

American

WHITEWATER



HYDROMANIA Mangles the Moose

Story — Page 26



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THE GAULEY IN FLOOD

by Peter N. Skinner

In those days, paddlers were tough and a little stupid. We didn't know anything about squirting and very little about endos and mystery moves...We just reveled in first descents and runs consisting of putting in, paddling down, and taking out— hopefully with the boat, the paddle and the paddler in one duct-taped piece.

I think the year was around 1978 and my boat a white cracked hollow-pig with a fiber glass seat molded exclusively for my behind. Like every Gauley trip, the car ride from New York City was endless and this time made in a huge American station wagon with me, my friend Deborah and Jack Kennedy. The ride down was actually more like a boat ride since the rain was so intense, we hydroplaned most of the way.

would be champing at the bit and rerring to go too.

Boy was I surprised. The restaurant was like a morgue...Paddlers were chewing their food slowly, thumbing through river guide books and contemplating perhaps their mortality. Charlie Walbridge, the Kentucky Colonel, Fearless Fred, Crazy Jim Muhlhahn, Mackenzie and others too numerous to mention were sitting there like stones as I came bouncing in. Couldn't believe it.

Then they told me— Gauley is running 8,000 cfs out of the dam and the Lower Meadow is running 17,000 cfs. After chewing my eggs for a while and listening to their descriptions of other rivers running in the trees everywhere within a 100 mile radius, I proposed

AWA Hosts Gauley Festival September 27, 1986

Monsoon Season Arrives

Two A.M. at Summersville...tenting in a downpour was unthinkable so Deborah and I sacked out in a motel room in a trailer camp and Jack slept in the car. The rain on the roofs of both shelters kept us all awake all night. In the morning, the swinging screen door carved an arc in water...water standing in the parking lot and halfway up the wheels of the car. The roar of the Upper Gauley coming into the reservoir reverberated through the trees from some hidden hollow. Wow, I thought. This is going to be some sort of big water!

Bleary eyed, we sloshed our way to one of the horrendous restaurants which served as river decision centers in those days. By the time we pulled into the parking lot, I was fired up thinking about humongous holes, giant breaking waves and river speeds approaching 50 miles an hour. I figured everyone else

running the lower Gauley.

Although everyone laughed at first, they were eventually convinced. Off we went to the parking dump in a caravan of worried paddlers. We were rudely surprised when, turning off the main road, we found Peter's Creek out of its banks flooding the road with at least three feet of water. My proposal of running the creek to the Gauley was quickly rejected because no-one had ever done it and a falls lay in wait for us somewhere.

We somehow decided to do the upper section from the dam down to Swiss. Kind of silly since it was nearly noontime and many times higher than the section had ever been run. The group had disintegrated to Fearless Fred, Mackenzie, Jack Kennedy, Jim Muhlhahn, The Colonel, me and a couple of other I have long since forgotten.

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Cover Photos: Peter Skinner

The conflict between paddling and hydro power is illustrated by the two pictures by Pete Skinner on the Moose River in New York State. The upper photo is of Karla Matzke of LaPush, WA on Agers Falls and the other of the construction of Long Lake Energy's power house with Georgia Pacific's Kosterville plant in the distance across the Moose.

River Notes

River Companies Face Insurance Crisis

by Bob Volpert and F.O.R.

For years river outfitters found liability insurance to be one of the simple requirements of doing business. It wasn't particularly expensive nor was it often needed. Commercial river running was correctly perceived as a relatively safe activity. Although exciting, claims were few and passengers seemed willing to accept the risks associated with white-water boating. Even though industry data indicate less than 15 percent of premium dollars went to pay claims, the river industry today finds itself confronting an insurance crisis.

River companies generally operate under Special Use Permits issued by agencies charged with managing particular segments of rivers. These permits require operators to have minimum liability coverage, sometimes a little as \$300,000 but in some cases as much as \$3,000,000. For 1986, neither amount of coverage is proving easy to come by. Some past sources of coverage claim they will be able to meet the industry's needs without increasing premiums substantially. Others have simply dropped out of market or hint of premiums as much as five times last year's. To date, few, if any, river outfitters have the coverage they need to fully satisfy the requirements of all managing agencies.

The crisis isn't limited to commercial river companies. Canoe liveries, raft rental companies, fishing guides, manufacturers of equipment and, yes, even private boaters face a situation that could be devastating. As courts have awarded larger and larger personal injury settlements, those injured have sought out "deeper pockets" for compensation.

Although it is difficult to place the blame for the present situation, it certainly appears to result from a number of factors. Insurance companies have insured bad risks simply to obtain premiums for investment, the legal system has encouraged a multitude of lawsuits, some individuals seem un-

willing to take responsibility for their actions, the public has developed a "lottery mentality" that views minor injuries as a potential bonanza. Whatever the reason, the results are that liability insurance has become virtually unobtainable.

European co-insurers who once were willing to work with U.S. firms now find their potential exposure so great that they have virtually dropped out of the market. The pool of insurance dollars has correspondingly decreased and the insurance industry can be very selective in granting coverage at any price.

The risk to the commercial outfitter is clear. Less clear are the risks private boaters face in floating rivers with friends. It is only a matter of time until someone engages a private raft owner in a liability claim. Let's face it, in vehicle accidents friends sue friends and there is no reason to expect private river running to be immune from societal trends.

A recent article in the **New York Times** offered some insights into the problem. It noted that last year more than 13 million civil lawsuits were filed, one for every 15 Americans. Such a statistic would seem to support industry claims that the current crisis is the result of lawyers pursuing numerous personal injury cases. That, however, does not explain the wisdom of a system that awarded a vandal \$250,000 for injuries sustained from falling through skylight of a building he was damaging.

Predicting the affect of the current crisis on river recreation is difficult. It is already causing some agencies to re-evaluate their insurance requirements. River outfitters and other commercial-related businesses have begun to study ways to obtain liability coverage outside of conventional means. The industry is seeking a long term solution, one that offers stability even in times when obtaining coverage is difficult. For 1986, it is possible that some outfitters will cease operations. others will obtain coverage at substantial cost, possibly resulting in fee surcharges to passen-

gers. All outfitters are hoping that past sources will be able to provide coverage this season at reasonable rates, but that hope has not yet materialized.

For the individual whitewater boater, the situation will probably mean fewer domestically produced products, a greater reluctance on the part of landowners to allow access to some streams, and most distressingly, a clear threat to some of our rivers. If the present situation results in restricted commercial rafting, fewer passengers will become aware of our endangered rivers and the companies themselves will be unable to fund preservation efforts.

Bob Volpert is president of Outdoor Adventures, and president of Western River Guides Association, which represents outfitters in the western United States.

I recently finished reading The American Canoe Association's **River Safety Report 1982-1985**. It is an extremely interesting book depicting boating accidents and fatalities in those years. It is most valuable in that an analysis of each accident is given. I have gained much insight into how some accidents are caused, can be avoided, and how

some rescues can be used in certain situations. (It is not, however, a book on river rescue.) As can be expected, your most valuable safety tool is common sense and awareness. Most accidents are caused by a lack of the aforementioned. We have all been encouraged to bring throw ropes on every trip. A quick release knife should be added to that list, as well as a first aid kit. There was a chilling tale of a kayaker getting entangled in his own throw rope in a reversal. It seemed to be all too likely a scenario. There will be more to follow on this subject. Books are available for \$3.95 POSTPAID from: ACA Bookservice, 7217 Lockport Place, P.O. Box 248, Lorton, VA 22079.

AN HISTORIC HIMALAYAN JOURNEY ANNOUNCED

For years, travelers have been frustrated in their efforts to reach Tibet, the mysterious mountain kingdom, and site of the mythical Shangri-La. Five years ago, Tibet was finally opened to visitors traveling to China — but the exotic mountain pass route into neighboring Nepal remained closed. This year, for

MINING CLAIMS THREATEN GRANDCANYON

by Bob Lippman

Will the Grand Canyon become the Uranium Capitol of the World?

This is the big question, as energy companies have virtually encircled the National Park with mining claims and extraction operations. Four mines are already in operation on the North Rim, without benefit of an environmental impact statement, and a draft statement has been issued for the Canyon Mine, to be sited near the South Rim at the head of Havasu Creek.

Both the Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management have rejected arguments that impact statements should be required, considering the obvious trend to mine the **hundreds** of ore-rich breccia pipe formations in and around the canyon.

A national test case is shaping up over both the requirements of the century-old Mining Acts, which are still cited by the government as granting developers free and absolute access to minerals on public lands.

What you can do: Write Forest Supervisor, Kaibab National Forest, 800 S. 6th Street, Williams, AZ 86046; Superintendent Dick Marks, Grand Canyon National Park, Box 129, Grand Canyon, AZ 86023; your legislators.

the first time in a century, travel is finally possible between Tibet and Nepal over the mighty Himalaya. Sobek Expeditions of Angels Camp, California, is among the first trip operators granted a permit to make this historic journey, with their "Top of the World" tour scheduled for an October 16, 1986 departure.

The tour begins in Beijing with two-and-a-half days of touring the famous sites of China's capital, including the Great Wall and the Ming Tombs. A flight to Chengdu and a Sichuan dinner is followed the next morning by a spectacular airplane approach to the Tibetan Plateau, and three full days in Lhasa, capital of Tibetan Buddhism. Here the unique architecture of the Potala and other monasteries will be visited, while travelers acclimate to the high altitudes of Tibet.

Finally, the overland odyssey begins — on October 23 — with a drive deep into the towering range, culminating on October 27 with a short walk across the "no-man's land" from Tibet into Nepal. From here a half-day's drive brings the group to Kathmandu, and the luxury of the Everest Sheraton Hotel in Nepal's capital. Three full days of exploring Kathmandu follow, in the company of one of the city's most illustrious characters, Dubbi Bhagat, to conclude this noteworthy journey with a detailed and colorful look at Nepal's mountain culture.

Sobek also offers full-service treks to Mr. Everest and around the Annapurna Range as part of their expanded Nepal operations. For further information on the Top of the World journey and Sobek's other Nepal programs, write SOBEEK Expeditions, P.O. Box 333, Angels Camp, CA 95222; phone (209) 736-4524.

WARREN'S YANGTZE EXPEDITION ON...

