewater, I ratcheted up my regimen of swimming laps. This popped out a creaky shoulder and curled my spine into the shape of a question mark. How does one incur injury by merely swimming? Ah, welcome to the golden years.

However, the die was cast. The miracle of mechanical flight whisked me to San Jose where I was met by the outfitter for a van ride through a driving rain into the Costa Rican mountains. There, a B&B was to be our home for the week.

I met the rest of the group, which was primarily a whitewater club from the states that considered Class IV to be recreational paddling. Some of them had brought along their own boats and equipment, at no small expense. These guys were way serious.

I selected some of the less shredded stuff from the outfitter's inventory of boats and gear. Then, we had a meeting with the guides. We were told that the rain had been heavy for weeks and the rivers were running very high. Please give priority to remaining flexible about the schedule. Fine, but my priority was remaining conscious.

The next morning, we departed for the "warm-up" river where the guides could assess our skills. It was really pumping, but should be manageable. We would do the easier lower section in the morning and take on the hairy stuff after lunch.

It was indeed running high. The current was maybe a little slower than top speed of an F-14. If this was a warm-up, I'd be broiled in the main event.

Because of the conditions, the program was to run one rapid at a time, catching the eddy at the end. We would receive the beta at the top end and eddy out at the bottom for instruction on the next drop. The best laid plans...

As often happens, a good concept was shattered on the rocks of reality. The gradient was 85 feet per mile, almost twice what I had ever done, never mind the high water, and I misjudged angling over for the eddy. Missed it by three or four (or maybe twenty) yards and was sluiced down the next rapid and into a hole capable of eating a locomotive.

I waited until I could feel the paddle gaining some purchase and rolled up. I was immediately dumped into another large hole and munched. That cycle would



repeat two more times before I punched into an eddy and exhaled river water. Almost immediately, the trip leader flicked in behind me and began admonishing me about skipping the first eddy. Wasn't exactly my Plan A, either.

The group caught up and we were briefed for the next rapid. I began my approach well ahead of time. However, the eddy fence was about as tall as your average NBA center and slam dunked me back into the current. Access denied!

I made it into the next eddy with the trip leader on my tail. He once again enlightened me on the importance of hitting the eddies. Thanks for walking me through that one.

We had a little flat, albeit swift water to scope out the next drop. As I was trying to discern a viable line, Luis, one of the assistant guides, paddled up along side of me. "I know what you're thinking," he said. I might add, that was a great deal more than I knew. "You're thinking about staying close to the eddy side, but it's too shallow there. Follow me."

It was like trying to catch a water bug. If I had his moves, I wouldn't need his help. Nonetheless, by approximating his course, I was able to spear the end of the eddyline. I relaxed and silently celebrated my small victory.

A classic error. I was sucked out the back end and whisked downstream. Couldn't wait for part three of the lecture series on why it's vital we stick the eddies.

The rest of the run went much better. I stayed on Luis like a remora clings to a shark. He was born running these rivers. Nothing like local knowledge.

We reached the takeout and the leader presented us with a choice. The river was coming up rapidly and was becoming quite dangerous. Becoming? You mean, it could get worse?

We could eat lunch now and take our chances on the level after that. Or, we could



Crocodiles at the lower ends of Pacific side rivers (Costa Rica) added motivation to roll.

Photo by Henry E. Dorfman

go right to the upper end and paddle now. It was up to us.

This is a tough choice? Let's see, paddle now or eat lunch and die. I'll take door number one.

The upper end was a Maytag on steroids. I spent time perfecting my combat roll and trying to remember if my will was up-to-date. The nervous energy was draining and I wondered aloud if I had the strength for many more rolls. Luis told me there were piranhas in the river. I would find the strength.

"Don't worry," he grinned, "they're friendly piranha. They just eat the tourists and leave the gear for the outfitters." Luis knew how to put the "un" into funny.

We came to a spot that the leader described as a popular play spot. It looked more like an assisted suicide device to me, but I gave it a go. After a few rounds of kissing the boulders, I crawled up on the riverbank to get my breath and wonder if I should've selected a different boat for this.

Looking upstream to my nemesis, I noticed some small kids skillfully playing the same hole on inner tubes. You can't beat local knowledge.

After limping in to the takeout, we ate lunch and boarded the bus for the B&B. There's no pad like home. I looked forward to soaking the bruises in the hot tub and a medicinal beer.

But, we were told to pack up. The rivers were all too high here. We'd go north to the Caribbean slopes to try the rivers up there.

That we did, except the rain kept coming and the rivers rose there. I asked the leader about splitting the group, remembering the notation about friendlier runs. He said that the conditions dictated that it was safer to stay together. Not from where I stood.

We had some fun for a couple days, but also got jackhammered. The rivers continued to rise. Back to the bus.

We pointed south for the Pacific Coast. As we approached our destination, we stopped by a river to eat lunch. We were not alone. A dozen large crocodiles lounged on the banks. I pointed to them and raised my eyebrows at the leader. He shrugged. "Don't swim." Words to live by. Literally.

It was a couple days of challenging and fun whitewater there before returning to the real world. I was bruised and bone weary. And, ecstatic I did it.

Costa Rica is a beautiful country. The byword of the Ticos (natives) is pura vida (life is great). There are numerous whitewater rivers spawning from its mountainous backbone. They each have their own character, providing a dizzying variety of paddling pleasures in stunning tropical settings. If you like whitewater, it definitely has a place on your to-do list.

Opposite: Scouting a line on Rio Sarapiquí, Costa Rica

Photo by Henry E. Dorfman

BOATING BEYOND YOUTH

THE AGING KAYAKER: PADDLE TO STAY FIT, OR STAY FIT TO PADDLE?

BY JOHN AMTMANN

Editor's Note: The following fitness article targets paddlers who, if they aren't over the hill, can at least see the top from where they stand. Still, the following is good advice for paddlers of any age. Yeah, exercise might be hard work, but performing at a higher level on the river can make it all seem worth your while.

HEART DISEASE IS the leading cause of death in the United States, and many of the risk factors for the development of heart disease are directly related to the choices we make on a day to day basis: to exercise or not, to eat healthy or not, to smoke or not; the list is endless. So, to many of us paddlers, heading out to the river is a way that we can get out and enjoy a healthy activity, but many of us make the mistake of assuming that paddling will improve our fitness, when instead we should make the effort to stay fit so that we can paddle better. This article will discuss how to develop a physical fitness program and how to modify our river outings to improve fitness.

Health-related fitness includes the fitness components that may provide a protective effect against the development of heart disease. These fitness components include cardiorespiratory fitness, musculoskeletal fitness and musculoskeletal flexibility. In order to make physical fitness improvements some basic principles of exercise physiology should be followed. For instance, the principle of overload states that the system targeted (cardiovascular or musculoskeletal) must be exposed to a controlled stress that the body is unaccustomed to in order to improve fitness. This is where most Americans could focus their attention, but most of us simply don't like to train too hard.

Any activity that gets a person out and moving is "healthy," but improvements in physical fitness as a result of kayaking would only come if one trained with something approaching the intensity of

an Olympic paddler. For most of us, such intensity would defeat the fun of enjoying the local river with our family. Instead, supplemental fitness training can improve fitness, which will allow us to enjoy the river with less overall physical stress.

For cardiorespiratory fitness, the American College of Sports Medicine (ACSM) recommends activities that can be sustained for a prolonged period of time, including walking, jogging, stationary cycling, rope-jumping, or swimming, 3-5 days per week for 20-60 minutes per session. Exercise intensity should be anywhere between 60% and 90% of an athlete's maximum heart rate. The simplest (though not the most accurate) way to predict maximum heart rate is to subtract age from 220. Multiply this, the age predicted maximum heart rate, by 55% and 90% to calculate the lower and upper limits of target heart rate (See Table 1 for an example of how to calculate target heart rate).

Table 1: Calculating Target Heart Rate Range for a 50-year-old Individual

$$\begin{aligned} 220 - 50 &= 170 \\ 170 \times .60 &= 102 \\ 170 \times .90 &= 153 \end{aligned}$$

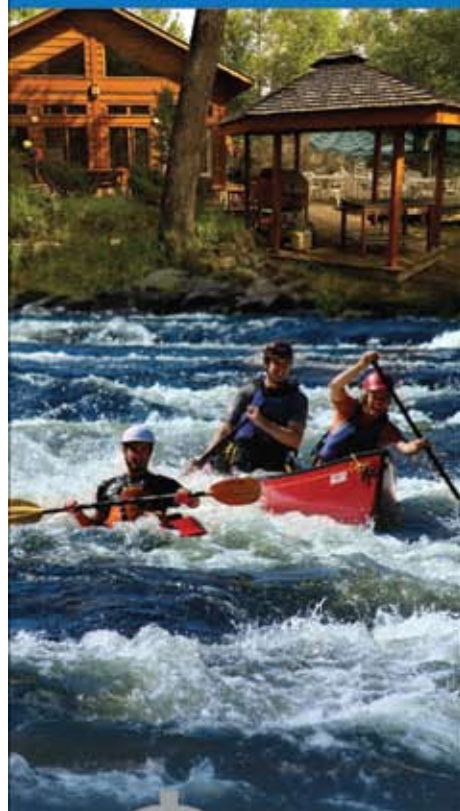
Over the last 15 years, researchers have become more aware of the benefits of strength training for non-athletes. According to the ACSM participation in strength training can result in the following benefits:

- Improvements in body composition
- Increases in lean body mass
- Increases in basal metabolic rate
- Improvements in bone mineral density
- Improvements in glucose tolerance
- Improvements in blood lipid profiles

Strength training is especially advantageous for kayakers because balanced improvements in strength will reduce your chance of injuries and will improve your chances of effectively carrying out a rescue during an emergency.

For musculoskeletal fitness, the ACSM recommends performing 8-10 separate

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exercises that train the major muscle groups (2000). A major goal should be to develop the body in a balanced manner, rather than just exercising a few select muscle groups, i.e. curls for the girls. Performing 1 set of 8-12 repetitions to the point of volitional fatigue, 2-3 days per week is effective in developing musculoskeletal fitness. See Table 1, Sample Strength Training Routine, for an example.

Table 2, Sample Strength Training Routine (1 set of 8-15 repetitions, to volitional fatigue)

Exercise	Muscle Group
Leg Press	Hips/Thighs
4-Way Neck	Neck
Abdominal Curls	Abdominals
Hyperextensions	Lower Back
Lat Pull Down	Upper Back
External Rotation	Rotator Cuff
Bench Press	Chest
Curls	Biceps
Tricep Extension	Triceps
Wrist Curls	Forearms

Musculoskeletal flexibility is something that is oftentimes overlooked in discussions of fitness. Lack of flexibility in the lower back and posterior thigh regions may be associated with an increased risk for the development of chronic low back pain, and may hinder performance of basic river and self-rescue skills. Therefore, you are encouraged to maintain a flexibility program that will promote flexibility not only these regions, but for the entire body. The ACSM recommends participation in a general stretching routine that focuses on all of the major muscle groups a minimum of 2-3 days per week. Each stretch should be held for 10-30 seconds, and should be repeated 3-4 times (2000). It is best to complete the flexibility program after the body is completely warmed-up. A good time to do this is after a cardiovascular training program or strength training program.

One way we can modify a typical whitewater outing is to jog or bike the shuttle; it takes a little longer, but cuts down



on gas consumption and really does offer an opportunity to improve fitness while enjoying a day of paddling. If you decide to bike or jog a shuttle, make sure to wear bright clothing to reduce the chance of run-ins with motorists who aren't paying attention, especially if you'll be shuttling on a road with lots of traffic, or a winding road with blind curves. Additionally, biking the shuttle is a great way to see more of the beautiful country that many of our rivers are located in. If you start taking advantage of these cardiovascular exercise opportunities, you may come to find the shuttle as enjoyable as the run down the river!

In closing, please don't make the mistake of assuming that river running will maintain physical fitness! If you don't know how to perform the exercises listed in this article, consider going to your local YMCA or gym and asking a certified fitness instructor to help you learn and properly perform these exercises. These general guidelines will help the aging paddler stay fit to paddle and continue to enjoy the sport we love.

John Amtmann is a professor in his 19th year teaching for the Applied Health Science program at Montana Tech in Butte, Montana. He can be reached by email at jamtman@mtech.edu.

Becky Hancock (left) and Janalee Holmes (right) demonstrating an exercise that targets the external rotators of the rotator cuff.

Photo by John Amtmann

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Becky Hancock demonstrating lat pull down.

