



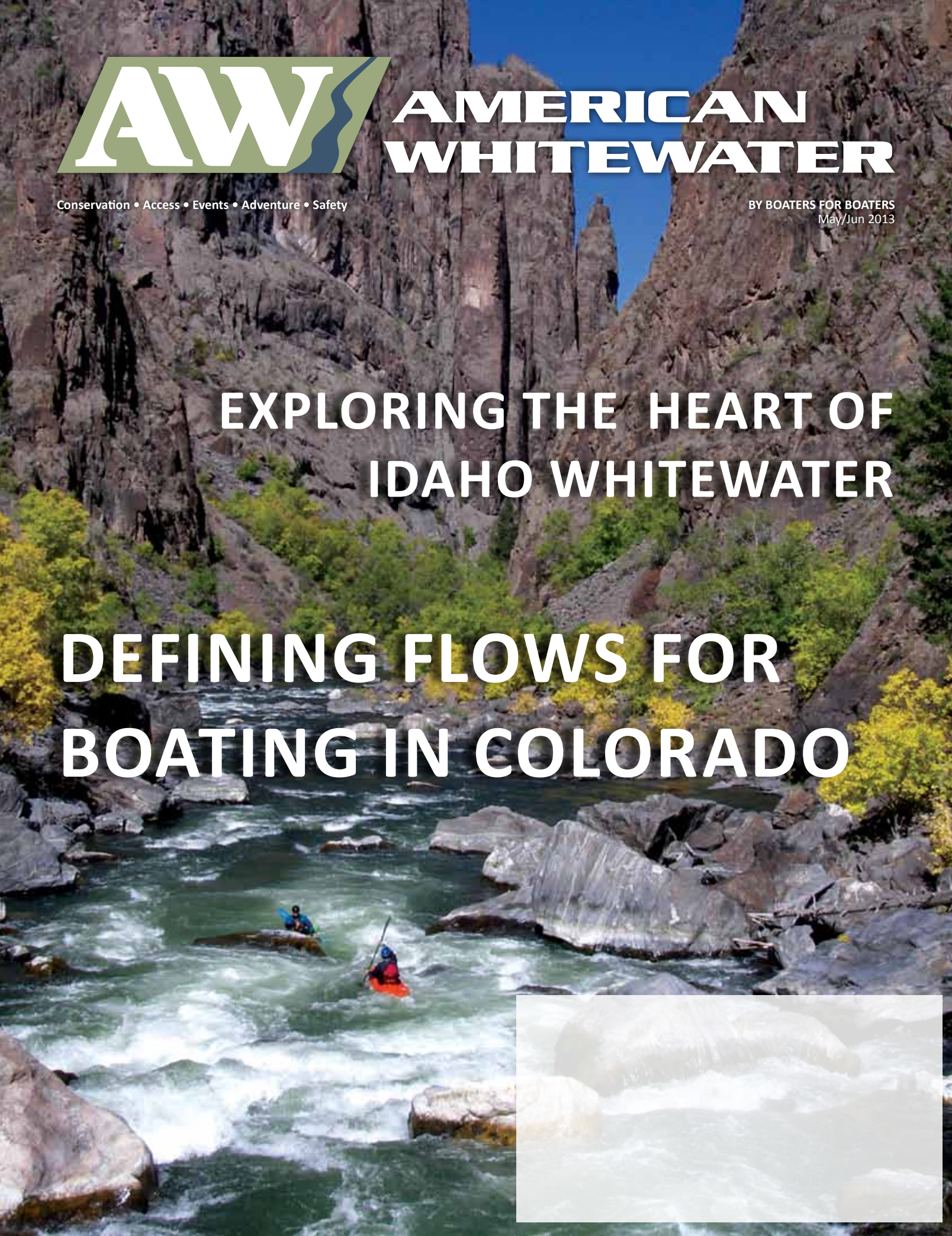
AMERICAN WHITEWATER

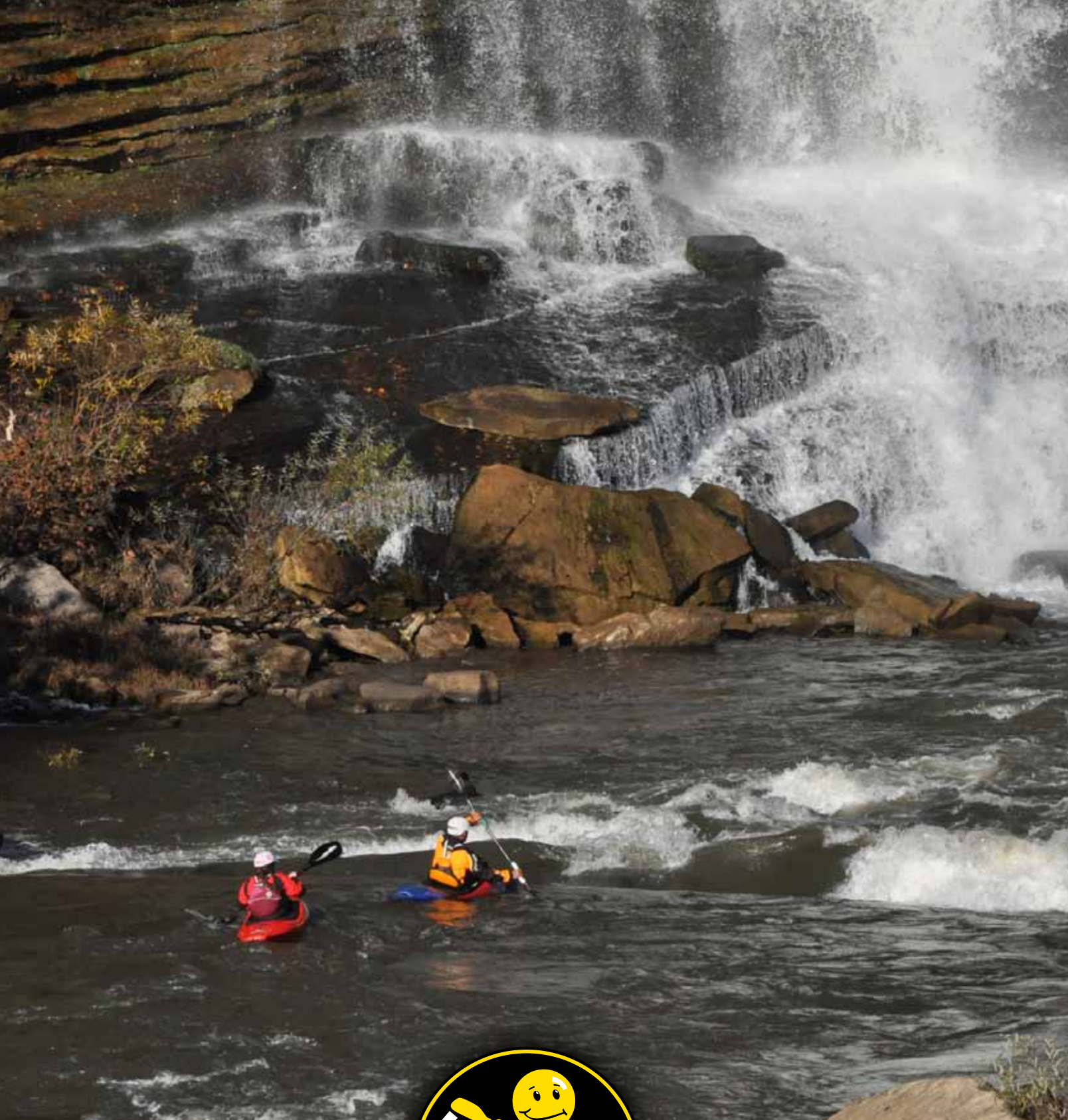
Conservation • Access • Events • Adventure • Safety

BY BOATERS FOR BOATERS
May/June 2013

EXPLORING THE HEART OF IDAHO WHITEWATER

DEFINING FLOWS FOR BOATING IN COLORADO





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AMERICAN WHITEWATER

A VOLUNTEER PUBLICATION PROMOTING RIVER CONSERVATION, ACCESS AND SAFETY

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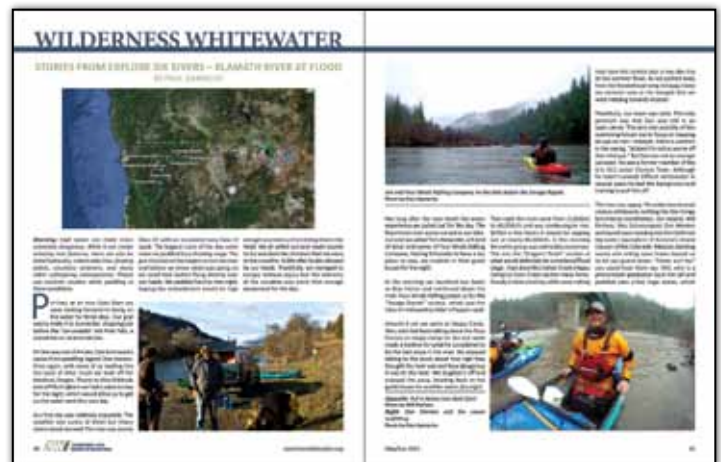
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Recreational flows in the Black Canyon (pictured) and the Gunnison Gorge National Recreation area (downstream) are dependent on water released out of four upstream dams. By participating in our summer 2013 flow survey, paddlers can help protect flows in these and other sections.
Paddler Bryan Owen
Photo by Chris Menges

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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

I'VE JUST RETURNED from a trip to New Zealand and I wanted to share one of my key impressions with American Whitewater members: the precaution of the New Zealand government to stop the spread of invasive species. Upon entry, biosecurity staff at the Auckland airport cleaned and treated hiking boots before allowing them to enter the country. Before gaining us access to the Milford Track (one of New Zealand's Great Walks), boot soles were treated again. While taking the ferry between the South and North Island, biosecurity staff visited each vehicle in the ferry queue checking for invasive organisms and offering educational materials. These precautions were taken to prevent the spread of Didymo.

Formally called *Didymosphenia geminata*, Didymo (also known as rock snot), is a microscopic fresh-water algae that can be spread by very small amounts of water. Didymo can attach itself to riverbeds by stalks and forms a thick brown layer that smothers rocks, submerged plants and other materials. It forms flowing "rat's tails" that can turn white at their ends and look similar to tissue paper. Didymo in a river system is both an aesthetic and biological nuisance that reduces aquatic invertebrate populations. As Didymo takes hold it can transform a once-clear river into a gunked-up brown mess.

Aggressive biosecurity efforts in New Zealand got me thinking about what we do here in the United States. We do have an active government-funded educational campaign to slow the spread of invasive species; it operates under the tagline of Stop Aquatic Hitchhikers www.protectyourwaters.net. Campaign sponsors use a variety of educational outreach tools, such as public service announcements, stickers, posters, magazine and newspaper articles, television, radio, and the aforementioned website

to make the public aware of aquatic nuisance species.

The spread of Didymo has already impacted rivers used by members of the paddling community, and unfortunately it is not restricted to any specific region of the country. It is a national problem. There is no quick solution to the spread of Didymo or other aquatic invasives. Awareness and some simple methods for preventing the spread of these organisms are now becoming part of a new boating ethos. Within our community of environmentally conscious river users, knowing how to clean and transport gear becomes a primary consideration to slow the spread of rock snot and other aquatic hitchhikers.

The following methods have been recommended to prevent the spread of Didymo:

Check: Before leaving the river, remove all obvious clumps of algae from your boat and gear, and look for hidden clumps. Leave them at the site. If you find clumps treat your gear with the approved methods listed

below: dry them and soak them in bleach for at least four hours.

Clean: Soak and scrub all items for at least one minute in either hot water, a 2% solution of household bleach, antiseptic hand cleaner, or dishwashing detergent.

Dry: If cleaning is not practical, let the item dry completely; waiting an additional 48 hours before contact with another waterway is preferable.

Following these simple protocols can help to keep your favorite rivers free of invasive species that can negatively impact your paddling experience in the long run.

Being aware of the impacts of invasive species in the river environment is part of a new normal for river stewardship. At American Whitewater, our members appreciate the importance of rivers and their role in supporting the health and well being of the paddling community. Being able to paddle rivers free of rock snot and other invasive species is important for both aesthetic and biological considerations.

Slowing the spread of Didymo and other invasive species relies on participation from members of the boating community. With that participation, as they say down under, "she'll be right."

See you on the river,



Mark Singleton
Executive Director, American Whitewater

SLOW THE SPREAD

Help slow the spread of didymo and other freshwater pests. Always:

CHECK

Remove all obvious clumps from items that have been in the water.

CLEAN

Soak and scrub all items for at least one minute.

DRY

If cleaning is not practical, dry items completely and then leave for at least 48 hours.



STEWARDSHIP

FUNDING FOR RIVER ACCESS AND MUCH MORE

Keeping the Land and Water Conservation Fund Strong

BY MEGAN HOOKER AND THOMAS O'KEEFE



Photo by Thomas O'Keefe

PERHAPS YOU'VE PUT in at BZ Corner on Washington's White Salmon, enjoyed a river trip down the New or Gauley River, or experienced the undeveloped wilderness of the Middle Fork of the Salmon. If so, you have the Land and Water Conservation Fund to thank for protecting these places when private landowners were ready to sell.



The take out for the Green River Gorge in Washington at Flaming Geyser State Park was funded via the Land and Water Conservation Fund.

Photo by Thomas O'Keefe

For almost 50 years, the Land and Water Conservation Fund has been a critical source of funding for important access and conservation projects across the country. In addition to improving river access, these

projects conserve and protect our natural resources, benefit local, state, and national parks, and protect water quality. The Land and Water Conservation Fund also supports efforts to protect communities from natural hazards and preserve open spaces for wildlife habitat.



The Land and Water Conservation Fund (LWCF) was established in 1965 to meet the nation's growing desire to preserve natural areas, culturally and historically significant landmarks, and outdoor recreational opportunities. The program is funded by a small percentage of oil and gas lease revenues from offshore drilling. The concept is a simple one—the extraction of resources we all use provides some revenue for important access and conservation projects on our nation's public lands. While

Boaters prepare to put in at Kanaskat Palmer State Park on the Green River in Washington. The access project was funded through the Land and Water Conservation Fund.

Photo by Thomas O'Keefe

the LWCF is slated to receive \$900 million each year, it is rarely fully funded. In fact, the Fund has received its full allotment of funding just twice in its almost 50-year history. Unfortunately, a great deal of the funds are regularly diverted elsewhere.

Projects funded by the Land and Water Conservation Fund boost tourism, expand recreation spending, and improve the quality of life for communities and local businesses. Fully funding the LWCF will help to expand the footprint of these economic benefits for current and future generations. As we continue to face mounting government budget cuts, ensuring that the Land and Water Conservation Fund stays healthy and strong is a priority for American Whitewater. While it's disappointing to see LWCF funds be whittled away for other purposes, that's not the only threat it faces. It is also scheduled to expire in 2015.

Fortunately, efforts are afoot to do something to keep the Land and Water Conservation Fund going into the future and ensure that it is fully funded. Earlier

this spring, in a bipartisan effort, Senator Max Baucus (D-MT), Senator Richard Burr (R-NC), and Senator Ron Wyden (D-OR) introduced the Land and Water Conservation Authorization and Funding Act of 2013 (S.338). If passed, the bill will reauthorize the Land and Water Conservation Fund and ensure that it receives the full \$900 million each year. You can help support this legislation, and our work to secure improved public access to rivers, by following the Take Action link on the Outdoor Alliance website: www.outdooralliance.net.

Here at American Whitewater, our current top Land and Water Conservation project for the Western U.S. is on Oregon's Crooked River, where a critical opportunity exists to secure public access on the only Wild and Scenic River in the region with no public access. Land and Water Conservation funding will bring a parcel in the Crooked River Canyon, specifically the Hollywood Road access, into public ownership. The Bureau of Land Management has sought LWCF funding to acquire this property for



BZ Corner on the White Salmon in Washington. Land and Water Conservation Funds made it possible for this once private property to come under the management of the Forest Service after being temporarily held by the Trust for Public Land.