Over the past four years Ken and Jan Warren have made four trips to China to meet with officials to set up the Upper Yangtze River Expedition. Their efforts will reach fruition on July 15, 1986, as the expedition starts the "first leg" in

inflatable kayaks in the Himalayas of Tibet, 18,500 above sea level. The team will leave the United States on July 1.

The expedition was made possible through Warren's relentless negotiating with Chinese officials and by Mutual of Omaha's decision to expand its long-time involvement in natural history, adventure, conservation and education through exciting, family-oriented programming.

Its current program, Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom, is the longest-running syndicated television show in history.

Responding to changing television production techniques and increased public interest in conservation, wildlife and adventure-oriented activities, Mutual of Omaha contracted with producer John Wilcox to develop educational adventure specials around the world using the most sophisticated production and technological techniques, and contracted with ABC to air them as network specials. Wilcox won 25 Emmy Awards for the American Sportsman television series.

The first show will be Warren's Yangtze River Expedition in early 1987. It will air under the banner of Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom Presentation.

The seven-man camera crew will document on 16mm color film both the river and the road support teams adventures as they explore the mighty gorges of the Yangtze.

The expedition team will proceed by inflatable kayak and raft through the least known areas of inner China, covering more than 2,000 miles on an eight week odyssey. Ken Warren is the expedition leader and will lead the river team while his wife, Jan, will lead important road support with the aide of experienced Chinese guides.

Representing a true cooperative adventure between the Peoples Republic of China and the United States of America, the permit for the expedition was granted to Warren by China Sports Service Company, with agreement by the highest authorities in China. The four provinces involved have also granted permission, offered full cooperation in assisting the road team with difficult

logistical support efforts.

With the participation of three Chinese oarsmen and two river engineers, the Sino-USA effort marks the first shared quest for sport, culture and exploration between the two countries.

Surpassed in size only by the Nile and the Amazon, the Yangtze cuts China in half as it flows over 3,900 miles east and south from its source high in Western China's Qinghai Tiber plateau.

Its journey to the East China Sea flows through nine provinces, drains an area of 695,000 square miles and affects the lives of 300 million people.

The 16 person team will begin their journey at the 18,500 foot level in the Tanggula Mountains and end their journey at Yibin, nearly 2,000 miles downriver.

The deepest river in the world, the Yangtze will run big and fast with speeds reaching 18 mph. The depth also suggests that the river will not be strewn with large boulders.

Classified as a "pool and drop" river, it will be forgiving and allow the team respites between the fierce rapids.

Base camp for the expedition will be set at Toutuoheyan where the Yangtze is approximately 885 feet wide.

The goals of the expedition are (1) cultural exchange, (2) sporting adventure and (3) exploration. The team has been given the honor of carrying the Explorers Flag #151 to commemorate this historic journey.

By the arrangement with the China Sports Service Company (CSSC), three Chinese athletes lived and trained with Warren in the Spring of 1985. The young river rafters, Chu Siming, Zhang Jiyue and Xu Ju Sheng, became proficient in whitewater rafting techniques through the on the river experience. They rafted the Middle Fork of the Salmon, Snake, Rogue and Owyhee Rivers as part of the program.

Editor Note: This is the 3rd try to break diplomatic barriers and succeed in the venture.

A reporter from Boise, ID just perished of altitude related difficulties as the trip began.

BOAT NOTES by Bill Sweeney

The summer's here and as the temperature goes up, the clothing comes off. We're no longer concerned with heat retention, but rather with heat expulsion and sunburn protection. The clothing we use now is lightweight, quick-drying, durable and sometimes even fashionable. The paddle jacket's still in use for those times when stiff breezes make over-cooling a problem.

Swimsuits work but have a durability problem. Lightweight cotton feels good but doesn't dry. But when you combine synthetics with cotton, you get the best of two worlds. Viola, the tri-blend fabrics are born. They are 80% synthetic and 20% cotton. The synthetic part is often nylon-dacron or nylon-polyester. It seems as though everybody makes them so it really takes some work to separate the good from the bad.

The good stuff includes comfortably-fitting, breathable nylon mesh lining which is there so you don't have to wear underpants. The lining serves to support and cover the body. It's nylon so that it dries faster than the tri-blend fabric. French seams (double overlap) ensure seam durability. Stress-point reinforcement shows up on the best of the bunch. The thread must be nylon, the seams must be double-stitched and the thread at the end of the seam must be securely tied

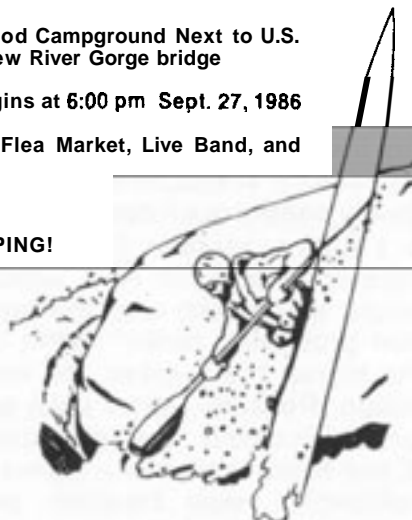
Gauley River Festival

At Burn Wood Campground Next to U.S. 19 at the New River Gorge bridge

Festival begins at 6:00 pm Sept. 27, 1986

Equipment Flea Market, Live Band, and Bar-B-Que

FREE CAMPING!



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off. In short, the garment must show quality workmanship and attention to detail. The good stuff includes zippered front pockets for small items and belt loops for the belt which makes sure you don't lose your shorts in a swim. The shorts need to be comfortable and easy to move in, but not overly baggy. What I've said about shorts also applies to long pants.

So far, the only company building acceptable tri-blend paddling shorts is Extrasport. The model is known as "Crew Shwabbies". The others are not acceptable in some major detail.

Tops range from bare skin (female modesty excepted) to a sweater/paddle jacket combo. Obviously, the weather, temperature and wind dictate, but for those shiny, bright days, the fit of a top is actually more important than the material. If it fits like a second skin and stays that way when wet, it will be functional and comfortable. If you can get cotton to do this, then it's fine. If not, then you need a blend or 100% synthetic. Also, the lighter the material, the better.

Footgear ranges from bare feet (not advisable) to sandals to tennis sneakers and socks. In terms of comfort and foot protection, sneakers and socks are best, but your feet are soggy all day and they're not all that good on slippery rocks. The next step down is sandals, whose main advantages are in not holding water, sand, gravel, etc. and in keeping feet intermittently dry. They range from "oggs" to "alps". The alp sandal is the only type offered which works. Oggs are good only because they're cheap.

Now for my favorite topics: sunscreen and insect repellent. I'm light skinned and easily sunburned. And since I usually paddle open boat, I keep looking for a good sunscreen. Sunscreens block ultraviolet radiation (that which burns people and boats) and are rated by a "sun protection factor" (SPF) number. The higher the number, the more protection. Recently, we've seen ads for a sunscreen called "Bullfrog" with an SPF 18 and some remarkable claims like: it's waterproof, sweat resistant, moisturizing, and a little goes a long way. Well, after testing, it just ain't so. I got burned

— not only where it wasn't, but also where it was! A little goes a short way, the stuff is expensive and it isn't worth a tinker's damn. So, back I went to good old J&J Sunblock with an SPF 15, and I've been happy ever since.

Insect repellents work if they're 100% DEET and don't work if they're not. Fini.

SQUIRT BOATING

Like Starting Over

by Ron Lodders
Beartooth Paddlers Society

In addition to the excitement and beauty which kayaking has always provided, the sense of accomplishment and the thrill of new skills has been a primary driving force in the obsession I feel for whitewater sport. The first time I got into a kayak, I was amazed by the strong-willed obstinence of so small a boat. If I couldn't make the damn thing go in a straight line, how would I ever manage to control it in the boiling whitewater I hoped someday to run? I was sure my relationship with my boat would always be one of love-hate.

Under the guidance of Jack Nichol and Keith Thompson, I slowly developed the skills necessary to transform my relationship with my willful and mischievous kayak into an all-consuming love affair. Much of the euphoria I felt from kayaking came from learning skills and transforming them into new and intriguing dances with the river.

After a year or two, I managed to master most of the basic skills necessary to kayak the traditional local rivers as well as some of the classic runs in the western United States. I especially enjoyed playing; pop-ups and enders provided many hours of intense enjoyment.

Just as I was beginning to feel that my physical and mental limitations were slowing down the rate at which I was learning the sport, I read an article in River Runner magazine about a new kind of boat which was capable of all kinds of strange maneuvers. It was called a "squirt boat", and it was based on the extremely low volume C-1 boats developed by Hearn and Lugbill. The article in River Runner described a new & different kind of kayaking which seemed

to break all of the rules I had so painstakingly learned over the previous two years. The lure of learning moves with names like "pillow squirt", "splatters" and "blasting" began to intrigue me, and when Perception came out with a mass produced squirt boat called the Sabre, I once again mortgaged my soul to Jack and bought one.

When I brought my new boat home, I was amazed at how thin the stern was and how tight the boat fit. The rails were razor sharp compared to my Dancer, and promised lots of rolling practice. The new lines of the boat seemed both fast and dangerous. I was anxious to try it out in the river.

My first experiences with a squirt boat were somewhat humbling. Although I had become accustomed to staying in an upright posture in my Dancer, I probably did ten or more rolls the first afternoon I spent in the Sabre. The biggest challenge I undertook at first was trying to keep the sharp edges of the boat out of the eddy line. It was as if I was a beginner all over again! After a few outings, I began to experiment with backing up into pourovers by rocks. The low volume stern was shoved under water and the boat would be forced down river with the nose wavering in the air. Unlike "pop-ups" with traditional boats, the squirt boat would stay down in the water and dance down the river half submerged. It was an unusual experience, and could be performed in holes or pourovers which would barely even surf a standard kayak.

Squirt boating is much more demanding physically than ordinary boating, and I found myself completely exhausted after a few vigorous hours in the Sabre. Stomach and low back muscles were sore for days after a weekend boating trip. Proof that my pains and muscle spasms were caused by the boat and not just my nearly religious opposition to exercise was provided by similar complaints from Paul Kopczyński after a long afternoon on the upper Stillwater. It was obvious that this kind of boating was going to require better conditioning.