Photo by John Amtmann



BOATING BEYOND YOUTH

ANTIDOTE TO AGE: FLEXIBILITY AND SPECIFIC STRENGTH

BY JESSICA YURTINUS, MSPT, US
FREESTYLE KAYAK TEAM
PHYSICAL THERAPIST

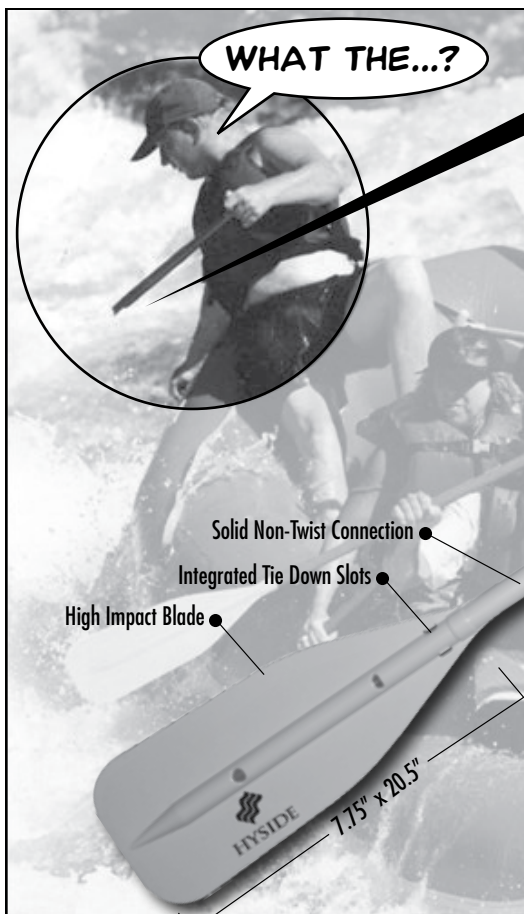
I AM NOT CALLING you old, but sometimes as the years tick by you can't just jump into your boat like you did when you were 20. You might even find some strange aches and pains you've never had before. My experience as physical therapist to the US Freestyle Team has shown me just how hard whitewater kayaking can be on the joints and muscles, so I believe it's important for all boaters—especially those starting to feel their age—to take the steps needed to prevent serious injury. What better time than the present to learn a little about what kayaking can do to your body, and some things you

can do to help keep your body healthy. Let's start with the shoulder. Most of us have known at least one kayaker with some kind of shoulder issue. Common injuries include shoulder dislocations/subluxations, labrum tears, rotator cuff tears, and all kinds of tendonitis. Not all of these can be prevented, especially if you find yourself stuck in a crazy violent hole or if you do a reflexive high brace while getting thrashed around in a gnarly Class V rapid. But, sometimes shoulder pain can be prevented.

Flexibility is the first step to avoiding unnecessary pain. I have heard more than once that kayakers shouldn't stretch

Doorway Stretch: Stand at wall's end or in a doorway facing perpendicular to wall. Place arm on wall as shown, then turn body away from arm. Hold for 30 seconds; repeat three times.

Photo by Stephen Wright



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- 2) Shaft bending
- 3) Blade twisting
- 4) Blade chipping

We addressed the problems by:

- 1) Inserting a metal shaft between the shaft end and the grip
- 2) Used stronger aluminum
- 3) Injected the blade into the shaft instead of around it
- 4) Used better raw material to prevent chipping



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because it sets them up for a dislocation. This is *wrong*. Most kayakers have shoulders that are way too tight. There are a series of four stretches that I feel help keep flexibility in the shoulder. The first and second stretches are shoulder flexion and shoulder extension. The third is a doorway stretch, with importance in keeping the pectoralis muscles flexible. This stretch isn't to increase external rotation, but to stretch the pectoralis and work on scapular mobility. The last is the "sleeper stretch." This keeps flexibility in the post capsule, an oft forgotten part of the shoulder that can help prevent impingement.

Shoulder strength is just as important. Band exercises are a great way to keep your shoulder strong. Shoulder external rotation, internal rotation, and rows are great ways to keep the basic shoulder strength and stability good. You have to keep that rotator cuff strong. Back pain is another issue that paddlers face. Kayaking is a sitting sport. Don't get me wrong, it is very active, but you spend a lot of time on your butt. This, along with dropping waterfalls, and the potential for pitching your brains out can contribute to back pain. Again, flexibility and strength are key to helping limit back pain.

Important muscles to keep flexible for back health are the hamstrings, quadriceps, hip flexors, and piriformis. Many of us regularly spend hours at a time sitting in a kayak, which will shorten all of the above

muscles. You should stretch daily, before and after you paddle.

For kayaking strength and stability you need strong core muscles. The deep muscles of your abdominal region and obliques are important to support your spine, as well as improve your freestyle technique. It is also important to keep strength in your glutes and hips. Exercises such as bridges, neutral spine, and all those fun ball exercises you see around the gym are great for kayakers.

Lastly, drink plenty of water and keep hydrated. Not only will it help keep your discs healthy, but will help your muscles heal after a long day on the river. All of the above exercises and tips are just guidelines to keep you healthy, and keep you paddling as long as possible. Again, these are guidelines. Accidents may happen which is unfortunate, and some of you may need to see a physician if the pain persists. Listen to your body and don't be too proud to call it a day early if you feel yourself getting tired; this is when many injuries occur. Keep healthy and keep paddling!

Bridge: Lie on the floor with your back, palms and feet flat on the floor. Bend your knees. Contract your abdominal and buttocks muscles. Slowly lift your buttocks off the floor until there is a straight line from your knees to your shoulders. Hold for five seconds. Do three sets of 10.


Photo by Stephen Wright.



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BOATING BEYOND YOUTH

REFLECTIONS ON A LONG RIVER RUNNING CAREER

BY RICHARD MONTGOMERY

PHOTOS BY ARTHUR ROSATO

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA is not a whitewater mecca. It is a surfing town an hour and half south of San Francisco on California's central coast. I moved here for a university job twenty years ago with my wife Judith, and our daughter Mary. Our second daughter Anna was born in Santa Cruz.

I'm good at two things: math, and paddling. There are times when I've felt schizophrenic, pulled in two by these two skills, my two callings. While I'm not always at home doing mathematics, I am at home on the water with a paddle in my hand.

I'll tell three stories here: a sketch of my life as a boater, the tale of a recent trip down the San Lorenzo, and the details of a Stand-up-paddle surf session on the San Francisco Bay.

A History

I started paddling on the San Francisco Bay at 15 in a used wood and canvas boat that I bought with my mother's help. It cost \$50. It was nine feet long, and came with an eight-foot wood paddle with tiny blades. I wore a quarter-inch diving wetsuit out in the Bay. The boat had no sprayskirt. I paddled alone.

I had read about Eskimos paddling and so knew the Eskimo Roll existed. One afternoon, near the dock of the Cal Sailing Club in Berkeley I was trying to roll my open boat. I would occasionally succeed once the boat was totally swamped: its angular momentum from the flip would carry it back upright. An old guy was watching me from the dock. "There's a better way," he began, then proceeded to tell me about the Sierra Club River Touring Section. Boating back then was done primarily through clubs. Our local club was the Bay chapter of the R.T.S. They showed a film at the first club meeting I attempted, footage of a team of a half a dozen paddlers, foreshortened, dressed only in boats, sprayskirts, and paddles (maybe helmets), elegantly dancing down

and over waves higher than their heads, on an upper section of the Colorado. I was hooked for life.

It was 1972, the first year whitewater slalom was in the Olympics, and the year the movie *Deliverance* came out. Almost everyone made their own boats, paddles, skirts and wetsuits back then. For paddling jackets we bought nylon jogging jackets. For warmth we wore thick wool sweaters purchased from Goodwill. My preferred head protection was a motorcycle helmet. The high-profile boaters of our club were John Googins, Carl Trost, Dick Sunderland and Gunther Hemmersbach. They were in their 30s and 40s. I spent many weekends with them during my last two years of high school. John Googins would often pick me up at my house on Friday night and bring me back late Sunday night.

Fewer than a dozen kids boated seriously in California back then. I quickly met most of them. I befriended Bill and Chuck Stanley, a year younger and a year older than me respectively, and already experts. Bill and

All I wanted to do was paddle. In February of 1975, after graduating high school, I moved onto a piece of land owned by a kayak school called The Confluence, which worked the Stanislaus River and was part of a river economy and river community as vibrant as the one that now exists on the South Fork of the American. I taught beginning classes on the lower Stan. Chuck moved onto the land soon afterwards. It was a commune scene, with company bosses. I lived alternately in a barn, a teepee and a tree house. I tried living in a net, which lasted exactly one week. My annual income the second year up there was \$400.

The Confluence folded in the late summer of 1978 under the combined weight of a three-year drought, the looming murder of the Stanislaus River by the New Melones Dam, and four owners with diametrically opposed ideas of how to run businesses. Seeing the destruction wreaked by the New Melones Dam and the drowning of the Stanislaus Canyon has been one of the saddest events of my life. I ran away

MY HEYDAY WAS 1980. I WAS A KEY MEMBER OF A STRONG TEAM OF CALIFORNIA BOATERS: CHUCK, LARS, AND MICHAEL. WE DID A NUMBER OF FIRST DESCENTS, NOTABLY THE GOLDEN GATE SECTION OF SOUTH AMERICAN AND BALD ROCK CANYON OF THE MIDDLE FEATHER IN ONE THREE-DAY WEEKEND.

Chuck tolerated my presence on runs that I did not belong on, amused by my crash-and-burn paddling antics. Two hours North, up in Santa Rosa, Michael Schlax, a year older than Chuck had started paddling, with an older guy named Jim Smith, and would soon be expeditioning with Lars Holbek, who was a year younger than Bill.

In 1973 Tom Johnson convinced a Southern California garbage can and camper body manufacturing company to start manufacturing the first rotomolded polyethylene boat, the Hollowform. Having destroyed a half-dozen hand built fiberglass boats by then, I eagerly bought one of the first Hollowforms to roll off the production line. I was ecstatic to have a virtually indestructible boat.

from that part of California, as if running from the scene of a mass-murder. It is still difficult to go back.

I moved from the Sierra Foothills to the Santa Rosa area to study math and physics at Sonoma State. I met my wife-to-be in a math class. She would never have gone out with me—I was an extremely strange looking hippie—except that Michael Schlax vouched for me as being a good paddler. Through Michael I met Lars and the three of us started paddling upper reaches coastal streams on week long trips up into their favorite haunts in the Trinity Alps and Marble Mountains. Chuck followed me to Sonoma State a year or so later to finish up in chemistry and join our paddling team.

My heyday was 1980. I was a key member of a strong team of California boaters: Chuck, Lars, and Michael. We did a number of first descents, notably the Golden Gate section of South American and Bald Rock Canyon of the Middle Feather in one three-day weekend. My mother died. Judith and I got married. We took our honeymoon in Chile. Boating was involved and Michael Schlax came along on our “luna de miel, which the Chilenos found hysterical. I graduated from Sonoma State.

In 1984 Chuck and Lars published their *Guide to the Best Whitewater in the State of California*, still considered the Bible of California whitewater. They included stories and pictures of me, usually of the crash-and-burn variety. Despite being the brunt of jokes in so many of their stories, their fame would drag mine along.

Ten years after those heydays, in 1990, Judith and I and our four-year old daughter moved to Santa Cruz where I had an academic position. I was now at the far edge of youth. Chuck followed me to Santa

Cruz about five years later. Chuck and his wife Laurie now had two children. Lars did not produce any progeny, despite plenty of mating. We managed to stay life-long friends, Chuck, Lars, Michael, and I.

Deaths

We have had three good friends drown in pinnings between 1982 and 1994. Mark Allen drowned in his early twenties wedged into an anvil-shaped rock on a Class III drop in Giant Gap. “Big Water” Bob Porter drowned on the Garlic Falls section of the Kings in 1985. He had scrambled out of his pinned T-Slalom when his body got wedged. Jaraslov Mach drowned in a pinning on a first descent of the Upper Middle Eel. All three were solid Class V boaters. With Mark’s death we searched for mistakes—like playing on a wave that turned out to be the vestiges of an underwater cushion. Porter’s death was much harder to see how we could have avoided it. We tried to blame it on the boat. Jaraslov, a former Czech slalom champion, had a death that seemed impossible to rationalize. And he

left a wife and a six-year-old behind. I kept boating past these deaths, but it toned down a lot after Jaraslov passed.

Lars died last year of a quick moving cancer that lodged in his liver. His death walks in me every day. He was as close—closer, I’m afraid—than my own brothers, and a person whose life I have measured my own against. I realize how much I had relied on him in the back of my mind. “I can always do the South Merced with Lars,” or “Maybe I’ll go back down to Chile to boat. I’m sure I can meet Lars and Nancy (his life partner) there,” or “I’ll go to BC next summer with Lars and Nancy.” So many postponed dreams, so many dreams never to be fulfilled and never to return.