Photo by Thomas O'Keefe

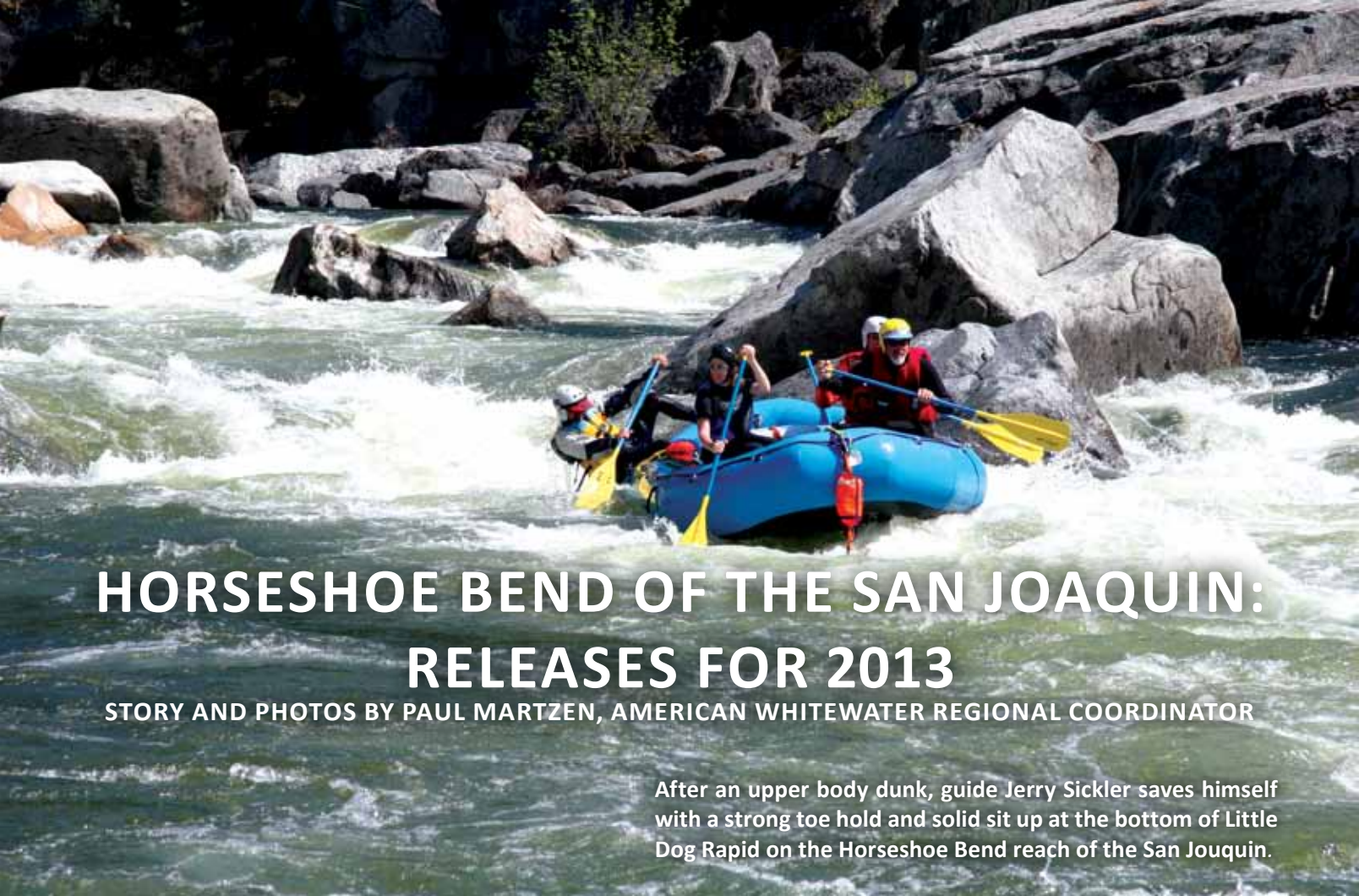
years, and although it was recently acquired by the Trust for Public Land, their goal is to transfer the parcel to public ownership. Funding from the LWCF will give this project a fighting chance; it will allow the BLM to acquire the land and formally open the river to recreationists and those who want to enjoy the area's stunning scenery.

The pending project on the Crooked River, and those that have been completed on the White Salmon, Gauley, and New and Middle Fork Salmon highlight the importance of the Land and Water Conservation Fund for whitewater paddlers throughout the country. It is a key source of funding for river access and so much more. American Whitewater will continue to work to support efforts to keep it healthy and strong for current and future generations of outdoor lovers.

Paddlers have the Land and Water Conservation Fund to thank for the boat slide at BZ Corner on Washington's Wild and Scenic White Salmon River.

Photo by Thomas O'Keefe





HORSESHOE BEND OF THE SAN JOAQUIN: RELEASES FOR 2013

STORY AND PHOTOS BY PAUL MARTZEN, AMERICAN WHITEWATER REGIONAL COORDINATOR

After an upper body dunk, guide Jerry Sickler saves himself with a strong toe hold and solid sit up at the bottom of Little Dog Rapid on the Horseshoe Bend reach of the San Joaquin.

AMERICAN WHITEWATER FIRST began discussions with Southern California Edison in 1998 concerning whitewater boating at Horseshoe Bend on the San Joaquin River. The local club, San Joaquin Paddlers, planned a large outing on a Saturday in early May. We contacted Edison about our plans and they kept us apprised of the flows. As the day approached, Edison even adjusted spills a little bit, so that 50 boaters could float the section with a semi-guaranteed flow of 1,800 cfs. The run was a big hit and opened a lot of people's eyes to what a great whitewater resource this section of river is.

Over the next five years, AW participated in the FERC relicensing of the Big Creek #4 project, which dewateres this reach. We negotiated for hourly, realtime flow information and a small number of scheduled releases each year. Over time, the Forest Service, the State Water Resources Control Board and finally FERC agreed with our requests. The final

license for this project, issued in 2003, included requirements for realtime hourly flow information and for annual scheduled releases.

However, the requirement for scheduled releases came with a caveat. The California Department of Fish and Game (now the Department of Fish and Wildlife) was concerned that weekend whitewater flows could prove harmful to certain native fish, Hardheads, especially. FERC required that Edison conduct a multi-year study of the health of the native aquatic populations before studying the effects of whitewater releases on those populations. Edison came up with study proposals and submitted them to the proper agencies for final approval. After several years of delay, the final study approvals were returned in 2008 and Edison began studying the native aquatic populations in earnest.

Fortunately for whitewater boaters, a realtime flow information website was instituted fairly quickly. This opened a

window of awareness on the reach as we could instantly see when there were boatable flows. We found that the dam spilled much more often than we had realized before online flow data were available. Boaters were not only able to take advantage of the expected spills during big water years, but also spills at some unexpected times. Most years since 2003 had some boatable spill, so the long delay in scheduled releases did not seem as torturous. However, flow information also made it clear that many spill flows were too high for most boaters. We found that the window between no spill and too high of a spill remained fairly narrow. This reinforced our original contention that a dependable scheduled release at a moderate flow is the best way to allow boaters from across the region to enjoy this beautiful and exciting river.

Since 2008, Edison has been studying native aquatic species during both spill and no spill years in order to get baseline data. Now, in 2013, Edison will conduct two separate

STEWARDSHIP

whitewater releases to study the responses of the native aquatic species. The two releases will be held on Sundays—one in July and another in August. Flows will continue into Monday morning so that studies can be conveniently conducted during a slow down-ramping of the flow.

The release flows will be 1,600 cfs, which is a moderate low flow for this reach. Most rapids in this reach are formed by boulder dams—big piles of boulders blocking the channel. During low flows, most of the water flows underneath or through the gaps in the boulders. It takes a sizable flow to cover the boulders to sufficient depth to make the rapids clean. Kayakers can find passages at much lower flows, but rafts find much better routes from around 1,500 cfs and up. The rapids remain very powerful at this flow, but fortunately there are long recovery pools in between each rapid. Newcomers to the reach will be thankful

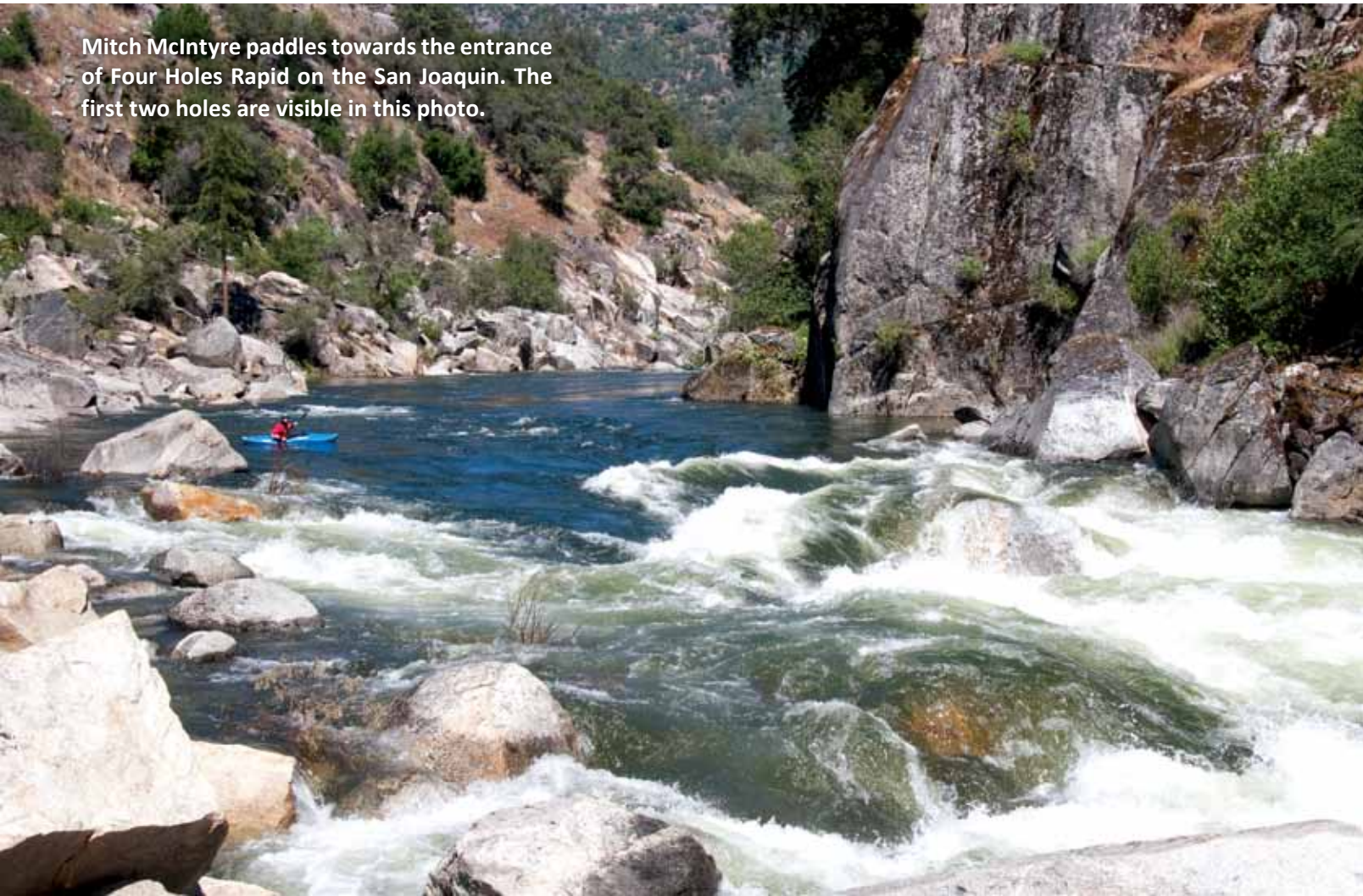


Jeff Gymer above the horizon line of the second hole in Two Holes Rapid on the San Joaquin. At flow pictured the second hole is mostly washing out.

for the long pools, so they can enjoy the wonderful scenery of granite cliffs and sculpted boulders.

Look to the release calendar at www.americanwhitewater.org for more information on the exact dates and timing of the releases.

Mitch McIntyre paddles towards the entrance of Four Holes Rapid on the San Joaquin. The first two holes are visible in this photo.



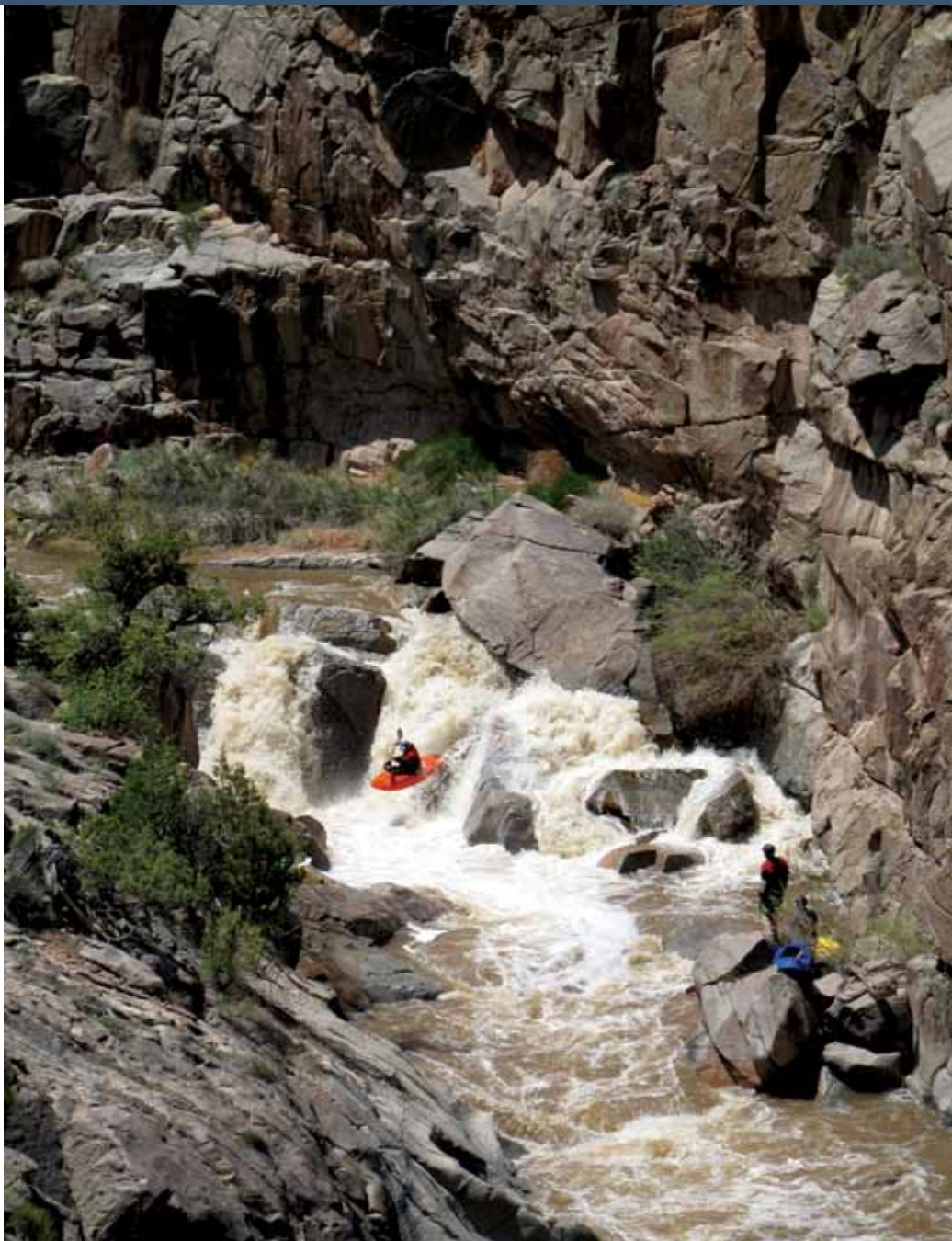
STEWARDSHIP

UPPER COLORADO FLOW STUDY SUCCESS HIGHLIGHTS OPPORTUNITY IN GUNNISON BASIN

BY CHRIS MENGES

YAMPA CANYON, THE Lower Dolores, Gates of Lodore, Split Mountain Canyon, the Lower San Juan, Cross Mountain Gorge, Gray, Desolation and Stillwater Canyons, Big Sur, the Glenwood Wave; these and other sections of river within the Upper Colorado Basin have a number of things in common. For one, they all supply water to a system that provides up to 40 million people in the Western US with water. They are all popular recreation destinations, attracting paddlers from all over the country and the world (which helps bolster local economies and lets paddlers have a great time in a natural setting). Many AW members have likely paddled one or more of these runs, and if not, they might be on your to-do list. Also, thanks to AW, whitewater boating flow needs are defined and discussed for 14 Colorado Basin river sections in a recently released Bureau of Reclamation (BOR) report that sets a scientific foundation of understanding water supply, demand, and management options for the Colorado River Basin over the next 50 years. Now, we're working to provide water managers with data on recreational flow needs throughout the Gunnison River Basin, and you can help by participating in our online flow study.