During the low water of last winter, I used the Sabre almost every weekend in

the Yellowstone at Gardiner and in Yankee Jim Canyon. Suddenly the thrill of accomplishment returned to kayaking as I slowly taught myself the rudimentary squirt moves. A stretch of river which had been beautiful but hardly challenging, now was full of opportunities to develop new skills. The first objective was to reverse much of what I had learned about kayaking; everything seemed backwards. Back paddling and rear pop-ups were far more common than traditional surfing. Squirt moves were done by pulling out of an eddy and learning **upstream**. When the current grabbed the sharp edge of the boat, a deep pry provided both stabilization against the pull of the river and forced the stern deeper. The boat would spin in the whirlpools on the eddy line and "squirt" out of the water facing upstream again in the eddy. Dolphin-like walks down the river with the boat almost vertical were also fun. Blasting is a kind of reverse surfing with the tail submerged in the backwash of a hole and the nose floating on the water feeding the hole. Splatters are done by sinking the stern of the squirt boat into the pillow in front of the rocks, but seem to present unreasonable opportunities to pin a very narrow boat on very hard rocks, and hence I have indefinitely postponed learning this unique maneuver.

Squirting has offered an opportunity to learn kayaking all over again. Eddy lines and hydraulics become three dimensional prisms of play. Squirt boating extends the joy and challenge of kayaking deep into the heart of the river.

Won't You
Sign Up A
Fellow Paddler
Into AWA's
30 Year
Tradition?

See page 32

OUR SUMMER VACATION

or

THE B-TEAM TRAVELS WEST IN SEARCH OF ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE

by Walter Christie

(The author of this amusing expose described the experience to me as a "savage trip with brutal men"! But don't believe everything you read—Wally ("Dork of the Day") Christie is the victim of his Nealyesque imagination. Read that: we're not promoting irresponsible practices!)

It was about 3:00 A.M. and we were just about to cross into Ohio, when Paul ("More Speed Less Direction") Santana turned from the driver's seat and asked for another beer. Who knows how many that made it, but we weren't counting.

When you're in the depths of a road trip, nothing really matters except getting to the next rest area to relieve yourself and see what the selection of junk food looks like. Anyway, as Paul drove in his semi-comatose state at 70+ m.p.h. with warm beer swelling out of the top of the can into his Hershey-bar-stained camp shorts, I was able to drift off into a semblance of sleep.

I could see the beginnings of this adventure in my dreams. It had been months before when, well into our second case of beer, one of the three of us babbled something about being real men and going out west to boat. Yah! Sounds like a great idea! Big water! Yeah! Get me another cold one, will ya? The seed had been planted, and plans were formulated for the road trip. My brother Kip ("You Guys Are Assholes") Christie, Paul and myself would hit the road in late June and drive off into the sunset for points west. Colorado would be our destination, since a brother who lives in Aspen would provide a good person off whom to freeload. (And as anyone with even the smallest amount of road trip experience knows, a good trip is made all the better when you don't have to pay.) Now that we had the lodging problem solved, we needed to know a bit about the boating scene in Colorado. A guidebook! Yup, that was what we needed—a good guidebook.

As any boater knows though, guidebooks can pose some problems. Some books will overrate things to such an extent that after paddling a river that is described as being difficult in one book, you might try something of the same rating described by another book. You know the story. Horrorsville. We've all been through it.

And then there are the books whose authors are closet psycho-killers bent on imitating Edgar Allen Poe. A description of the Gauley I once read was so



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scarey that it prompted me to install a throw rope and whistle in my bathroom. So what does one believe?

Happily, there is a book that can be trusted. Honest. Jim Stohlquist's book COLORADO WHITEWATER is a very accurate guide to that region's intermediate and advanced rivers. If you're headed for Colorado, get this book.

Shortly before our departure from New Jersey, we picked up a fourth member for the trip. We all felt that we would need expert guidance in the handling of women while on the road, and there was only one man for the job. Yes! Jim ("You've Got To Beat Them") McAfee would join us. Confidence was high. After all, we had a free place to stay, our Stohlquist book, three pairs of Blues Brothers glasses, a full cooler, and Jim McAfee. Anyone who got in our way would be dog meat.

After some 36 hours on the road, we arrived in Aspen and proceeded to take over my brother's rented condo. His roommates were real pleased, especially since they didn't even know that we were coming. The packs, tents, sleeping bags, coolers and paddling equipment, not to mention the four people and their boats, made for tight quarters. We didn't mind though. After all, it wasn't our place that was getting trashed.

After the initial welcoming party that seemed to last for two days, we decided to settle down to the real purpose of our trip: boating. We had previously decided that in order to keep our traveling to a minimum, we would concentrate our boating on the rivers around Aspen. We spent our first three or four days boating a couple of sections of the Roaring Fork River which starts in the mountains above Aspen and winds its way through town, eventually flowing west into the Colorado River. There are three boatable sections to this river, two of which we concentrated on initially and a third that we would attempt later in the trip.

The Roaring Fork is typical of the mountain streams on which we would be paddling. The waters of these rivers are very swift and very cold on a steep, rocky riverbed. Two things are musts on these types of rivers: technical skills and a wet suit.

The Woody Creek and Toothache sections would be our introduction to Colorado boating. Each section is about four miles long, and they are rated as class 3 and 3+, respectively. Both sections run together so the full eight miles can be done without interruption. Boating on each of these sections is a real blast. There are so many play spots that the whole day can easily be spent on this stretch. The Indian River in New York is a shorter version of these two sections of the Roaring Fork.

A short distance from the take-out is a must-do bar called, aptly enough, The Woody Creek Inn. This is a class 4 type of place—great BBQ ribs in a spartan drinking atmosphere. Check it out if you're in the area.

Our next stop on the tour was the Brown's Canyon section of the Arkansas River. This section is as close to eastern-type water as we found: pool/drop, boulder bed, semi-big water and a very push class 3 and 4 descent (sort of like the Ottawa). This section wasn't quite as technical as the Roaring Fork section previously done, however, the large volume, big waves made for several good adrenalin rushes. The scenery was spectacular as the nine-mile run serpentine through a wilderness area that included several canyons. This section of the river is also very popular with rafters, so a put-in before 9:00 Am. or after 2:00 P.M. works best.

After Brown's Canyon, we were ready to get into the meat of the trip. The candy-ass stuff was over. It was time to see who had the right stuff, so the B-Team moved upriver to a section of the Arkansas called The Numbers. Stohlquist describes this as "the definition of an expert run". At this time I must admit it—having boated for only a year and a half, I am in no way an expert, but I wanted to try rather than feel like a big weenie for eternity. So, with my pulse at around 185, we broke camp, assembled our gear and walked over to the put-in. Luckily, we would have the company of a local boater by the name of Kevin Padden. Kevin is with the Aspen Kayak School and is some hot boater. An Einstein of the river. He knew The Numbers like Coors knows beer. Look

him up if you ever go out west and want a great teacher, friend and river guide to paddle with. With Kevin was his friend Peter Hershorn, but more about him later.

The Numbers section is six to seven miles of continuous class 4 and 4+ water. There are no pools, and all six series of rapids flow together. Your only rest comes in the form of small tricky eddies that are not that plentiful and not that obvious. The average gradient for the run is 84 feet per mile, with a two-mile stretch at 120 feet per mile. The river itself is characterized by huge standing waves and bottomless souse holes. (Hmm! Reminds me of my ex-wife, but I guess that's another story.) The entire run demands precise technical skills and a cool head. A swim could prove to be an ugly affair and is guaranteed to put a real damper on your day. Make sure you look at this easily scoutable section before attempting it.

The run proved to be a real screamer, with rapid #1 making for a real eye-opening start. The meeting of rapids #4 and #5 are especially tricky. The boater enters this section with a four-foot drop over a small set of falls. It is advisable to catch the eddy immediately to the right after this drop as it is a good idea to take a river-level view of the experience that is about to happen to you. The next quarter mile or so can only be described by seeing the smiles on our faces after catching what available eddies there were at the base of this section. After the run, I was told the scenery was pretty good. I, myself, was too busy dealing with the problems that the river was throwing at me in non-stop fashion to really take a look at the surrounding land.

At the take-out we all felt both a sense of accomplishment on running this section and a sense of relief that it was over. The cooler lid was immediately flipped open, and our group went directly into a frenzied cocktail hour.

Kevin's friend Peter was something else. Peter had lost the use of his lower body some years ago in an aerial skiing accident. His boat was specially outfitted for him, complete with a car seat

belt to keep him in his seat. With the use of his upper body only, it was amazing to see him throw himself into holes that I would never dream of entering and surfing waves that normally would require precise hip snaps. He had a strange extended outrigger-type roll, but I never saw him miss. Try doing a roll some time in class 4 water without the use of your hip snap. This guy was both impressive and inspiring.

With "More Speed and less Direction" Santana at the wheel for the ride back over Independence Pass to Aspen, the shuttle proved almost as harrowing as the run down The Numbers itself.

The back-slapping and war stories lasted well into the A.M. hours; and as a result, we decided to rest (read recover) the next day. This rest day allowed us to cruise around the town of Aspen and take in its scenic wonders. The women were outrageous—thank God for mirrored sunglasses. The day off also gave us time to scout what would be the Mount Everest of our trip—the Slaughterhouse Section of the Roaring Fork. (Who makes up these names anyway? Who in their right mind would go down something named Slaughterhouse or attempt rapids with names like Meat Cleaver, The Room of Doom, Pencil Sharpener, the Coffin, Butcher Knife or Arsenic Springs? Boaters are definitely a strange bunch!)

Anyway, Slaughterhouse scouted out to be most intimidating. At the put-in the river was maybe 30 feet wide, with a gradient of 120 feet per mile. Talk about boiling water. We're talking red line on the fun meter here. This was to be my final exam of the trip, and I would either pass or fail. There would be no other outcome. The high points of my short kayaking career had previously been comprised of sharing a couple of shots of bourbon with Charlie Peterson at the Esopus '84 race and knowing Risa Shimoda. Needless to say a successful descent of Slaughterhouse would catapult me to new heights. I couldn't sleep all night—I was a sweat bomb, tossing and turning until dawn. Morning came, and before I could claim mental illness, we were at the put-in. The river god,

Kevin Padden, was with us again, which gave a sense of assurance. Knowing the river as he did, he was able to describe what was coming up. ("Around the next bend you'll drop into a river—wide hole that is unavoidable, and a screw-up there will mean a bad-news swim. With patience and skill get out of the hole, but stay river right as there's a drop that means death just below. Immediately go river left after the drop and go for the must-catch moving eddy. If you miss it, you'll go over the undercut falls, and you're hamburger.") I needed a sense of assurance like that like I needed an empty cooler. Anyway, with the water traveling at what seemed like the speed of light, we put in and were down the river at warp speed. We got through the hole, missed the drop, went river left, and caught the must-catch eddy. Whew! The first half mile was over. We took out at this point and walked the class 5 falls immediately downstream of us. Yes (gasp), a carry. After the carry, the final five miles settled down (?) to an 80 foot per mile gradient which resembled a Clint Eastwood movie. (Make my day!) Stohlquist refers to the remainder of the river as "boogie boating". Suffice it to say that a paddle down the Slaughterhouse section of the Roaring Fork makes for a very busy day.