The San Lorenzo

Santa Cruz is not a whitewater Mecca. We have one whitewater river, the San Lorenzo. It runs a maximum of about 80 days a year and there have been recent years where it ran fewer than five days total. Big Water Bob Porter would have called my beloved local river a “shit creek.” Its fecal coliform



BOATING BEYOND YOUTH

count does get high, especially during the first rains of winter. Its drainage is small. During this season's first rains, the river spiked up to 11,000 cfs overnight, and had dropped back to unrunnably low levels two days later. It runs through a thick redwood forest. Big storms place new logs in various rapids, sometimes wisely, sometimes unwisely, so what could have been a fun intermediate run can be life threatening.

Santa Cruz is a tourist town, a university town, a surfer's town, and, a bedroom community for Silicon Valley. It grew into existence because of the river during the days of the Spanish Missions. The Army Corps channelized the river through town in 1955 and now that town section of river is treated little better than an open sewer. And it is illegal to paddle in Santa Cruz. But the river has a beautiful short granite canyon about three miles upstream of town. Despite its proximity to town, inside of that gorge feels like a full-on wilderness. It has a series of Class III drops punctuated by one Class IV that I always scout. We just call it the Big One. The boulders in the Big One move around, flood to flood, season to season, so that the low-water line now is very different than it was 15 years ago. On late spring days I can run it door-to-door in

a few hours, sun-bathing lunch on a granite rock included.

I get on the river during the rains when I can. During the week, I usually boat it alone. Not the textbook scenario, I know, I know. But I always seem to feel short on time and am not skilled in organizing my time or fellow boaters.

So, there I was, on the river alone again, on a late afternoon, a week before Valentine's Day, 2010. Just after the Big One I came upon a trio hunkered on the right bank. I paddled over. They were a rather incoherent and grubby lot. One of them was injured. We have a large homeless population in Santa Cruz, and this group seemed to all be members. We had less than an hour of light left in the day and I got a sinking feeling in my heart as I got out of my boat: "What am I getting myself involved in now?"

The trio's leader, PBJ he called himself, pleaded with me, "Man we could use some help. My friend is really hurt. He broke his leg I think. He can't walk." I asked them if they wanted me to get a helicopter or some emergency service in to rescue them. No they didn't. The injured man, Shey, screamed and writhed in pain and talked non-stop. They said that he had suffered a serious leg and back injury last

year while working for a logging company and had re-injured it by taking a tumble just now on the steep scramble down into the gorge. The third person was a woman, Dolly.

The three of them had been milling about, moaning about their situation, planless, wheels spinning in the mud. I could get involved, or the three of them could spend a sleepless night in the canyon in the rain. Shey in need of medical attention. I showed PBJ a fireman's carry. We began hauling Shey along the riverbank towards fisherman's trails heading up and out of the canyon. Dolly disappeared. We began the climb. Shey reeked of stale cigarette smoke. We couldn't carry him the whole way. The slope inclines at 50 to 60 percent grade and the trail faded in and out of existence. We were scrambling between redwoods, through thick redwood duff, loose mud, a few boulders, fallen trees, poison oak, madrone, and bay laurel. PBJ and I shuffled Shey upwards by alternately carrying him, supporting his weight on one or another shoulder while he limped and staggered, or pushing and pulling his semi-limp weight up the hill.

Shey talked non-stop through the whole climb, cursing about how he should have sued that logging company, about how they would not help him, about how he had a lawyer and he would damn sure call that lawyer when he got out, and sue their ass. About the money he would get. He focused on anything, and everything around his injury and misfortune, except the one thing that mattered right now: taking the next step. My goal was getting him to the railroad track at the Canyon's edge, an easy walk from the highway and their van. PBJ, New Age tattoos all over his arms, and wearing a torn up black leather jacket and jewelry, grunted in huge bristling grunts like a stuck bear as we shuffled up the hill. When the railroad tracks were only about 10 yards above us, Shey started begging me to help him get all the way to their vehicle, a red van parked alongside Highway 9.

I was worried about boating in the dark, or alternatively spending the whole night with this crew in the Dominican emergency room. When we got to the tracks, I decided





Steamer's Lane. A day after one of the contests years ago I was eating lunch alone at a picnic table up on campus. At the bench next to me three construction worker surfers were having lunch. I overheard their conversation: "Here's what we'll do. We'll paddle over to one of those kayakers and surround him. I'll flip him over. Joe, you jump on his boat so he can't come back up. Charlie, you strangle him underwater with your leash."

After so many years living and kayak surfing in Santa Cruz, subject to such anti-kayak-racism by the dominant race (surfers) it was a wonderful feeling to be out at the edge of the line-up, not feeling totally ostracized. SUPing is the best of both the worlds in medium to small waves: You get to stand up on a board and paddle. I can do it just in shorts when every one else is in a full wet-suit. And you can surf like an honest surfer, cutting back and

forth, gliding out of white sections back into the green, posing, crouching. It has a primitive Polynesian feel. Back to the roots.

Emeryville is built on fill: land that did not exist in the 1970s. In the early 70s the San Francisco Bay was being filled in at a rapid rate. Conservation groups bound together from all around the Bay and stopped the fill with lawsuits and legislation. Without their efforts, San Francisco Bay would now resemble Mexico City, once home of beautiful lakes and wetlands. Anyhow, developers got hold a big beautiful chunk of bay wetland and mud flat and turned it into the small city of Emeryville, and filled it with Big Box stores that serve a good chunk of the East Bay. On my first real paddling adventure, a five-mile paddle from Berkeley to Alameda Island in the early 1970s, I had portaged my canvas boat across the newly filled Emeryville before they had started any construction.

Now Judith and I are living in Berkeley for a year's sabbatical. My friend Gregoire has set up his office there on a house boat at the Emeryville Marina and lets me keep

my SUP on the roof of his boat. Yesterday, Emeryville was breaking! Nearly four decades of off and on paddling in the East Bay, and I've never seen decent surf here! The waves were decently formed, with the biggest waves about two feet high, and the average in the massive six to eight-inch range, breaking out there on a shallow patch of the mud flats about a half-mile from the Marina entrance. Forty or so miles away, outside the Golden Gate, the Maverick's contest was going on, with 40 or 50-footers rolling in. (Google "Maverick's Rogue Wave" for YouTube footage.) I imagine the break that day in the Bay was a consequence of a very low tide and monstrous surf out in the main Pacific.

I got to surf in the bay! It was so warm I did not need a shirt, and this in February. When I got to the break two sea kayakers, a man and a woman, were trying to surf it. The guy did not have a roll, and kept swimming after the inevitable sideways in the soup routine in his overlong boat. I got nice 30 yard long slow rides, a little bit of green, then cruising at an angle through the soup as the wave petered out, then broke again. After the sea-kayaking pair left, a total neophyte in a nine-foot long plastic touring boat without a spray skirt paddled out to the break. He had never surfed a boat before. I told him about leaning into the wave when he turned sideways. On his first sideways jaunt, he did the let go of the paddle and brace with your hands deal, but he did lean into the wave and avoided flipping. He ended up catching half a dozen waves and flipping three times. After each flip I helped him empty his little tug of a boat by maneuvering my board over to the shallowest section of mud flat where the water was ankle to mid calf deep. I would step out onto the mud (so strange to stand in the San Francisco Bay a half a mile from shore) and he would wade, swim or hand paddle his swamped boat over to me. We would teeter-totter the water out of his log of a boat. He was an ex-crane operator named Rodney who lived on his parent's boat there in the Emeryville Marina. And he was stoked on paddling.

they really could make that last leg of their schlep on their own and trotted down the slope to my boat and paddled straight to the take-out. I jogged up the fire road to the parking lot where my bicycle was locked for the shuttle. On the bicycle shuttle I did not see any red van. I assume they made it to the emergency room.

My daughters say I've racked up some good karma. I felt grateful to be alive...to be able to paddle, to have a home, a warm bed, a family, and health care.

Surfing Emeryville, Valentine's Day, 2010

I started SUPing three years ago at my wife and eldest daughter's urgings.

An SUP (Stand Up Paddleboard) is a big surfboard paddled standing up with a canoe paddle that is one shakka taller than the paddler. My wife's thinking went something like, "We live here in Surf City. You are a guy with a paddle."

Let me give you a sense of a common surfer's attitude towards kayak surfers. We have a big surf kayak contest here each year, which takes over the town's best break,

BOATING BEYOND YOUTH



WHITewater BOATING BEGINS AT MID-LIFE: ADVENTURES OF A SENIOR BOATER, MOM OF A HOT- SHOT YOUNG KAYAKER

BY LAURIE LEVKNECHT

MOST SOCCER MOMS don't play soccer. I was a "swim mom" for 15 years, and although I can swim well, I did not swim regularly. Kayaking is different and this is my story. I do have a long history of paddlesports, including canoeing as a child and, later, guiding Class I- II canoe trips for a Girl Scout camp. I started kayaking at 45, in a sea kayak on the Great Lakes. I learned techniques and essential skills at Midwest kayak symposiums, and eventually became certified as an ACA Instructor. I am part of a cadre of older women sea kayak instructors and paddlers who roam the waters of the Great Lakes, taking extended trips and enjoying the natural watery world that we love. Many of us have sea kayaked in various

locales all over North America, and I gained international paddling experience from trips to Australia, Mexico, and Wales. So how does a Midwestern middle-aged mom end up with multiple whitewater boats, and what are the challenges associated with this scenario?

Like many parents, I found myself living through the experiences of my children. Both my daughters, Jessica and Adriene, kayaked as young children, but Adriene was drawn to the thrill of whitewater. As I watched her expertise grow I became interested in returning to the river experience, but this time in a kayak not a Gruman canoe! Although I took one whitewater class some years ago, it was not until four years ago (at age 53!) that I found myself deciding I wanted to be a competent Class II boater. I was not interested in bigger water; at first even the current scared me! I was also not accustomed to being mentally uncomfortable in a kayak. I've never had a great roll, and for the most part, being upside down in the current terrified me. Thinking back, I remember being pretty scared each time I had to trust my boat's

edges and peel out into current. I've come a long way.

I've been privileged to have had great whitewater instructors along the way. Most of them were old enough to be my children, so I can only imagine what it was like for them to be teaching me! For me, it has been great fun and challenging too. I have worked very hard to be more comfortable upside down in a boat, and to remind myself that it is almost always better to be in the boat than swimming. Each one of my instructors gets major kudos, as I know they have chased me through some challenging places, gathered up my boat and paddle, and helped me get back in my boat both physically and emotionally.

What are the challenges of being an older boater?

How about being the only person over 25 in a class of youngsters, since the only older boaters were in the beginner group. Actually, it is a great deal of fun, but they learn much faster, are more limber, willing to take risks and I sometimes needed to

Opposite: The author on the Madawaska River (ON).

Photo by Mike Smith

remind myself this was supposed to be fun. Regardless of who I was paddling with, when my personal fear to fun ratio got out of balance, it was up to me to fix that. I remember watching a "twenty-something" learn to roll in 2 hours and even hitting a combat roll, and thinking about the years that I've been working on that skill. Also, going back to being a novice and learning something new as an adult can be disconcerting for many older people. After all, we are supposed to know it all!! Yep, even though I am pretty high energy and in decent physical shape, I get tired sooner than the kids, and need to back off. I had to remind myself of my limits and why I was on the water. I also have a great need to feel safe. I am not sure if that is an expressed need for younger boaters. I paddle only with people (instructors and friends) who I trust can help me if I am out of my boat or into some trouble on the river. At this age, I cannot risk getting seriously hurt. Healing takes a long time. That being said, I love boating with the younger guys who have pushed me a bit. Plus, they are all so cute! (I'm sure Adriene will be embarrassed that I said that!)

What are the benefits of being an older boater?

One advantage of advanced age is a level of emotional maturity that comes from a multitude of life experience. I am very

comfortable making personal decisions about whether to run a particular rapid or walk it. I am realistic about my skill level, and because I came to the sport late in life, have no needs or desire to progress just to run bigger stuff. I love the rivers, and now that I don't have such "terrified tunnel vision," I can see more of the beauty of the river world. I would attribute these things to being secure in myself. I think age does that to you! (Maybe you get so old you forget the sketchy moments ... now that could be a benefit.)

Another benefit is the recognition I have gotten from the boating community and my daughter's friends. It seems they love seeing Mom on the river, and I have felt welcomed and accepted. Being with the kids keeps me young. Plus, they are great fun to party with!

How am I doing at kayaking and what are some of my memories?

I am a competent Class II+ boater and have run bigger water as well. I still get scared, but not like before. I hit some of my combat rolls, and will work on that more this season. Things I really remember are paddling the Futalafu in Chile (an easy section!), the Pehebye in Costa Rica, much of the Ottawa at various levels including peeling into Class IV current, the Lower Gauley, eddy hopping my way down the Ocoee as lead including catching eddies at Table saw, boofing on Jared's Head on the Upper Green, and paddling with Adriene. She calls me a badass. She might be right.