The BOR's Colorado River Water Supply and Demand Study (Study) projects that over the next half century, stream flows throughout the Basin will likely decline by up to 20% while the population that relies on the Colorado's waters will grow from 40 million to potentially as much as 70 million. Essentially, the Colorado's water supply will continue to decline while demands continue to rise. When water supply is less than demand, a system imbalance occurs. System imbalances have historically been

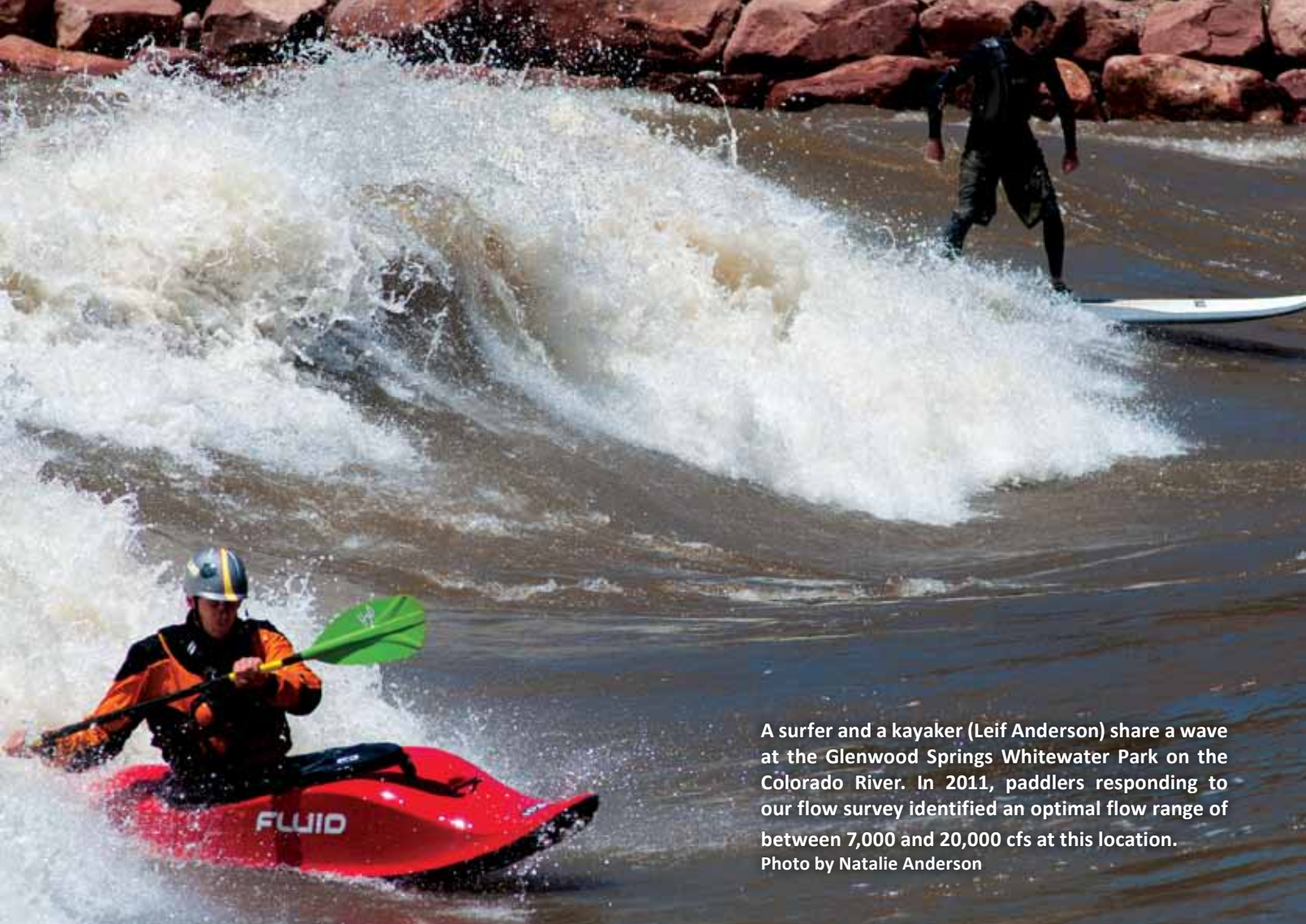


Chris Menges on the popular Gunnison Basin creek Escalante. It requires normal snowpacks to provide good paddling seasons. By helping AW understand flow preferences on stream segments like this one, we can better understand threats to the paddling resources here and advocate for their protection.

Photo by Joe Keck

mitigated with water storage in places like Lakes Powell and Mead. Now, research indicates that climate change, leading to more arid conditions, dwindling average stream flows, and prolonged drought, will

compromise the ability of the Colorado's storage network to overcome the imbalances that are likely to become more frequent and pronounced. A new portfolio of options is necessary to adapt to changing



A surfer and a kayaker (Leif Anderson) share a wave at the Glenwood Springs Whitewater Park on the Colorado River. In 2011, paddlers responding to our flow survey identified an optimal flow range of between 7,000 and 20,000 cfs at this location. Photo by Natalie Anderson

flow patterns and mitigate imminent system imbalances throughout the Basin.

Over the past three years, AW has worked hard to ensure that paddler interests are represented and considered as strategies and policies to address these new challenges in water management take shape. Thanks to our members and dedicated paddlers with boating experience in the region, we collected flow-preference information from over 300 respondents in our summer 2011 Western Rivers Survey. Survey respondents identified optimal and acceptable flow ranges for different sections of river within the Basin. This allowed us to quantify recreational flow needs on these sections, submit the data to the BOR, and ask them to include whitewater boating as a resource category within their study. Because this information was quantifiable, Reclamation recognized and included whitewater boating needs, which is critically important to making sure

that paddler interests are represented as water management decisions become more contentious and complex. In essence, AW has been able to change the way water is managed and discussed in the West, getting whitewater boaters a seat at the table with municipal, industrial, hydropower, and agricultural water interests.

This success exemplifies why our work in the Gunnison Basin is so important, and similarly, why it is critical that all paddlers who have experienced boating in this exceptional region participate in our current flow study. As we have done in the Upper Colorado, Yampa, and Dolores drainages in recent years, American Whitewater is currently conducting a flow study in the Gunnison Basin. Quantifying acceptable and optimal flow ranges for popular sections of river here will provide us with the data we need to ensure that the Basin's water stays in its riverbed and that paddler and ecological interests are coupled, protected,

and balanced with other important needs and uses. The survey can be found online at <http://www.surveymonkey.com/s/GunnisonRiverBasinSurvey2013>. All respondents need to do is provide information for the sections of river that they are familiar with. Your participation could make the difference in generating a robust sample, which in turn will add credibility to our efforts on your behalf.

River segments you can expect to see on our Gunnison survey include everything from Crested Butte's high alpine creeks, like Oh-Be-Joyful, all the way down to classic desert floats like Escalante to Whitewater. Of course, creeks and river segments in the East, Taylor, Lake Fork, North Fork and Uncompahgre drainages are all included. If you have been fortunate enough to enjoy paddling within the Gunnison Basin, we would appreciate your feedback.



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WILDERNESS WHITEWATER

WHERE ARE YOUR OARS?

BY BRENT GLOVER

IN THE SUMMER of 1999, my soon-to-be wife and I were on our way to a weeklong trip on the Main Salmon River in Central Idaho. Jeannie and I had met earlier that year. We were both widowed and in our 40s. For the past quarter century I had been plodding my way down whitewater streams the hard way—you know, whitewater canoeing. This was to be my first R-2 adventure. A whole new world awaited Jeannie; her heart and mind were open to new adventures.

I Want To Go There

As we bumped our way down the dirt road to Corn Creek and our launch on the Main Salmon we passed a river entering from the south. As we peered up into Impassable Canyon Jeannie wanted to know the name of the river. I said, “That’s the Middle Fork of the Salmon”; she stated her desire to float that river one day. Now, mind you she hadn’t even been down the Main Salmon yet. I explained that the Middle Fork was high on my to-do list of rivers too, but somebody had to win the lottery in order for us to go.



Gin turns to chocolate on the upper river. Ramona and John leading the way to Lake Creek-Pistol Creek Rapids.

Photos by Brent Glover

Our R-2 run down the Main Salmon was great. We had oar rafts to carry all our necessities, a small relaxed group, and beautiful warm July weather to go with the superb whitewater and camping. But the Middle Fork would have to wait.

In January 2012, river lottery time, I once again put in for a permit on the Selway and

Jeannie went with the Middle Fork Salmon. We e-mailed our friends John and Ramona and they applied for the same dates and rivers. As in previous years, the ‘failed lottery’ e-mails came bouncing into our inboxes during the first week in February. Then, to my surprise, I received an e-mail from John indicating that Ramona had hit a launch date of July 14th for the Middle Fork of the Salmon. When speaking with John a few days later I asked how Ramona was doing with her newfound power. John said when she found out her only question was, “Is this a big deal?” Ramona was not only the permit holder, but assumed the role as trip leader with John’s assistance.

In early June Ramona and John hosted a trip planning get together and Ramona figured out just how big the deal was. We went through the gear checklist. Meeting date for the trip was July 12th in Stanley Idaho. Reservations had been made for Boundary Creek Campground on July 13th. Shuttle information was distributed. Don’t forget the invasive species sticker. It was clearly

Bif and Wills flush out of muddy Pistol Creek Rapid.

Photo by Brent Glover

WILDERNESS WHITEWATER

going to be a lot of work. Would it be worth the effort?

Boundary Creek and Leaks

Boundary Creek is where our adventure began. There are seven launches per day during permit season on the Middle Fork, a mixture of private and commercial parties, with up to 24 people per launch. This may not sound like a wilderness river experience, but we did have a plan to avoid the crowds.

After the rafts were set up and ready for inspection a steady rain began. I immediately got a lesson on the state of my camping gear that had been sitting in the garage for the past 10 years. We had a couple of leaky tarps and I had a leaky tent. I had really thought about getting a new one as we were leaving REI in Asheville, North Carolina back in June with our brand new posh air mattresses.

No Oars?

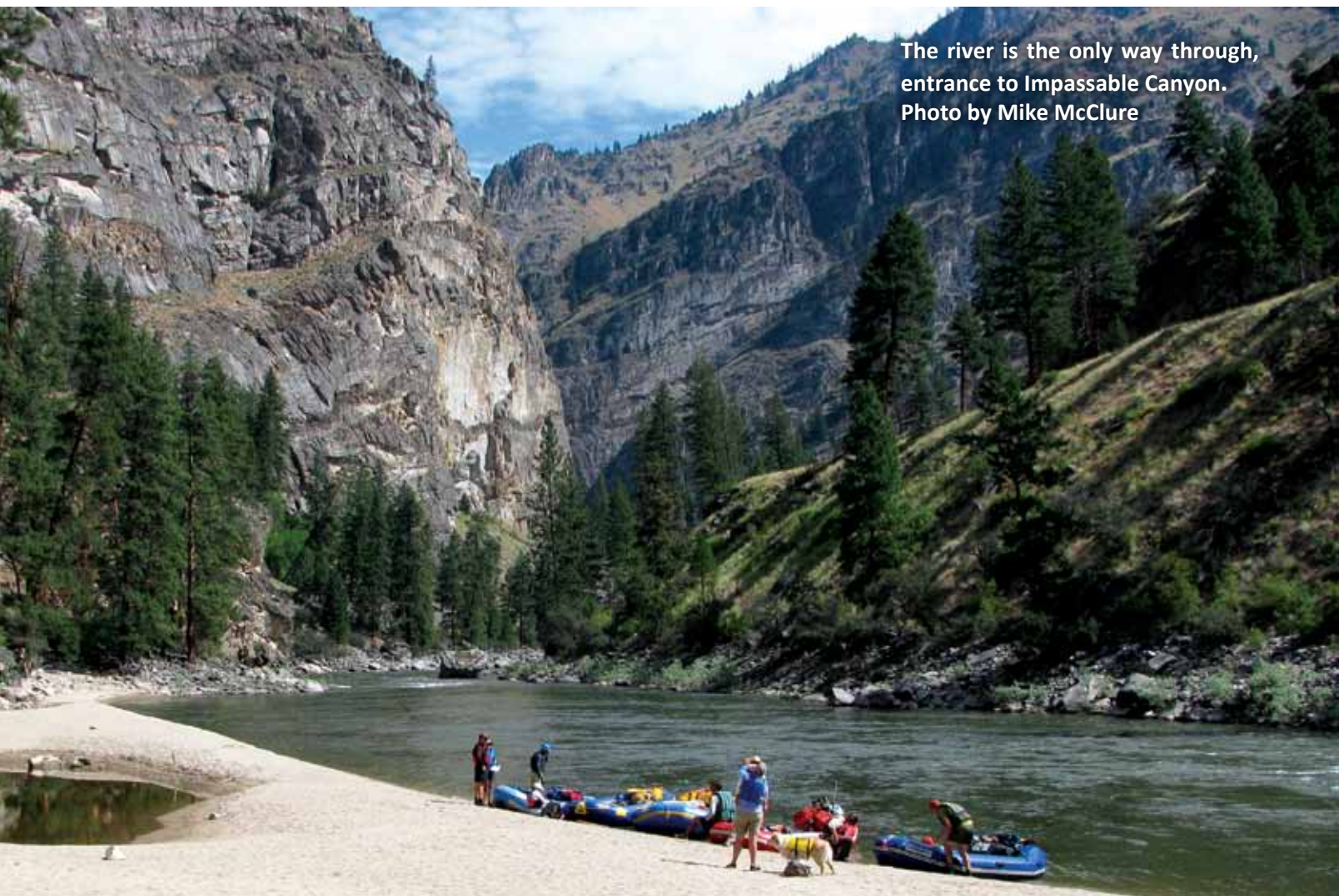
Earlier in the afternoon we had started to get to know some of the other private rafters in the Boundary Creek campground. We were met with a lot of polite skepticism when the other boaters noticed the lack of oars and frames among our gear. "So you're going to R-2 those boats and carry gear down a river you don't know," they all seemed to be thinking. Well now, don't you figure a bunch of whitewater canoeists stood a better chance with paddles than with oars? Ramona and John, Wills and Bif, and Jeannie and I would be paddling the R-2s. Gary, the lone kayaker in the group was rowing the only oar raft in the party. Gary's wife Pat and their dog Josie would be riding with Gary. We all knew each other and had paddled together over the years. We were a small group traveling light.

Later that afternoon a group from Oregon stopped by our leaky tarp and invited us

down to watch a little Middle Fork video from their maiden voyage the summer before. For some reason we all agreed. Maybe it was the steady rain, maybe the curiosity for what was coming, or maybe just boredom that sent us to watch the video.

So here's how their first trip went: The Middle Fork was low, around 1.9 feet. This makes it a very rocky river—in their case, a raft ripper. After the first day they spent three days repairing rafts. Man, those looked like tight lines on the upper river. Anxiety had been adequately induced.

Off to bed we went, with visions of river plumbs (rocks) in our heads. Sometime in the middle of the night I awoke seriously questioning what we were about to undertake. I woke up Jeannie and made her aware of my doubts. She was feeling really good about the trip and wondered



The river is the only way through, entrance to Impassable Canyon. Photo by Mike McClure

why I was creating all these what-ifs. Back to sleep I went, feeling committed to what we were about to tackle.

The Plan

We all woke up early the next morning to cloudy skies, with no rain, and cool temperatures. The river had risen from 2.7 feet to just a hair under 3 feet, an excellent level for a first time trip through this beautiful wilderness. It was time to put our “avoid the crowd” plan into effect.

When the launch parking lot cleared, we moved our rafts to the ramp. Next, the launch eddy cleared, and down went our loaded rafts. We held a short group meeting and decided boat order and spacing between boats. We agreed to scout Sulfur Slide and any other rapid the lead boat chose. John and Ramona led the group out of the eddy sometime around 1 p.m. We were off on our seven-day, 100-mile wilderness adventure with no other boats in sight!