One of the best things about this part of the river, though, is that the take-out is only about half a mile from the good old Woody Creek Inn. You get the picture. The final day and the final river needed a certain special celebration, and we did a terrific job of it.

The trip home was uneventful (I think we were all pretty burned out by that time), but allowed time for everyone to rehash their own personal experiences. We were all very impressed with the type of water that we had just boated. Western rivers move at a much quicker pace than some of the Eastern rivers that we are used to. As a result, action on the river comes at you somewhat faster, and your reaction time in reading and reacting to the river must be quick. The rivers that we had paddled had, for the most part, no frequent or large pools to rest in. A swim in those waters with their swift

currents, extremely rocky bottoms, steep banks and cold temperatures would make for a very difficult rescue.

The trip was well worthwhile, both in the type of river experience we gained and the great people we met along the way. Having in the past participated in numerous sports and activities, I can honestly say that boaters as a group are more supportive, friendly and helpful than any other group of athletes that I've run into. This definitely made the trip more of a pleasure. Plans will be formulated soon for Road Trip '86, and we're planning for bigger and better yet (more beer and tougher rivers). And if the Editor can come up with more money, I might even write another article. See ya on the river!

NOTES FROM A NOVICE RACER

by Deb Shank

On May 18, 1986 I entered my first slalom kayak race on moving water (no - Bolingbrook does **not** count.) I offer here some guidelines learned from this experience for other novice racers:

1. **CHOOSE THE RIGHT CLASSIFICATION FOR YOUR EXPERIENCE LEVEL, BOAT TYPE AND SEX**
This is easier said than done. With novice, recreational, short boat, championship, short novice, mixed, etc. I finally settled on K-1W Novice. It doesn't matter what class you choose as you will be put wherever there are enough entrants, in my case K-1W Championship.
2. **MEMORIZE THE COURSE**
This is important so that you don't have to read the gates on the first run down the river. This is best done the day before so that the course memorized is for open boats, and bears little resemblance to the course you have to re-memorize the next morning.
3. **PRACTICE MODERATELY, ESPECIALLY THE DIFFICULT MOVES**
Once again best done on the day before when the river is less crowded and the chance of total exhaustion is slightly more remote. It is especially

important to practice difficult combination moves, as if you master them they will also be changed, and replaced with others (see above). The water level will probably also change, making everything entirely different even if the gates remain the same.

4 GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP THE NIGHT BEFORE

This is difficult when faced with a tasty pig roast, a spirited bottle of wine, live bluegrass music and a bonfire. Even more difficult when the out-of-the-way tent site turns out to be next to a group of open boaters, who got **their** sleep the night before.

5. CONCENTRATE ON BOTH WATER AND GATES

Concentrating too much on the water can lead to poles in faces, on shoulders, or much too far away, but concentrating on the gates too intently can lead to being upside down, where you can't even **see** the gates. Sneaking a gate does not mean going through it upside down, although executing a roll in the middle of the course does have some crowd appeal.

6. PACE YOURSELF

After you burn out by the middle of the course the first time down, the instinct is to slow down at the top to conserve your strength on the second run. This just seems to make the second run slower without eliminating exhaustion. One solution is to go as fast as possible in hopes that you will finish before the body realizes it has nothing left.

7. GET A RACEBOAT TO COMPETE ON AN EQUAL BASIS

Equal basis as far as equipment goes, that is. If you flip in a raceboat you can blame it on "edges" rather than user error. Besides, it always adds to crowd amusement, and you can enter championship classes where you are totally outclassed. (You might wind up there anyway).

8. GET YOUR RUNS IN EARLY

This allows you to open a beer, get out the camera, and watch everyone else. Of course, you don't get the last

chance to beat the best time, but you're running against the clock anyway.

9. LOOK ON IT AS A FUN, LEARNING EXPERIENCE

That's what they always say when you screw up, but it's true. I learned that racing is more difficult than it looks, more tiring than it looks, and more fun than it looks (judging by the facial expressions on the competitors). I also learned that Arkansas is a great place to begin to race with supportive, friendly people, nice warm water, and just the right sort of rapids for a novice racer. As for fun, well... I took my own advice and how have to learn to deal with "edges" if I ever want to lose the title of "novice".

TWO CONTINENT CANOE EXPEDITION

21,000 Mile Voyage of Discovery

THE COMMISSIONING

Nearly 200 years ago, in 1804, Thomas Jefferson authorized the Lewis and Clark expedition that became the first overland trek to the Pacific Coast and back. President Jefferson supplied detailed instructions for exploring the projected route and ordered Lewis and Clark to record the character and customs of the Indian tribes, plant and animal life, geography, climate, and minerals. The world has changed significantly since the days of Lewis and Clark. In 1986, the Michigan Sesquicentennial Commission endorsed the Two Continent Canoe Expedition and sent out two modern-day explorers; Verlen Kruger and Valerie Fons Kruger, as citizen ambassadors to observe and document the land, peoples and water quality of the western hemisphere. On May 10, 1986 Verlen and Valerie were presented with the Michigan State flag to carry along the route and fly from the Arctic to the tip of South America.

CANOE EXPLORERS

Canoe exploration is not new to Verlen. He has paddled over 65,000 miles; more than any canoeist in history.

Verlen, listed in the Who's Who of Michigan, is known internationally for his boat designing and building skills. News of Verlen's past adventures and accomplishments have circled the globe. He is also an experienced photographer, writer and lecturer.

Valerie is a long distance canoe touring and racing enthusiast who has paddled and portaged over twelve thousand miles in North America before beginning the Two Continent Canoe Expedition. She has developed a unique perspective as a woman explorer in the wilderness and is recognized as a spokesperson for women's sports in the United States. Valerie is a published writer and experienced lecturer who regards sharing the story as the blessing of adventure.

Verlen and Valerie have a history of successful canoe adventures, including the world record for racing the entire 2,348-mile length of the Mississippi River in 23 days, 10 hours and 20 minutes. Their teamship developed into a romance and the two were married on April 3, 1986. Their combined energy, love and dreams created the Two Continent Canoe Expedition; the most exciting and challenging of all the adventures they had achieved in the past!

THE ROUTE

NORTH AMERICA

The Two Continent Canoe Expedition is a story of two people who love one another and love exploration. Together, the team will begin paddling in Eskimo country near the Arctic Ocean. Starting in June, 1986, when the ice breaks at Inuvik, Northwest Territories, they will paddle 1,800 miles up the Mackenzie River, following Alexander Mackenzie's epic journey of discovery (of 1789) to its conclusion at Fort Chipeywan. The team will be reliving a part of the historic fur trade route through the Indian settlements of the Northwest Territories and Saskatchewan and will follow the Voyageur's Highway to Grand Portage. Routing through Michigan, the team will be pushing to beat freeze-up and navigating four of the Great Lakes; paddling on the south shore of Lake Superior in November, then crossing the Upper

Peninsula of Michigan to Lake Michigan, where they will paddle under the Mackinac Bridge and enter Lake Huron. Following the Michigan shoreline will be a highlight of the expedition as the Michigan Sesquicentennial Commission has named the expedition as the number one project of the Sesquicentennial, to celebrate Michigan's 150th birthday with the people of Michigan and throughout the hemisphere. After paddling past Detroit, the team will head into Lake Erie to Toledo, up the Maumee River to Fort Wayne, overland into the Wabash and south across the state of Indiana to the Ohio. Paddling up the Tennessee River, the team will follow the Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway to Mobile, Alabama. From Mobile, the team will paddle east around the Gulf of Mexico to Miami, Florida.

CARIBBEAN

At Miami, the nature of the route changes completely as the team heads across 2,300 miles of the Caribbean Sea. In two solo canoes, the team will be stretching their endurance and courage as they cross the open ocean and island-hop the entire Caribbean chain through an international mix of countries and customs, paddling over 100 island crossings, 10 or 12 times being out-of-sight of land which will necessitate overnight paddling. The Caribbean is a sailors paradise where the modern history of the western hemisphere began - where Columbus first touched ground in his discovery of the western world.

SOUTH AMERICA

When the team arrives at Trinidad, they will enter South America and head up the Orinoco River and through the unusual natural canal that connects the Orinoco to the Negro River. Navigating the black waters of the Negro, the team will paddle to the modern city of Manaus at the junction of the Amazon. The team will proceed down the Amazon and up the Madeira River, paddling through huge rain forests during the rainy season until this great river diminishes to a mere trickle. At the source of the Madeira, the team will face one of its biggest questions of the expedition, as

they attempt to carry two canoes and equipment overland to a small tributary of the Paraguay River. There the team will be entering the middle of the South American continent and the large relatively unknown and uncharted region called the Mato Grosso - a land of countless tribes and frightening stories, where civilization as we imagine has not yet reached. Before they are finished, the team will have explored portions of all three of the major riversystems of this southern continent; the Orinoco, the Amazon and the Parana. South America will be a totally different experience as the team paddles through rain forests and among uncounted primitive tribes. This portion of the Two Continent Canoe Expedition will possibly be the most hazardous and probably the most rewarding. The team will follow the Paraguay-Parana River to reach Buenos Aires, Argentina, a major city in South America where Verlen and Valerie will paddle out into the Straits of Magellan to Punta Arenas, Chile, out through the Patagonia island system, around Cape Horn and back to Punta Arenas; 21,000 miles and 2½ years from the beginning of this amazing paddling exploration.

THE CANOES

The team has chosen the canoe as a vehicle because the canoe opened up North America. There is a special romance about a canoe. The canoe puts an explorer as close as possible to the natural world. The canoe is a personal vehicle powered by effort and is an unthreatening presence in any language. Verlen designed and built the two solo canoes that will be used on the Two Continent Canoe Expedition. These two, 17' long, partially decked boats, are built for comfort and efficiency and have many special features including a unique catamaran system used to add stability during the ocean portions of the route.