I don't sea kayak as much right now. I anticipate returning to my long skinny boat more in the future, and I plan to be paddling as long as I can move my arms.

See you on the water!

Self portrait of the author and her daughter Adriene in the Green River Gorge.



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BOATING BEYOND YOUTH

WILD (AND SCENIC) ARKANSAS WHITEWATER

BY BRENT GLOVER

WE ARE FROM Southwest Missouri and this story takes place in the Boston Mountains of Northwestern Arkansas. Now I'm not sure where the Boston Mountains belong geographically. They could be considered Midwest, Southeast, or Southwest. The northern reaches of these beautiful mountains are an hour and a half drive south of our home.

My wife Jeannie and I met 11 years ago, several years after each of our first spouses had lost battles with cancer. Jeannie had lived all her years in Southwest Missouri never venturing into the mountains to the south. On the other hand, I had been hiking and paddling in the Arkansas Mountains for over 20 years. We were both in our 40s when we met, and I've been a proud member of ARRP for the past seven years. Paddling helps to revive our youth.

Our first five years together were dry years in the Ozarks. We would have to travel east or west for whitewater. Jeannie's third whitewater run came a few months after

we met, on the Alpine Canyon of the Snake River in Wyoming at 8,600 cfs in an OC-2. This is a pretty fast learning curve for OC-2. We also made repeated trips down the Nantahala every June after the school year ended—all good training for what was to come.

We're both teachers and in the spring we always spend time in the mountains of Arkansas. We were staying in a cabin near the Upper Buffalo. The weather forecast for the beginning of our week was whitewater heaven. There was a forecast of ten to 12 inches of rain coming our way over about a 12-hour span.

For once, the weather persons were dead on the money with their forecast. At 8 am the rain rolled in. It was time to get in the truck and head over to the Cliff House for angel flake biscuits. There was torrential rain and it was almost dark as night. I could barely see the road and I hadn't had a drop of coffee yet. Are angel flake biscuits worth the risk? They are, just ask my wife.

We arrived at the Cliff House after considerable effort on my part just as the owners were getting ready to close due to weather. We were the only ones there, but they went ahead and took care of us. The

restaurant began filling up shortly after we arrived. The owner thought we should be credited for the boom in business.

The 12 inches of rain came over a ten-hour time span. There's something about being in the mountains when these extreme weather events occur. When the leaves are off the trees, the mountains are braided with streams and waterfalls are everywhere. The Buffalo River in Boxley Valley, normally about 30 to 50 feet across, is now a half-mile wide raging torrent. This day is lost to Mother Nature; we can't even think about going out for a hike.

The next morning we wake to cloudy and cold weather that typically follows early spring rains. It was time to go hike the high mountain creeks and wait for the rivers to slow a little. It will be another day before our favorite creeks are at optimum levels. We head to the popular Glory Hole hike in the Big Piney Creek watershed. The sky was clearing as we began the hike. There were waterfalls and cascades galore. We decided to stop by and hike Boen Gulf in the Upper Buffalo to see if any kayakers were making the run. The water was already too low—even after 12 inches of rain, but it was still a beautiful hike. Our cabin is only a few miles away. It's time for happy hour, dinner, and plans for tomorrow.

Later that evening we spoke with our retired teacher friends, Paul and Judy McCune. A couple of years earlier, my wife Jeannie had passed on a February run on Hurricane Creek, so this seemed like a good opportunity for her to try it. The McCune's have a cabin in the mountains of Northwest Arkansas and the computer and Internet access required to get up-to-date river levels. When I talked to Paul we were both thinking of the same run: Hurricane Creek. We use the USGG Big Piney Creek gauge as Hurricane Creek is a major tributary of Big Piney Creek. The gauge was reading around 10 feet. We consider 5 to 8 feet the optimum level, so it should be a go for tomorrow. We would check water levels and set a meeting place early in the morning.



Joel McCune on Hurricane Creek (AR).

Photo by Pat Owens.

The next morning we wake to sunny and cool weather, with high temperatures forecast to be in the 60s. The phone conversation with the McCunes revealed a 7.2-foot level on the USGS Big Piney Creek gauge and a meeting place on Arkansas Highway 7 near the turnoff to Chancel and put in for Hurricane Creek. The river is on the high side of optimum and higher than any of my previous runs, so we head for the put-in to take a visual on the creek and see if it looks good to go for OC-2.

We take the one lane Forest Service road and make the five-mile steep descent to Chancel where Buck Branch, Cub Creek, and Hurricane Creek meet. The small stream is milky green and full to the banks. With the brown water of flood gone and the creek with in its banks, Jeannie and I are good to go. We join Paul and Judy McCune, who will be paddling an Aire Puma. Their friends Dave and Laura Timby will be in a Super Puma. Eric Pollock and two of his friends will be in a NRS Otter, with another friend kayaking. The latest trend seems to be paddling the smaller creeks in rafts. I'm not sure if age is a factor, maybe it's just trendy, or if they're all trying for membership in the ARG (Arkansas Raft Guides). We left our new raft at home. Besides we're better at hard boating.

It looks like we're the lone canoe today, but then a couple of OC-1s show up. They've already run the shuttle and offer to give us a ride at the end of the run. Here we go. Good weather, great water level, some new people to paddle with, and a shuttle.

Like the Hailstone run, Hurricane Creek enjoys two designations. First it is a designated Wilderness, and second it is a Wild and Scenic River. The entire length of the stream is 15.5 miles; 13.1 miles are classified as "Scenic" and 2.4 miles are considered "Wild." We'll be running 10 miles with the 2.4 miles of "wild" river near the end of the run. Did anybody bring a camera?

This is a very small creek at the put-in, maybe 20 feet wide. But then we pick up Buck Branch about 100 yards downstream. The headwaters of Buck Branch contain Boss Hollow, one of the Class IV-V runs

of this neighborhood. Buck Branch adds another 30 percent or so to the flow, but this is still pretty tight paddling for rafts. The Timby's quickly have a paddle stripped by the willows. Bringing up the rear, we return what they thought was a donation to the creek.

The first six miles of this run are rated Class II+. You do need to stay alert for willow strainers and downed trees in this section. At this level the creek features nice wave trains, one after another. Our canoe requires a lot of bailing, the down side of the open boat. This is a beautiful run abounding with waterfalls, and at an excellent water level for the group of rafts. The waves are big enough for a wet ride and the rocks are padded or covered through this section. A foot lower and the rafts would be dodging and dragging over the rocks. About four miles into the run we are stopped by a river-wide strainer. Mature trees have been twisted and stacked high, a reminder of the mighty flood that passed two days earlier. It's time to portage.

About a mile or so below the portage the creek begins to change character. We're about to squeeze between two mountains and enter the "Wild" section of the creek. The channel constricts and begins to twist and slide. Soon large boulders begin to litter the streambed, announcing the beginning of the technical rapids. The rapids are all pool drop, allowing boaters time to enjoy the incredible scenery in between rapids. There are probably seven to eight solid Class IIIs in this section, which rate Class III+ at this level.

Jeannie and I continued bringing up the rear of the group always having the advantage of watching the other boats' line through the boulders. About half way through this stretch the rafts come to a sudden stop in front of a distinct horizon line, too walled in for us to get out and scout. I remember the rapid, the only one named on this run. It drops steeply into a head-on splat boulder; the rest of the rapid is not visible from our boat. The other boats scout then disappear over the horizon line. It's too congested to track their progress. I assure my partner I know the line (Jeannie must have forgotten some of my past assurances, because she

ARKANSAS WILD AND SCENIC RIVERS

In 1992 The Upper Buffalo (Hailstone) and Hurricane Creek had Wild and Scenic River added to their status. They are both in the "Wild" category. At the time they received this designation I was Conservation Chair for our local paddling club, the Ozark Mountain Paddlers. I was a member of the planning task force for three of the eight new Wild and Scenic rivers in Arkansas. Richland Creek, The Upper Buffalo, and Hurricane Creek were all wilderness areas that now had Wild River designation.

Not experienced in the ways of government bureaucracy, I learned a few hard lessons about what goes on behind closed doors. That's a long story. The short story is after my repeated requests the Forest Service finally produced a copy of the original EIS (environmental impact study) for the thirteen rivers originally proposed for Arkansas. All thirteen qualified. Doors were closed, the bill containing the original thirteen was canned and a new bill with eight rivers was proposed and quickly passed. The eight that passed were the Upper Buffalo (Hailstone Run), Big Piney Creek, Mulberry River, Hurricane Creek, Richland Creek, North Sylamore Creek, Cossatot River, and Little Missouri River.

The other five proposed creeks certainly deserved designation. Those whitewater streams of varying degrees of difficulty include Big Shoal Creek, which flows off the highest mountain in Arkansas, the North, Middle, and East Forks of the Illinois Bayou, which are extremely secluded runs that rarely see paddlers in their upper reaches, and Falling Water Creek, an aptly name tributary to Richland Creek. The last one on this list, Lee Creek, is now on the line for a proposed dam. If dam is built, then another on the North Fork of the Illinois Bayou would soon follow. Both these streams were proposed sites of water supply dams prior to the EIS study. Sadly, we can now suppose why at least two of these streams were eliminated from the final group of Wild and Scenic Rivers.

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BOATING BEYOND YOUTH

seems to believe me). Still, as we drop into what looks like sure disaster, the line appears. Hard right, hard left and then we drop into the pool of rafts waiting eagerly for some canoe carnage. We let the OC-1s take care of that.

Hurricane is an extremely beautiful creek in this section. We occasionally spin a slow 360 degrees as we drift between rapids, taking in all the scenery. As we leave the technical rapids behind, the creek moves into a nice section of ledges. The day is late; the surfing will wait for another day. The waterfalls are even bigger and better in this section. A natural arch lies just out of sight from the creek somewhere in this section, I have yet to figure out exactly where it is.

The run ends at a ford across Hurricane Creek just before it joins Big Piney Creek, another Wild and Scenic River that offers a very popular Class II (III) run with spectacular scenery as it exits the southern reaches of the Boston Mountains. This

brings the end of our beautiful day on another spectacular free flowing Wild and Scenic/Wilderness Arkansas creek. Jeannie would probably like to add that I didn't take her swimming this particular day.

American Whitewater and The Ozark Whitewater page both offer more information on these and other Ozark whitewater streams.

A LITTLE WISER BY CHARLIE FOX

I'm 51 and have been running class V for 25 years. Started paddling an open boat in 1980, progressed to the C1 (making early descents on Green and Upper Deerfield in MA/VT), dabbled with the kayak in '85, and by '95 had switched permanently to reduce pressure on my knees (10 years of telemark skiing took its toll).

Though the last decade saw a decrease in my whitewater paddling, I'm now looking

to catch up this decade by getting on the water every chance I get.

Along the way I did a stint as an ACA certified Instructor Trainer with the Outdoor Centre of New England, ran the paddling school for Adventure Canoes and Kayaks, and started and ran my own outdoor store with a canoe and kayak school component—Wilderness Sports.

The only thing age has done is make me more cautious about jumping on runs I'm not ready for (especially when I haven't paddled in awhile), train more to stay in shape (mountain biking, skiing, yoga, weights), and try to avoid injury, as it takes too long to heal. Oh yeah, and I no longer feel the need to run hard Class V, no matter what my younger paddling compadres tell me...



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RIVERS OF INDIA

THE GRAND CANYON OF THE ZANSKAR

BY STEPHEN CUNLIFFE

The scenery on the Grand Canyon of the Zaskar rivals that of any river canyon in the world.

Photo by Stephen Cunliffe



AS THE SOUND of distant blasting and pneumatic drills faded, replaced by the reassuring gurgle of the fast-flowing river, Sanjay said simply, "Now we are on our own."

Our expedition through remote western Ladakh, along one of India's most spectacular yet unheralded rivers, was about to enter The Grand Canyon of the Zaskar. During the first two days of the descent, we had already been treated to an ever-changing kaleidoscope of scenic beauty as India's famed Zaskar River delighted us with breathtaking vistas, dramatic landscapes and authentic cultural experiences. We were rapidly approaching the midway point of our 110-mile paddle through the Land of White Copper, yet, amazingly, the best was still to come.

Three days earlier, after visiting the hilltop Rangdum Gompa, a kindly monk had agreed to leave his monastery and travel a full day by road over the Pensi La Pass (14,000 ft) to perform a ritual blessing of our boats and crews. The riverside sanctification ceremony was conducted at Remala alongside one of the Zaskar's major tributaries, the Stod River. The monk's spiritual chanting reassured our team of whitewater enthusiasts ahead of what promised to be an exciting six-day rafting adventure. Prayer flags fluttered proudly on the bows of the rafts and kayaks, as our flotilla entered the Stod's swift current.