A Lot Like Arkansas

The upper river was fast, tight, and technical. With a gradient of around 40 fpm, it felt similar to the Class III creeks we were used to canoeing in northwestern Arkansas. This was a bit more work with gear in the boat, but rafts were considerably more forgiving than canoes. I now had to eat crow for all the unkind things I had said about rafts in my early hard boating years. Age has a way of humbling us.

We stopped to scout Sulfur Slide and agreed on the line; everything went fine for all. I must say that Hell’s Half Mile was a lot of fun. We didn’t try to scout Velvet Falls because the left side was easy to make at this level, and the oar boat went down the middle without incident. Off we went to Big Bend camp at mile 6.8. Beautiful sunny afternoon, gin clear water, and no other boaters encountered. The scenery on the river and at camp was spectacular.

A short while after sunset the clouds rolled in and thunder followed. Early to bed in

the drippy tent and the skies opened up. “Hmmm,” I wondered, “heavy rain on wet ground. What will tomorrow bring?” Fortunately for us, soggy tents tend to be more tolerable with comfy air mattresses under you.

From Gin To Chocolate

We awoke the next morning to fog lifting off the mountains and a river that had transformed from gin to chocolate. John and I planted a stick at waters edge and settled into breakfast and coffee. By the time we’d packed up and were ready to paddle, our stick gauge confirmed that the level was dropping. However, the river would not return to its crystal clear quality for the rest of the trip.

This was a 20-mile day and some impressive rapids were coming our way. Powerhouse and Lake Creek-Pistol Creek are must-scouts and we agreed to let the lead boat (Ramona and John) choose to scout or read from the boat and run. At Powerhouse Rapid, we pulled over on river right to scout. The first section was technical with a move to the right to avoid the log jam. We worked to river left to hit the big wave train, which gave us our first real feel for the power of this river. Heading on we ran Soldier Creek Rapid and stopped for lunch at Joe Bump Cabin.

Rapids come one after the next in this exciting section, too many to describe in a story like this. I have a pretty good recollection of the rapids we scouted, but the rest are just a blur. We ran the Artillery Rapids and passed the Oregon group at Big Snag Camp as we entered Cannon Creek rapid. They would be the only other boaters we would encounter that day.

Next up was Lake Creek/Pistol Creek Rapid. We stopped at Lake Creek to scout. The land in the Lake Creek area was still loose and unstable six years after the blow out. Jeannie refused to scout the big rapids, so I gave her the details—a hole to skirt in the dog leg turn at the end of the rapid. All went well here. As we approached



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Pistol Creek, the channel split and we ran right to avoid the hole on the left. Our boat was purposely angled slightly left as we entered the right side hole to set up a move to the left, but we hadn't counted on the power of the water. We were spun instantly backwards into some Powerhouse sized waves. Jeannie quickly swept the raft back around as I cried, "This is not where I want to be!" The river was forgiving as we flushed off to the left of what looked certain to be wrap rocks. "OK," I thought, as we washed to safety, "only 80 more miles to go."

We all eddied out at the bottom. The view upstream into the Pistol Creek bottleneck was gorgeous. The river opened up downstream to another spectacular view. From here the gradient dropped to a little over 20 fpm for the rest of the trip.

A stop at Indian Creek Launch/Airstrip for water was in order. The ranger told us the level had been 3.2 feet that morning at Middle Fork Lodge, 15 miles downstream. We had been riding a bubble of mud all day. A couple of more miles and we were at

Indian Creek camp at mile 27. Back into the routine we set up camp, cooked a pot meal, and enjoyed happy hour. After a little group conversation we headed to a dry bed.

More Rain

Everyone was up early on a sunny cool morning. Because we were travelling light, breakfast was simple oatmeal, oranges, coffee, and tea for Jeannie and me. We had 17 miles to cover, but the frequency and intensity of the rapids would be less than the previous day.

We shoved off and headed downstream on a beautiful sunny day. At Marble Creek we passed another large private group we had met at Boundary Creek Camp. Next stop was Sunflower Hot Springs. These are a group of small shallow riverside pools with a nice view. It was beginning to cloud over when the other private group, the Marble Creek crew, pulled in. We visited with them for a while before the thunder began to rumble. If you were going to pick a day for rain on the Middle Fork this would be it. There were no major rapids to face and the scenery still looked good in the rain.

This was our first day to arrive early at camp. Pine Flat at mile 43.8 had a rocky rough eddy to park in and required a little effort to climb up to, but had a spacious open camping area. There was easy hiking in all directions with short climbs to enhance the views of the river canyon. Gary and Wills decide it was party night for them. I consumed my daily ration of two India Pale Ales. Jeannie was hoarding her wine for the Impassable Canyon camp.

Loon Creek Hot Springs and Tappan Canyon

The next morning brought another sunny beautiful day. We'd lost enough elevation that things were beginning to warm up a bit. The first stop of the day was Loon Creek and, of course, the hot springs. Part of the group opted for the hike up Loon Creek to the springs. The rest of us lounged around the river. Loon Creek is a substantial tributary and was running crystal clear, in stark contrast to the Middle Fork's still-brown water.

We read and ran the Tappan Canyon entrance rapids, then pulled over above



Bif and Wills finish Tappan I Rapid.
Photo by Brent Glover

Tappan Falls to plot the line. Bif and Wills pioneered a far left technical run. Jeannie and I lined it up, caught the cross current, and took the hit just a hair too far left. We did a brief back surf in the big hole and were set free. All the other boats had great runs. Tappan II didn't exist at the level we were running and I knew the line on Tappan III from watching YouTube videos. I set up to run the big wave train on the left, then worked right at the bottom of this fun rapid. From there it was just a little over a mile to Camas Creek at mile 60.3, and our camp for the night.

Camas Creek is another large tributary and a premium campsite. We arrived early at camp again. John went fishing in Camas Creek, Bif took off to hike high above Camas Canyon, and the rest of us settled into happy hour.

Big River, Flying B, and Boulders

Reluctantly we left Camas Creek on another bluebird day. After picking up Loon and Camas Creeks we could feel the Middle Fork transition to a larger more powerful

river. We cruised on down to Flying B Ranch and Store for water, ice, and ice cream. This place looked like an oasis in the middle of the desert. A sweep boat pulled in while we were there and became the only other boaters we would see that day. We got to know this trio of hard working raft guides during the remainder of the trip.

John and I decided to scout Haystack and watched the sweep boat run the same line we had chosen. I must say this rapid was one boulder filled course. Jeannie and I kissed the huge boulder at the bottom of Haystack. The eddy I expected below the huge boulder was not there and greatly impeded the ferry to river left for the run through Bernard Creek Rapid. This was not a pretty run on our part. We had just gotten our introduction to the new big river.

Below Bernard Creek Rapid there was a lot of fun water. All of us were grinning as we exited Jack's Canyon. This was truly an enjoyable series of short rapids in a R-2. Jeannie and I were back in the groove and ready for the big drops that awaited us in Impassable Canyon.

Fly Camp at mile 75.3 was our stop for the night, a small sandy beach with a dramatic view and a good swimming hole. Dave broke out a mini keg of beer to share and we all huddled in the shade and enjoyed some ice cold brew.

Impassable Canyon

On our next to last day we enjoyed a leisurely breakfast under clear blue skies and were packed and departing just as the sun entered the canyon. We ran Pointy Rock and Waterfall Creek rapids and paused on a sandy beach near Big Creek to gaze at the entrance to Impassable Canyon, arguably the third deepest canyon in North America (the two deepest, the Main Salmon and Hells Canyon of the Snake, were farther downstream). Depths aside, this one is impressive.

Drops with big rocks and boulders were scattered about liberally in this stretch. At mile 82 we navigated Redside, followed by Weber. Our group had grown confident in its abilities and no longer wanted to scout anything. At Cliffside Rapid Jeannie and I got as close to the wall as you need to run

WILDERNESS WHITEWATER

the wave train and exit into the whirlpool at the bottom. Near Ship Island we took a lunch break and part of the group headed out for a waterfall hike.

We pulled over again at Son of Rubber to scout Rubber Rapid amid the grumbling of our overconfident group. This was not the place for mistakes. There are no easy exits from Impassable Canyon. Before we had returned from scouting, the rest of our crew floated into view. They skirted to the left side of the roller waves in Son of Rubber, which set them up for the meat of Rubber, then they all disappeared into the froth. John, Ramona, Jeannie, and I ran Son of Rubber and the more technical right side of Rubber. My one regret was not running the left route, the biggest water we'd seen so far.

The last big rapid of the day was Hancock, which we didn't scout either. From there it was only a mile to our final stop at mile 92.8. Solitude Camp's mini beach was choked with willows and there was not enough room for all the rafts to conveniently tie up there. It was a small elevated sand bar,

so we squeezed all our tents in and dragged a couple of the paddle rafts out of the river and settled in.

This rarely used camp was walled in and littered with huge chunks of black rock. Once again we had our solitude on the river this day, only passing two sweep boats. No other boats had ever passed any of our camps. Our plan for avoiding the crowds had worked.

Party in Solitude

For this last night's camp Jeannie brought out her hoarded wine and Bif served me up a Gatorade and whiskey, a riverside version of whiskey sour. The laughter and stories continued well into the night. Ramona kept telling me to tie up my raft, which was beached in camp. I told her she needed to finish off the wine. She refused to follow my directions. I tied up my raft as ordered. Somewhere along the way Jeannie had snuck off to bed. When I arrived the tent door was wide open. There was sand everywhere. My partner was fully dressed and out cold. I tried to zip the door shut, but just then the zipper broke completely. I

should have been happy that the leaky tent had waited until the last night to deliver the final insult.

Jeannie woke up the next morning fresh as a daisy, with no apparent side effects from the wine party. We packed everything up one last time glad to be finished packing, but sad to be leaving.

Leaving the Canyon

We pushed off into the Middle Fork for our last day and circled up in the eddy downstream of camp. The first commercial group we'd seen on the entire trip rolled by as we discussed Devil's Tooth and House of Rocks rapids. Our new approach was to tag along behind the commercial group.

The canyon was different this day. There was a mixture of dark shadows and bright sunshine. We kept our distance, but followed the guides' left side approach to Devils Tooth. On down through House of Rocks and Jump Off rapids; it all seemed easy now. Goat Creek Camp was our final stop before we exited Impassable Canyon and joined the Main Salmon. The

Breakfast, coffee, and conversation
at Fly Camp.
Photo by Brent Glover





Camas Creek Camp from left to right Mike, John, Ramona, Dave (standing), Gary, Josie the dog, Bif (standing), Pat, Wills, Jeannie, and Brent (standing). It was the 50s group, ages 50 (Ramona) to 59 (Brent), with everyone else somewhere in between.

Photo by Brent Glover

sweep boat crew we met at the Flying B passed, followed by another large group of commercial rafts. We gave it an hour before drifting out of the canyon, which we figured should be enough time for the last commercial group to clear the take-out at Cache Bar. Down into the Main Salmon we floated. The big slow roller waves brought back memories of Jeannie's and my Main Salmon journey a decade before.

Cramer Creek Rapid

John and I pulled over above Cramer Creek to scout one last time. The rest of our crew saw no reason to exit their boats. We pointed to the set up wave just right of center. Wills announced that they were running the left side. I told Wills they should follow our directions; we weren't cleaning up after any left side runs. Dave and Mike took off down the right side. They later said it wasn't pretty. Gary, Pat, and Josie the dog went straight down the middle. John,

Ramona, Jeannie and I followed our chosen route down the most powerful rapid of the trip. Wills and Bif followed.

Jeannie and I did one last spin move off the boulder on the bottom right. Gary caught an oar in the center hole and split his hand open between the thumb and forefinger. He was done oaring with that hand. Bif swam the bottom of the rapid. We drifted less than a mile to Cache Bar and the end of the journey. Gary got a little first aid, then we headed off to Salmon, Idaho for the night before the long trip back to Southern Missouri.

Traveling Light

In retrospect, our minimalist approach on the Middle Fork was successful. Jeannie and I were able to carry more than enough dried food and refreshments, too much wine, plenty of fresh fruit and cheese, a one burner stove, and seven gallons of water. The oar raft and one R-2 each carried small coolers. We all brought tables and chairs and had everything we needed to be comfortable for this week-long adventure.

Of course, as soon as we returned home, we replaced our tent.



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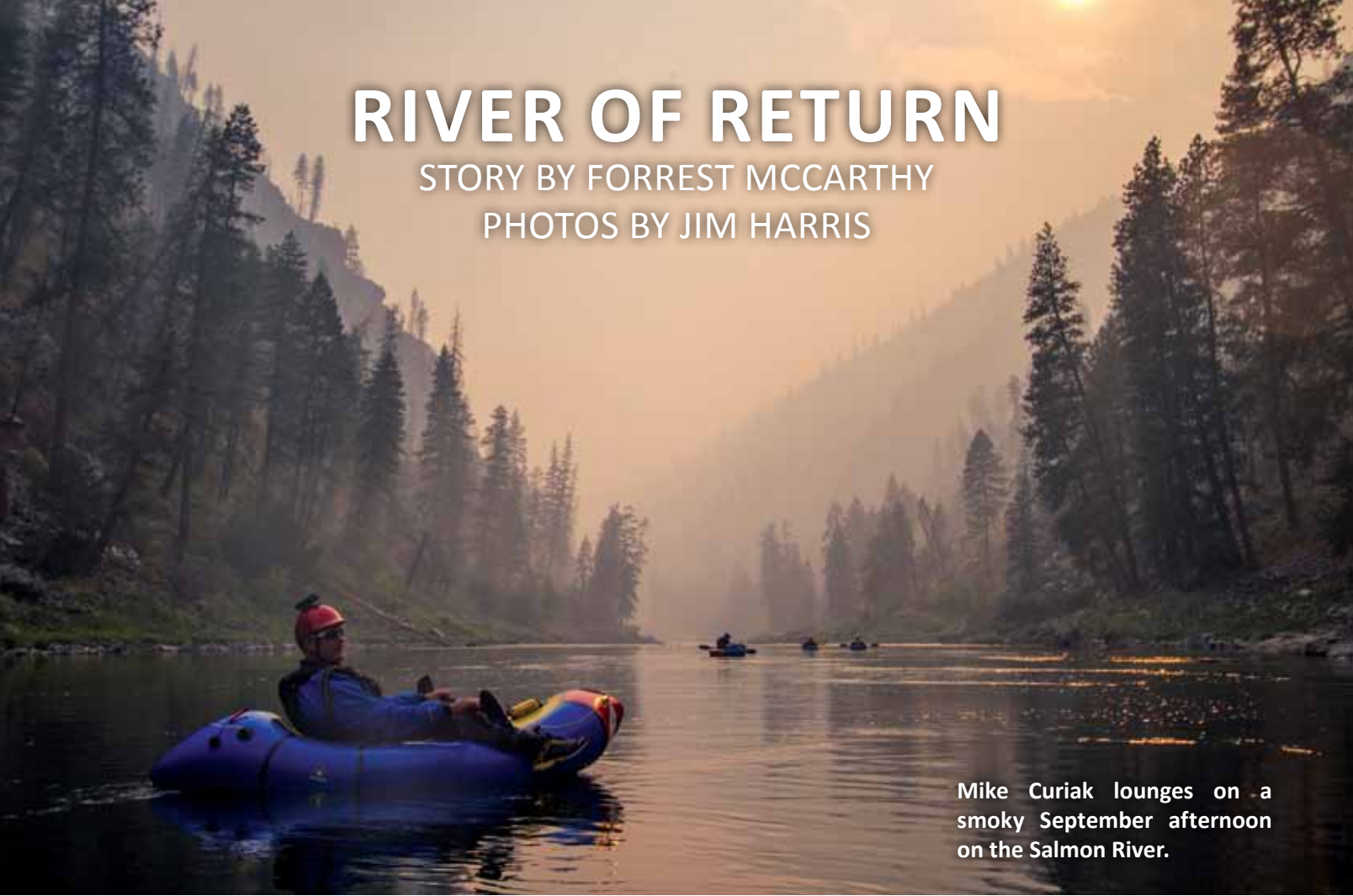
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RIVER OF RETURN

STORY BY FORREST MCCARTHY

PHOTOS BY JIM HARRIS



Mike Curiak lounges on a smoky September afternoon on the Salmon River.