WATER QUALITY STUDIES AND OBSERVATIONS

Paddling the waterways over the distance of the western hemisphere, the team will have the amazing opportunity to observe the environment and report

on the overall picture of the hemisphere from the perspective of a basic vantage point—the waterline. Working under the direction of the Michigan State University Water Institute and the United States Geological Survey National Water Data Exchange, the team will be testing river and lake water, making daily measurements for temperature, dissolved oxygen, turbidity and pH, as well as recording the location, land use in the area of the tests and noting proximity to major cities. Factors recorded for weather evaluation will be barometric pressure, wind speed and air temperature. In addition, General Motors Research Laboratories, the world's largest privately funded research institute, is directing the expedition in an acid rain study. The team will be collecting rain samples and sending them to the General Motors laboratory in Detroit. LaMotte Chemical has supplied field test kits so that the team can monitor nitrates/phosphates, water color on the cobalt/platinum scale and heavy metals in the waters of the Two Continent Canoe Expedition route. Dr. Paul Volz, micologist at Eastern Michigan University, has requested that the team collect fungi samples along portions of the route.

EXPLORERS CLUB FLAG

Because the expedition is committed to scientific purposes, the team has been awarded the Explorers Club Flag to carry during the expedition. Explorers Club Flags have been into space, on top of Mount Everest, to the depths of the ocean and now will accompany Verlen and Valerie on the Two Continent Canoe Expedition.

DOCUMENTING

The expedition also has the benefit of an anthropological advisor, John Wilson and a geological advisor, Lloyd Fons who have agreed to help evaluate the data that is collected in the important areas of land and people. Striving for a balance, the team is delighted to have Rev. Gale Brooks as the expedition spiritual counsel. Gale officiated at the wedding of Verlen and Valerie and challenged the team to "go out and find

the things that are hidden behind the ranges, around the bends of the river and to come back and tell those who can not go for all their many reasons."

The Two Continent Canoe Expedition is a life changing experience and one that Verlen and Valerie face together. The team is committed to presenting the expedition as a friendly message from people to people and will be sharing the adventure through photographs, writings and lectures when the expedition is completed.

SPONSORS AND SUPPORTERS

This expedition would not be possible without the energy, support and love of many friends and dear families.

CORPORATE SPONSORSHIP

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Expedition Newsletter: For the duration of the expedition, a monthly newsletter is available from editor Dorothy Webster, 140 South First Avenue, Alpena, Michigan 49707, (515) 356-3250.

Landbase address: Two Continent Canoe Expedition c/o John Fons, P.O. Box 128, Winterset, Iowa 50273-0128, (515) 462-2608, (515) 462-4099.

Permanent address for paddlers: Krugers, 2906 Meister Lane, Lansing, Michigan 48906, (517) 323-2139.

BOAT REVIEW

see page 29

filled most of the rest of the skirt gap. The skirt would not stay on at all, and if it had, the bolt heads would have damaged it in short order. Not only that, but in a number of cases, these same sharp-headed bolts were used to hold the coamings to the hull. These also were placed so they would bear directly on the spray skirt and would have resulted in greatly accelerated wear in these areas. I suspect the bolts with the sharp, protruding heads may have been a substitute item, since a few of the bolts used were a special low profile design that would not have been objectionable to fasten coaming to hull. However the way the coaming ends were joined would have been bad news in any case, and the 2 inch formed plastic "bridge" has to be placed on the inside, toward the paddler even though it sticks up and doesn't look as nice to the (inexperienced) customer.

A call to Jeff Smith, the general manager of Hydra, resulted in a promise of two pieces of splicing material, properly formed for the side of the coaming where they belonged, and a set of the correct threaded fasteners, but after waiting a month, I have given up. The boat is presently being paddled with a cobbled joint in the coamings, and a lot of duct tape over the sharp bolt heads to protect my expensive spray skirts. Too bad, as it is potentially a good product.



Author Paddling in bow and Doc Yockey in stern

THREE WEEKS ON THE WHALE*

by Tom McCloud

The search for the perfect river and the lure of wilderness has enticed white-water paddlers to travel around the globe: Peru, Turkey, New Zealand, Nepal. Does it come as a surprise that there are still a few unexplored rivers in North America? Oh, they're on the map all right, as drawn from aerial photographs, and these rivers probably were traveled by early explorers, but have never been seen by today's whitewater paddlers. In the summer of 1981 there was still one of these rivers in the center of the Labrador peninsula, the Whale, which flows north into Ungava Bay. It is the third largest river of Nouveau, Quebec, after the Koksoak and George (see *Am Whitewater*, Nov-D'ec 1983, *Sports A Field*, Jan. 1985). Both of these rivers have been done often, though the headwaters of the Koksoak have now been diverted into the James Bay hydro project and will never again be the same, but the long-overlooked Whale was a total unknown.

*See additional photo, back cover

So it was that on August 2 our group of six loaded four boats into a vintage Otter floatplane to be lifted into the headwaters from Schefferville, Quebec. Lake Elsie, at about 1,400 feet elevation, was as high in the system as we could land during this unusually dry summer, but with the addition of many tributaries we were on a big, full blown 1,500 cfs river during the second day of paddling. Through most of these headwaters there were broad, shallow, slow-flowing reaches with short intervening class 2 rapids, but while exiting from Lac Privert through a labyrinth of islands, a short class 4 ledge was encountered. The scenery in the headwaters was of rock and stunted black spruce trees with a few bald-topped hills visible in the distance. Osprey had chosen nesting sites in trees overhanging the river here. These first few days were sunny and warm with a gentle southerly breeze most of the time, but even in summer frost is common on this high plateau, as

we experienced first hand. But there is an advantage to frost: it slows down the super abundance of black flies and mosquitoes. After just a few days in the wilds the smallest out-of-place object takes on the obviousness of a black eye at a debutante ball. So it was that a tiny spinning object attracted our attention from far out across Lac Jeannin to where we found an unmanned weather station with the anemometer doing its duty. The river below here is 200-300 feet wide and bounces along over many class 2 runs that required only a quick boat scout prior to running. But without warning we suddenly were faced with a set of eroded cross-river ledges that created a class 4+, which was run by the closed boaters, Chuck Rollins, K-1, and Bobbie Pitts, C-1. The C-2's hugged the right shore to escape the big stuff. That day concluded with a flatwater paddle across Lake Ninawawe. Camped near its exit on that August 7th night we knew from the maps that a 'canyon' lay below and the dull rumble of far off rapids that sometimes drifted in on the dark stillness added to the excitement and apprehension.

Lake Ninawawe, at 1040 feet, was dyked by cross-river granite salamis which pushed the flow to the left and formed three huge consecutive hydraulics. A route along the far left bank, skirting the biggest stuff, was run, as were all the heavy class 3's encountered in the next few miles. The initial two miles of the canyon have a drop approaching 50 feet per mile, but the river bottom is of big, rounded boulders with no sharp drops. On several occasions bank scouting was needed since a course was not obvious, but all rapids were run. In one of these long, heavy water rapids the waves filled Curt and Dee Gellerman's 17' Grumman, but they demonstrated superb technique by holding the boat upright and paddling it over to the riverbank to be dumped. The canyon walls here were rarely over 50 feet high, but the river was constricted to less than 150 feet, and with 3000+ cubic feet per second funneling through, gave a terrific ride! Don't forget, 1981 was a low water year, and with normal flow, paddling through this canyon could be a different story entirely! Then the canyon begins to open up a bit and the gradient



Camping on sand spit in LacPrivert

decreases, but the rapids become longer, often stretching in excess of a mile of constant class 2+ without breaks. Toward evening we heard that deep, throaty roar that all (living) canoeists have learned to recognize as falls. Without even looking we immediately went into camp, and later that evening, as well as again in the morning, carefully bank scouted ahead.

It was a monstrous series of ledges, funneling the river down into a 60 foot wide slot and terminating with a 10 foot drop. In the tiny, rock-ringed pool at the bottom was an intermittent, pulsating hydraulic jump of 3 feet. Chuck surveyed, then slept on it, but in the morning, after the rest of us had carried around and set up in safety positions, he ran this class 5+ rapid, dropping down into the hole at the base and out of our sight for a few nervous moments. When the bow of the yak popped up skyward and the paddle came flailing behind to propel him uphill and out of that hole, there was a simultaneous cheer of excitement and sigh of relief. An equally viscious rapid awaited to the right of the island just below. We learned later that these rapids are called Shipalok Falls. After a few more miles we found a frothy, 8 foot ledge, unmarked on the maps, a runnable class 4 for closed boats. This served as a reminder that maps are not to be trusted in the wilderness, and later that same day the lesson was repeated. The maps indicated that we had exited from the canyon and that only riffles should be found. Yet there they were: a pair of class 5's separated by only a hundred yards. It was late, we were tired, we had hoped to make a lot of miles this day but were far short of our goal, and in our desire to find a runnable rapid we had drifted in rather close to the upper ledge. A portage on the left was out of the question, so a long forward ferry to river right had to be done. As I stroked with all I had left I watched, distressed, as a marker boulder slowly drifted upstream and had visions of being drawn stern-first over the fall. There was no choice but to paddle, and with aching arms, luckily reached a postage-stamp eddy behind a rock where a few moments rest allowed us to get a second wind and complete the ferry. While three boats were carried along the

right side ridge line, K-l'er Chuck ran this "Top Left Falls". Standing alongside the rapids we could watch big Atlantic salmon fighting their way upriver through the foam and rock.

The next day, August 11, we stopped at the only habitation anywhere along the river, a plush salmon fishing camp located on an island in mid-river. Here the 200 foot wide Wheeler River cascades over a 60 foot high slide falls and into the Whale, creating a tremendously scenic site for the paying guests. The owners of the camp showed unparalleled hospitality to us grubby paddlers, treating us to fresh fruit and vegetables, beef and home-baked bread at lunch. Had they ever seen any other canoeists on this river, we queried? "Yes", and our emotions fell like the Hindenberg at the loss of our first descent status, "But both groups flew out from here, one after it had been caught in an August blizzard a couple days down the river. They had to hike through the deep snow and hole up here until a float plane could pick them up." Our hosts had shown an unusual degree of concern for us and it was obvious that they considered us a bit foolhardy and not likely to make it. Now we understood why. On departure they presented us with a huge CARE package containing lettuce, grapefruit, honey, a bottle of wine, fresh hamburger and eggs, bacon and 7 of the biggest sirloin steaks I have ever seen! What a treat after 10 days of freeze-dried!