We were immediately immersed in an enthralling landscape of arid beauty sprinkled with tiny hillside villages and towering snow-capped peaks. In the early stages of our descent, as we paddled through mild Class II whitewater, the

tameness of the river permitted us ample time to appreciate the stunning scenery. The photographers amongst us became so overwhelmed by the wealth of scenic diversity that panic ensued as they fretted over which direction to point their cameras. In the end they settled on the only sensible course of action and shot it all!

On day two the Stod River joined the Tsarap Chu to form the Zaskar proper. Although the volume of the river increased, the Zaskar's temperament remained placid. We floated past multicolored rock strata that had been buckled into the strangest shapes. Surrounded by these bizarrely contorted formations, I couldn't dispel a nagging feeling that I wanted to become a geologist! Chatting to my fellow paddlers, I discovered it was a common sentiment: no doubt inspired by the landscapes and rock formations that continued to astound

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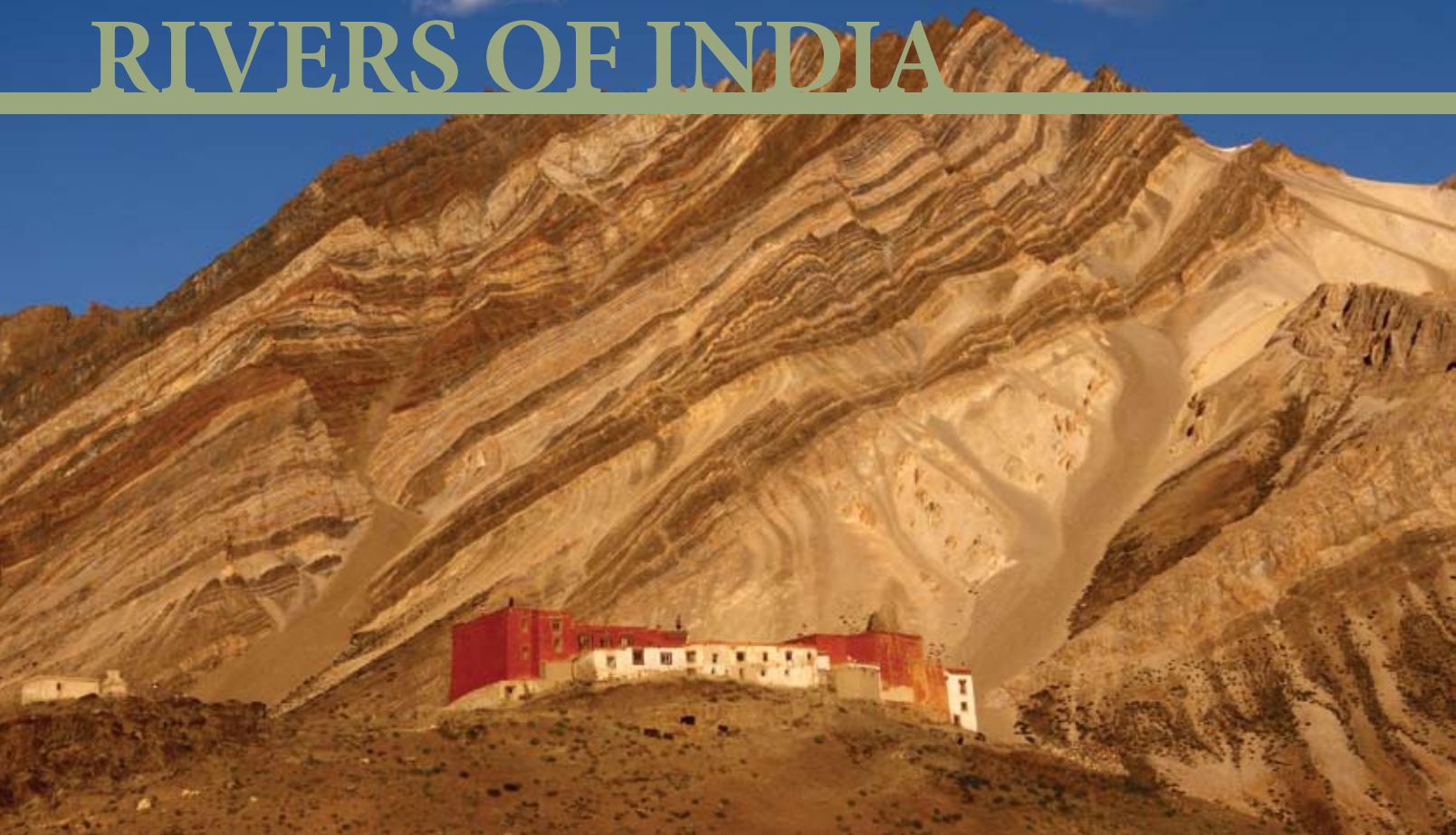
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Photos courtesy of Thilo Rusche

RIVERS OF INDIA



us with their ever-increasing magnificence, especially upon entering the world-class Grand Canyon of the Zaskar.

As we left the Bihari road builders behind and paddled into the depths of the canyon, I felt like an explorer paddling off the end of the map in search of the unknown. When we made camp below the cliff-top village of Nyerak in the heart of the gorge, we were a four-day walk, across rugged mountain trails, or a three-day paddle, through Class III+ whitewater, from the nearest road.

feeling. In the depths of the gorge, with our tiny boat dwarfed by the sheer rock walls that climbed hundreds of vertical metres towards the bluest sky, it was hard not to become over-awed by a canyon that surely deserves to be recognized as one of the Natural Wonders of the World.

White-water guru, Peter 'Slime' Knowles, eloquently voiced the view held by many of the world's top paddlers and white-water specialists, "This savagely magnificent landscape, dominated by the Grand

"I'M NOT ALONE IN BELIEVING THAT IT RIVALS THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO FOR SHEER MAGNIFICENCE"

- PETER "SLIME" KNOWLES

Suddenly Sanjay's statement about being alone seemed very real.

Far from being scary, however, the canyon was breathtakingly beautiful. I overheard members of my raft crew uttering a long list of superlatives—mind-blowing, miraculous, astounding, gobsmacking—as they attempted to convey what they were

Canyon of the Zaskar, is a natural asset crying out for World Heritage Site status and protection." He continues, "It is, undoubtedly, the grandest canyon in all of Asia and I'm not alone in believing that it rivals the Grand Canyon of the Colorado for sheer magnificence. The problem is that almost nobody in India or abroad has even heard of it! No matter how valuable and

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Rangdum Monastery lies on a low hill silhouetted against spectacular rock formations.

Photo by Stephen Cunliffe

unique an asset it is, it's very difficult to garner support to protect something that no one knows about."

A massive wave of frigid glacial-melt water swept over the bow and jolted me out of my reverie. The river was swiftly gaining momentum and the whitewater was becoming wilder. The time for mulling over Peter's wise words and appreciating the scenery was over; now we needed to paddle hard to avoid two huge holes in the infamous 18-down rapid. (This notorious rapid inherited its strange name from a previous expedition in which two boats flipped in quick succession and sent all 18 crew members swimming down the

A monk blesses the rafts and their crews at the start of the expedition, on the banks of the Stod River.

Photo by Stephen Cunliffe

LOGISTICS

Flights and Visas

All major airlines connect US cities to Delhi. Visas are required by US passport holders and must be obtained in advance. The standard visa is a six-month tourist visas and you should allow up to two week for processing. Consult the Travisa website (www.travisa.com) for application directions.

Getting there

From Delhi a spectacular early morning flight (www.flyingfisher.com or www.jetairways.com) skims Himalayan peaks before descending into the Indus Valley and landing at Leh. Rafting operators provide transport and hotel accommodation as part of their Zaskar packages. Two days acclimatizing in Leh is recommended ahead of the three-day road transfer via Kargil to the put-in point at Remala on the Stod River.

Where to stay, eat

Hotel accommodation (with hot showers) is provided in Leh and Kargil before

switching to two-man dome tents for the expedition. Meals are served as buffets. While on expedition, toilets are in the form of rustic, environmentally friendly, dry pit latrines.

What to do

Whitewater rafting, spectacular landscapes and the breathtaking canyon are the premier attractions on a Zaskar descent. However, short hikes to visit gompas (monasteries) and remote villages (like Nyerak in the Zaskar Canyon) add a fascinating cultural dimension to the Zaskar expedition.

Season

The Zaskar can be paddled from mid-July to early-September.

Recommended operators

Aquaterra(www.aquaterra.in), Himalayan River Runners (www.hrrindia.com) and Splash (www.splashladakh.com). Further information at: www.treknraft.com/zaskar.htm.



RIVERS OF INDIA



A typical scene from the first few days of the trip: tame whitewater is more than compensated for by the breathtaking scenery.

Photo by Stephen Cunliffe

Zanskar). With the water barely above freezing and no sunshine in the depths of the canyon, our crew were determined to thwart the Zanskar's best efforts to eject us from the relative warmth and safety of our raft.

Under the expert guidance of our captain, Sanjay Rana, our raft deftly negotiated the churning whitewater and big wave trains that characterized our journey through the latter parts of the canyon. We dodged holes, punched through standing waves and rode some classic whitewater on the Zanskar's biggest rapids below the village of Chilling but, thankfully, we succeeded in avoiding taking a dreaded swim. Our friends in the kayaks were not so fortunate. When the whitewater m  l  e engulfed their little boats, three of them ditched and went swimming. We fished the exhausted swimmers out of the frigid water and hauled them onto our raft. They came aboard spluttering with eyes the size of saucers but, within seconds, they were all smiles and ready to go again!

There is no denying that a trip down the Zanskar is an expedition in the truest sense of the word; however, half the fun is the epic undertaking of just getting there. A three-day drive threads its way along high altitude mountain tracks through picturesque mountain valleys, while snowy peaks and glaciers complete a mesmerizing landscape. Only the most dedicated and intrepid travellers have the inclination and stamina required for the long journey. These lucky few will be handsomely rewarded with an opportunity to enjoy a world-class whitewater adventure through the Land of White Copper on one of the top ten multi-day river trips available worldwide.

A mere 600 of the world's most fortunate souls have been treated to the life-changing experience of a foray down the remote Zanskar River and through its deep gorge. Only in India, with its wealth of natural assets and world-class landscapes, could one of the world's greatest canyons escape becoming a World Heritage Site, let alone

be denied national park status! It seems that an ambitious road project is determined to try and carve a route through the Grand Canyon of the Zanskar over the course of the next ten years. Sadly, in the process, this desire for development will scar one of India's most pristine wilderness areas, so be sure to check out this trip-of-a-lifetime before they blast the beauty and serenity out of Asia's most spectacular river canyon.

*Stephen Cunliffe is a Delhi-based adventure sports photojournalist and coauthor of the soon-to-be-released book **India Whitewater**. Scheduled to hit the shelves by early 2011, this inspirational book showcases some of the finest multi-day whitewater expeditions available on the planet. With extensive coverage of India's Himalayan rivers, it is must read for whitewater enthusiasts the world over. For more information on the author, or to keep track of the book's progress, please consult www.stevacunliffe.com.*

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NEWS AND NOTES

2010 NATIONAL PADDLING FILM FESTIVAL GOES BIG WITH TYLER BRADT

BY BETHANY OVERFIELD

IT'S BECOMING QUITE clear that central Kentucky is the place for the paddling community to be at the end of February. The annual National Paddling Film Festival (NPFF) took place at the Buffalo Trace Distillery in Frankfort, KY on February 26th and 27th and was a tremendous success! A plethora of films were shown, kegs were floated, schwag was given away, deals on everything from paddles to pfd's to professional instruction were had at the silent auction, and no one went home hungry. This was the 27th year that the best in paddlesport videos have been highlighted at the NPFF. The festival, organized by the Bluegrass Wildwater Association and under the leadership of director Brandon Jett, is a completely volunteer-run, grass-roots event in which all of the profits go towards river conservation. Over \$10K was raised this year, much of which will be donated to American Whitewater and Team River Runner. There were close to 350 attendees and over 60 volunteers.

We were stoked to have Tyler Bradt as our guest host this year. He premiered the film "Dream Result," which he created along with Rush Sturgis, and answered questions from the audience about many of his kayaking-related adventures and travels. Tyler was a gracious and approachable host as he entertained the masses with stories of his record waterfall decent of Palouse Falls in Washington state. When asked about his thoughts on the festival, Bradt said, "the NPFF was an amazing gathering of paddlers. The enthusiasm, energy, and community feel of the event made it one of the best paddling film festivals I have ever been to. All of the films were great and I think it is wonderful we have a film festival in the US paddling community that is such a great representation our sport. I will most certainly be back!"