*But while he was seeking with thimbles and care,
A Bandersnatch swiftly drew nigh
And grabbed at the Banker, who shrieked in despair,
For he knew it was useless to fly.*

—Lewis Carroll, “The Hunting of the Snark”

“**H**IT THE LATERAL, lean forward, and punch the hell out of the big waves at the end,” Moe advised us at the Cramer Creek Rapid. Equipped with lightweight packrafts, we were scouting the final rapid on a 150-mile whitewater wilderness journey. We were less than a mile from our take-out on the Salmon River—the same place where we had started our journey eight days earlier.

Early trappers and explorers, including Lewis and Clark, feared and avoided the Salmon River and its deep canyons. It took the discovery of gold in the 1880s for its turbulent waters to be fully navigated. Thirty-foot flat-bottomed barges supplied mining activities. The Salmon River was too swift for these barges to return up-river, and hence its name “River of No Return.”

Today the massive 2.36 million acre Frank Church—River of No Return Wilderness Area is one of the largest protected wildlands in the contiguous United States. Combined with the adjacent Gospel Hump Wilderness and surrounding Forest Service roadless areas, it is the heart of a 3.3 million acre roadless wonderland, a refuge for both people and wildlife. The Salmon River threads through its core.

As we drove to Cache Bar, our put-in and take-out, orange flames split the darkness. The following morning the Salmon River Canyon was barely visible through the thick smoke. Record droughts had led to wildfires that left 1.5 million acres of central Idaho smoldering.

A rag tag group of adventurers, we spread our gear out in the parking lot. Our plan was ambitious, including tackling 115 miles of serious whitewater and also making a steep and rugged 30-mile overland trek connecting the South Fork of the Salmon and Big Creek. We began and ended our

river trip at the same place, challenging a century old notion that paddling is a one-way event in the Frank Church—River of No Return Wilderness.

For this eight-day trip I was joined by Andrew Mclean, Tom Turiano, Jim Harris, Moe Witschard, and Mike Curiak. We all began exploring wilderness primarily through other disciplines. Andrew, Tom, and Jim are world-class ski mountaineers. Mike a pioneer of adventure cycling. Moe, with 20 plus years of guiding wilderness trips, is also a kayaker and rafting guide. Our common bound is a passion for adventure, exploration, and portable little whitewater boats known as packrafts.

The advent of packrafts changed how we look at maps of wilderness. When hiking and skiing, rivers and creeks have become enjoyable blue trails providing weary feet a rest. From the perspective of a river runner the portable packrafts allow creative new approaches and access to previously inaccessible wilderness rivers.

WILDERNESS WHITEWATER

The amphibious nature of packrafting is driving a renaissance in wilderness travel.

At Corn Creek Ranger Station, we stopped next to a group of 30 paddlers. Our one-man boats and minimalist gear contrasted sharply with their large blue oar rafts loaded with tables, chairs, barbecues, coolers, and beer. Strapped to the bows of our light nylon boats, Hyperlite Mountain Gear packs contained the minimalist's approach to river running. Even including our food, our packs weighed less than 30 pounds each. After our river briefing the ranger inspected our required equipment, including an aluminum fire pan, wag bags, and mesh grey water strainer.

Gunbarrel, Rainier, and Lance Rapids all went smoothly. Our boats, loaded with heavy camping gear and eight days of food, felt sluggish and hard to maneuver. The extra weight, however, provided ballast and we all easily punched through the big wave trains.

At Salmon Falls, in addition to big waves, there were a few must make moves. Unlike the previous rapids there was more involved than picking a line and paddling hard. After riding a smooth tongue of water mid-way into the rapid I navigated my boat hard to the left, crossed a strong eddy line and perilously skirted the edge



Forrest McCarthy points it through a slot on the Middle Fork of the Salmon.

of a flipper hole. A series of large splashy waves provided a dramatic finish. In the flat water below I eddied out and waited for the others.

An aluminum motorboat staffed with Forest Service fire fighters sat below Salmon Falls. Once we were clear, the boat's 70-horsepower engine revved up and propelled it rapidly up stream. The encounter made us realize we were not

the first ones to run this river as a return trip, just the first to do so without a motor.

This stretch of the Salmon River is within the Wilderness boundary; it's also designated a Wild and Scenic River. In 1980 Idaho Senator Frank Church forged a compromise that protected the river's natural character, while grandfathering in many existing uses, including permanent structures, airplanes, and motorized riverboats. The Salmon's Wild and Scenic designation (that allows motorized use) takes precedence over its Wilderness designation. While the wilderness character of the area would certainly be enhanced if motorized activity were prohibited, the existence of this massive wilderness area seems a reasonable alternative to road building, logging, mining, or even the addition of hydropower dams in central Idaho.

During low September flows, Big Mallard Rapids are the technical crux of the main Salmon. We stopped to scout from river right. Just a few short years ago, running

Forrest McCarthy, Andrew McLean, and Tom Turiano hike over Chicken Peak in the River of No Return Wilderness.



WILDERNESS WHITEWATER

these large water features in a packraft was on the fringe of possibility. Our old open boats easily flipped or swamped in large turbulent water. Recent innovations by Feathercraft and Alpackraft, however, have been game changers. Hydrodynamic hull designs, spray decks, and thigh straps are allowing intrepid packrafters to confidently negotiate big whitewater.

The first few of us successfully maneuvered the tumultuous drop. Jim went next, entering smoothly, but his stern was sucked into a hole thrusting his bow towards the sky. The result was an unintentional backflip or “Bandersnatch” resulting in a swim. For packrafters, Lewis Carroll’s nightmarish character made famous in the poem “Jabberwocky” (and expounded upon in his poem, “The Hunting of the Snark”) lives

on. Fortunately a long reach of flatwater followed the drop, and mid-stream Jim expertly performed a wet re-entry.

Late on the evening of the second day we reached Mackay Bar and the confluence of the Main and South Fork Salmon. We camped on a white sandy beach enclosed by majestic Ponderosa Pines. As a small fire of drift wood heated the fillings for fajitas, we feasted on appetizers of storytelling, laughter, and camaraderie.

The following day was spent exploring the South Fork of the Salmon by foot. For more than 10 miles, the major tributary carved a steep granite canyon through the Salmon River Mountains. The colors of early autumn, including yellow aspen and

red ivy, adorned steep walls of crumbing igneous rock.

Five miles above our camp, at a series of Class IV rapids, we stopped and re-inflated our boats. At low September flows the stretch was steep and technical, yet manageable and fun. We stopped to inspect the most serious bits. Tricky route finding through tight restrictions and an exciting pour-over generated heavy doses of endorphins. Big smiles and hoots of enjoyment filled the canyon.

The following morning we arose early to begin our arduous overland trek. We hoped to ascend 6,500 feet to Horse Heaven Ridge and Chicken Peak before the afternoon heat set in. After climbing 4,000 feet of seemingly endless switchbacks the

Mike Curiak paddles into a rapid on the Salmon River.



ascent eased and the trail meandered along an aesthetic ridge. Smoke from the fires slowly dissipated, unveiling a labyrinth of mountains, ridges, valleys, and canyons below.

Below the old Chicken Peak Fire Tower (8,600 feet) we found an unlikely spring and a flat ridge-top campsite overlooking a massive untrammelled landscape. That night cooling mountain air coated our sleeping bags with silver frost. The next morning a warm campfire, a pot of cowboy coffee, and Ibuprofen prepared us for another day of hiking, including a 3,500-foot descent into Big Creek.

Beaver Creek provided the most direct route to Big Creek and the Middle Fork of the Salmon, however the upper reaches of

Beaver Creek, we discovered, were rarely traveled. The well-maintained system of horse trails we had been following disappeared as we descended into the upper reaches of Beaver Creek. An occasional trail blaze or sawed log provided fading proof of the trail portrayed on our USGS topographic map. For 3.5 miles we fought and stumbled through a land thick with alders and downed timber.

At Hand Creek we intersected a well-maintained trail used regularly by stock to access popular hunting camps in Chamberlain Basin. A few hours later we were camped at Big Creek. The creek was too shallow to float our packrafts there, so the following morning we continued another six miles downstream by foot. Fortunately we found that Monument



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WILDERNESS WHITEWATER

Creek contributed enough additional water to allow us to rest our tired feet and paddle. Still boney, Big Creek kept our progress slow and we covered only 12 more miles before dwindling daylight forced us to stop at a large sand bar near Cabin Creek. Lit red by a smoky sunset, the pure beauty of the setting alleviated any frustrations brought about by the slow pace and lack of mileage.

Due to limited vacation time, the focus of many of my recent wilderness adventures has been on covering as many miles in as little time as possible. Several friends have joked of giving me a speeding ticket for traveling too fast through the wilderness. This light and fast type of travel requires a high level of intensity and landscape awareness, often resulting in proud moments and fantastic memories. On this trip, however, the slow pace of the rivers,

the short days of autumn, and the stress-free attitude of my companions created an agreeable and welcome change of pace.

Not far below our camp, Big Creek is pinched between intimidating walls of granite—the beginning of Big Creek Gorge and nearly four miles of continuous Class III+ read-and-run whitewater. Before we entered, we visited ancient petroglyphs left by the area's former inhabitants—the Shoshone speaking Sheepeaters. The strange red markings on both sides of this natural portal hint at something important and mystical about the place. With respect and intrigue we can't help but ponder their meaning.

When we returned to the river, we encountered tight, rocky, rapids stacked back to back. Packrafts are highly

maneuverable and forgiving and therefore the ideal crafts for navigating low volume technical creeks—perfect little boats for the four-mile whitewater section above the confluence with the Middle Fork. Without hesitation the six of us descended through giant boulders, tight slots, and small fast drops, a natural amusement park ride of pure joy.

At the confluence of Big Creek and the Middle Fork Salmon we celebrated with hoots and high fives.

Below lay 20-plus miles of legendary whitewater, including possibly the best section of the Middle Fork. Rapids included: Porcupine, Rubber, Redside, Ouzel, and Hancock. The fun never stopped. Our skills sharp from our time on the Main and



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Mike Curiak bivies on the bank of Big Creek.

Big Creek, we punched through the rapids joyfully and with confidence.

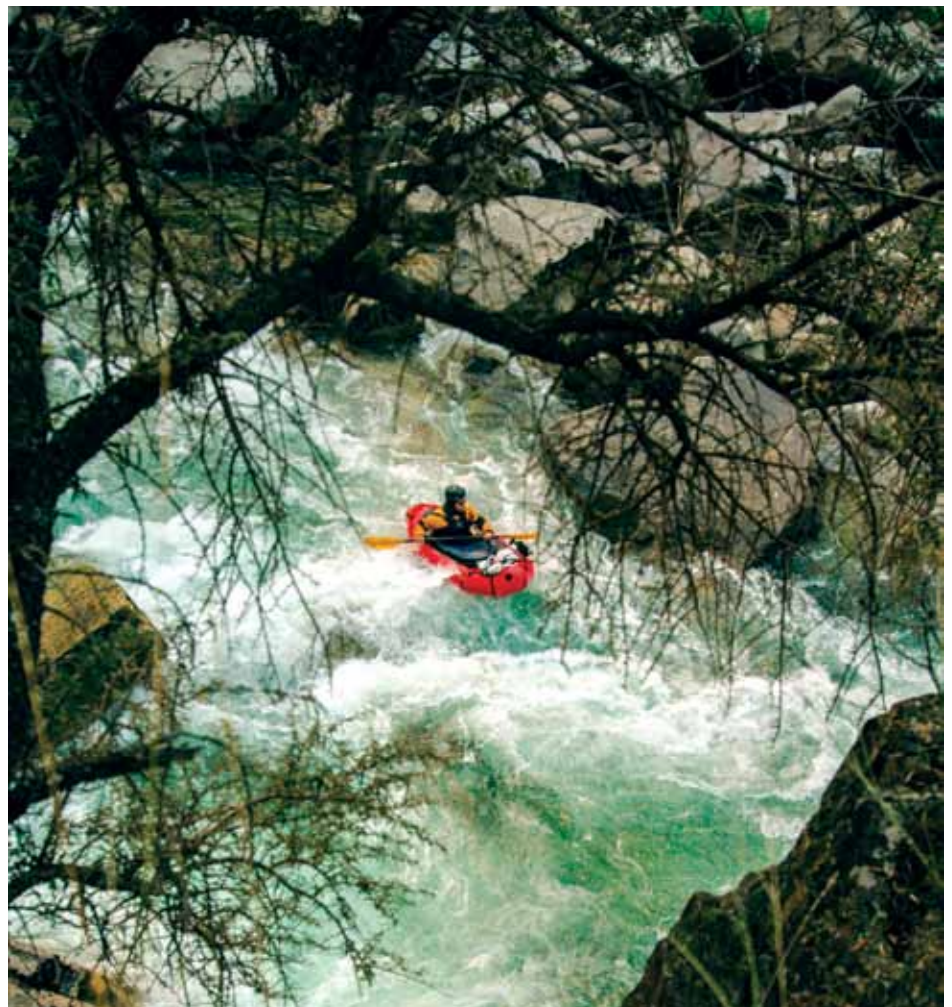
Bloated with hubris, I began picking more challenging lines through the rapids. At an unnamed rapid I avoided the easy and obvious line along a smooth tongue of water and instead took a gamble in a section of turbulent water. Halfway down I found more than I was looking for in a wide sticky hole—a bandersnach. I swam the remainder of the rapid.

Nor was I alone in my overconfidence. At Ouzel Rapid Jim attempted an unlikely line through the chaotic water on river left. Soon after he entered the rapid he was ejected from his boat and thrashed by the fierce unpredictable water. The rest of us were relived when he emerged unscathed.

On river right five bighorn sheep eyed us with suspicion. We were so close I could see their rectangular pupils between thick curly horns.

The remaining few miles of the Middle Fork were tranquil as its waters continued on their steady push to join the Main Salmon.

Moe Witschard paddles a rapid on the South Fork of the Salmon, ID.



At the confluence, three miles upstream from where we had started, there was significantly less smoke than eight days earlier. A mile above our put-in/take-out I saw a major break in the horizon—Cramer Creek Rapid. We got out to scout. After Moe provided us with his words of inspiration, we took turns confidently running the final rapid of this epic journey.

By completing the 150-mile loop through one of the largest swaths of wilderness in the contiguous 48 states we successfully proved travel on the River of No Return can be done with a round trip ticket. What made it even better was finishing as better friends than when we started. Sometimes adventures go better than planned. Our Salmon River of Return was one such.

LOVE & WHITEWATER

KAYAKING, A LOVE STORY

BY ANNIE BEGG

THIS IS MY love story; let's just say it's a bit out of context for this topic, maybe, but in a way we all can relate to.

I was one of THOSE people. You all know what I am talking about. It all began when my boss would show me awesome pictures of him kayaking local rivers. I was always amazed at the beauty and mysticism of the rapids. Finally, I decided to take my lake kayak down a Class II river near my house. I jumped in and quickly learned lesson #1: Do not put on the river three miles above the first rapid if you don't need to. Slowly I paddled my way down, enjoying the fall New England array of reds, oranges, and yellows that filled the trees. The cool breeze blew up against my face and over my un-helmeted head. As I neared the first rapids, a small amount of angst and excitement consumed my body. I would later come to refer to this as my "excitaterves." Making it through the rapid and consequentially having to empty my half submerged boat was both exhilarating and tiring. I had arrived...almost....

After completing the river with no swims, I stopped by a local outfitter shop and asked a bunch of questions. I guess you would say I was in lust. I learned about spray skirts and PFDs (not to be confused with PDFs), paddles, helmets and dry gear, which was essential for becoming a northeastern boater. Wow, boater, I liked the sounds of that. About a week later I purchased my very first whitewater kayak. I did not know then that this was the moment that would define me.

They say love can happen at first sight. I knew it to be true the moment I sat in my boat on my very first real river. An old friend of my dad's happened to be in town and was thrilled that I had bought a kayak. He said he would take me. It was the day after Thanksgiving on the Fife Brook section of the Deerfield. Yes, November 29th in upstate Massachusetts—it's amazing what love will make you do. I had my very used new boat, my new sprayskirt and a bunch of borrowed gear from Clarke Outdoors, a local outfitter shop. Brian explained to me some things about river safety and away we went. I learned about peel outs and eddies, and how to swim...twice. And I loved it.