The confluence with the Wheeler marked a big change in the Whale. It widened considerably and had imperceptible current for miles. In places we began to wonder where all the water had gone. There were still widely spaced class 3 rapids, but for the most part hours of muscle power were required to get where we were going. It was through here that we saw a couple caribou and a lone wolf. August 13, and the weather changed abruptly. A squall line brought a torrent of rain, lightning, strong wind and colder temperatures, so we sought refuge amid the spruce on top of the riverbank. The powerful northerly wind drove whitecaps and mist back upriver for more than a day as the temperature hung near 40°, so we spent the time just



Whale River on the 6th Day.

All photos by Curt Gellerman.

trying to keep warm and dry. We were not to see another 60° day. Two more days of paddling carried us to a small canyon where there were several miles of bouncy class 2-3 rapids which terminated in the Sarvaktaag Rapid, where Doc Yockey and I, in the C-2, perhaps because of the cold, missed a forward ferry and were compelled to run through the teeth of the biggest waves I've ever done in a boat! Incredibly powerful! But we made it.

This was where saltwater was reached: 200 miles completed and 100 to go. The tides along the Ungava coast exceed 45 feet, and since you cannot possibly fight them you must adjust your paddling schedule to them. You have to wait until high tide, launch and paddle as far as possible in about 6 hours until the tide has turned, then find a place where you can hoist your boat and gear up the mud and rock at least 50 feet above the ebb level to make camp. Six hours later the water will have almost risen to your tent, so you launch and repeat. The terrific volume and speed with which the tidal water moved created some vicious eddy fences, swirrels, whirlpools, vertical

currents and even rapids as the swift flow inundated foreshore ledges. At one particular lunch stop near the mouth of the Whale, as Doc and I approached we noticed Chuck's kayak floating free. The tide, rising 4 inches per minute, had picked it up and carried it away so quickly he hadn't noticed. And his 35 mm camera had been left laying on the deck out of its protective case! We succeeded in gently nudging it back to safety without spilling the camera.

On August 16 camp was pitched on Big Island, technically a Canadian territory and not a part of Quebec, since it is an offshore island. There were no trees, but the low growing plants, hunkering down in cracks in the rock were fascinating. Our source for drinking water was the rain-filled basins in the surface of the bare rock. Blessed with clear weather we had a chance to explore this strange, arid, arctic ecology for a few hours.

As we continued to move along the coast there were further evidences of earlier travelers: fireplaces that could have been hundreds of years old, tent rings, spent rifle cartridges, a muskrat



False River Campsite—Low Tide. Camping on West Bank.

trap, and rusty tin cans. By scouring the cracks along the rocky shore we scrounged enough driftwood to build fires for cooking. The good weather held for several days as we worked our way along the Ungava coast, but as we arrived at the east side of False River we could see curtains of rain falling from a spattering of clouds behind. Operating on the addage that you must take advantage of the weather when you have it, we made a dash directly across the 4 miles of open water near the mouth of the False, reaching the west shore rocks and climbing up to find a camp. That night the storm hit with a screaming wind that blew away anything which was

not tied down, but nothing important was lost. Following a windbound 24 hours we rounded the point at $58^{\circ} 20' N$ and turned southerly. Navigating along the Ungava coast required great caution with hundreds of miles of Arctic water off your right shoulder, but we had done it. Now we could take advantage of the tides to help propel us 40 miles up the Koksoak River to Fort Chimo. Kuujjuak, the Eskimo name, is a town of some 1,600, about half natives. It has a restaurant, cold beer, a community bath house and regularly scheduled air service to Montreal. the next day we were on a 727, another river explored, another trip completed.

Additional Notes on Canadian River Expeditions...

A major problem to any paddling trip to the great area called Labrador or New Quebec is transportation. Discounting the possibility of flying boats and gear from the states because of cost, there are only 2 ways to get there. The coastal ferry from Nova Scotia via Newfoundland to Goose Bay, or the railroad from Sept Iles, Quebec to Schefferville. Both routes allow you to get up to the region where a trip can be staged. But only a few whitewater rivers are accessible by surface transportation— for example sections of the Goose, Cape Caribou, Beaver, Naskaupi, and Churchill. Virtually all other river trips require chartering a plane to drop you into the highlands.

The central part of Labrador is a high uplands bog, about 1500 ft. elevation, which drops rather gradually to the north and west, and to the east where the highest peaks are located.

In recent years most of the rivers have been explored by whitewater paddlers, and stories of these trips are sprinkled through the popular literature. Davidson & Ruge's "Complete Wilderness Paddler" use a trip down the Moise as a backdrop, and Rob Perkins wrote of his trip on the Karok in, "Against Straight Lines."

With enormous open spaces and few people, this is not a placetogowithout first rate preparation, equipment and companies. You should beentirely self-sufficient for at least 2 weeks. In places the fishing is terrific, but in others poor. Hunting cannot be counted on.

Getting out at the end of your descent can be an adventure in itself. High coastal tides and severe weather along the coast can cause havoc with getting to acoastal settlement and reaching the once a week ferry that docks at Goose Bay. Long periods of drizzle, fog arecommon in thesummer and can shut down air travel. The bottom line is that you can't expect to keep to a rigid schedule. The weather dictates your existence.

Despite all the difficulties, there is probably no wilder wilderness on the continent and a certain satisfaction comes from completing a Labrador excursion.

By Tom McCloud

A COFFIN FOR OREGON'S RICHEST LEGACY

by Dean Monroe

In the summer of 1979, two river guides were sitting opposite each other. They were sipping a black labelled whiskey. The campfire between them sent shadows across the sandy beach and into the darkness of Hell's Canyon of the Snake River.

Both men wanted to explore some "new water." Their conversation focused on little known rivers. They talked of the Scott, the California Salmon, the McCloud, the Pit, the Smith, and finally the Upper Klarnath.

The Klarnath River had a reputation for mellow whitewater between Interstate 5 and the ocean, and upstream there were a series of dams.

The river itself, came from Klamath Lake, one of the largest inland bodies of water in the United States.

"What about the stretches in between the dams?" asked the first guide.

"Most of them are too short," replied the second.

The second guide laid another piece of wood on the fire. He looked skyward and said: "I did hear though of one stretch on the Upper Klamath that was too rough for canoes. Maybe we ought to take a look at it."

On August 3, 1979, the two guides recorded the first descent of the Upper Klarnath River in Oregon. They named the run "The Hell's Corner Gorge" and named 45 major rapids. (The name Hell's Corner had its origin from a time when this California/Oregon border region had a reputation as a hangout for outlaws and renegades.)

Within three years, more than 60 outfitters were granted permits for this spectacular Class III-V run. Public use grew to approximately 3000 boaters annually.

The Upper Klamath/Hell's Corner Gorge run gained a reputation as one of the top summer runs on the West Coast. With 17 action-filled miles, its stature equaled the Tuolomne, Rogue, and

most of the historic "giants" of western rivers.

Virtually overnight, Oregon was bequeathed a "Tuolomne" within its borders. Almost as quickly, however, Pacific Power and Light and the City of Klamath Falls conspired to bury the legacy beneath an algae-infested lake that would be created by the Salt Caves Dam.

Prior to the existing dams (there are five between Klarnath Falls and I-5), the salmon and steelhead runs produced a bountiful supply of food for the Klarnath Indians and the early settlers.

Today visitors can see the history of the early pioneers who carved a way of life from the harsh lava rock of the Klamath Canyon.

Miles of hewn irrigation ditches still parallel the river. Springs still feed the canyon fields.

The legacy of the Klarnath Canyon can be seen and felt to this day. You can look at pictures of the logs as they once plummeted at speeds up to 80 mph down the Pokegama chute. From where you stand, you can see the scars on the hillside where the chute once stood.

All of this plus one of the most incredible whitewater runs on the west coast would be lost or affected by the building of Salt Caves Dam.

Why would a county which has 114,000 acre feet of lakes and only 12 miles of free-flowing river bury its best five miles of trout stream and the state's best 7 miles of whitewater?

The primary reason is that the Klarnath Canyon and the Upper Klamath River are basically unknown. When Oregonians think of rivers, they conjure images of the Rogue, Deschutes, and Snake.

Most people think the Klarnath River is in California and that it is protected. Many people feel that sixth dam won't make any difference.

The financial backer of the dam (a private investment firm called Trends

West) is pushing the dam as a modern day "boom" for the city of Klamath Falls.

The incentive for Trends West is a deal with the City of Klamath Falls that will return 12% for the next fifty years. The 12% will come from gross revenues, not net. (For more details on the Trends West's position, see the related article on page 5 of the Spring, 1985 issue of *In The Wet*.)

The Salt Caves Dam project would not exist if it were not for Trends West. Pacific Power and Light, which originally filed the application, cancelled the project because it was not cost effective.

It was not until Trends West was formed by 180 investors and guaranteed "their 12%", that they put up the 3 million dollars needed for the preliminary project.

The Salt Caes Dam is now a "private enterprise project" using public bond provisions for financing.

Salt Caves is not in the public's interest, nor will it benefit the State of Oregon, or the citizens of Klamath County. The Salt Caves Dam is designed to benefit Trends West investors.

Who will suffer?

1. California boaters make up 60% of the uses of the Klamath River.

2. California's portion of the Klamath River will suffer the cumulative impacts of another algae-infested lake across the border in Oregon.

3. The Wild Trout section of the Klamath River above Copco Lake is currently the beneficiary of more than 450 cfs of cold, clear spring water which will be impounded behind the Salt Caves Dam. This spring water and the fishery will be lost.

4. The legacy of the Klamath Canyon which is both historic and immediate will be forever impaired and lost.

If you oppose the Salt Caves Dam, please write the individuals above.

For more information and contributions to Stop Salt Caves Dam, write The Klamath Canyon River Outfitters, P.O. Box 938, Redding, CA 96099; or call 916-243-3091.

Dean Munroe is the president of the Klamath Canyon River Outfitters.

The Ballad of Hell's Corner

by Dean Munroe

The stage is rollin' off the Topsy Grade.
It's reining up in Beswick before it's on its way.
Pullin' in from Linkville, then onto Klamathon.
It's skirtin' the Klamath Canyon in southern Oregon.