Over eight hours of footage was shown during the festival. Twenty five films were entered this year with a good mix of amateur, accomplished, and professional submissions. Footage river locations ranged from Southeastern classics and West Virginia goodies to the Pacific Northwest, British Columbia, and California. The international representation was in full effect, as scenes included everything from

AW Executive Director, Mark Singleton, mans the booth at NPFF.

Photo by Don Spangler

Norway to the Nile. Films highlighted plenty of carnage and clean lines, comedy and historical documentary. There was more open boat footage submitted than in previous years and even some sea kayaking footage made its way into the lineup, which provided some diversity.

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This year's winners include:

Professional Documentary - Dougie Down the Pet - Justine Curgiven

Professional Safety/Instructional - Sea Kayaking With Gordon Brown - Simon Willis

Professional General - Into Perpetual Ice - Olaf Obsammer and Jared Meehan

Accomplished Documentary - Liquide Norway vs. Massive White Nile - Ben Jung

Accomplished General - Cali Love Tour 2009 - Evan Garcia

Amateur Documentary - Wet Dream Result - Tom Gerencer

Amateur General (tie) - Prototype: An Advanced Film About Intermediate Kayaking - Josh Turner

The Gnar Gnar - John McConville

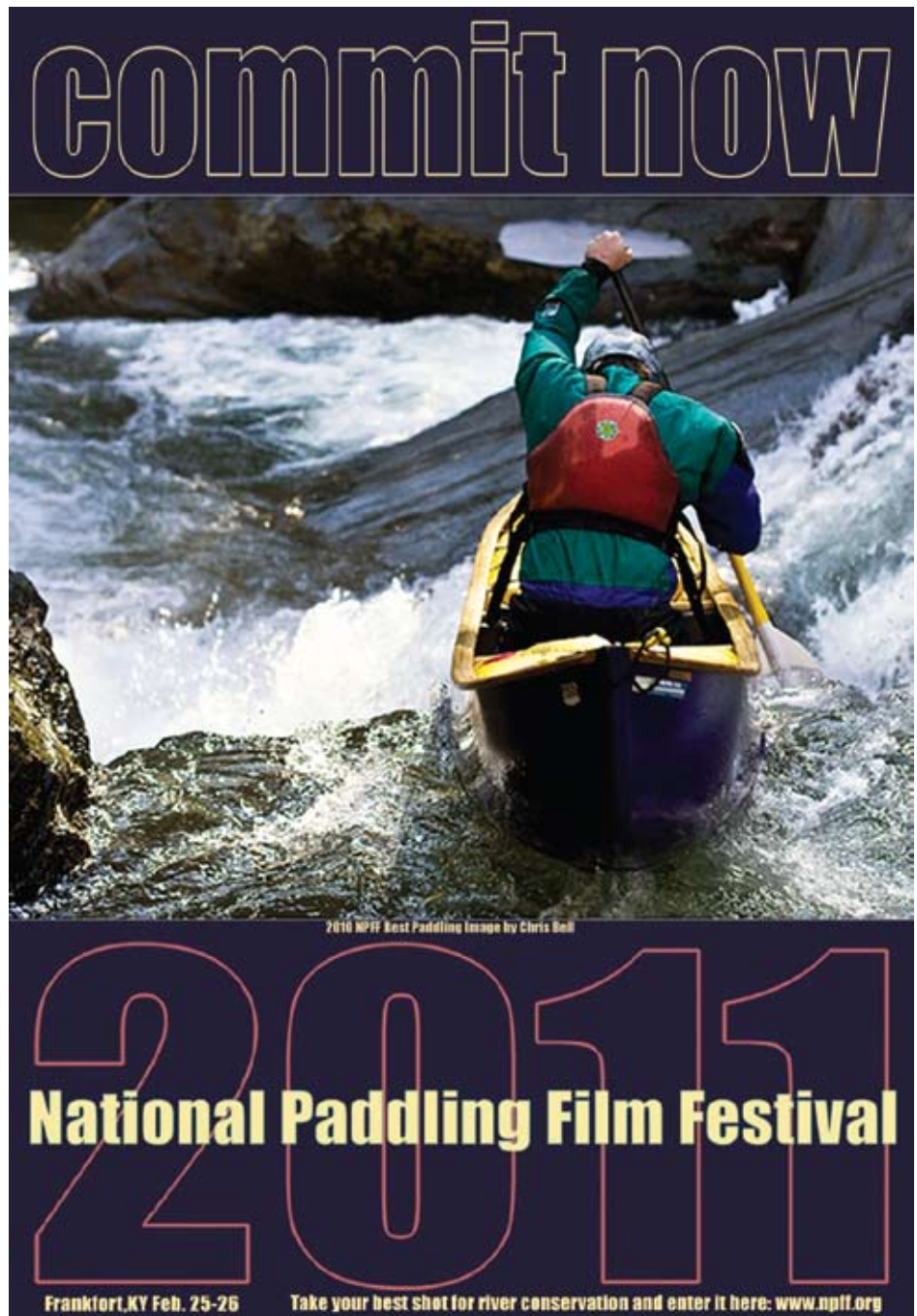
Paddler's Choice - Cali Love Tour 2009

Best in Show - Cali Love Tour 2009

Best Still Image - Chris Bell - "Commitment"

The Inaugural "Not-NPFF" Downriver Race & Club Championship on Elkhorn Creek took place the Saturday of the festival and was organized by local paddlers. The race proved to be one of the big highlights of the weekend with close to 50 participants. The trash talking started early and ended late. Local outfitter Canoe Kentucky provided free shuttles and refreshments to participants and arranged for Jackson Kayak to be there showcasing their latest boats. Local paddling clubs competed for bragging rights and it was the Bluegrass Wildwater Association that reigned supreme with the most top-place finishers. BWA-er Clay Warren crushed the competition and came in first place.

A huge thank you goes out to all of the volunteers and attendees. And a really, really huge thank you goes out to all of the sponsors and donors. The 27th NPFF set the bar quite high, but we're prepared to continue to top it. NPFF will take place February 25th and 26th next year. Keep your cameras rolling all year and send us



commit now

2010 NPFF Best Paddling Image by Chris Bell

2011
National Paddling Film Festival

Frankfort, KY Feb. 25-26 Take your best shot for river conservation and enter it here: www.npff.org

your goodies. Check www.npff.org for news and announcements throughout the year.

If you happen to have missed the festival this year, you can still see NPFF footage year round by hosting or attending a Roadshow. Anyone can host a Roadshow by renting films from the NPFF library; the process is

simple but the payoff is huge because host organizations can raise money for their own causes. We have annual events with host organizations all across the US and as far away as Italy! Go to our website to see an updated Roadshow calendar or to get info on how to secure the films to show at your own event.

REVIEWS

BOOK REVIEW:

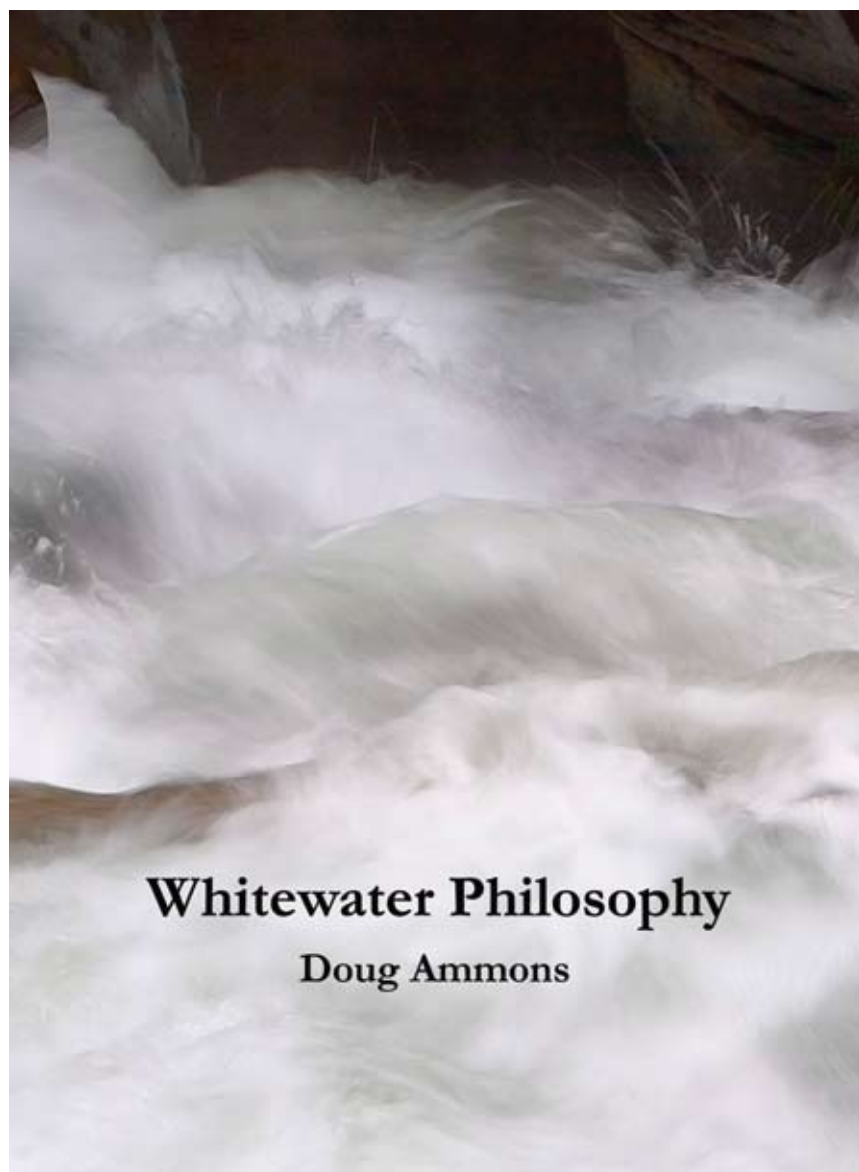
WHITEWATER PHILOSOPHY

BY BARRY TUSCANO

YOU'D HAVE TO wonder at the audacity of someone who publishes a series of essays and call it *Whitewater Philosophy*. Is he a great thinker, a skilled writer, or a magnificent boater? Doug Ammons, it turns out, is all three and this is his philosophy of whitewater paddling. If you are serious about boating, you find *Whitewater Philosophy* well worth reading.

For the past 25 years Ammons has been writing articles for a handful of boating magazines, including *American Whitewater*. Some of those pieces appear in *Whitewater Philosophy*. The essays are worthwhile as stand alone articles, but after reading the entire ensemble, I came away with a better understanding of what it takes to paddle hard whitewater. The fascinating truth is that Class II boaters can gain valuable insights from Ammons's ideas too.

To fully appreciate the ideas here you have to appreciate the man. Doug Ammons has accomplished an amazing array of remote,



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"After a long day on the water, it takes some motivation to run the biggest drop of the day right by the take out. It helps when you are warm and dry, and can fully focus on the task at hand."

Photo: ©Maxi Kniewasser, "Nosebreaker" drop on the Raundaselven (Norway).



high water Class V-VI runs. He's so much in a class by himself that many of these rivers were done solo. North Fork Payette, Stikine, Susitna, South Fork Clearwater are a few that you may know about. Some of the accounts of these runs so impressed me that I forgot that I was reading a scholarly tome.

At the level that Ammons operates there is no room for error and his philosophy reflects that. Although he covers some somber topics such as death and fear, he holds firm to a positive outlook on the river and on life. Dr. Ammons's prescription for successful paddling: Train hard, focus, remain open, and keep smiling. Well, it's a little more involved than that, but after you read *Whitewater Philosophy* you'll understand.

For more information, visit:
www.dougammons.com

MOVIE REVIEW: THE CALL OF THE RIVER

BY BARRY TUSCANO

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN you see a film history of a sport that you've been a part of for most of its existence? I can tell you that the Kent Ford video, *The Call of the River* is like watching a reflection of my own life. If you were boating in the 70s and 80s you will probably feel the same.

Ford, a Whitewater Hall of Fame Inductee, has accessed a vast archive of film and video footage (over 100 sources), which he distilled to a core platform to tell the story of whitewater boating (spanning 100 years). He then uses a voice over narrative to fill out the tale and adds colorful imagery by including modern interviews with many of the characters who were living the early years of whitewater. These "in their own words" segments from the people who figured it out are especially valuable, because they convey the true personality and passion of our sport.

Some of the material deals with the birth and growth of whitewater industries. These segments are told from the perspective of the committed boater that figured out a way to make a living on the river. The sequence of product development fit squarely into my own experience covering the early fiberglass boats through tupperware, squirt boats, playboats to creek boats.