I practiced my newly learned skill of heaving my boat onto my shoulder and bounced back to the car with a grin from ear to ear. I flooded Brian with questions about river reading, also called hydrotopography, rolling, different rivers, boats, anything I could think of. He just laughed and told me the next step was to learn how to roll.

So, there I was, December 1st in a lake with a small unfrozen patch by shore learning how to roll. Unfortunately I did not get the mechanics down before my teeth wouldn't stop chattering and it was time to end the roll session. Brian was heading back to North Carolina the next day, but told me I could find pool sessions at local YMCAs. The only pool session that fit my schedule was 2 ½ hours away. With love this strong I would not let any distance come between me and my boat, so every Saturday I would take the haul up to North Adams for my two hour pool session. I will never forget the first time I arrived. I didn't know anyone, and didn't have a paddle. The locals there who became my mentors and friends loaned me a paddle and their time. They were wonderful. They got me rolling. Onside, then offside, then back deck. I was unstoppable!

I hit the Fife Brook a few times in January with my pool session pals, but I knew I needed more. I needed a foundation. That March I made my way down to North Carolina for 12 days. Brian had a place near the Nantahala River, and said he would teach me. I met many other boaters who came in for the weekends. We kayaked, then hung out, and ate, and played cornhole, and talked shop around the fire. In those 12 days, I learned there was so much more to being a kayaker than just the whitewater. This was not just a sport. This was a lifestyle.

The Honeymoon period is always the best. That feeling of going anywhere and doing anything just to be with your love.

The author on Rio Marañon, Peru.

Photo by Rocky Contos





The author tackling the Tallulah's Oceana (GA).
Photo by Chris Wing whitewaterdreams.com

While on the Nantahala I learned all the basics to get me going. When I returned to Connecticut, my number of days on the river skyrocketed. I was working second shift at the time, so I would boat with anyone who was willing to take me at any time. What's great about Northeastern paddlers is if you are willing, they will take you. I met tons of amazing boaters, and people who were more than willing to share their experience and skills with me. I quickly learned that paddling could take me places—in fact, anywhere I wanted to go—and that I would get to see those places from a perspective that few ever would. Over the course of two months, I paddled on 12 different rivers. I had one goal in mind: the first weekend of May, I was going to my first whitewater festival, Cheat Fest, to run the Cheat Canyon.

Like any good love story, there are always some rocks in the road (or, in this case, the river). It was the week of Cheat Fest, my bags were packed, my car was loaded and I began my seven-hour trek down to the wild and wonderful land of West Virginia. I was excited to meet up again with all my newfound North Carolina boaters and to meet a bunch of new people. Meeting people and smiling are my two favorite things! I pulled into Teeters Campground and found my friends. We planned to run the Lower Yough on Thursday and Cheat Canyon Friday.

I made it fairly unscathed (except for a minor Cucumber incident) down the Lower Yough. The next day was it, the Cheat Canyon. That morning I was energized by those wonderful feelings—my excitement-nerve. We walked down through the campground carrying our boats to the put-in. I had a great crew of experienced boaters that I knew well and they knew me. This, they said, would be some big water! I was following Brian, whom I trusted. I had been doing this from day one of boating. Our friend Pat was right behind me, just in case, to clean up any messes. I felt like I had my armor of boaters on and was ready to go. We slowly moved down the river, taking each rapid in pieces. Each line, we analyzed and paddled meticulously. By the end of the day, I was swimless and stoked! I had done it! My friends gave me a big hug and then led me to the Glen Miller Shuttle. I didn't know it at the time, but it would be his final run. We made it back to the campsite and were ready for kayaker lifestyle round two: the party.

After much excitement and little sleep I arose the next day to find out that Brian and Pat were not going to run the Canyon again. They said I could go with their friends if I still wanted to do it. I had such a great time the day before I figured I should do it again.

We put on the river and began our way down. I could tell my boating was a bit off from being so tired. As we neared one of the bigger Rapids, High Falls, I was having

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LOVE & WHITEWATER

some doubts about whether or not to run it. We got out and scouted. I decided to run it anyway. About a quarter of the way down, I realized I was heading in the direction of a big rock sticking out of the water. I hesitated. My boat flipped. I immediately got into tuck position, and then it happened. The very rock I was trying to avoid, I now went screaming into bottom side up. My head and shoulder slammed into the rock. I found a few smaller rocks. I waited. One roll attempt. Two roll attempts. I pulled the cord and ejected myself from my boat. The crew I was with helped me to the side and wrangled my gear. They asked if I was ok. I said yes, but knew something was not right. I slowly got back into my boat and we continued down the river. Paul, who was behind me kept talking to me, but I was getting confused as to what I was responding with. I began throwing up in the river. My group did not know I didn't drink, so they assumed I had a rough night. I felt distant. My head hurt. I vomited all the way to the take-out and back to the campsite. When I got there I laid down, hoping to feel better.

Sometimes love hurts. That night I had a paper due for school, but could not write it because I was so confused. I decided to go listen to the live music instead. My head was progressively feeling worse. Finally a few friends of ours were nurses and EMTs

so they checked me out. They told Brian I needed to go to the emergency room. West Virginia ERs aren't like most places. They didn't have a radiologist to read the scans and I think the receptionist was moonlighting as a doctor. He said I had a concussion but would be fine the next day and could drive back home. That night, I was awoken every hour. Morning came and everyone was packing up to go home. I was still puking. I said I wanted to drive home though. I just wanted to be home. I was hurt and heartbroken.

I don't remember much of any of this. These are all accounts from my friends and family. I made it to somewhere in Pennsylvania when I needed to pull over because I was so confused and felt like I was driving under the influence. Brian and Pat called me and I could not speak right. I sounded like Porky Pig. "I do, I do I don't know wha wha what's wrong." They stayed on the phone and directed me to the closest hospital, and had friends of theirs there to meet me. The doctor said it was just a post-concussive state and I would be better by tomorrow or the day after. Jen and Paul drove me back to Jen's place in PA and called my dad to come pick me up.

I got back to Connecticut and spent 13 days in the hospital. Concussion quickly got re-diagnosed to Traumatic Brain Injury which

would change my life. My days were filled with neurologists, speech pathologists and physical therapists. I had to learn how to walk again. I dragged my left leg and my left side was weak. I needed to learn how to speak properly. The speech pathologist said to speak slow, soft, and sexy. None of which I could do prior to the injury! My memory was equivalent to my 86-year-old grandmother's. I would tell the same story 10 times to the same person in one day. I had messed up my vestibular system, which controlled my balance.


I was released from the hospital still in rough shape and with a long road ahead of me. I had to walk with a walker the first month because I could not stand on my own. I couldn't leave the house because everything was too over-stimulating. Computer screens scrolled too fast for my brain to process. TV was out of the question. The worst part, I was going into my senior year of college and could not comprehend a simple sentence when I read one. I went through months of vestibular therapy, speech and memory therapy, and my heart bleeding for my long lost love.

They say meeting your love brings out the best in you. Since my injury, there have been a lot of changes in my life. I have had to re-learn how to live in many ways. What it also did was made me realize that life is too short to not live it to the fullest. Almost exactly a year after my injury I re-ran the Cheat Canyon, and I ran High Falls, and I did not let that injury get the best of me or stop me from doing what I love. Since then, I have spent a month in Colorado paddling, moved to North Carolina to be around better whitewater and traveled to Peru to help with a 26-day decent down a nearly un-run river. Paddling is a lifestyle. It is my love. It is what defines me.



If you follow your love, you never know where it might take you. Rio Marañon, Peru.

Photo by Rocky Contos



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WOMEN IN WHITEWATER

BENEATH THE SURFACE

BY LESLIE CRAWFORD

AS I SAT above the roaring torrent of water below, I wondered how I was going to get out of this alive.

Watching a slot canyon fill with water from a flash flood is an awesome experience. Seeing the power of water move boulders that once seemed immovable—boulders that I had just climbed over to make it out of the rising flow before it pushed me downstream as it did those huge house sized rocks. Actually, there were two women that day, my best friend Lyn and I, hiking a slot canyon in the desert of Utah.

Lyn was gone; I survived. I would never be the same after that experience. Stories about the power of water were no longer just stories...they had meaning and I knew that I had to find out what that meant to me.

In 2012, I signed up for whitewater river guide training on the Wenatchee River with a Washington-based guide service. I was a little excited! I had spent the previous summer at the base camp with whitewater river guides, hearing their stories about waves, flips, and near misses. I was looking forward to learning how to tame the river as I had been unable to looking down on that slot canyon so many years before.

The first morning of river guide training dawned cold and gray. Remnants of snow were still on the ground as we stood in a circle and introduced ourselves, our words condensing in the cold air. That first weekend, I learned how to rig a raft, how to load it onto a trailer, how to dress for the afternoon virgin trip down the river, and how big the water was that day. In early March, the water in the Wenatchee River runs very low but to me, it may as well have been the Grand Canyon. As I got into the boat for the first time as a trainee, I couldn't hear anything the trainer was saying to me. I just heard the roar of the water and my internal voice asking me if I was sure I wanted to do this.

My husband, an experienced kayaker and river guide, had given me some advice before I started guide training. "Be the first to do everything—show no hesitation—if they need volunteers, raise your hand."

After getting the boat on the river, the trainer inevitably asked, "Who wants the stick?"

My hand was the first to go up even though I would have rather swum to shore. I tried to guide the boat down Class II rapids that may as well have been Class V and quickly learned that there was no way I could "tame" the river—I couldn't even get the boat to move in the direction I wanted! I whispered commands, swore a lot, and ended my turn on the stick exhausted. My fellow boat mates did much better than I, and I finished the trip tired and cold.

The rest of guide training was similar to that first day. My fellow trainees seemed to understand how to move the boat from side to side, how to eddy out, and how to ferry across the river. They understood how to hit waves and avoid bridge pillars. When I had the stick, I was shaky and scared. The bridge pillar that I was to avoid seemed to always be inches away and I was always headed straight for it! By some twist of fate, I avoided every single one but hit my share of rocks. At points, my trainer had to step in.

As the water rose during spring runoff, my excitement increased. I would sit in my office during the week and check the river levels every day as they rose. I couldn't wait to see the water that weekend. I would long to see how the water features changed as the depths and velocities became greater. I would remember the guides telling us about waves that only came out at certain levels and wished I was there to see them in their glory. I would imagine guiding a boat confidently down the river hearing the delightful and fearful scream of

The author facing down fears.
Photo by Shawn Crawford

happy clients as we made it through wave after wave.

Once I got out to the river on Friday, my off river confidence would quickly disappear and I became scared, reflecting on the power of the water in that slot canyon. But as my motto has always been "feel the fear and do it anyway," I would get my gear, grab a stick, and get in a boat.

One such occasion, I was in a 13-foot boat with a fellow trainee, Meghan, and my husband. The water was running at 12,000 cfs which was the biggest it had been all year and three times as big as it had been the previous weekend during guide training. I was scared but excited because Meghan had proven herself to be very accomplished on the river and my husband had twenty years of experience in whitewater. I knew that if I just followed commands that day and worked hard, it would be a fun day on the river. The air temperature was cold and the water was even colder as we put in. We realized that the boat was underinflated but figured we would be okay.



The three of us had good synergy as we went down the river. I even called out some commands from the back of the boat without flipping or getting us into too much trouble. We chatted as we floated into a slow part of the river. For the first time that year, there were boils, eddies, and whirlpools in this part of the river. I had never seen them before and as I sat, pondering their cause, I found myself underwater. Apparently, we had floated up to one of those eddies and the tube I was sitting on got sucked in along with me.

For a moment, I didn't know which way was up. I always heard that if stuck in an avalanche that one should spit to learn which way was down. That was clearly not going to work in this situation so I figured the PFD would bring me to the surface. Instead of floating to free air, I felt the

rubber of a raft on top of me. As I was told to do during guide training, I placed both hands on the bottom of the raft to start moving my body beyond the boat so I could reach the surface. Nothing happened except that my level of fear increased. I kept pushing. The boat did not move; I did not move.

In the boat, my husband and Meghan were looking all around the boat, waiting for me to surface. My husband saw my paddle blade emerge and grabbed it, thinking I would come up on the other end. When he started pulling, I let go and he realized something was very wrong. He kept waiting for me to surface and when I didn't, my husband grabbed the rope bag and started ordering Meghan to move the boat. As he was running around the raft, he felt my

hands underneath the boat and realized that I was under the boat.

At this point, I could feel his feet with my hands and I started screaming knowing full well that no one would ever hear me but it seemed to make me feel better. I no longer felt fear but amazement that drowning wasn't such a bad way to die. I had always thought that it would be a terrifying experience and although the terror was there in the beginning, the actual act of drowning wasn't so bad.

As I began to succumb to the experience, a sudden burst of energy allowed me to push the boat to the side and I found myself in fresh air although it didn't feel like I could breathe. I was floating down river and heard voices behind me as my husband directed Meghan, with quite a few expletives, to

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WOMEN IN WHITEWATER



The author in a peaceful moment on the river.
Photo by Shawn Crawford

to get any air. The boat finally caught up to me and my husband grabbed me as Meghan guided us to shore.

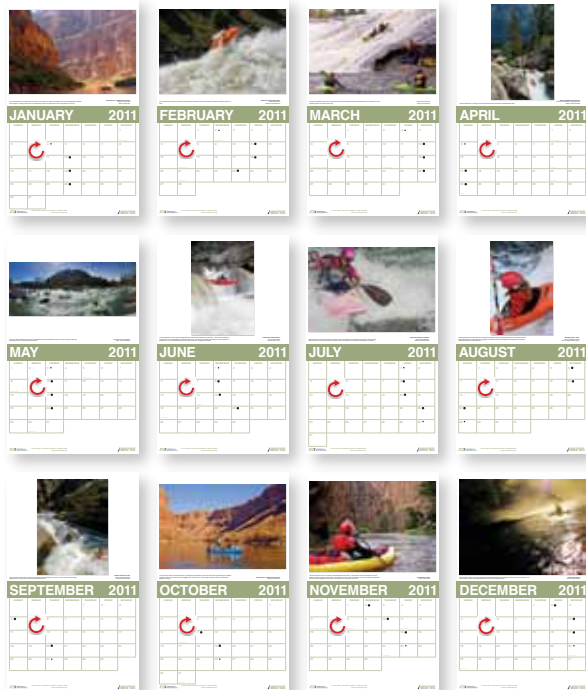
Although shaken up, I was generally okay and finished the trip on the river that day. I also finished guide training and guided a number of trips down the river that summer.

to me. The river taught me in those few moments that it is not to be “tamed” as I originally thought. The river has taught me that although it can be dramatic and beautiful, it can also be silent and full of secrets. This is a great analogy to my life. It seems that I worry so much about those moments that may never come, like flipping a boat in a big wave. The really important things in life take place when you least expect them. The river, like life, is not to be tamed. It is to be experienced in its beautiful, dramatic, and silent moments. It is full of experiences that happen under the surface of our perception if only we are lucky enough to experience them.

As the season ended and I look back on the experiences of the summer, those few moments under the raft stand out most

get the boat to me. I was focused on one thing—getting to shore—but the water was moving so quickly and I couldn’t seem

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WOMEN IN WHITEWATER

THE SHUTTLE BUNNY PERSPECTIVE

BY KAREN GREEN

WHEN SHE WAS 18 months old I found her standing on the kitchen table reaching for the chandelier. When she was two, I looked out the picture window and saw her in the middle of the road. At four she climbed the rope straight to the ceiling at an indoor rock climbing place. At 10 she played ice hockey on a mostly boys team and was nick-named “The Enforcer.” My daughter Katelyn, who will be 15 in June, has always had the need for speed, the thirst for adventure and a talent for pushing her limits. So, it really came as no surprise that, when her friend David’s parents introduced them to whitewater kayaking a few years ago, she was instantly addicted and our family life profoundly changed.

In our house words like roll, booty juice and take-out actually have no relation to food and The Jacksons are not a singing group. Some mothers take their daughters to dance class. I take mine to Class III and IV rapids and hold my breath while she careens madly down the river through “wave trains” and “holes,” sometimes upside down, held in place by the only kind of skirt she ever wears — a Kevlar spray skirt. Friends of mine teach their daughters to sew. Our arts and crafts project last year was replacing the Neoprene gaskets in Katelyn’s drysuit. Most girls her age sport namebrands like Abercrombie and Hollister while Katelyn’s wardrobe is from Kokatat.