Grand Settler families worked the Canyon fields.
Living off the river and the bounty it would yield.
The mighty Klamath Canyon of Hell's Corner fame,
The sobbusters and loggers gave it its name.

A swirl of dust comes over the lava rim.
The Hell's Corner Gorge can get mighty dark and dim.
Here the Klamath River measures every man,
Who shoots the mighty rapids and lives to tell a friend.

Roaring out of Long Bend from John Boyle Dam,
The ancient Klamath River boldly takes command.
Bustin' through the Boiler, then onto Eagle's Roost;
If the river gets you, you know it won't let loose.

Smokin' through Gunslinger, past the old Frain Ranch;
You pull up at Cauldera, afraid you've met your match.
Fall into the cauldron that guards the mighty gorge,
And Satan will be waitin' at Hades' firey door.

The heart of the Gorge, gets mighty black and deep,
The stars in the heaven will lull you to sleep.
But the sounds that you hear are sad and forlorn,
For deep in the lava, this river is born.

Hell's Corner Bend now measures your stay.
With waves like mountains that stand in your way
The courage and spirit that tamed this great land,
Comes from within us now where we stand.

Fear on this day can cut deep and cold.
On the winds of the Canyon, ride legends of old.
Trafton, Butler, Spencer, and Frain;
Their homesteads and tombstones are all that remain.

In the days of the stage-road, the Canyon did thrive.
Through floods and harsh winters, many did die.
In the sounds of this river, their stories live on.
Here in this Canyon in Old Oregon.

The stage is rollin' in. off the Topsy Grade.
It's reining up in Beswick before its on its way.
Pullin' in from Linkville, then onto Klamathon.
It's skirtin' tr. the Klamath Canyon in southern Oregon.

THE TALE OF TWO RIVERS

The Moose and the Black

HOW TO WIN OR LOSE A HYDRO CASE

by *Pete Skinner*

The headline in the Syracuse Post Standard ran "Kayakers Win Halt to Hydro Project." Now that's news! The Moose River is finally saved? Not quite but we try....

The Moose and Black Rivers are two of the hydro developers' favorite targets. Not satisfied with the 20 dams already there, they want to create at least seven more! And why? Because as they say out west, "water flows uphill toward money" - lots of it! So much that Niagara Mohawk, the utility forced to buy the power, in signing the contracts cried out in shame for the ratepayers. In 1985, NIMO complained that the contract they were forced to sign by the NYS Public Service Commission would result in an overpayment of some \$1.8 billion over the life of six contracts to Long Lake Energy!

Saving rivers is like running rivers - you can't bail out when the going gets tough. But again like paddling, if you don't try it, you'll be relegated to the shuttle vehicle. Some fun.. Unfortunately, if you don't get involved soon, you won't need shuttle drivers at all - all your favorite whitewater will be gone forever, especially in the Northeast.

The Moose River cases and the Black River cases are perfect studies in what works and doesn't work in the fight to stop bad hydro projects - read this and learn some cheap lessons.

You see, Ron Smith of Adirondack River Outfitters (ARO) had just filed an affidavit on behalf of AWA charging Long Lake Energy (LLE) had begun construction of their power plant on the Moose River before AWA's appeal of their Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC) license had been heard. If LLE built a large portion of the plant, it would prejudice any appeal we might seek and thereby ruin our chances of success.

After stringing AWA along for many months, eventually well beyond the deadline to intervene in the proceeding, another company, Georgia Pacific refused to agree to recreational releases and to a vigorous scenic mitigation program for their eyesore hydro facilities just downstream of Long Lake's proposed plant. Left with no way out, AWA sought consolidation of the three back to back facilities in order to create a facility which would be "best adapted" to a comprehensive plan for this stretch of river, a requirement of federal law FERC must abide by.

Although FERC denied AWA's petition to intervene late, it promised to consider the issues it raised in the Environmental Assessment (EA) they do for each facility in determining whether an environmental impact statement is required. When the EA came out, many of the issues AWA raised were considered. Unfortunately, the notion of combining the facilities was rejected because the extra cost involved was not balanced by the extra power generated.

Sounds like a reasoned argument, huh? Well, we got the shaft. First, FERC never considered a consolidation alternative, combining LLE's project with Kosterville - the most obvious and most economically and scenically superior. The rationale for rejection was contained in a mere 40 words! No numbers, no references, no nothing. On top of that, the FERC bureaucracy, not the commissioners themselves, passed on the petitions filed by AWA.

Paddlers get the business—

We got mad. It's one thing to lose fair and square - another thing to be blown away without due consideration. When all seemed hopeless, up stepped a hero-lawyer Brian Faller in Washington. He worked around the clock week after week to file the cloudburst of motions

and court papers needed to present our arguments persuasively - all without compensation. Paddlers came forward to monitor site activities and file the necessary affidavits.

When we asked for the technical analyses on which FERC relied for their decision, AWA was denied access. FERC continues to fight AWA's Freedom of Information lawsuit on an erroneous interpretation of a technicality.

To their credit, FERC required GP to provide recreational releases compatible with LLE's. GP, however, immediately appealed that license requirement. AWA had no choice but to respond by filing appeals to both licenses.

Long Lake starts work anyway—

The day after the licenses were issued, LLE had already cut down most of the trees between the road and the river for construction of their proposed powerhouse. AWA asked FERC to stop site preparation pending a decision on AWA's appeals. LLE stopped work temporarily, but recommenced after getting approvals from FERC. All these approvals were obtained from FERC staff without notification to AWA!

When AWA found out about the commencement of site work, it went first to FERC and then the Federal Court of Appeals to seek a stay. FERC ruled first and indicated they will rule on AWA's appeals in early September, in spite of arguments by Long Lake that the stay of construction costs them over \$38,000 each day. Although AWA's arguments are firmly grounded in law, precedents and fact, the construction already done by LLE may prejudice the outcome of our appeals before FERC. Hopefully, however, justice will prevail and FERC will order the two companies to reach agreement on a better adapted project.

When the stay order finally came through, LLE changed its tactics. In addition to the outpouring of legal actions, it went public with denunciations of AWA motivations. Long Lake started using words like "extortion'ist" to describe AWA.

The Black River Story—

Protecting the Black River turned out much differently.

Here, FERC provided strong support for paddler's needs, thanks to the effective presentations early on by Ron Smith of ARO and his crackerjack lawyer in Washington, Ron Wilson. Although the Glen Park Project was already under construction when AWA got involved, FERC decided the river segment in question deserved a second look and ordered a full evidentiary hearing into the recreational matters we raised.

Issuance of this order shocked everyone, but was a welcome turnabout anyway. Perhaps it was because AWA figured out Glen Park was constructing a project twice the size they were licensed to build. Perhaps it had something to do with the thousands of paddlers who were flocking to the river for summer sun.

AWA took a tough stance in federal court after discovering Glen Park's massive license violation. The developers were called in by their bankers for consultations and negotiations began in earnest soon afterwards. Glen Park Associates were very anxious to get their project on line and were willing to make sacrifices for it. After some initial bluster which AWA and ARO patiently weathered, Glen Park eventually made a solid offer which energized the discussions which followed. The result was a comprehensive agreement which provided for summer long recreational releases, scenic mitigation, and a ratchet for more releases if river use increases in years to come.

Unlike the Moose cases, this case was the model for reasoned give and take without undue rancor and public pronouncements. AWA and ARO are relying on similar approaches in negotiations with Boise Cascade for their proposed dam at Brownville, just downriver from Glen Park. Unfortunately, Boise has yet to make a reasonable offer such as a bypass design instead of a dam. Without a significant offer likethat, negotiations have not made great progress. Changing patterns of utility contract rates to be considered by the

NYS PSC in October may eventually make this marginal project less attractive to Boise.

Another company has indicated its intention to file a license application with FERC for a project on the Knife-edge rapids above Glen Park. AWA and ARO will intervene in this proceeding as well since the chosen design is another dam like the one at Brownville. Upriver from Watertown, Long Lake has filed an application for construction of a plant called Felts Mills. This two dam project will inundate miles of the Black in an area of Class II and III rapids, perfect for open boat enjoyment. An amalgam of paddling groups under the name of the New York Recreational Rivers Coalition sought intervention in this proceeding. These are but a few of the 400 some odd hydro projects under consideration in New York State alone. The need for paddler involvement has never been greater.

The Conclusion—

In pursuing river protection, AWA made numerous mistakes and made some good moves too. You can learn from our experience.

1. Don't miss your deadlines...FERC likes easy handles to throw out your petitions - missed deadlines is one such handle. The most important deadlines are for the motion to intervene in a project's licensing proceeding and to file appeals to decisions rendered by FERC.
2. Get a lawyer to help you...If you scurry around, good lawyers willing to help out will emerge, especially if your case is a good one likely to make policy in some way. Pro bono lawyers come and go, however, and be prepared to find back-up attorneys.
3. Confidentiality agreements covering negotiations you undertake with the hydro developer may be violated unintentionally or intentionally and be unenforceable anyway.
4. Play hard ball...Nice guys finish last. Business people play to win and are not charitable...period. Money talks. Don't give up without a fight or be bullied by threats against you.

5. Focus on money issues...Get the PUC power contract between the hydro developer and the local utility. Talk to the utility and the PUC to find out if there are any special requirements. In this area, utilities are often as opposed to small hydro as you are. Figure out how the company is financing the project and get to the financiers somehow, directly or indirectly.

6. Find allies... Paddlers by themselves may not persuade FERC these days. Get the Audubon Society, Sierra Club, etc. involved too. The local outfitters remain your best allies.

7. Appeal...don't give up just because you get a bad decision along the way. Your resolve is being tested by the powers that be. If you feel you are on strong ground, appeal without restraint. Remember, if you don't do so, you may be precluded from getting relief later in the proceeding or in the courts.

8. Be accurate...get all your facts straight. Sloppy work creates opportunities for your adversary to take advantage of your position.

9. Watch carefully...it is pretty hard to plan and build a hydro plant without violating some procedural or license requirement along the way. Read the rules and demand strict adherence to them.

10. Design alternatives...in order to meet charges of extremism, have a set of design and operational options available to present the agencies and the developer. Make them look at them in detail to determine their feasibility.