The progression of conveyance is closely paralleled by the advancement of technique. This film shows some remarkable achievements by boaters using primitive equipment.

So if you are old enough to have been there, you'll love *The Call of the River* because it's about your life. If you are newer to the sport, you'll love seeing what the old guys looked like with hair. Either way, buy it, watch it, enjoy it.



For more information, go to:

www.performancevideo.com/The_Call_of_the_River

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NANTAHALA OUTDOOR CENTER

American Whitewater is supported by members, donors, foundations, and partners in the whitewater and outdoor industries. In each edition of the *Journal*, we highlight one such partner in this space. American Whitewater urges you not to make purchase decisions blindly. We hope you'll consider a company's commitment to river stewardship when making your next purchase.



Above: Guests take advantage of a beautiful festival weekend at NOC, where pool rolling and boat demos are available at our famous Outfitter's Store on select weekends

Below: The Camp Cup returned to the Nantahala River in 2008. NOC encourages people of all ages and abilities to share the joys of whitewater



Founded in 1972 by Payson Kennedy, Aurelia Kennedy and Horace Holden, the Nantahala Outdoor Center (NOC) has grown from a roadside inn to the nation's most popular whitewater recreation destination. Our Paddling School introduces more people to the sport than any other, and our Outfitter's Store on the bank of the Nantahala River has provided generations of paddlers with the best available equipment and advice. NOC is a special place where paddlers and outdoor enthusiasts from all over the Southeast congregate to share their love for the outdoors and to begin new adventures.

It's also where our staff members, committed to active, outdoor lifestyles, have chosen to make their careers. Every NOC staff member works at NOC for the unique lifestyle and community it offers, a community that values outdoor recreation, responsible environmental stewardship and a commitment to personal and organizational excellence. To this day we're still an employee-owned organization dedicated to providing the highest quality products and programs in outdoor recreation and education. Sharing these primary values with our guests remains one of our highest priorities, and as a company

we still invest 100% of our proceeds back into our community and programs.

Like AW, NOC is committed to promoting access to this country's whitewater resources. We enable people to safely enjoy whitewater rivers that would otherwise be unable to, we expose them to the beauty of river gorges and we share with them the sublimity of riding rivers to new places. Surely some of our guests simply enjoy the rush of running the rapids, but most leave with an appreciation of the place they've been and a new understanding of how rivers have intrinsic worth as well as recreational value.

That's why NOC is a Class III sponsor of AW. We've always been there to help AW with their mission: We sat side by side with AW at the Cheoah River relicensing meetings; we ran shuttles at the Tallulah River for AW (until the take-out road claimed too many of our transmissions); we offer AW members a 10% discount in our Outfitter's Store; we always welcome AW fundraisers at our events, and American Whitewater is consistently a favorite during our annual Staff Charitable Contributions Day. We believe that our support helps American Whitewater be the best it can be.

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Over the years, American Whitewater volunteers have participated in numerous hydropower meetings as well as instream and recreational flow studies; filed comments and assisted with an uncountable number of filings; appeared as expert witnesses; lobbied; worked to fight new dams, remove existing dams, deny licenses, and improve public access to rivers and streams. In nearly every river stewardship issue AW has been involved with, the outcome has been favorable to paddlers. Not only has AW secured favorable decisions for the paddling community, but we are the only national organization representing paddlers as these decisions are being made.

A growing membership base is crucial to our ability to continue with our work. Some studies show that there are currently over 100,000 whitewater paddlers in the U.S. American Whitewater currently has 6,300 active members. When considering the amount of whitewater river miles that AW has had a direct impact on, this membership number is unimpressive. We need all paddlers to join American Whitewater. If you are a member, please be sure that everyone you paddle with understands the work AW does, and how you, as an AW member, value that work.

Membership support is what will determine our ability to continue our river stewardship work in the years to come. Individual Annual Memberships are only \$35. If you are a member of your local paddling club and your club is an Affiliate Club member of AW, join as a Club Affiliate Individual for \$25. This is less than a tank of gas or an inexpensive night out. This is certainly not too much to pay to have a national organization representing your paddling interests all across the country.

Join on-line today at <http://americanwhitewater.org/content/Membership/join-AW/>, call 1-866-BOAT4AW (866-262-8429), or fill out the form on the back of this page and mail it to:

Membership
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RIVER VOICES

REMEMBERING ADAM

SHANDRO

BY CARTER WRAY

THE PADDLING COMMUNITY has lost some great people in the last year, and unfortunately Adam Shandro was among them. Many who only recently started paddling may not even have heard of Adam, as he has not been paddling much recently, but to those of us who became paddlers in the early 1990s when the movie *Paddlequest* was made, he was at least a hero, if not a paddling god. He embodied so much of what I appreciate about being on rivers and what I strive to be as a paddler. He was such a graceful paddler, both technically as well as in spirit. He was from the generation of paddlers who could be great at all aspects of kayaking—he almost made the Olympic team in slalom, he was a sponsored by Savage Kayaks to compete in rodeos, and he pioneered first descents on creeks in Idaho. The largess of his personality was even more impressive, making him in so many ways “larger-than-life.”

In reality, I hardly knew Adam, but he was one of those people whose influence on me was vastly disproportionate to the amount of time I spent paddling with him. I first met him in North Carolina in the spring of 1995. In person, he was just like in the movie, only more so. The first run I did with him was the French Broad’s Section IX at nearly 4,000 cfs. We were each leading groups of beginners down a river in flood. It was more challenging at those high flows than was ideal for people who had only been paddling for a few days. His group did better through each rapid than mine did, in large part because of the confidence he radiated. He inspired people by example to paddle better than they ever had. Even those who swam came out of the water with smiles as he had been telling them how awesome they had done while he pulled them to shore.

Three days later we ran Chattooga Section IV and at the put-in, he caught the eddy on the right in the midst of the crux of

Bull Sluice in a Pirouette SS. It would take six more years, and a much shorter boat before I would have the guts to try to catch it. Above the five falls, he bummed a Guinness from some campers and stuffed it in his pfd, drinking it between rapids with a sloppy grin on his face. His antics took the fear out of all of us, and shifted our focus to excitement and adventure. He was only with us for a few days, but he exuded such *joie de vivre* that he became the center of countless stories that we in the Ledyard Canoe Club shared for years thereafter. On that trip, he encouraged me to think about running the Narrows of the Green River, a section that I did not think I was good enough to paddle. In 1998, after I moved to Atlanta and finally got on that run, I thought of Adam and how I had been inspired to run it for so many years.

In the movie *Paddlequest* he seemed to be doing Herculean feats and at the same time beaming a grin from ear to ear. He paddled the entire North Fork of the Payette at 5,000 cfs, and got stuck in the hole at Jacob’s Ladder just before his long-time paddling partner Grant Amaral was about to come down behind him. Adam had the poise to get his boat vertical so Grant could get past, and then got out of the hole when many lesser paddlers would have pulled the ripcord and swam out. I have been on the North Fork at similar flows and only stepped up to paddle the bottom five miles. That may be the easy section, but it remains one of the most epic pieces of whitewater I have ever been on. His off-the-cuff commentary during the movie lent itself to quotation and reference. Amongst some boaters it became akin to Bill Murray’s improvised lines in *Caddyshack*. He described how one of his fellow paddlers on that run of the North Fork was a first timer: “he

was commando, man, storm the island!” Was he an oracle, predicting the once and future Governor?

While Adam could do such amazing things on the water, what really made him such a joy to boat with was his ability to reflect appreciation back onto others. He shared his vitality and joy with everyone around him, ensuring that we had the best time we ever had, to help us live life as fully as he did. He summed up how good life can be after describing the amazing rivers of his home state, and letting us know that we too could enjoy “all this under Idaho sunshine.”

The other movie Adam starred in was “KAVU Day,” a creation sponsored by the Seattle-based clothing company. I was just at the flagship store watching a “world premier” of a new movie that included first descents. We have become much better at documenting our feats in the digital age. I wonder what I would have seen had there been a camera on Adam’s boat for more of his exploratory missions. I think the answers are out there, just over that next horizon line...I just have to hit the line.

Thank you Adam, for inspiring me.

Editor’s Note: Adam Shandro died June 3rd, 2009 when his Cessna 182 crashed in the Sawtooth Mountains (ID). He was 36.



MAKING THE AW JOURNAL

CREATING EACH EDITION of the *American Whitewater Journal* is no small task. From collecting content, to sourcing images, editing written pieces, and laying it all out for print, it's an involved project. As one can imagine, the *Journal's* designer is an integral part of this process. Starting with this issue, Meg Seifert of California will be fulfilling this important role for AW. We hope everyone will join us in welcoming Meg to the American Whitewater team!

Opposite: Adam Shandro at the Payette Whitewater Roundup.

Photo by Grant Amaral,
www.aguaAzul.com

It's Easy to Support AW!

American Whitewater is proud of the work we have accomplished in our stewardship program but we need your help to sustain our success. Your support through membership and donations enables our staff to be active and engaged in the process of river stewardship. Donations don't have to be large; each person doing a small part makes a noticeable difference. Many donors fail to take full advantage of federal tax incentives specifically intended to encourage charitable contributions. Such incentives often enable a donor to make a larger gift to AW at little or no additional cost. For more information about maximizing your gift visit the IRS website dedicated to charitable organizations.

American Whitewater is a national non-profit 501(c)(3) organization, EIN# 23-7083760. To learn more about the Giving Options below, contact us at 866-BOAT4AW or visit the "Donate" link under "Support AW" on our website at www.americanwhitewater.org

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- Bequests: Include AW in your will or living trust. Bequests to AW are generally exempt from federal or state inheritance taxes, and subject to an unlimited deduction.
- Combined Federal Campaign: Federal employees including federal civilians, military personnel and U.S. Postal Workers can donate to AW through the CFC a once a year charitable fund raising program. Look for AW (Agency #11351) in the official CFC listing of eligible donors.
- Charitable Remainder Trusts: Convert a highly appreciated asset (such as real estate or stocks) into a lifetime income while minimizing income and estate taxes.
- Employer Matching: Many employers will match your donations to non-profit organizations. This includes membership payments, as well as additional contributions. Check to see if your employer has a matching program.
- MissionFish: Sell your items through the MissionFish program on eBay and the proceeds come directly to AW.
- Other Assets: A gift of real estate to AW qualifies you for a tax deduction based on the property's fair market value. If it is not a river access point, AW will sell the property and use the proceeds to protect access and restore rivers. Acceptance of property is subject to certain conditions. You may also be eligible to receive tax benefits for gifts of real property. Art and jewelry are examples of personal property items that may be eligible. Interested donors should check with your financial and tax advisors and AW on the feasibility and tax considerations of such gifts.
- Securities: Donating appreciated stock to AW benefits both the donor and whitewater rivers. The donor receives two tax-related benefits. First, the gain on the stock is not subject to capital gains taxes. Second, the donor can deduct the value of the stock as a charitable contribution.
- United Way: All federal campaigns, and a few of the local campaigns will allow you to donate to AW. AW's UNITED WAY member # is 2302.
- Vehicle Donations: Turn that extra car, truck, or RV into a tax deductible donation benefiting AW.

AFFILIATE CLUBS

AW'S ORIGINAL PURPOSE

BY CARLA MINER

The Affiliate Club Program lies at the very heart of AW's existence. AW's original purpose since 1954 has been to distribute information among its Affiliate Clubs. AW's relationships with local clubs have provided the backbone for the river conservation and access work it accomplishes. We have over 100 current AW Club Affiliates and they are all doing great work on your behalf. If you don't belong to a club, consider joining one.

Our Affiliate Club Spotlight this issue is on the Gold Country Paddlers located in Lotus, California. The Gold Country Paddlers is an outstanding Affiliate Club and long time supporter of our mission to conserve and restore America's whitewater resources and to enhance opportunities to enjoy them safely.

Since its inception in November of 1992, the Gold Country Paddlers has been oriented toward whitewater kayaking, canoeing and rafting. The main purpose within the club is to facilitate the networking of paddlers in Northern California for access to and the enjoyment of safe and responsible boating.

The club meets for educational or social meetings on a regular basis with the meetings being held in the Sacramento and/or Bay Area as best suits the topics or presenter. Some meetings may also take place on the river and all meeting places are announced in the club newsletter.

Gold Country Paddlers provides a newsletter forum for the exchange of paddling information within the club. The forum includes club meeting information, trip reports, trip calendar, updates on river conditions, special events and river conservation information. Trips are organized on a regular basis by volunteers within the club for most skill levels.

To learn more about the Gold Country Paddlers or to join, check out their website at <http://www.goldcountrypaddlers.org/>. And remember, current members of the GCP receive a \$10 discount off their AW membership.

Thanks Gold Country Paddlers for your continued support of American Whitewater!