The boats and equipment are expensive and Katelyn works hard to earn money to help pay for it. She works for the family business in the summer and also interned at a local kayak shop near our house helping

teach classes, hauling boats and sorting life jackets in exchange for store credit and the employee discount.

She’s learned so much from so many. Her friends in the local paddling club and the AMC are so kind to take her out on the river. She participated in the Junior Olympics at Tarifville last summer and plans to do it again this summer. To be on the river with some of the leaders in the sport was an amazing experience. Since my husband and I don’t kayak at her level, we signed her up for multiple clinics at Zoar Outdoor in Deerfield, Massachusetts last summer. The talented and wonderful instructors brought her kayaking to a new level. She’s also hoping to attend a week up at the Ottawa Kayak School this summer.

Katelyn paddles with some of the nicest people we’ve ever met. While this includes



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Katelyn and a group of kayakers from Zoar Outdoor get last minute pep-talk and instructions from their instructor before heading down the Dryway -- a Class IV section of the Deerfield River in Massachusetts.

Photo by Karen Green

many amazing women, we have noticed that kayaking remains a pretty male-dominated sport, a fact that is even more obvious amongst Katelyn's age group. In her 2 ½ years of paddling I think we may have met only a couple of girls Katelyn's age. While she can usually be assured of a first place since she's the only one in the category, and the boys that she paddles with are great friends, it would be nice to see more girls out on the river.

Dave Faber, owner of CT Outdoors, recognizes the need to get more young people, and young girls in particular, involved in kayaking. He has chosen Katelyn to be the female half of his 2013 Whitewater Team to help promote kayaking in the younger generation. He generously has provided a new 2013 Jackson kayak to each of the two team members. They will participate in their first team race on May 4th on the Naugatuck River and will attend expos and fairs with him to help interest more young people in the sport of kayaking.

Janet Cowie, the school director at Zoar Outdoor, has offered Katelyn an internship position for the summer of 2013, which she accepted without a moment's hesitation. She is "stoked" to have the opportunity to learn even more from some of the best instructors around and to spend so much time on the river. Katelyn also hopes working at Zoar will allow her to be a role model for other young women who are interested in getting into the sport of whitewater paddling.

When asked why she loves kayaking, Katelyn says, "it allows you connect with nature and meet great people. Advancing and perfecting technique is always the goal of the kayaker, but there is so much more you can discover as you travel from river to river." I love how she looks after a day on the river – smiling, tired, glowing from the time spent out on the water in the sunshine not sitting at home on the computer or wandering around the mall.

My friends and family ask me how I handle being the mom of such an active girl – in

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addition to kayaking, Katelyn still plays ice hockey and skis. We have an old green Chevy Astro van that is our favorite way to roll. It's covered with stickers, the floor of the van is usually covered in river sand and the van has a permanent swampy smell from the damp equipment. I'm the most popular shuttle driver since the van can carry seven kayakers from the take-out to the put-in and back again. I love to hop along the river route to catch pictures and videos of the group and the kids know I always have snacks to hand out along the way. I love sitting by the river soaking up the sun and a good book while I wait for Katelyn and her friends to paddle by. I'm the shuttle bunny, the equipment manager, and the photographer. Sometimes we set up our camper along the Deerfield so she can be close to the river and I work out of my "remote" office at the campground while she paddles.

Despite the hours I spend sitting and watching at the river, the long drives, the nail-biting moments while she bobs in and out of sight through the rapids, and the numerous injuries she has sustained in her



Headed down the Dryway, Katelyn's first time in Class IV. Katelyn is 4th in line in the white helmet.

Photo by Karen Green

quest for adventure, I wouldn't trade the time with her for anything. I love her like

crazy and I'm so proud of her. One Sunday we were headed home from Deerfield after a terrific paddling weekend. We had her Jackson Villain stuffed in the van between us and it blocked my view of her in the passenger seat. We were chatting quietly in the car and I could hear how tired she was. I was telling her how, earlier in the day, the paddlers had stopped where I was waiting along the river and had a little snack of peanut butter crackers and Clementines that I had brought. I told her that as they paddled away I heard one of the grownups say to her "your mom is awesome" and how good that made me feel. "You are awesome," piped up a sleepy voice from the other side of the car. I smiled to myself knowing that any day a teenager thinks her mom is awesome is a good day indeed.

SYOTR!

Katelyn playing in the hole at Tariffville Gorge in Tariffville, CT.

Photo by Karen Green



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LOVE & WHITEWATER

LITTLE WHITE ENGAGEMENT

BY CHRISTIE EASTMAN

IN OCTOBER OF 2008 I was putting on the Green Truss section of the White Salmon River with a group of friends when a guy walked up and asked if he could join us. He mentioned that he had just moved to the area from Ohio and had never paddled any of the runs in the Columbia River Gorge. I am all about meeting new people to paddle with, but not so excited about putting on a Class IV-V waterfall run with a complete stranger. I could tell by the awkward silence that the rest of the group was also feeling hesitant, especially since we were all bundled up in drysuits and he was wearing board shorts, a dry top with torn gaskets, and some duct-taped tennies. The White Salmon River is freezing

cold year-round, especially from October to February. However, a member of our group spoke up and told the guy he was welcome to join us and that we would show him down the river.

Well here's a great lesson in not judging a paddler by his appearance! This guy, Drew Eastman, turned out to be an awesome boater and a seasoned river guide. It was great to have him along on the trip. About halfway down the run I flipped over in a difficult rapid called Upper Zigzag, got pinned against the wall, swam, and lost my paddle. Drew helped in the effort to recover my paddle and we all ended up having a great day on the river. We exchanged numbers at the take-out and throughout the next year he became one of my favorite people to paddle with. We got to know each other really well on some

memorable trips to the Clendenning River in British Columbia, the Feather Festival in California, and the Tieton in Washington. He eventually asked me out on a date but I was pretty nervous because I didn't want to screw up one of the coolest paddling relationships I'd ever had.

Luckily I decided to take him up on the offer, and it was not the typical date that I expected from a fellow kayaker. We started off with a waterfall hike, went out to dinner, and then things really got interesting. Drew drove me down to the Columbia River at sunset where there were two kayaks stashed on shore. We paddled out to an island and pulled up on a beach at dusk. I was completely shocked to find a canopy set up with a table for two, strawberries, and a bottle of champagne. Drew threw a match on the kindling that was ready to go

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Getting engaged at Spirit Falls, the best adventure yet.
 Photo by Nicole Mansfield

in the pre-made fire pit while I tried to grasp the concept that he had come out and set everything up earlier that day. It was a very impressive first date! At that point I knew he was a keeper, and before I knew what hit me, I had a really fun boyfriend!

To my relief, dating did not mess with our paddling relationship. In fact, it gave us even more opportunities to travel and paddle together. We learned how to communicate really well on the river and ran some of the toughest runs I've ever done, just the two of us. It was great to be around someone who was constantly motivating me to get out on the water and I loved having a partner in crime to plan new adventures with.

My favorite adventure was in the summer of 2011 while paddling the Little White Salmon River. It was a sunny day in July and we got out to take pictures of our friends

running Spirit Falls. Drew knelt down to get a camera out of his dry box—or so I thought. When I looked down he was holding a ring instead and he proposed right at the lip of Spirit. I was completely caught off guard, but of course I said, “YES!” and all our friends were cheering from the pool below. It was definitely my favorite day on the Little White, ever! So, I'm sure glad that Drew decided to join us that day on the Green Truss. It's great to be with someone who understands that sometimes it's important to drop everything last minute because a river just came in and you *have* to go kayaking!



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WILDERNESS WHITEWATER

STORIES FROM EXPLORE SIX RIVERS – KLAMATH RIVER AT FLOOD

BY PAUL GAMACHE



Warning: High water can make rivers extremely dangerous. While it can create amazing river features, there can also be lethal hydraulics, violent eddy lines, floating debris, countless strainers, and many other unforgiving consequences. Please use extreme caution while paddling in these conditions.

PUTTING IN AT Iron Gate Dam we were looking forward to being on the water for three days. Our goal was to make it to Somes Bar, stopping just before the “unrunnable” Ishi Pishi Falls, a sacred Karuk ceremonial site.

On the way out of Arcata, Dan borrowed a canoe from paddling legend Don Iverson. Once again, with some of us loading into the back of Wes’ truck we took off for Medford, Oregon. Thanks to Alice DiMichele and Jeff Burlingham we had a place to stay for the night, which would allow us to get on the water early the next day.

Our first day was relatively enjoyable. The weather was sunny at times but heavy storm clouds loomed. The river was mostly

Class I/II with an occasional easy Class III rapid. The biggest scare of the day came when we paddled by a shooting range. The gun club had set the targets across the river and before we knew what was going on we could hear bullets flying directly over our heads. We paddled hard to river right, hoping the embankment would be high

enough to protect us from being shot in the head. We all yelled out and made sounds to try and alert the shooters that we were in the crossfire. Bullet after bullet whizzed by our heads. Thankfully, we managed to escape without injury but the intensity of the situation was more than enough excitement for the day.





Jon and Four Winds Rafting Company on the flats before the Savage Rapids.
Photo by Paul Gamache

Not long after the near death flat-water experience we pulled out for the day. The Blue Heron river access served as our take-out and we called Tom Alexander, a friend of Alice's and owner of Four Winds Rafting Company. Feeling fortunate to have a dry place to stay, we crashed in their guide house for the night.

In the morning we launched our boats at Blue Heron and continued down the river. Four Winds Rafting joined us for the "Savage Rapids" section, which was fun Class III+ followed by Otter's Playpen rapid.

Around 4 pm we were at Happy Camp. Wes, who had been talking about the Pizza Factory in Happy Camp for the last week made a beeline for what he considered to be the best pizza in the area. We enjoyed talking to the locals about how high they thought the river was and how dangerous it was at this level. We laughed it off and enjoyed the pizza, heading back to the guide house for another warm, dry night.

Opposite: Put-in below Iron Gate Dam.

Photo by Will Parham

Right: Dan Menten and the canoe outfitting.

Photo by Paul Gamache

That night the river went from 11,000 cfs to 40,000 cfs and was continuing to rise. Within a few hours it would be topping out at nearly 80,000 cfs. In the morning the entire group was noticeably concerned. This was the "Dragon's Tooth" section at what would definitely be considered flood stage. I had done this Indian Creek (Happy Camp) to Coon Creek section many times. Usually it takes a full day while some rafting

trips turn this stretch into a two-day trip at low summer flows. As we pushed away from the flooded boat ramp in Happy Camp my stomach sank at the thought that we were heading towards disaster.

Thankfully, our team was solid. The only problem was that Dan was still in an open canoe. The very real possibility of him swimming forced me to focus on keeping an eye on him. However, there is comfort in the saying, "at least I'm better off than that guy." But Dan was not an average canoeist. He was a former member of the U.S. OC1 Junior Olympic Team. Although he hadn't canoed difficult whitewater in several years he had the background and training to pull this off.

The river was raging. The eddy lines formed vicious whirlpools; nothing like the Congo but intense nonetheless. Jon Hyland, Will Parham, Wes Schrecongost, Dan Menten and I were heading into the California big water equivalent of Arizona's Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Massive standing waves and rolling wave trains teased us to let our guard down. "Come surf me" you could hear them say. Will, who is a phenomenal playboater, took the call and paddled onto a few huge waves, which could only be



WILDERNESS WHITEWATER



Full sized logs would float by and occasionally thump the bottom of our boats. Here a log springs into the air.

Photo by Paul Gamache

caught on the fly. The thought of taking a full-sized log to the chest or face while surfing kept most of us at bay.

Making a sharp left turn I knew what was coming next. Up ahead lay the first rapid of concern on the run, Rattlesnake. Thankfully Wes, who was in a Green Boat, took the lead and felt confident on the high-water line. "Ah it's no big deal, you just stay left." Personally, I was terrified and dropped in next to Dan hoping to be on hand if he were to have any problems. Wes called it and we all made it through with no problems. The tension dropped a little bit, as we knew we had made it through at least one named rapid on the run. The GPS had clocked us at nearly 19 mph going through Rattlesnake.

From the start of the run there was only one thing on my mind: Dragon's Tooth. This Class IV rapid at low water is usually a fun

Wes Schrecongost leading the charge into the unknown. Dragon's Tooth at nearly 80,000 cfs.

Photo by Paul Gamache

rapid, but also challenging in a raft due to a tight pinch that lines you up to go right into a rock. As you make this move there is a large house-size rock on your right. Today, I knew this rock would be an enormous river feature.



Thankfully, Wes was on his game. Pulling into an upstream eddy on river right, we stopped and collected the group. Wasting no time Wes called out the line to river left and took off. Without any discussion or instruction we peeled out, one after the next, hoping Wes's beta was solid once again.

We charged hard from our river-right eddy to make it back to river left before the start of the rapid. Easy rolling waves were the first features we encountered. Large waves were building to our right. Then something changed. We all realized the waves in the center of the river were actually extremely friendly. I could see Will's focus change immediately from keeping the hard left sneak to, "which of these waves looks best." As he charged hard to get into the center of the current I paddled to close the distance with Dan who was just in front of Will.

While the rapid was easy and forgiving in a closed kayak, in an open canoe it was a different story. Dan had float bags to block some of the boat from being filled with water but it could easily still quazi-swamp and capsize. Nearing the last feature of the rapid Dan was turned sideways. He braced

hard into the breaking wave and made it up and over the top. He raised his arms and paddle into the air and cheered what was, and will be for some time, the highest water descent of Dragon's Tooth in an open canoe.

After the rapid we gathered together and celebrated having made it through. From here down there were still rapids but nothing as mentally challenging as the thought of Dragon's Tooth. Passing Ukonom Creek, a cheer erupted amongst the group. The water was blasting through the canyon that is home to a fun hike in the summer time. The thought of the ever-present poison oak suffering beneath the water made me smile. Hopefully enough water was rushing through to rip it out at its roots and never be seen again!



Some amazing scenery on the Klamath.
Photo by Paul Gamache

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WILDERNESS WHITEWATER



Will drops into an enormous wave.

Photo by Paul Gamache

Once past Ukonom we made our way towards Coon Creek. We had just completed a two-day rafting trip in an hour and forty minutes. While we cheered and high-fived at this milestone, there was something wrong with Dan. He was extremely exhausted. The amount of energy he had put into keep the boat upright must have taxed him to the breaking point. Little did we know at the time but the beer Dan had picked up in Happy Camp was laced with mold. He was suffering the effects of mold poisoning. Dan also happened to be allergic to penicillin.

We slowed down a bit so Dan could keep up. As a result, we spent more time catching waves and searching for the “Black Mass” or “Gladiator” wave of the Klamath. We found several above take-out that could hold their own against some of the best-known big waves out there. Will claims he surfed the largest wave he’s ever surfed that day.

Nearing the take-out, our final obstacle came into play. If we missed the Green

In the 1964 flood Bluff Creek changed directions and now enters the Klamath upstream of its original confluence. Here it is once again at flood stage.

Photo by Will Parham

Riffle river access we would be heading towards Ishi Pishi Falls. Not only is this a scared site but it is also an enormous rapid, even at low water. At flood it would potentially be deadly.

Searching for any sort of take-out option we finally found the river access and Wes’ truck. Loading boats onto the roof, we all breathed a sigh of relief at having survived the high water. Next time would be much easier with a reduced level of tension from the unknown. All said and done, we had travelled 125 miles in three days. The last

40 miles of which only took four hours to complete.

On our way home we passed by the Bluff Creek confluence. We stopped the car and got out to walk along the bridge. As we stared down into the thunderous mayhem below we could hear the loud rumble of massive boulders shifting in the riverbed. Thoughts of what changes this storm would bring to the local rivers filled us with excitement as we crammed ourselves back into Wes’ fully loaded truck.