Regardless, you won't get a chance to obtain any mitigation at all if you don't get into the game. You are sure to get something if you are persistent enough and take the time. Good luck to you from the bunker!



For More Information Contact:

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BOAT REVIEW — HYDRA C-2

evaluated by *Jim Sindelar*

Currently the only available "unbreakable plastic" C-2 on the market—how does it stack up? Like so many things, some good, and some bad. First the good.

Good out-of-the-box seating and bracing arrangements. Well, almost out of the box. You do have to glue in the shaped foam knee pads with contact cement which was not supplied with mine. No big deal. Fairly large volume, good basic hull design with predicatable handling with no surprises as one would expect from a Tom Johnson-designed hull. The version I have is the standard "center cockpit" C-2, with cockpits set in about 5 feet from the ends of the boat and centered from side to side. The seats are nicely formed and about 7 inches high which gave good comfort as modern C boats go. Bracing consists of velcro-adjustable thigh straps anchored to formed plastic "cockpit pods" with several choices for the forward anchor point. The "pods" also strengthen the hull against collapse, anchor the full length foam flotation/reinforcement planks, and hold in the removable minicell seats—altogether a fairly clever arrangement. We found it Eskimo-rolled quite easily, and the cockpit spacing made it possible to signal by touch if desired. (In fact it took some retraining to avoid hitting the bowperson with the paddle when setting up.) The cockpit spacing (definitely closer than the 1970's slalom boats but not as close as current racing designs) seemed like a good compromise, as I got along fine in spite of many years spent paddling an "end-holer".

My complains, both fairly major, center on two areas—the weight specification and the execution of the cockpit coaming. The advertised "hull weight" is 50 pounds, which to me implied the weight of the hull as supplied by Hydra, exclusive of spare paddle, air bags, etc.

But no. What it really means is HULL weight, no foam, no seats, no bracing, no coamings, and NO WAY TO EVEN CALCULATE THE ACTUAL WEIGHT OF THE BOAT AS DELIVERED. What Hydra would say if they were honest and forthright, is that each cockpit pod and seat adds an additional 7 pounds, making the standard C-2 weight 64 pounds, not 50, a MAJOR difference. And if you order a "C-3" for occasional solo paddling, your boat will weigh 71 lb. or so, a real barge. Apparently the practice of specifying a useless "hull weight" is presently standard practice for Hydra for their entire line, so "weigh it before you buy it" unless you like surprises. My second problem was the cockpit coamings, which as supplied on my boat may have been designed by Tom Johnson, but where certainly not installed or inspected by him, for they would not even hold standard neoprene spray skirts in place, and if I could have got them to stay on, my 60 dollar skirts would not have lasted long.

Unlike most molded boats, the coamings on the Hydra are not molded as part of the hull, since it was desired to allow flexibility in placing them. (You can custom order cockpit placement, number, offset, etc.) Instead, the coamings consist of a linear extrusion, with lips inside and outside the hull, sealed with a sealant, and held in place with specialized low profile bolts and sleeve nuts. However the two ends of the extruded material must be rigidly joined to form a circle after installation in the hull, and therein lies the first problem. they bridge the gap with a formed piece of stiff plastic material and hold it to the coaming with 4 bolts. On my boat, this extra piece was bolted under the coaming, filling a good bit of the space where the skirt should go, and the bolts that held it in place had heads that stuck up and

Continued on p. 17

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ARCC IMplored TO JOIN SMALL HYDRO FIGHT

(Excerpts from a recent letter to the Board of Directors of the American Rivers Conservation Council. The authors of the letter believe the need for substantial ARCC assistance right now is critical.)

Dear Sirs;

The purpose of this letter is to express to the Directors of ARCC the views of some of the friends and constituents of ARCC. We strongly urge that ARCC shift its priorities and change its agenda. We believe that this is necessary if ARCC is to effectively achieve its fundamental river conservation objectives. We also believe that the Board should provide direction and support for the staff in this respect.

Hydropower development continues to present a powerful threat to free-flowing rivers. The Wild and Scenic Rivers Act has been used to protect a few very special and unique rivers from damage associated with hydropower; but most rivers now facing hydro proposals will not be national wild and scenic rivers anytime in the near future.

ARCC's agenda at the national level continues to be built predominantly around the wild and scenic rivers system. ARCC has enjoyed great success in holding the system intact and ARCC's persistent efforts to add new rivers have been unflagging. The wild and scenic rivers system, however, cannot expand fast enough, or broadly enough, to provide the protection which is necessary.

ARCC should continue to try to expand the wild and scenic rivers system, but for many rivers, the political obstacles to designation seem insurmountable at the present time.

It is unwise for the river conservation community to place so many of its eggs in the wild and scenic basket at a time when the political climate is so hostile. The few rivers which can be added do not justify the immense expenditure of energy and resources on that program while other urgent needs languish.

While everyone struggles to administer CPR to the wild and scenic rivers

system, the pace of hydropower development is quickening. During the era of oil shortages, federal legislation was adopted to provide tax subsidies and power pricing incentives for new hydropower projects. These subsidies and incentives have been an amazing stimulant for hydro development.

Last year the American Whitewater Affiliation asked ARCC to join in a fundraising effort to provide personnel and resources to take on specific hydropower battles involving whitewater rivers. The AWA also asked ARCC to try to provide specific technical and legal assistance to local groups in contests against hydropower sponsored by the FERC, TVA or the Corps. Until ARCC or another national organization can provide this assistance, the AWA and the American Canoe Association are struggling to provide some help on a volunteer basis through their joint Whitewater Defense Project. At present all conservation contributions from AWA members are used to fund this project. However, these funds and the volunteer resources used for this project are ridiculously inadequate.

It is clear that the ARCC staff is spread very thin, is overworked, and does not have the resources to provide the kind of assistance that is needed in individual contests with hydropower. We feel that ARCC should put some of its more expensive and less urgent projects on the back burner. The staff could then turn their attention to actively helping in the litigation of individual cases where free-flowing rivers are threatened.

Some of America's finest recreational rivers are now on death row: the Black, the Merced, the Moose, the Payette, the Susitna, the Klamath, and the Colorado (Hellsgate), to mention a few. Their time is running out. Lets get busy and defend these innocent victims of hydromania before its too late.

Sincerely,
Pete Skinner
Steve Taylor
Dave Brown
Pope Barrow

(Continued from pg. 2)

The water spurting out of the dam was truly amazing in its force and trajectory. The river was up in the trees but pretty flat—at least at the put in. We said our good-bys with fear and forboding and leaped aboard this fast moving liquid conveyor belt. Humongous holes would appear out of nowhere like those video arcade monsters we spend a quarter to combat on the TV screens. Although the dark sky and river mist obscured their nearness, these holes would remind you of their existence by especially heavy mist rising ominously from below them. Running sidewise was the only way to provide yourself adequate warning to take evasive action. Over and over, I escaped them with the stern of my boat munched in the backwash.

Pillow Rock was a waterfall and death hole. Jim and I ran over the spectator rocks on the extreme right, bashing ourselves in the process on splats. Within an hour we were at the mouth of the Meadow. The water from this untamed torrent spewed into the Gauley and crashed up on the right bank of the bigger river. The Meadow looked like a liquid ramp up into the woods.

The Gauley After the Meadow

Since we had no time to scout Lost Paddle, we elected to carry on the Gauley's left side. That ferry across the river stands out in my memory as one of the most fearful efforts ever. The noise from Lost Paddle was deafening and the current to the brink nearly irresistible. We beached on the other side just above purgatory.

Fearing being turned into pillars of salt like Lot's wife, we allowed ourselves only one glance back at Lost Paddle at the end of the arduous carry. It was so horrible I won't even try to describe it. We were off into the mist and hobgoblins of Mordor. Suddenly, my concentration on upcoming dangers was broken by an image in my peripheral vision of Mackenzie dragging himself onto the right river bank, his boat floating downstream, its bow in the air.

Like dogs after a hare, we were off chasing his only escape tool in the Gauley's deep gorge. Pushing a half filled boat in a speeding flood was

almost a joke as it would disappear repeatedly into holes big enough to swallow a house. We screamed at each other names of rapids we flushed towards in vain hopes of getting guidance from the others about the survivability of a run on them at 25,000 cfs. Was this one coming up Iron Ring, Ship Rock or Sweet's Falls?... where are we?... when will this boat ever get snagged in the woods?

Somewhere amidst these terrified minutes, I saw what I was sure was Iron Ring...at least the trees atop the rock jumble on the left side looked familiar. Too late though, as Jack and Jim pushing the boat sped out of control down a glassy tongue and over what has to have been the biggest wave I will ever see. The rest of our crew followed only to see Jack swimming on the right eddy and further down, Jim floating in a left side eddy. Miraculously, we got our crew back together and Mackenzie's boat up on shore without further incident, although he never found it again. again.

The rest of the trip was a blur of huge holes and giant waves, a carry at Sweet's Falls (probably unnecessary when we finally could see it from below) and a takeout in the pitch dark. Quite a day—quite a day!

The Middle Meadow

Deciding what to do the next day was really agonizing. The Meadow had receded to a mere 7000 cfs and other runs were becoming more reasonable—like 50 on a scale of ten. So why not run it? Don't ask me how we chose it—the book said it was Class III..., 1000 feet, two broken ankles, a dislocated shoulder and several swimmers later, we escaped with our lives...but that's another story!

Recovery

Our third day was spent getting the slings and crutches out of the hospital in Charleston and viewing the New River at 60,000 cfs. None of us will forget those West Virginia rivers running mistily through the woods and our valiant hydro heros surviving the rigors of ultra-big water. By the way, anyone seen Mackenzie's boat?



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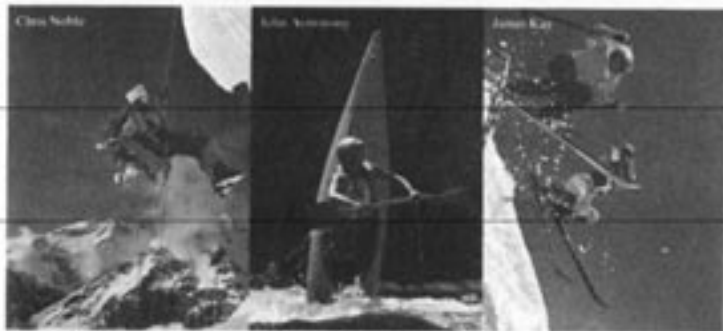
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