The AW Journal Club Affiliates by state:

Alaska

Fairbanks Paddlers, Fairbanks
Nova Riverrunners Inc., Chickaloon

Alabama

Birmingham Canoe Club, Birmingham
Huntsville Canoe Club, Huntsville

Arkansas

Arkansas Canoe Club, Little Rock

California

California Floaters Society, Cameron Park
Chico Paddleheads, Chico
Gold Country Paddlers, Lotus
Sequoia Paddling Club, Forestville
Sierra Club Loma Prieta, San Jose
Sierra Club SF Chapter, Livermore

Colorado

Avid4 Adventure Inc., Boulder
Colorado Whitewater Assn, Englewood
Grand Canyon Priv. Boat. Assn., Colorado Springs
Pikes Peak Whitewater Club, Colorado Springs
San Miguel Whitewater Asso, Telluride
University of Colorado Kayak Club, Boulder

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Ohio Valley Paddlers, Evansville

Kentucky

Bluegrass Wildwater Association, Lexington
Elkhorn Paddlers, Lexington
Viking Canoe Club, Louisville

Maine

Penobscot Paddle & Chowder Society, Topsham

Massachusetts

AMC - New Hampshire Paddlers, Hanover

Maryland

Greater Baltimore Canoe Club, Cockeysville
Mason Dixon Canoe Cruisers, Smithsburg

Michigan

Club Sport: University of Michigan, Ann Arbor

Minnesota

SCSU Outdoor Endeavors, Saint Cloud
Minnesota Canoe Asso, Minneapolis

Mississippi

Mississippi Outdoor Club, Clinton

Missouri

Ozark Mountain Paddlers, Springfield
Ozark Wilderness Waterways, Kansas City

Montana

Beartooth Paddlers Society, Billings

Nevada

Sierra Nevada Whitewater Club, Reno

New Hampshire

Ledyard Canoe Club, Hanover
Mt. Washington Valley Paddlers, Intervale
Merrimack Valley Paddlers, Merrimack

New Jersey

KCCNY, Flanders

New Mexico

Adobe Whitewater Club, Albuquerque

New York

ADK Schenectady, Schenectady
Colgate University, Hamilton
Flow Paddlers' Club, Ontario
Genesee Waterways Center Inc., Rochester
Hamilton College, Clinton
Housatonic Canoe & Kayak Squad, Ossining
St Lawrence University, Canton
Town Tinker Tube Rentals, Phoenicia
USA Paddling, West Falls
Zoar Valley Paddling Club, Buffalo

N. Carolina

Base Camp Cullowhee, Cullowhee
Carolina Canoe Club, Raleigh
Dixie Division, Tuxedo
Mecklenburg Regional Paddlers, Charlotte
NCSU Outing Club, Raleigh
Triad River Runners, Winston, Salem
Watauga Paddlers, Boone

Ohio

Columbus Outdoor Pursuits, Columbus
Keel Haulers Canoe Club, Westlake
Outdoor Adventure Club, Dayton
Toledo River Gang, Waterville

Oregon

Eugene Kayaker, Eugene
Face Level Industries LLC, Portland
Lower Columbia Canoe Club, Portland
Northwest Rafters Assoc, Portland
Oregon Canoe and Kayak, Portland
Oregon Whitewater Association, Beaverton
Willamette Kayak & Canoe Club, Corvallis

Pennsylvania

AMC Delaware Valley Chapter, Sugarloaf
Benscreek Canoe Club, Johnstown

Blue Mountain Outfitters, Marysville
Bradford County Canoe and Kayak Club, Sayre
Canoe Club of Greater Harrisburg, Harrisburg
Conewago Canoe Club, York
Holtwood Hooligans, Lancaster
Lehigh Valley Canoe Club, Lehigh Valley,
Lehigh Valley Whitewater Inc., Lehigh Valley
Philadelphia Canoe Club, Philadelphia
Three Rivers Paddling Club, Pittsburgh

S. Carolina

Foothills Paddling Club, Greenville
Palmetto Paddlers, Columbia

Tennessee

Appalachian Paddling Enthusiasts, Kingsport
Chota Canoe Club, Knoxville
East Tennessee Whitewater Club, Oak Ridge
Memphis Whitewater, Memphis
Tennessee Eastman Hiking and Canoeing
Club, Kingsport
Tennessee Scenic River Assoc., Nashville
Tennessee Valley Canoe Club, Chattanooga
University of Tennessee Knoxville, Knoxville

Texas

Houston Canoe Club Inc, Houston

Utah

Utah Whitewater Club, Salt Lake City

Vermont

Vermont Paddlers Club, Essex Junction

Virginia

Blue Ridge River Runners, Lynch Station
Canoe Cruisers Assn, Arlington
Coastal Canoeists, Blacksburg
Creek Freak Paddlers of Franklin County,
Rocky Mount
Dbl Z! Whitewater Club, Martinsville
Float Fishermen of Virginia, Richmond
FORVA, Roanoke
Hollins Outdoor Program, Roanoke
James River Float Co, Madison Heights
Paddlers for Conservation, Vienna

Washington

BEWET, Bellevue
EPIC Adventures, Cheney
Paddle Trails Canoe Club, Seattle
Spokane Canoe & Kayak Club, Spokane
University Kayak Club, Seattle
Washington Kayak Club, Seattle
Washington Recreational River Runners, Renton
Whitman College Whitewater Club, Walla
Walla

Wisconsin

Hoofers Outing Club, Madison
Sierra Club / John Muir Chapter, Madison

British Columbia

Thompson Rivers Univ Adventure Studies,
Kamloops

DISCOUNTED AW MEMBERSHIP FOR AFFILIATE CLUB MEMBERS

By Carla Miner, Membership Manager

AW offers a discounted Affiliate Club membership of \$25, a \$10 savings. If you are renewing your AW membership or joining as a new member, select the Affiliate Club Discounted Personal Membership online at <http://americanwhitewater.org/content/Membership/join-AW/> Or, if you are renewing or joining by mail or telephone just mention the name of the Affiliate Club you belong to and you can take advantage of the \$25 membership.

A list of AW Affiliate Clubs can be found on our website at www.americanwhitewater.org/content/Affiliate/view/. If you do not see your Club listed here please encourage them to renew their Club membership or to join AW as a new Affiliate Club. Your Club's membership and your personal membership enable our staff to be active and engaged in the process of river stewardship. When you join or renew your membership your support is helping to meet the many challenges whitewater rivers face.

If you have any questions about the Affiliate Club membership, please contact me. I can be reached at 866_BOAT-4AW or membership@americanwhitewater.org.

JOIN AMERICAN WHITewater AS AN AFFILIATE CLUB!

AFFILIATE CLUB BENEFITS

- Club members can join AW for just \$25 - a \$10 savings!
- Have your club listed in each AW Journal delivered to all AW members
- Post Club information on the AW website to help paddlers find you
- Participate in exclusive AW Affiliate Club promotions and grants
- Most importantly, your financial support helps us save rivers!

Sign-up on-line at:
[www.americanwhitewater.org/
content/Membership/join-aw](http://www.americanwhitewater.org/content/Membership/join-aw)

For more information contact Carla Miner at
membership@americanwhitewater.org
or at 1-866-262-8429



AMERICAN WHITEWATER

**Contribute your text and photos to
American Whitewater**

STORY AND PHOTO CONTEST

American Whitewater is excited to announce the return of our Story and Photo Contest. Submit your best story and/or photos to AW. We'll print the top choices in the November-December 2010 issue of the Journal.

The deadline for submissions is **August 11, 2010.**

Full Rules and Details are online at:

americanwhitewater.org/content/Article/view/articleid/30675/display/full/

To submit a story and/or photos please go to the Online Submission page at:
americanwhitewater.org/content/Journal/submit

WILDERNESS BOATING

American Whitewater is looking for your Wilderness Boating articles for the September-October issue of the Journal.

The deadline for submissions is **June 25, 2010.**

Ben Stookesberry - Veracruz, Mexico. © Darin McQuoid

Julian Tisato, Bob Vranich,
Tristan Oluper - Futaleufú
River, Chile. © Jeff Paine



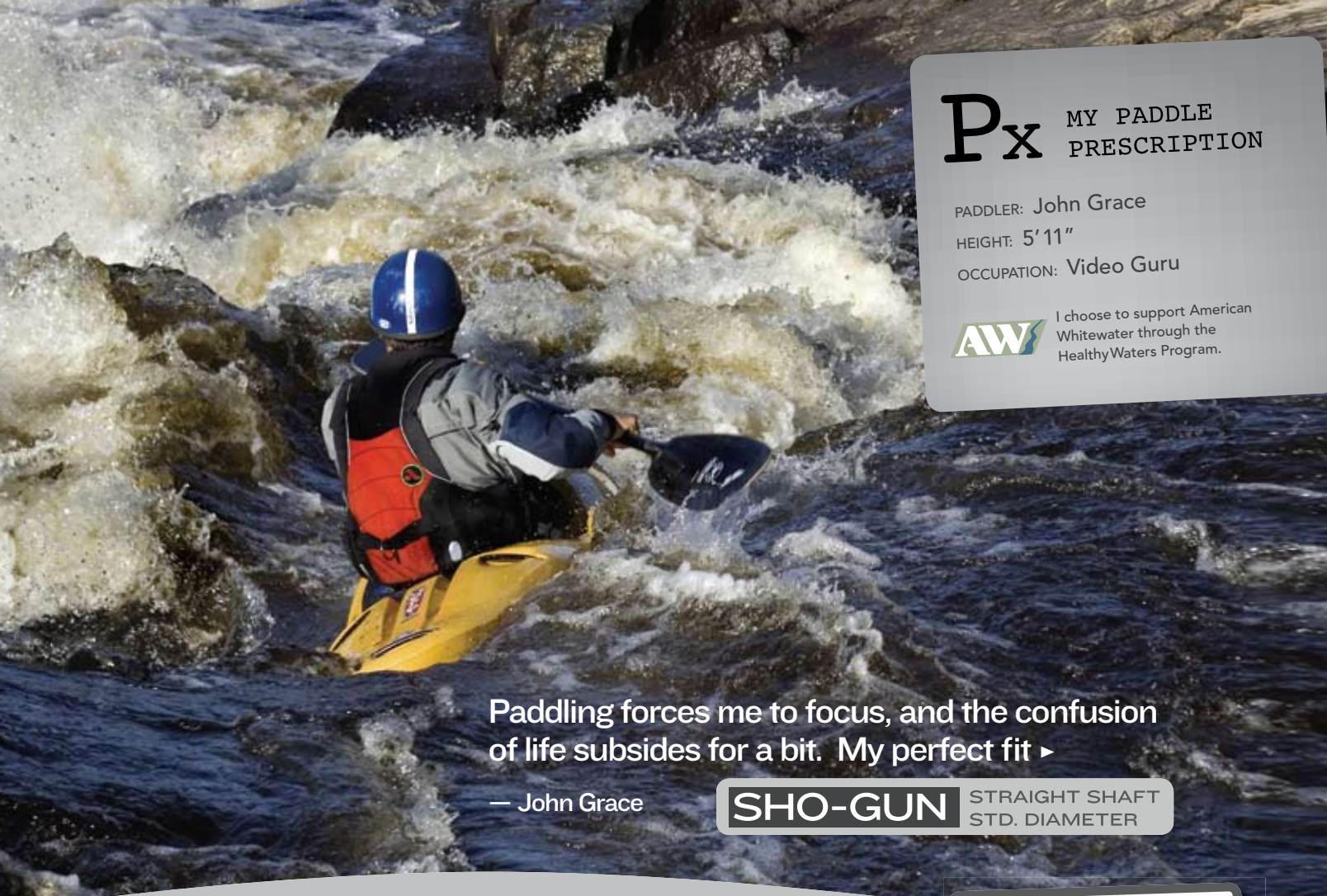
From mighty to mudflats. The river that fills the massive Lake Powell, carves its way through the Grand Canyon and provides 30 million people the means to live, never meets the sea. But it met Jonathan Waterman and a group of skinny dippers who are determined to expose its plight. Share a Skinny Dip and meet the Colorado River at SaveTheColorado.org.

SAVE THE COLORADO



Jon Waterman at the Colorado River Delta





Px MY PADDLE PRESCRIPTION

PADDLER: John Grace

HEIGHT: 5'11"

OCCUPATION: Video Guru



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Paddling forces me to focus, and the confusion of life subsides for a bit. My perfect fit ►

— John Grace

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- ◀ reduce your fatigue
- ◀ and have more fun on the water



Werner offers advanced design features with a variety of fit options to help you choose a truly custom fit paddle. Your custom fit paddle is waiting for you.

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Fit Guide: Answer a few questions and discover your custom fit Werner paddle.



WERNERTV: Hear what real people are saying about their love for Werner paddles.



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