About Explore Six Rivers:

Six Rivers National Forest in Northern California is named after the Smith, Klamath, Trinity, Eel, Van Duzen, and Mad rivers. In February of 2012, the team consisting of Will Parham, Wes Schrecongost, Dan Menten and Paul Gamache began their goal of paddling all six rivers from source to sea in a single season. The purpose of the expedition was to explore and promote paddling in and around the North Coast. This is one story, from one section, of one river. For more information and an online video of this section please visit: ExploreSixRivers.com

Paul Gamache is currently in Cameroon on a Sperry Top-Sider supported expedition. ChutesDuCameroun.com





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Each day American Whitewater faces new challenges that threaten our whitewater rivers. To aid us in this fight, we rely on support from members, donors, foundations, and partners in the industry. Companies throughout the whitewater and outdoor industries are stepping forward to support AW's River Stewardship work. American Whitewater urges you not to make purchase decisions blindly. When you buy your next piece of outdoor gear there are many factors to consider: quality, dependability, comfort, safety, and fashion. American Whitewater hopes you will add one more consideration to this list: corporate responsibility. Support companies that support your rivers.

K EEN INC., MANUFACTURER of original hybrid footwear, bags, and socks was founded in 2003. Headquartered in Portland, Oregon, KEEN offers innovative hybrid products that enable outdoor enthusiasts to enjoy an active lifestyle. Known for its innovation and creativity, KEEN started with the invention of the first sandal that protects the toe - the Newport. Since its inception, the company has applied that same problem-solving design approach to expand its footwear collection and offer bags and socks. KEEN offers products that allow people to go anywhere, from trekking the wilds of the world, exploring a cool city, heading to work, or skipping to a playground down the street. KEEN's products are sold in specialty footwear, travel and outdoor retailers, premium-sporting goods retailers and major outdoor specialty retail chains worldwide. In 2010, 2011, and 2012 KEEN was named one of "America's Best Places to Work" by Outside

magazine. KEEN strives to demonstrate integrity and leadership while promoting a vibrant, inclusive community.

About KEEN's Hybrid.Care Program

KEEN is about living the Hybridlife and its passion for outdoor pursuits has propelled the company to give back to a greater community. Through Hybrid.Care, KEEN strives to be a company with a conscience and to make a positive difference by supporting and working with social and environmental organizations around the world. In response to the 2005 Tsunami disaster, Hybrid.Care was established and since then KEEN has contributed monetary donations, products and volunteer hours to non-profit organizations around the globe.

KEEN's footprint is starting to make a difference. Since 2004, the company has distributed more than \$7 million to non-profit organizations. With limited resources and widely different goals, our Hybrid.Care partners have paved the way for change through the outdoors, community, education and understanding. What these organizations share is a philosophy of caring, conscience and sustainability. What they've already given back is invaluable. Learn more at www.keenfootwear.com/hybridcare.

KEEN's Chris Enlow talks about the partnership this way; "Relationships like the one we have with American Whitewater are very important to KEEN. We feel fortunate to partner with AW, supporting the continued work it does for the environment, for responsible outdoor recreation and in building strong community."

American Whitewater is proud to be a KEEN Hybrid.Care partner.



Mosier Creek Falls. Josh Sheldon and Dan McCain are the rafters.
Photo by Paul Thomson
www.onthewildsidephotography.com

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AMERICAN WHITEWATER Today!

American Whitewater has been extraordinarily fortunate in our ability to leverage a strong grassroots base—members and other volunteers—to assist our limited staff with many whitewater river conservation and restoration efforts.

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:

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NEWS & NOTES

30TH NATIONAL PADDLING FILM FESTIVAL RECAP: RUSH RAPS, CONGO WINS

BY BETHANY OVERFIELD

THE NATIONAL PADDLING Film Festival took place on the 22nd and 23rd of February on the lovely grounds of the Buffalo Trace Distillery in Frankfort Kentucky. The 30th festival, organized and executed by the volunteers associated with the Bluegrass Wildwater Association, was a tremendous success. Rush Sturges was the guest host this year, and a special presentation was made by Leland Davis, of The River Gypsies and Brushy Mountain Publishing fame.

Leland kicked off the festivities on Friday night with a well-received presentation focusing on “Capturing the paddling experience through words and images.” Leland spoke about setting up for that perfect picture on the water and the equipment needed to do so. He also spoke about the best practices for attaching words to pictures.

In the grand finale of the festival on Saturday night, Rush opened his presentation by speaking briefly about NPFF crushing his dreams as a young and aspiring filmmaker. After submitting his first film at the age of 16, he was given some harsh feedback on the inappropriateness of rap in kayaking videos. Rush’s rebuttal, a decade later, included a live rap for the NPFF--which the crowd loved. Sturges went on to give a fascinating recount of the influence of whitewater in his life. He spoke about growing up in an atmosphere focused solely on kayaking (his parents run a kayaking school in northern California), his initial distaste for paddling at a young age, and ultimately the evolution of unearthing his passion for whitewater. Rush showed never-before-seen footage of some of his recent expeditions and blew the crowd away with new footage from some of his state-of-the-art cameras.

The film competition was particularly fierce this year with more footage than usual. Congo, by Steve Fisher, pulled away from the pack and won Best in Show and then tied with The Nomad, by Anson Fogel and Skip Armstrong, for Best Professional Documentary. Fogel and Armstrong nabbed another award for Best Professional General Boating with Cascada. Mike McKay, a staple at NPFF, won both the Accomplished General Boating and Documentary Categories. The full winners list is here:

Best of Show

Congo: The Grand Inga Project by Steve Fisher

Best Professional Documentary (tie)

Congo: The Grand Inga Project by Steve Fisher
The Nomad by Anson Fogel & Skip Armstrong

Best Professional Safety/ Instruction

Whitewater Safety by Bruce Jolliffe

Best Professional General Boating

Cascada by Anson Fogel & Skip Armstrong

Best Accomplished Documentary

Currents: The Ottawa River by Mike McKay

Best Accomplished General Boating

Currents: The Creek Race by Mike McKay

Best Amateur General Boating

Free Koontz by Josh & Matt Turner

Best Still Image

Great Falls by Regina Nicolardi

Home Brew-Off Winner

Hole Bait IPA by Jeff Kirkner

Chili

Veggie: Cynthia Grimes

Meat (tie): Brent Austin, Leland Davis
Overall (tie): Brent Austin, Leland Davis, Leslie Coble
Chili King: Brent Austin

Some other festival highlights included a brew off, the silent auction, and some rowdy activities on Saturday night. The first ever NPFF Brew Off was a big success and something that will certainly take place again next year. Five gallons of homebrew got you into the festival for free, allowed people to sample your tasty beverages, and put you in the running for the grand prize: a golden booty.

The silent auction, as usual, was a huge hit and was only possible because of generous donations by sponsors. Our biggest donations came from Canoe Kentucky, Columbia Sportswear, The Madawaska Canoe Center, and Jackson Kayaks. A plethora of other donors stepped up to help out; check them out on the website at: www.npff.org. In addition, Cumberland Brewery, out of Louisville, KY., provided 12 delicious micro-brewed kegs that enabled dance-offs on both Friday and Saturday nights.

This year NPFF was able to give away \$6,850 to non-profit river conservation organizations (the majority of which, \$6,000, went to American Whitewater). The organizers and volunteers love to highlight the best in paddlesport film and still image competition; however, the main focus of the festival is to raise money for river conservation efforts.

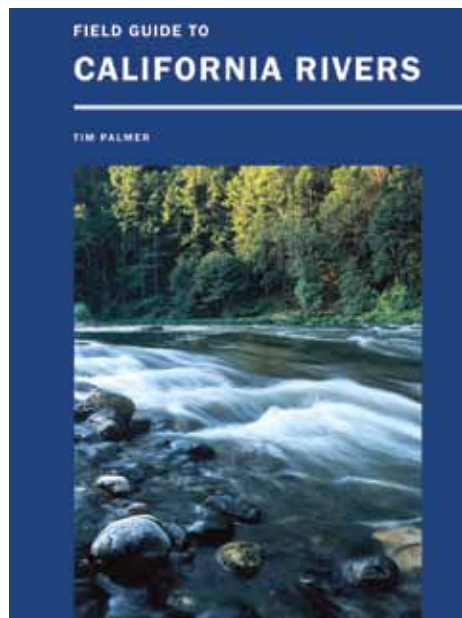
If you came to the festival, thanks so much for your support! If you missed it, catch up with us next year—the 2014 NPFF will take place at Buffalo Trace in Frankfort, KY. on February 21st and 22nd. We can’t wait to see what ya’ll have in store for us in terms of footage and still images. In the meantime, we’ll see you at the Cheat Festival, the Gauley Fest, and the Russell Fork Rendezvous. Keep those cameras rolling!

REVIEWS

BOOK REVIEW: *FIELD GUIDE TO CALIFORNIA RIVERS* BY TIM PALMER

BY MEGAN HOOKER

TIM PALMER'S *FIELD Guide to California Rivers* is a handy book for any California river lover and explorer. Highlighting over 150 rivers and creeks throughout the state, the guide has a little something for everyone—from recreation tips to information about the flora, fauna, and natural history of the state's rivers. The book offers information about fishing, hiking, river access, and recommendations for single and multi-day runs. It also includes interesting tidbits about geology, hydrology, and plant and wildlife. Never fear, environmental history connoisseurs, there's something here for you too. For many rivers, Palmer weaves in information both about what's happened to the waterway and surrounding landscape, and what influences local, state, and federal agency decisions have had. I'm definitely taking this book with me on my next trip to California! Palmer is a photographer, speaker, and author of 22 books about rivers, conservation, and adventure travel. You can pick up a copy or order *Field Guide to California Rivers* at your local bookstore or through the University of California Press.



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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- 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.
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- 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 American Whitewater's existence. American Whitewater's original purpose since 1954 has been to distribute information among its Affiliate Clubs. Our relationships with local clubs have provided the backbone for the river conservation and access work we accomplish. 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 Coosa River Paddling Club in Alabama, 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.

The Coosa River Paddling Club was created in 1991 by a diverse group of like minded people who all shared a love of adventure in the outdoors and paddling but joined together with one common goal - to bring back minimum and recreational flows to the Coosa River below Jordan Dam. Club members consist of individuals and families from all walks of life and paddling abilities.

The Coosa River Paddling Club (CRPC) is host of the Coosa River Whitewater Festival, which is held annually and open to the general public. The whitewater festival is a weekend full of fun, entertainment, and competition. The competitions are open to all levels of paddlers and playboaters. CRPC uses monies raised from the festival each year for various projects and donations which benefit and enhance the Coosa River.

Membership is open to all who enjoy the lower Coosa River and who support the mission of the Club. Annual membership dues is \$10 for an entire year (Jan 1 - Dec 31). While many of the Club's members are whitewater kayakers and canoeists; they welcome all types of recreational boaters, fishermen, bird watchers, and conservationists. Check out the Club's website at <http://www.coosariverpaddlingclub.com/> to learn more.

Thank you CRPC 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
Coosa River Paddling Club, Montgomery
Huntsville Canoe Club, Huntsville

Arizona

Outdoors Unlimited, Flagstaff

Arkansas

Arkansas Canoe Club, Little Rock

California

Chico Paddleheads, Chico
Gold Country Paddlers, Lotus
Guides House, Laytonville
Sierra Club Loma Prieta Paddlers, San Jose
Sequoia Paddlers, Forestville
Shasta Paddlers, Redding

Colorado

Avid4 Adventure Inc., Boulder
Grand Canyon Private Boaters Assn,
Colorado Springs
Dolores River Boating Advocates, Dolores
Outdoor Pursuits, Durango
Pikes Peak Whitewater Club, Colorado Springs
San Miguel Whitewater Asso, Telluride

Connecticut

AMC - Connecticut Chapter, Waterbury

Delaware

AMC Delaware Valley Chapter, Oaks
Wilmington Trail Club, Newark

Georgia

Atlanta Whitewater Club, Atlanta
Georgia Canoeing Asso, Atlanta
Paddlers4Christ, Ellijay

Idaho

Idaho Whitewater Association, Boise

Indiana

Hoosier Canoe Club, Indianapolis
Ohio Valley Paddlers, Evansville

Iowa

Iowa Whitewater Coalition, W. Des
Moines

Kentucky

Bardstown Boaters, Bardstown,
Bluegrass Wildwater Asso, Lexington
Viking Canoe Club, Louisville

Maine

Penobscot Paddle & Chowder Society, Troy

Maryland

Blue Ridge Voyageurs, Silver Spring
Greater Baltimore Canoe Club, Baltimore
Mason Dixon Canoe Cruisers, Boonsboro
Monocacy Canoe Club, Frederick

Massachusetts

AMC Boston Chapter Paddlers, Boston
UMass Outing Club - Whitewater
Kayaking, Amherst

Minnesota

Minnesota Canoe Asso, Minneapolis
SCSU Outdoor Endeavors, Saint Cloud
Rapids Riders, Minneapolis

Missouri

Missouri Whitewater Assn, St Louis
Ozark Mountain Paddlers, Springfield
Ozark Wilderness Waterways, Kansas City

Montana

Butte-Anaconda River Runners, Butte

Nevada

Sierra Nevada Whitewater Club, Reno

New Hampshire

AMC New Hampshire Paddlers, Raymond
Merrimack Valley Paddlers, Nashua
Mt. Washington Valley Paddlers, Intervale

New Jersey

AMC Delaware Valley Chapter, Oaks
KCCNY, Flanders

New Mexico

Adobe Whitewater Club of New Mexico,
Albuquerque

New York

ADK Schenectady, Schenectady
AMC NY/NJ Chapter, New York
Colgate University, Hamilton
FLOW Paddlers' Club, Rochester
Hamilton College, Clinton
Housatonic Area Canoe & Kayak Sq.,
Ossining
Zoar Valley Paddling Club, Buffalo

North Carolina

Base Camp Cullowhee, Cullowhee
Carolina Canoe Club, Raleigh
Landmark Learning, Cullowhee
Mecklenburg Regional Paddlers, Charlotte
Triad River Runners, Winston-Salem
Western Carolina Paddlers, Asheville

Ohio

Columbus Outdoor Pursuits, Columbus
Keelhauler Canoe Club, Cleveland
Toledo River Gang, Haskins

Oregon

Eugene Kayaker, Eugene
Lower Columbia Canoe Club, Portland
Northwest Rafters Association, Roseburg
Oregon Kayak and Canoe Club, Portland
Oregon Whitewater Association, Beaverton
Willamette Kayak & Canoe Club, Corvallis

Pennsylvania

AMC Delaware Valley Chapter, Oaks
Bradford County Canoe and Kayak Club, Sayre
Canoe Club of Greater Harrisburg,
Harrisburg
Conewago Canoe Club, York
Holtwood Hooligans, Paradise
Lehigh Valley Whitewater Inc., Lehigh Valley
Mach One Slalom Team, State College

Philadelphia Canoe Club, Philadelphia
Three Rivers Paddling Club, Pittsburgh

S. Carolina

Foothills Paddling Club, Greenville
Palmetto Paddlers, Columbia

Tennessee

Appalachian Paddling Enthusiasts,
Limestone
Chota Canoe Club, Knoxville
East Tennessee Whitewater Club, Oak
Ridge
Tennessee Eastman Hiking and Canoeing
Club, Kingsport
Tennessee Valley Canoe Club, Chattanooga

Texas

Rockin 'R' River Rides, New Braunfels

Utah

High Jim and the A.S.K., Salt Lake City
Utah Whitewater Club, Salt Lake City

Vermont

University of Vermont, Burlington
Vermont Paddlers Club, Montpelier

Washington

BEWET- Boeing Employees Whitewater &
Touring Club, 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

West Virginia

Dbl Z! Whitewater Club, Fayetteville
Redneck Kayak Club, Beckley
WVU Whitewater Club, Morgantown
West VA Wildwater Assn, S. Charleston

Wisconsin

North East Wisconsin Paddlers, Inc.,
Neenah
Rapids Riders, Minneapolis
Sierra Club/John Muir Chapter, Madison

Ontario

Guelph Kayak Club, Elora
Kawartha Whitewater Paddlers, The
Kawarthas

British Columbia

Thompson Rivers Univ Adventure Studies,
Kamloops
Vancouver Kayak Club, N Vancouver

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 <http://americanwhitewater.org/content/Membership/join-AW/>. 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.

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7. Recognize your club in the list of Affiliate Clubs noted in each bi-monthly AW Journal.
8. Post Club information on the AW Website to help paddlers find you.
9. Gain Club satisfaction from lending support to AW's stewardship efforts.
10. Improve your club members river karma.

For more information, contact Carla Miner at membership@americanwhitewater.org or sign-up on line at www.americanwhitewater.org/membership.

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